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STYLE.

AMONGST the never-ending arguments for thankfulness in the privilege of a British birth—arguments more solemn even than numerous, and telling more when weighed than when counted, *pondere quàm numero*,—three aspects there are of our national character which trouble the uniformity of our feelings. A good son even in such a case, is not at liberty to describe himself as “ashamed.” Some gentler word must be found to express the character of his distress. And, whatever grounds of blame may appear against his venerated mother, it is one of his filial duties to suppose—either that the blame applies but partially, or, if it should seem painfully universal, that it is one of those excesses to which energetic natures are liable through the very strength of their constitutional characteristics. Such things do happen. It is certain, for instance, that to the deep sincerity of British nature, and to that shyness or principle of reserve which is inseparable from self-respect, must be traced philosophically the churlishness and unsocial bearing for which, at one time, we were so angrily arraigned by the smooth south of Europe. That facile obsequiousness, which attracts the inconsiderate in Belgians, Frenchmen, and Italians, is too generally a mixed product from impudence and insincerity. Want of principle and want of moral sensibility compose the original *fundus* of southern manners: and the natural product, in a specious hollowness of demeanour, has been afterwards propagated by imitation through innumerable people, who may have partaken less deeply, or not at all, in the

original moral qualities that have moulded such a manner.

Great faults, therefore, may grow out of great virtues in excess. And this consideration should make us cautious even towards an enemy; much more when approaching so holy a question as the merits of our maternal land. Else, and supposing that a strange nation had been concerned in our judgment, we should declare ourselves mortified and humiliated by three expressions of the British character, too public to have escaped the notice of Europe. First, we writhe with shame when we hear of semi-delirious lords and ladies, sometimes theatrically costumed in caftans and turbans, proclaiming to the whole world—as the law of their households—that all nations and languages are free to enter their gates, with one sole exception directed against their British compatriots; that is to say, abjuring by sound of trumpet that land through which only they themselves have risen into consideration; spurning those for countrymen—“without whom,” (as M. Gourville had the boldness to tell Charles II.,) “without whom, by G— Sir, you yourself are nothing.” We all know who *they* are that have done this thing: we *may* know, if we enquire, how many conceited coxcombs are at this moment acting upon that precedent; in which, we scruple not to avow, is contained a fund of satire, more crying than any which Juvenal found in the worst days of Rome. And we may ask calmly—would not death, judicial death, have visited such an act amongst the ancient republics?—Next, but with that

indulgence which belongs to an infirmity rather than an error of the will, we feel ashamed for the obstinate obtuseness of our country in regard to one and the most effective of the Fine Arts. It will be understood that we speak of music. In painting and in sculpture it is now past disputing, that if we are destined to inferiority at all, it is an inferiority only to the Italians and the ancient Greeks; an inferiority which, if it were even sure to be permanent, we share with all the other malicious nations around us. On that head we are safe. And in the most majestic of the Fine Arts, in poetry, we have a clear and vast pre-eminence as regards all nations; no nation but ourselves having equally succeeded in both forms of the higher poetry, epic and tragic. Whilst of meditative or philosophic poetry (Young's, Cowper's, Wordsworth's),—to say nothing of lyric—we may affirm what Quinctilian says justly of Roman satire—*"tota quidem nostra est."* If, therefore, in every mode of composition through which the impassioned mind speaks, a nation has excelled its rivals, we cannot be allowed to suppose any general defect of sensibility as a cause of obtuseness with regard to music. So little, however, is the grandeur of this divine art suspected amongst us generally, that a man will write an essay deliberately for the purpose of putting on record his own preference of a song, to the most elaborate music of Mozart: he will glory in his shame; and, though speaking in the character of one confessing to a weakness, will evidently view himself in the light of a candid man, laying bare a state of feeling which is natural and sound, opposed to a class of false pretenders who, whilst servile to rules of artists, in reality contradict their own musical instincts, and feel little or nothing of what they profess. Strange that even the analogy of other arts should not open his eyes to the delusion he is encouraging! A song—an air—a tune, that is a short succession of notes revolving rapidly upon itself, how could that by possibility offer a field of compass sufficient for the development of great musical effects? The preparation pregnant with the future, the remote correspondence, the questions, as it were, which to a deep musical sense are asked in one passage, and answered in another; the iteration and engemination of a given effect, moving

through subtle variations that sometimes disguise the theme, sometimes fitfully reveal it, sometimes throw it out tumultuously to the daylight,—these and ten thousand forms of self-conflicting musical passion—what room could they find, what opening, for utterance in so limited a field as an air or song? A hunting-box, a park-lodge, may have a forest grace and the beauty of appropriateness; but what if a man should match such a bauble against the Pantheon, or against the minsters of York and Strasburg? A repartee may by accident be practically effective: it has been known to crush a party-scheme, and an oration of Cicero's, or of Burke's, could have done no more: but what judgment would match the two against each other as developments of power? Let him who finds the *maximum* of his musical gratification in a song, be assured, by that one fact, that his sensibility is rude and undeveloped. Yet exactly upon this level is the ordinary state of musical feeling throughout Great Britain; and the howling wilderness of the psalmody in most parish churches of the land, countersigns the statement. There is, however, accumulated in London, more musical science than in any capital of the world. This, gradually diffused, will improve the feeling of the country. And, if it should fail to do so, in the worst case we have the satisfaction of knowing, through Jean Jacques Rousseau, and by later evidences, that sink as we may below Italy and Germany in the sensibility to this divine art, we cannot go lower than France. Here, however, and in this cherished obtuseness as to a pleasure so important for human life, and at the head of the physico-intellectual pleasures, we find a second reason for quarrelling with the civilisation of our country. At the summit of civilisation in other points, she is here yet uncultivated and savage.

A third point is larger. Here (properly speaking) our quarrel is co-extensive with that general principle in England which tends in all things to set the matter above the manner, the substance above the external show; a principle noble in itself, but inevitably wrong wherever the manner blends inseparably with the substance.

This general tendency operates in many ways: but our own immediate purpose is concerned with it only so

far as it operates upon style. In no country upon earth, were it possible to carry such a maxim into practical effect, is it a more determinate tendency of the national mind to value the *matter* of a book not only as paramount to the *manner*, but even as distinct from it, and as capable of a separate insulation. What first gave a shock to such a tendency must have been the unwilling and mysterious sense—that in some cases, the matter and the manner were so inextricably interwoven, as not to admit of this coarse bisection. The one was embedded, entangled, and interfused through the other in a way which bade defiance to such gross mechanical separations. But the tendency to view the two elements as in a separable relation still predominates; and, as a consequence, the tendency to undervalue the accomplishment of style. Do we mean that the English, as a literary nation, are practically less sensible of the effects of a beautiful style? Not at all. Nobody can be insensible to these effects. And, upon a known fact of history, viz., the *exclusive* cultivation of popular oratory in England throughout the 17th and 18th centuries, we might presume a peculiar and exalted sense of style amongst ourselves. Until the French Revolution, no nation of Christendom except England had any practical experience of popular rhetoric; any deliberative eloquence, for instance; any forensic eloquence that was made public; any democratic eloquence of the hustings; or any form whatever of public rhetoric beyond that of the pulpit. Through two centuries at least, no nation could have been so constantly reminded of the powers for good and evil which belong to style. Often it must have happened, to the mortification or joy of multitudes, that one man out of windy nothings has constructed an overwhelming appeal to the passions of his hearers, whilst another has thrown away the weightiest cause by his manner of treating it. Neither let it be said, that this might not arise from differences of style, but because the triumphant demagogue made use of fictions, and, therefore, that his triumph was still obtained by means of his matter, however hollow that matter might have proved upon investigation. That case, also, is a possible case; but often enough two orators

have relied upon the same identical matter—the facts, for instance, of the slave-trade—and one has turned this to such good account by his arrangements, by his modes of vivifying dry statements, by his arts of illustration, by his science of connecting things with human feeling, that he has left his hearers in convulsions of passion; whilst the other shall have used every tittle of the same matter without eliciting one scintillation of sympathy, without leaving behind one distinct impression in the memory, or planting one murmur in the heart.

In proportion, therefore, as the English people have been placed for two centuries and a quarter (*i. e.* since the latter decennium of James the First's reign) under a constant experience of popular eloquence thrown into all channels of social life, they must have had peculiar occasion to feel the effects of style. But to feel is not to feel consciously. Many a man is charmed by one cause who ascribes the effect to another. Many a man is fascinated by the artifices of composition, who fancies that it is the subject which has operated so potently. And even for the subtlest of philosophers who keeps in mind the interpenetration of the style and the matter, it would be as difficult to distribute the true proportion of their joint action, as, with regard to the earliest rays of the dawn, it would be to say how much of the beauty lay in the heavenly light which chased away the darkness—how much in the rosy colour which that light entangled.

Easily, therefore, it may have happened, that, under the constant action and practical effects of style, a nation may have failed to notice the cause *as* the cause. And, besides the disturbing forces which mislead the judgment of the auditor in such a case, there are other disturbing forces which modify the practice of the speaker. That is good rhetoric for the hustings which is bad for a book. Even for the highest forms of popular eloquence, the laws of style vary much from the general standard. In the senate, and for the same reason in a newspaper, it is a virtue to reiterate your meaning: tautology becomes a merit: variation of the words, with a substantial identity of the sense and dilution of the truth, is oftentimes a necessity. A man who should content himself with a single condensed enunciation of a

perplexed doctrine, would be a mad-man and a *felo-de-se*, as respected his reliance upon that doctrine. Like boys who are throwing the sun's rays into the eyes of a mob by means of a mirror, you must shift your lights and vibrate your reflexions at every possible angle, if you would agitate the popular mind extensively. Every mode of intellectual communication has its separate strength and separate weakness; its peculiar embarrassments, compensated by peculiar resources. It is the advantage of a book, that you can return to the past page if any thing in the present depends upon it. But, return being impossible in the case of a spoken harangue, where each sentence perishes as it is born, both the speaker and the hearer become aware of a mutual interest in a much looser style, and a perpetual dispensation from the severities of abstract discussion. It is for the benefit of both, that the weightier propositions should be detained before the eye a good deal longer than the chastity of taste or the austerity of logic would tolerate in a book. Time must be given for the intellect to eddy about a truth, and to appropriate its bearings. There is a sort of previous lubrication, such as the boa-constrictor applies to any subject of digestion, which is requisite to familiarize the mind with a startling or a complex novelty. And this is obtained for the intellect by varying the modes of presenting it,—now putting it directly before the eye, now obliquely, now in an abstract shape, now in the concrete; all which being the proper technical discipline for dealing with such cases, ought no longer to be viewed as a licentious mode of style, but as the just style in respect of those licentious circumstances. And the true art for such popular display is—to contrive the best forms for appearing to say something new, when in reality you are but echoing yourself; to break up massy chords into running variations; and to mask, by slight differences in the manner, a virtual identity in the substance.

We have been illustrating a twofold neutralizing effect applied to the advantages, otherwise enjoyed by the English people, for appreciating the forms of style. What was it that made the populace of Athens and of Rome so sensible to the force of rhetoric and to the magic of language? It was the

habit of hearing these two great engines daily worked for purposes interesting to themselves as citizens, and sufficiently intelligible to command their willing attention. The English amongst modern nations have had the same advantages, allowance being made for the much less intense concentration of the audience. In the ancient republics it was always the same city; and, therefore, the same audience, except in so far as it was spread through many generations. This has been otherwise in England; and yet, by newspaper reports, any great effect in one assize town, or electoral town, has been propagated to the rest of the empire, through the eighteenth and the present century. But all this, and the continual exemplification of style as a great agency for democratic effect, have not availed to win a sufficient *practical* respect, in England, for the arts of composition as essential to authorship. And the reason is, because, in the first place, from the intertexture of style and matter, from the *impossibility that the one should affect them otherwise than in connexion with the other*, it has been natural for an audience to charge on the superior agent what often belonged to the lower. This in the first place; and, secondly, because *the modes of style appropriate to popular eloquence being essentially different from those of written composition*, any possible experience on the hustings, or in the senate, would *pro tanto* tend rather to disqualify the mind for appreciating the more chaste and more elaborate qualities of style fitted for books; and thus a real advantage of the English in one direction has been neutralized by two causes in another.

Generally and ultimately, it is certain, that our British disregard or inadequate appreciation of style, though a very lamentable fault, has had its origin in the manliness of the British character; in the sincerity and directness of the British taste; in the principle of "*esse quam videri*," which might be taken as the key to much in our manner, much in the philosophy of our lives; and finally, in that same love for the practical and the tangible which has so memorably governed the course of our higher speculations from Bacon to Newton. But, whatever may have been the origin of this most faulty habit, whatever mixed causes now support it, beyond all

question it is, that such a habit of disregard or of slight regard applied to all the arts of composition does exist in the most painful extent, and is detected by a practised eye in every page of almost every book that is published.

If you could look any where with a right to expect continual illustrations of what is good in the manifold qualities of style, it should reasonably be amongst our professional authors; but as a body, they are distinguished by the most absolute carelessness in this respect. Whether in the choice of words and idioms, or in the construction of their sentences, it is not possible to conceive the principle of lazy indifference carried to a more revolting extremity. Proof lies before you, spread out upon every page, that no excess of awkwardness, or of inelegance, or of unrhythmical cadence, is so rated in the tariff of faults as to balance, in the writer's estimate, the trouble of remoulding a clause, of interpolating a phrase, or even of striking the pen through a superfluous word. In our own experience it has happened, that we have known an author so laudably fastidious in this subtle art, as to have recast one chapter of a series no less than seventeen times; so difficult was the ideal or model of excellence which he kept before his mind; so indefatigable was his labour for mounting to the level of that ideal. Whereas, on the other hand, with regard to a large majority of the writers now carrying forward the literature of the country from the last generation to the next, the evidence is perpetual—not so much that they rest satisfied with their own random preconceptions of each clause or sentence, as that they never trouble themselves to form any such preconceptions. Whatever words tumble out under the blindest accidents of the moment, those are the words retained; whatever sweep is impressed by chance upon the motion of a period, that is the arrangement ratified. To fancy that men thus determinately careless as to the grosser elements of style would pause to survey distant proportions, or to adjust any more delicate symmetries of good composition, would be visionary. As to the links of connexion, the transitions, and the many other functions of logic in good writing, things are come to such a

pass, that what was held true of Rome in two separate ages by two great rhetoricians, and of Constantinople in an age long posterior, may now be affirmed of England: the idiom of our language, the mother tongue, survives only amongst our women and children; not, Heaven knows, amongst our women who write books—they are often painfully conspicuous for all that disfigures authorship; but amongst well-educated women not professionally given to literature. Cicero and Quintilian, each for his own generation, ascribed something of the same pre-eminence to the noble matrons of Rome; and more than one writer of the lower empire has recorded of Byzantium, that in the nurseries of that city was found the last home for the purity of the ancient Greek. No doubt it might have been found also amongst the innumerable mob of that haughty metropolis, but stained with corruptions and vulgar abbreviations. Or wherever it might lurk, assuredly it was not amongst the noble, the officials, or the courtiers; else it was impossible that such a master of affectation as Nicetas Choniates, for instance, should have found toleration. But the rationale of this matter lies in a small compass: why are the local names, whenever they have resulted from the general good sense of a country, faithful to the local truth, grave, and unaffected? Simply because they are not inventions of any active faculty, but mere passive depositions from a real impression upon the mind. On the other hand, wherever there is an ambitious principle set in motion for name-inventing, there it is sure to terminate in something monstrous and fanciful. Women offend in such cases even more than men; because more of sentiment or romance will mingle with the names they impose. Sailors again err in an opposite spirit: there is no affectation in their names, but there is too painful an effort after ludicrous allusions to the gravities of their native land—'Big Wig Island,' or 'the Bishop and his Clerks:' or the name becomes a memento of real incidents, but too casual and personal to merit this lasting record of a name, such as *Point Farewell*, or *Cape Turn-again*. This fault applies to many of the Yankee names, and to many more in the

* "Yankee names."—Foreigners in America subject themselves to a perpetual misin-

southern and western states of North America, where the earliest population has usually been of a less religious character; and, most of all, it applies to the names of the back settlements. These people live under influences the most opposite to those of false refinement: coarse necessities, elementary features of peril or embarrassment, primary aspects of savage nature, compose the scenery of their thoughts; and these are reflected by their names. *Dismal Swamp* expresses a condition of unreclaimed nature, which must disappear with growing civilisation. *Big Bone Lick* tells a tale of cruelty that cannot often be repeated. Buffaloes, like all cattle, derive medicinal benefit from salt; they come in droves for a thousand miles to lick the masses of rock salt. The new settlers observing this, lie in ambush to surprise them: twenty-five thousand noble animals, in one instance, were massacred for their hides. In the following year the usual crowds advanced; but the first who snuffed the tainted air wheeled round, bellowed, and "re-coiled" far into his native woods. Meantime the large bones remain to attest the extent of the merciless massacre. Here, as in all cases, there is a truth expressed; but again too casual and special. Besides that, from contempt of elegance, or from defect of art, the names resemble the seafaring nomenclature in being too rudely compounded.

As with the imposition of names, so with the use of the existing language, most classes stand between the pressure of two extremes—of coarseness, of carelessness, of imperfect art, on the one hand, of spurious refinement and fantastic ambition upon the other. Authors have always been a dangerous class for any language. Amongst the myriads who are prompted to authorship by the coarse love of reputation, or by the nobler craving for sympathy, there will always be thousands seeking distinctions through novelties of diction. Hopeless of any audience through mere weight of matter, they will turn for their last resource to such tricks of innovation as they can bring to bear upon language. What care they for

purity or simplicity of diction, if at any cost of either they can win a special attention to themselves? Now, the great body of women are under no such unhappy bias. If they happen to move in polished circles, or have received a tolerable education, they will speak their native language of necessity with truth and simplicity. And supposing them not to be professional writers, (as so small a proportion can be, even in France or England,) there is always something in the situation of women which secures a fidelity to the idiom. From the greater excitability of females, and the superior vivacity of their feelings, they will be liable to far more irritations from wounded sensibilities. It is for such occasions chiefly that they seek to be effective in their language. Now, there is not in the world so certain a guarantee for pure idiomatic diction, without tricks or affectation, as a case of genuine excitement. Real situations are always pledges of a real natural language. It is in counterfeit passion, in the mimical situations of novels, or in poems that are efforts of ingenuity, and no ebullitions of absolute unstimulated feeling, that female writers endeavour to sustain their own jaded sensibility, or to reinforce the languishing interest of their readers by extravagances of language. No woman in this world, under a movement of resentment from a false accusation, or from jealousy, or from confidence betrayed, ever was at leisure to practise vagaries of caprice in the management of her mother tongue; strength of real feeling shuts out all temptation to the affectation of false feeling.

Hence the purity of the female Byzantine Greek. Such caprices as they had took some other course, and found some other vent than through their mother tongue. Hence, also, the purity of female English. Would you desire at this day to read our noble language in its native beauty, picturesque from idiomatic propriety, racy in its phraseology, delicate yet sinewy in its composition—steal the mail bags, and break open all the letters in female handwriting. Three out of four will have been written by that class of

terpretation by misapplying this term. "*Yankee*," in the American use, does not mean a citizen of the United States as opposed to a foreigner, but a citizen of the Northern New England States (Massachusetts, Connecticut, &c.) opposed to a Virginian, a Kentuckian, &c.

women who have the most leisure and the most interest in a correspondence by the post—that class who combine more of intelligence, cultivation, and of thoughtfulness, than any other in Europe—the class of unmarried women above twenty-five—an increasing class; * women who, from mere dignity of character, have renounced all prospects of conjugal and parental life, rather than descend into habits unsuitable to their birth. Women capable of such sacrifices, and marked by such strength of mind, may be expected to think with deep feeling, and to express themselves (unless where they have been too much biased by bookish connexions) with natural grace. Not impossibly these same women, if required to come forward in some public character, might write ill and affectedly. They would then have their free natural movement of thought distorted into some accommodation to artificial standards, amongst which they might happen to select a bad one for imitation. But in their letters they write under the benefit of their natural advantages; not warped, on the one hand, into that constraint or awkwardness which is the inevitable effect of conscious exposure to public gaze; yet, on the other, not left to vacancy or the chills of apathy, but sustained by some deep sympathy between themselves and their correspondents.

So far as concerns idiomatic English, we are satisfied, from the many beautiful female letters which we have heard upon chance occasions from every quarter of the empire, that they, the educated women of Great Britain—above all, the interesting class of women unmarried upon scruples of sexual honour—and also (as in Constantinople of old) the nurseries of Great Britain, are the true and best depositaries of the old mother idiom. But we must not forget, that though this is another term for what is good in English, when we are talking of a human and a popular interest, there is a separate use of the language, as in the higher forms of history or philosophy, which ought not to be idiomatic. As respects that which *is*,

it is remarkable that the same orders cling to the ancient purity of diction amongst ourselves who did so in pagan Rome—viz., *women*, for the reasons just noticed, and *people of rank*. So much has this been the tendency in England, that we know a person of great powers, but who has in all things a one-sided taste, and is so much a lover of idiomatic English as to endure none else, who professes to read no writer since Lord Chesterfield. It is certain that this accomplished nobleman, who has been most unjustly treated from his unfortunate collision with a national favourite, and in part also from the laxity of his moral principles, where, however, he spoke worse than he thought, wrote with the ease and careless grace of a high-bred gentleman. But his style is not peculiar: it has always been the style of his order. After making the proper allowance for the continual new infusions into our peerage from the bookish class of lawyers, and for some modifications derived from the learned class of spiritual peers, the tone of Lord Chesterfield has always been the tone of our old aristocracy; a tone of elegance and propriety, above all things free from the stiffness of pedantry or academic rigour, and obeying Cæsar's rule of shunning *tanquam scopulum any insolens verbum*. It is, indeed, through this channel that the solitudes of our British nobility have always flowed: other qualities might come and go according to the temperament of the individual; but what in all generations constituted an object of horror for that class, was bookish precision and professional peculiarity. From the free popular form of our great public schools, to which nine out of ten amongst our old nobility resorted, it happened unavoidably that they were not equally clear of popular vulgarities; indeed, from another cause, *that* could not have been avoided—for it is remarkable that a connexion, as close as through an umbilical cord, has always been maintained between the very highest orders of our aristocracy and the lowest of our democracy, by means of nurses.

* *An increasing class*; but not in France.—It is a most remarkable moral phenomenon in the social condition of that nation, and one which speaks a volume as to the lower tone of female dignity, that unmarried women, at the age which amongst us obtains the insulting name of *old maids*, are almost unknown. What shocking sacrifices of sexual honour does this one fact argue?

The nurses and immediate personal attendants of all classes come from the same sources, most commonly from the peasantry of the land ; they import into all families alike, into the highest and the lowest, the coarsest expressions from the vernacular language of anger and contempt. Whence, for example, it was, that about five or six years ago, when a new novel circulated in London, with a private understanding that it was a juvenile effort from two very young ladies of the very highest rank, nobody who reflected at all could feel much surprise that one of the characters should express her self-esteem by the popular phrase that she did not "think small beer of herself." Equally in its faults and its merits, the language of high life has always tended to simplicity and the vernacular ideal, recoiling from every mode of bookishness. And in this, as in so many other instances, it is singular to note the close resemblance between polished England and polished Rome. Augustus Cæsar was so little able to enter into any artificial forms or tortuous obscurities of ambitious rhetoric, that he could not so much as understand them. Even the old antique forms of language, where it happened that they had become obsolete, were to him disgusting. And probably the main bond of connexion between himself and Horace was their common and excessive hatred of obscurity ; from which quality, indeed, the very intellectual defects of both, equally with their good taste, alienated them to intensity.

The pure racy idiom of colloquial or household English, we have insisted, must be looked for in the circles of well-educated women not too closely connected with books. It is certain that books, in any language, will tend to encourage a diction too remote from the style of spoken idiom ; whilst the greater solemnity, and the more ceremonial costume of regular literature must often demand such a non-idiomatic diction, upon mere principles of good taste. But why is it that in our day literature has taken so determinate a swing towards this professional language of books, as to justify some fears that the other extreme of the free colloquial idiom will perish as a living dialect ? The apparent cause lies in a phenomenon of modern life, which, on other accounts also, is entitled to anxious consideration. It is

in newspapers that we must look for the main reading of this generation ; and in newspapers, therefore, we must seek for the causes operating upon the style of the age. Seventy years ago this tendency in political journals to usurp upon the practice of books, and to mould the style of writers, was noticed by a most acute observer, himself one of the most brilliant writers in the class of satiric sketchers and personal historians that any nation has produced. Already, before 1770, the late Lord Orford was in the habit of saying to any man who consulted him on the cultivation of style—"Style is it that you want ? Oh, go and look into the newspapers for a style." This was said half contemptuously and half seriously. But the evil has now become overwhelming. One single number of a London morning paper, which in half a century has expanded from the size of a dinner napkin to that of a breakfast tablecloth, from that to a carpet, and will soon be forced, by the expansions of public business, into something resembling the mainsail of a frigate, already is equal in printed matter to a very large octavo volume. Every old woman in the nation now reads daily a vast miscellany in one vol. royal octavo. The evil of this, as regards the quality of knowledge communicated, admits of no remedy. Public business, in its whole unwieldy compass, must always form the subject of these daily chronicles. Nor is there much room to expect any change in the style. The evil effect of this upon the style of the age may be reduced to two forms. Formerly the natural impulse of every man was, spontaneously to use the language of life ; the language of books was a secondary attainment not made without effort. Now, on the contrary, the daily composers of newspapers have so long dealt in the professional idiom of books, as to have brought it home to every reader in the nation who does not violently resist it by some domestic advantages. Time was, within our own remembrance, that if you should have heard, in passing along the street, from any old apple-woman such a phrase as "I will *avail myself* of your kindness," forthwith you would have shied like a skittish horse—you would have run away in as much terror as any old Roman upon those occasions when *Bos loquebatur*. At present you swallow such marvels as matters of course. The

whole artificial dialect of books has come into play as the dialect of ordinary life. This is one form of the evil impressed upon our style by journalism; a dire monotony of bookish idiom has encrusted and stiffened all native freedom of expression, like some scaly leprosy or elephantiasis, barking and hide-binding the fine natural pulses of the elastic flesh. Another and almost a worse evil has established itself in the prevailing structure of sentences. Every man who has had any experience in writing, knows how natural it is for hurry and fulness of matter to discharge itself by vast sentences, involving clause within clause *ad infinitum*—how difficult it is, and how much a work of time, to break up this huge fasciculus of cycle and epicycle into a graceful succession of sentences, long intermingled with short, each modifying the other, and arising musically by links of spontaneous connexion. Now the plethoric form of period, this monster model of sentence, bloated with decomplex intercalations, and exactly repeating the form of syntax which distinguishes an act of Parliament, is the prevailing model in newspaper eloquence. Crude undigested masses of suggestion, furnishing rather raw materials for composition and jotting for the memory, than any formal developments of the ideas, describe the quality of writing which *must* prevail in journalism: not from defect of talents, which are at this day of that superior class which may be presumed from the superior importance of the function itself; but from the necessities of hurry and of instant compliance with an instant emergency, granting no possibility for revision, or opening for amended thought, which are evils attached to the flying velocities of public business.

As to structure of sentence, and the periodic involution, that scarcely admits of being exemplified in the conversation of those who do not write. But the choice of phraseology is naturally and easily echoed in the colloquial forms of those who surrender themselves to such an influence. To mark in what degree this contagion of bookishness has spread, and how deeply it has moulded the habits of expression in classes naturally the least likely to have been reached by a revolution so artificial in its character, we will report a single record from the memorials of our own experience.

Some eight years ago, we had occasion to look for lodgings in a newly-built suburb of London. The mistress of the house, (with respect to whom we have nothing to report more than that she was in the worst sense a vulgar woman, that is, not merely a lowbred person—so much might have been expected from her occupation—but morally vulgar by the evidence of her own complex precautions against fraud, reasonable enough in so dangerous a capital, but not calling for the very ostentatious display of them which she obtruded upon us) was in regular training, it appeared, as a student of newspapers. She had no children: the newspapers were her children. There lay her studies, that branch of learning constituted her occupation, from morning to night: and the following were amongst the words which she—this semibarbarian—poured from her cornucopia during the very few minutes of our interview; which interview was brought to an abrupt issue by mere nervous agitation upon our part. The words, as noted down within an hour of the occasion, and after allowing a fair time for our recovery, were these:—first, “Category;” secondly, “predicament;” (where, by the way, from the twofold iteration of the idea—Greek and Roman—it appears that the old lady was “twice armed;”)—thirdly, “individuality;” fourthly, “procrastination;” fifthly, “speaking diplomatically, would not wish to commit herself;” sixthly, “would spontaneously adapt the several modes of domestication to the reciprocal interests, &c.;” and finally, (which word it was that settled us; we heard it as we reached the topmost stair on the second floor; and, without further struggle against our instincts, round we wheeled, rushed down forty-five stairs, and exploded from the house with a fury causing us to impinge against an obese or protuberant gentleman, and calling for mutual explanations; a result which nothing *could* account for, but a steel bow, or mustachios on the lip of an elderly woman: meantime the fatal word was,) seventhly, “anteriorly.” Concerning which word we solemnly depose and make affidavit, that neither from man, woman, nor book, had we ever heard it before this unique rencontre with this abominable woman on the staircase. The occasion which furnished the excuse for

such a word was this: From the staircase window we saw a large shed in the rear of the house: apprehending some nuisance of "manufacturing industry" in our neighbourhood,—"What's that?" we demanded. Mark the answer: "A shed; and anteriorly to the existing shed there was —;" *what* there was, posterity must consent to have wrapt up in darkness, for there came on our nervous seizure, which intercepted further communication. But observe, as a point which took away any gleam of consolation from the case, the total absence of all *malaprop* picturesqueness, that might have defeated its deadly action upon the nervous system. No: it is due to the integrity of *her* disease, and to the completeness of *our* suffering, that we should attest the unimpeachable correctness of her words and of the syntax by which she connected them.

Now, if we could suppose the case that the old household idiom of the land were generally so extinguished amongst us as it was in this particular instance—if we could imagine, as a *universal* result of journalism, that a coarse unlettered woman, having occasion to say, "this or that stood in such a place before the present shed," should take as a natural or current formula, "anteriorly to the existing shed there stood, &c."—what would be the final effect upon our literature? Pedantry, though it were unconscious pedantry, once steadily diffused through a nation as to the very moulds of its thinking, and the general tendencies of its expression, could not but stiffen the natural graces of composition, and weave fetters about the free movement of human thought. This would interfere as effectually with our power of enjoying much that is excellent in our past literature, as it would with our future powers of producing. And such an agency has been too long at work amongst us, not to have already accomplished some part of these separate evils. Amongst women of education, as we have argued above, standing aloof from literature, and less uniformly drawing their intellectual sustenance from newspapers, the deadening effects have been partially counteracted. Here and there, amongst individuals, alive to the particular evils of the age, and watching the very set of the current, there may have been even a more sys-

tematic counteraction applied to the mischief. But the great evil in such cases is this—that we cannot see the extent of the changes wrought or being wrought, from having ourselves partaken in them. *Tempora mutantur*; and naturally, if we could review them with the neutral eye of a stranger, it would be impossible for us not to see the extent of those changes. But our eye is *not* neutral: we also have partaken in the changes; *et nos mutamur in illis*. And this fact disturbs the power of appreciating those changes. Every one of us would have felt, sixty years ago, that the general tone and colouring of a style was stiff, bookish, pedantic, which, from the habituation of our organs, we now feel to be natural and within the privilege of learned art. Direct objective qualities it is always by comparison easy to measure; but the difficulty commences when we have to combine with this outer measurement of the object another corresponding measurement of the subjective or inner qualities by which we apply the measure; that is, when besides the objects projected to a distance from the spectator, we have to allow for variations or disturbances in the very eye which surveys them. The eye cannot see itself; we cannot project from ourselves, and contemplate as an object our own contemplating faculty, or appreciate our own appreciating power. Biases, therefore, or gradual warpings, that have occurred in our critical faculty as applied to style, we cannot allow for; and these biases will unconsciously mask, to our perceptions, an amount of change in the quality of popular style such as we could not easily credit.

Separately from this change for the worse in the drooping idiomatic freshness of our diction, which is a change that has been going on for a century, the other characteristic defect of this age lies in the tumid and tumultuary structure of our sentences. The one change has partly grown out of the other. Ever since a more bookish air was impressed upon composition without much effort by the Latinized and artificial phraseology, by forms of expression consecrated to books, and by "long-tailed words in *osity* and *ation*," either because writers felt that already, in this one act of preference shown to the artificial vocabulary, they had done enough to establish a differ-

ential character of regular composition, and on that consideration thought themselves entitled to neglect the combination of their words into sentences and periods; or because there is a real natural sympathy between the Latin phraseology and a Latin structure of sentence; certain it is and remarkable, that our popular style, in the common limited sense of arrangement applied to words, or the syntaxes of sentences, has laboured with two faults that might have been thought incompatible: it has been artificial, by artifices peculiarly adapted to the powers of the Latin language, and yet at the very same time careless and disordinate. There is a strong idea expressed by the Latin word *inconditus*, *disorganized*, or rather *unorganized*. Now, in spite of its artificial bias, that is the very epithet which will best characterise our newspaper style. To be viewed as susceptible of organization, such periods must already be elaborate and artificial; to be viewed as not having received it, such periods must be careless.

But perhaps the very best illustration of all this will be found in putting the case of English style into close juxtaposition with the style of the French and Germans—our only very important neighbours. As leaders of civilisation, as *powers* in an intellectual sense, there are but three nations in Europe—England, Germany, France. As to Spain and Italy, outlying extremities, they are not moving bodies; they rest upon the past. Russia and North America are the two bulwarks of Christendom—East and west. But the three powers *at the centre* are in all senses the motive forces of civilisation. In all things they have the initiation; and they pre-side.

By this comparison we shall have the advantage of doing what the French express by *s'orienter*—the Germans by *sich orientiren*. Learning one of our bearings on the compass, we shall be able to deduce the rest; and we shall be able to conjecture our valuation as respects the art, by finding our place amongst the artists.

With respect to French style, we can imagine the astonishment of an English author, practised in composition, and with no previous knowledge of French literature, who should first find himself ranging freely amongst a French library. That particular fault

of style which in English books is all but universal, absolutely has not an existence in the French. Speaking rigorously and to the very letter of the case, we, upon a large experience in French literature, affirm, that it would be nearly impossible (perhaps strictly so) to cite an instance of that cumbersome and unwieldy style which disfigures English composition so extensively. Enough could not be adduced to satisfy the purpose of illustration. And to make a Frenchman sensible of the fault as a possibility, you must appeal to some *translated* model.

But why? The cause of this national immunity from a fault so common every where else, and so natural, when we look into the producing occasions, is as much entitled to our notice as the immunity itself. The fault is inevitable, as one might fancy, to two conditions of mind—hurry in the first place, want of art in the second. The French must be liable to these disadvantages as much as their neighbours: by what magic is it that they evade them or neutralize them in the result? The secret lies here; beyond all nations, by constitutional vivacity, the French are a nation of talkers: and the model of their sentences is moulded by that fact. Conversation, which is a luxury for other nations, is for them a necessity: by the very law of their peculiar intellect and of its social training, they are colloquial. Hence it happens, that there are no such people endured or ever heard of in France as *alloquial* wits; people who talk to but not *with* a circle; the very finest of their *beaux esprits* must submit to the equities of conversation, and would be crushed summarily as monsters, if they were to seek a selfish mode of display, or a privilege of lecturing any audience of a *salon* who had met for purposes of *social* pleasure. "*De monologue*," as Madame de Staël, in her broken English, described this mode of display when speaking of Coleridge, is so far from being tolerated in France as an accomplishment, that it is not even understood as a disease. This kind of what may be called irresponsible talk, when a man runs on *perpetuo tenore*, not accountable for any opinion to his auditors, open to no contradiction, has sometimes procured for a man in England the affix of *River* to his name: *Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum*. But that has been in cases where the talking im-

pulse was sustained by mere vivacity of animal spirits, without knowledge to support it, and liable to the full weight of Archbishop Huet's sarcasm—that it was a diarrhoea of garrulity, a *fluxe de bouche*. But in cases like that of Coleridge, where the solitary display, if selfish, is still dignified by a pomp of knowledge, and a knowledge which you feel to have been fused and combined by the genial circumstances of the speaker's position in the centre of an admiring circle,—we English do still recognise the *métier* of a professional talker as a privileged mode of social display. People are asked to come and hear such a performer, as you form a select party to hear Thalberg or Paganini. The thing is understood at least with us; right or wrong, there is an understanding amongst the company that you are not to interrupt the great man of the night. You may prompt him by a question; you may set him in motion; but to begin arguing against him would be felt as not less unseasonable than to insist on whistling Jim Crow during the *bravuras* and *tours de force* of the great musical artists.

In France, therefore, from the intense adaptation of the national mind to real colloquial intercourse, for which reciprocation is indispensable, the form of sentence in use is adjusted to that primary condition; brief, terse, simple; shaped to avoid misunderstanding, and to meet the impatience of those who are waiting for their turn. People who write rapidly every where write as they talk: it is impossible to do otherwise. Taking a pen into his hand, a man frames his periods exactly as he would do if addressing an audience. So far the Englishman and the Frenchman are upon the same level. Suppose them, therefore, both preparing to speak: an Englishman in such a situation has no urgent motive for turning his thoughts to any other object than the prevailing one of the moment—viz., how best to convey his meaning. That object weighs also with the Frenchman; but he has a previous, a paramount, object to watch—the necessity of avoiding *des longueurs*. The rights, the equities of conversation are but dimly present to the mind of the Englishman. From the mind of a Frenchman they are never absent. To an Englishman, the right of occupying the attention of the company seems to inhere in *things*

rather than in persons: if the particular subject under discussion should happen to be a grave one, then, in right of *that*, and not by any right of his own, a speaker will seem to an Englishman invested with the privilege of drawing largely upon the attention of a company. But to a Frenchman this right of participation in the talk is a *personal* right, which cannot be set aside by any possible claims in the subject: it passes by necessity to and fro, backwards and forwards, between the several persons who are present; and, as in the games of battledore and shuttlecock, or of “hunt the slipper,” the momentary subject of interest never can settle or linger for any length of time in any one individual, without violating the rules of the sport, or suspending its movement. Inevitably, therefore, the structure of sentences must for ever be adapted to this primary function of the French national intellect—the function of communicativeness, and to the necessities (for to the French they *are* necessities) of social intercourse.

Hence it is that in French authors, whatever may otherwise be the differences of their minds, or the differences of their themes, uniformly we find the periods short, rapid, unelaborate—Pascal or Helvetius, Condillac or Rousseau, Montesquieu or Voltaire, Buffon or Duclos,—all alike are terse, perspicuous, brief. Even Mirabeau or Chateaubriand, so much modified by foreign intercourse, in this point adhere to their national models. Even Bossuet or Bourdaloue, where the diffusiveness and amplitude of oratory might have been pleaded as a dispensation, are not more licentious in this respect than their compatriots. One rise in every sentence, one gentle descent,—that is the law for French composition; even too monotonously so—and thus it happens that such a thing as a long or an involved sentence could not be produced from French literature, though a sultan were to offer his daughter in marriage to the man who should find it. Whereas now, amongst us English, not only is the too general tendency of our sentences towards hyperbolic length, but it will be found continually, that instead of one rise and one corresponding fall—one *arsis* and one *thesis*—there are many. Flux and reflux, swell and cadence, that is the movement for a sentence; but our modern

sentences agitate us by rolling fires, after the fashion of those internal earthquakes that, not content with one throe, run along spasmodically like boys playing at what is called "drake-stone."

It is not often that a single fault can produce any vast amount of evil. But there are cases where it does; and this is one: the effect of weariness and of repulsion, which may arise from this single vice of unwieldy comprehensiveness in the structure of sentences cannot better be illustrated than by a frank exposure of what often happens to ourselves, and (as we differ as to this case only by consciously noticing what all feel) must often happen to others. In the evening, when it is natural that we should feel a craving for rest, some book lies near us which is written in a style, clear, tranquil, easy to follow. Just at that moment comes in the wet newspaper, dripping with the dewy freshness of its news; and even in its parliamentary memorials promising so much interest, that, let them be treated in what manner they may merely for the subjects, they are often commandingly attractive. The attraction indeed is but too potent, the interest but too exciting. Yet, after all, many times we lay aside the journal, and we acquiesce in the gentler stimulation of the book. Simply the news we may read; but the discussions, whether direct from the editor, or reported from the Parliament, we refuse or we delay. And why? It is the subject, perhaps you think, it is the great political question—too agitating by the consequences it may happen to involve. No. All this, if treated in a winning style, we could bear. It is the effort, the toil, the exertion of mind requisite to follow the discussion through endless and labyrinthine sentences—this it is which compels us to forego the journal, or to lay it aside until the next morning. Those who are not accustomed to watch the effects of composition upon the feelings, or have had little experience in voluminous reading pursued for weeks, would scarcely imagine how much of downright physical exhaustion is produced by what is technically called the *periodic* style of writing: it is not the length, the *αἰγάρωσις*, the paralytic flux of words; it is not even the cumbrous involution of parts within parts, separately considered, that bears so heavily upon

the attention. It is the suspense, the holding-on, of the mind until what is called the *αἰγάρωσις* or coming round of the sentence commences—this it is which wears out the faculty of attention. A sentence, for example, begins with a series of *ifs*; perhaps a dozen lines are occupied with expanding the conditions under which something is affirmed or denied: here you cannot dismiss and have done with the ideas as you go along; all is hypothetic; all is suspended in air. The conditions are not fully to be understood until you are acquainted with the dependency; you must give a separate attention to each clause of this complex hypothesis, and yet, having done *that* by a painful effort, you have done nothing at all; for you must exercise a reacting attention through the corresponding latter section, in order to follow out its relations to all parts of the hypothesis which sustains it. In fact, under the rude yet also artificial character of newspaper style, each separate monster period is a vast arch, which, not receiving its keystone, not being locked into self-supporting cohesion, until you nearly reach its close, imposes of necessity upon the unhappy reader all the *onus* of its ponderous weight through the main process of its construction. The continued repetition of so Atlantean an effort soon overwhelms the patience of any reader, and establishes at length that habitual feeling which causes him to shrink from the speculations of journalists, or (which is more likely) to adopt a worse habit than absolute neglect, which we shall notice immediately.

Meantime, as we have compared ourselves on this important point with the French, let us now complete our promise, by noticing our relation in the same point to the Germans. Even on its own account, and without any view to our present purpose, the character of German prose is an object of legitimate astonishment. Whatever is bad in our own ideal of prose style, whatever is repulsive in our own practice, we see there carried to the most outrageous excess. Herod is out-heroded, Sternhold is out-sternholded, with a zealotry of extravagance that really seems like wilful burlesque. Lessing, Herder, Paul Richter, and Lichtenberg, with some few beside, either prompted by nature or trained upon foreign models, have avoided the besetting sin of German prose. Any

man of distinguished talent, whose attention has been once called steadily to this subject, cannot fail to avoid it. The misfortune of most writers has been, that, once occupied with the interest of *things*, and overwhelmed by the embarrassments of disputed *doctrines*, they never advert to any question affecting what they view, by comparison, as a trifle. The *videndum*, the thing to be taught, has availed to obscure or even to annihilate for their eyes every anxiety as to the mode of teaching. And, as one conspicuous example of careless style acts by its authority to create many more, we need not wonder at the results, even when they reach a point of what may be called monstrous. Among ten thousand offenders, who carry their neglect of style even to that point, we would single out Immanuel Kant. Such is the value of his philosophy in some sections, and partially it is so very capable of a lucid treatment, intelligible to the plainest man of reflective habits, that within no long interval we shall certainly see him naturalized amongst ourselves; there are particular applications of his philosophy not contemplated by himself, for which we venture to predict that the Christian student will ultimately be thankful, when the elementary principles have been brought under a clear light of interpretation. Attention will then be forced upon his style, and facts will come forward not credible without experimental proof. For instance, we have lying before us at this moment his *Critik der Practischen Vernunft* in the unspirited edition of Hartnoch—the respectable publisher of all Kant's great works. The text is therefore authentic: and being a 4th edition, (Riga, 1797,) must be presumed to have benefited by the author's careful revision: we have no time for search, but on barely throwing open the book, we see a sentence at pp. 70, 71 exactly covering one whole octavo page of thirty-one lines, (each line averaging forty-five to forty-eight letters.) Sentences of the same calibre, some even of far larger *bore*, we have observed in this and other works of the same author. And it is not the fact taken as an occasional possibility, it is the prevailing character of his style, that we insist on as the most formidable barrier to the study of his writings and to the progress of what will soon be acknowledged as important in his principles. A sentence is viewed by him, and by

most of his countrymen, as a rude mould or elastic form admitting of expansion to any possible extent: it is laid down as a rude outline, and then by superstruction and *epi*-superstruction it is gradually reared to a giddy altitude which no eye can follow. Yielding to his natural impulse of subjoining all additions, or exceptions, or modifications—not in the shape of separate consecutive sentences, but as intercalations and stuffings of one original sentence, Kant might naturally enough have written a book from beginning to end in one vast hyperbolical sentence. We sometimes see an English Act of Parliament which does literally accomplish that end, by an artifice which in law has a purpose and a use. Instead of laying down a general proposition, which is partially false until it has received its proper restraints, the framer of the act endeavours to evade even this momentary falsehood by coupling the restraints with the very primary enunciation of the truth: *e. g.* A shall be entitled, provided always that he is under the circumstances of *e*, or *i*, or *o*, to the right of X. Thus, even a momentary compliance with the false notion of an absolute unconditional claim to X. is evaded; a truth which is only a conditional truth, is stated as such from the first. There is, therefore, a theoretic use. But what is the practical result? Why, that when you attempt to read an Act of Parliament where the exceptions, the secondary exceptions to the exceptions, the limitations and the sublimitations, descend *seriatim*, by a vast scale of dependencies, the mind finds itself overtasked: the energy of the most energetic begins to droop; and so inevitable is that result, that Mr Pitt, a minister unusually accomplished for such process by constitution of mind and by practice, publicly avowed his inability to follow so trying a conflict with technical embarrassments. He declared himself to be lost in the labyrinth of clauses: the Ariadne's clue was wanting for his final extrication: and he described his situation at the end with the simplicity natural to one who was no charlatan, and sought for no reputation by the tricks of a funambulist: "in the crowd of things excepted and counter-accepted, he really ceased to understand the main point—what it was that the law allowed, and what it was that it disallowed."

We might have made our readers merry with the picture of German prose; but we must not linger. It is enough to say, that it offers the counterpoise to the French style. Our own popular style, and (what is worse) the *tendency* of our own, is to the German extreme. For those who read German there is this advantage—that German prose, as written by the mob of authors, presents, as in a Brobdignagian mirror, the most offensive faults of our own.

But these faults—are they in practice so wearisome and exhausting as we have described them? Possibly not; and, where that happens to be the case, let the reader ask himself if it is not by means of an evasion worse in its effects than any fault of style could ever prove in its most exaggerated form. Shrinking, through long experience, from the plethoric form of cumulation and ‘periodic’ writing in which the journalist supports or explains his views, every man who puts a business value upon his time, slips naturally into a trick of short-hand reading. It is more even by the effort and tension of mind required, than by the mere loss of time, that most readers are repelled from the habit of careful reading. An evil of modern growth is met by a modern remedy. Every man gradually learns an art of catching at the leading words, and the cardinal or hinge-joints of transition, which proclaim the general course of a writer’s speculation. Now it is very true, and is sure to be objected—that, where so much is certain to prove mere iteration and teasing tautology, little can be lost by this or any other process of abridgement. Certainly, as regards the particular subject concerned, there may be no room to apprehend a serious injury. Not there, not in any direct interest, but in a far larger interest—indirect for the moment, but the most direct and absolute of all interests for an intellectual being, the reader suffers a permanent debilitation. He acquires a factitious propensity, he forms an incorrigible habit of desultory reading. Now, to say of a man’s knowledge, that it will be shallow, or (which is worse than shallow) will be erroneous and insecure in its foundations, is to say little of such a habit: it is by reaction upon a man’s faculties, it is by the effects reflected upon his judging and reasoning powers, that loose habits of reading

tell eventually. And these are durable effects. Even as respects the minor purpose of information, better it is, by a thousand-fold, to have read three score of books (chosen judiciously) with severe attention, than to have raced through the library of the Vatican at a newspaper pace. But, as respects the final habits acquired, habits of thinking coherently, and of judging soundly—better that a man should have not read one line throughout his life, than have travelled through the journals of Europe by this random process of “reading short.”

Yet, by this Parthian habit of aiming at full gallop—of taking flying shots at conspicuous marks, and, like Parthians also, directing their chance arrows whilst retreating, and revolting with horror from a direct approach to the object,—thus it is, that the young and the flexible are trained amongst us under the increasing tyranny of journalism. A large part of the evil, therefore, belongs to style: for it is this which repels readers, and enforces the short-hand process of desultory reading. A large part of the evil, therefore, is of a nature to receive a remedy.

It is with a view to that practical part of the extensive evil, that we have shaped our present notice of popular style, as made operative amongst ourselves. One single vice of periodic syntax, a vice unknown to the literature of Greece, and, until Paterculus, even of Rome, (although the language of Rome was so naturally adapted to that vice), has with us counterbalanced all possible vices of any other order. Simply by the vast sphere of its agency for evil, in the habits of mind which it produces and supports, such a vice merits a consideration which would else be disproportionate. Yet, at the same time, it must not be forgotten, that if the most operative of all vices, after all it is but one. What are the others?

It is a fault, amongst many faults, of such works as we have on this subject of style—that they collect the list of qualities, good or bad, to which composition is liable, not under any principle from which they might be deduced *à priori*, so as to be assured that all had been enumerated, but by a tentative groping, a mere conjectural estimate. The word *style* has with us a twofold meaning; one sense, the narrow one, expressing the mere *syn-*

thesis onomatōn, the syntax or combination of words into sentences; the other of far wider extent, and expressing all possible relations that can arise between thoughts and words—the total effect of a writer, as derived from manner. Style may be viewed as an *organic* thing and as a *mechanic* thing. By organic, we mean that which, being acted upon, reacts—and which propagates the communicated power without loss. By mechanic, that which, being impressed with motion, cannot throw it back without loss, and therefore soon comes to an end. The human body is an elaborate system of organs: it is sustained by organs. But the human body is exercised as a machine, and, as such, may be viewed in the arts of riding, dancing, leaping, &c., subject to the laws of motion and equilibrium. Now the use of words is an organic thing, in so far as language is connected with thoughts, and modified by thoughts. It is a mechanic thing, in so far as words in combination determine or modify each other. The science of style, as an organ of thought, of style in relation to the ideas and feelings, might be called the *organology* of style. The science of style, considered as a machine, in which words act upon words, and through a particular grammar, might be called the *mechanology* of style. It is of little importance by what name these two functions of composition are expressed. But it is of great importance not to confound the functions; that function by which style maintains a commerce with thought, and that by which it chiefly communicates with grammar and with words. A pedant only will insist upon the names—but the distinction in the ideas, under some name, can be neglected only by the man who is careless of logic.

We know not how far we may be ever called upon to proceed with this discussion: if it should happen that we were, an interesting field of questions would lie before us for the first part, (the organology.) It would lead us over the ground trodden by the Greek and Roman rhetoricians; and over those particular questions which have arisen by the contrast between the circumstances of the ancients and our own since the origin of printing. Punctuation, trivial as such an innovation may seem, was the product of typography; and it is interesting to trace

the effects upon style even of that one slight addition to the resources of logic. Previously, a man was driven to depend for his security against misunderstanding upon the pure virtue of his syntax. Miscollocation or dislocation of related words disturbed the whole sense: its least effect was, to give no sense; often it gave a dangerous sense. Now, punctuation was an artificial machinery for maintaining the integrity of the sense against all mistakes of the writer; and, as one consequence, it withdrew the energy of men's anxieties from the natural machinery, which lay in just and careful arrangement. Another and still greater machinery of art for the purpose of maintaining the sense, and with the effect of relaxing the care of the writer, lay in the exquisitely artificial structure of the Latin language, which, by means of its terminal forms, indicated the arrangement, and referred the proper predicate to the proper subject, spite of all that affectation or negligence could do to disturb the series of the logic or the succession of the syntax. Greek, of course, had the same advantage in kind, but not in degree; and thence rose some differences which have escaped all notice of rhetoricians. Here also would properly arise the question started by Charles Fox, (but probably due originally to the conversation of some far subtler friend, such as Edmund Burke,) how far the practice of foot-notes—a practice purely modern in its *form*—is reconcilable with the laws of just composition: and whether in virtue, though not in form, such foot-notes did not exist for the ancients, by an evasion we could point out. The question is clearly one which grows out of style in its relations to thought—how far, viz., such an excrescence as a note argues that the sentence to which it is attached has not received the benefit of a full development for the conception involved; whether, if thrown into the furnace again and re-melted, it might not be so re-cast as to absorb the redundancy which had previously flowed over into a note. Under this head would fall not only all the differential questions of style and composition between us and the ancients, but also the questions of merit as fairly distributed amongst the moderns compared with each other. The French, as we recently insisted, undoubtedly possess one vast advantage over all

other nations in the good taste which governs the arrangement of their sentences; in the simplicity (a strange pretension to make for any thing French) of the modulation under which their thoughts flow; in the absence of all cumbrous involution, and in the quick succession of their periods. In reality this invaluable merit tends to an excess; and the *style coupé* as opposed to the *style soutenu*, flippancy opposed to gravity, the subsidiary to the continuous, these are the too frequent extremities to which the French manner betrays men. Better, however, to be flippant, than, by a revolting form of tumour and perplexity, to lead men into habits of intellect such as result from the modern vice of English style. Still, with all its practical value, it is evident that the intellectual merits of the French style are but small. They are chiefly negative, in the first place; and, secondly, founded in the accident of their colloquial necessities. The law of conversation has prescribed the model of their sentences: and in that law there is quite as much of self-interest at work as of respect for equity. *Hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.* Give and take is the rule, and he who expects to be heard must condescend to listen; which necessity, for both parties, binds over both to be brief. Brevity so won could at any rate have little merit; and it is certain that, for profound thinking, it must sometimes be a hinderance. In order to be brief, a man must take a shortsweep of view: his range of thought cannot be extensive; and such a rule, applied to a general method of thinking, is fitted rather to aphorisms and maxims as upon a known subject, than to any process of investigation as upon a subject yet to be fathomed. Advancing still further into the examination of style as the organ of thinking, we should find occasion to see the prodigious defects of the French in all the higher qualities of prose composition. One advantage, for a practical purpose of life, is sadly counterbalanced by numerous faults, many of which are faults of *stamina*, lying not in any corrigible defects, but in such as imply penury of thinking, from radical inaptitude in the thinking faculty to connect itself with the feeling, and with the

creative faculty of the imagination. There are many other researches belonging to this subtlest of subjects, affecting both the logic and the ornaments of style, which would fall under the head of organology. But for instant practical use, though far less difficult for investigation, yet, for that reason, far more tangible and appreciable, would be all the suggestions proper to the other head of mechanology. Half-a-dozen rules for evading the most frequently recurring forms of awkwardness, of obscurity, of misproportion, and of double meaning, would do more to assist a writer in practice, laid under some necessity of hurry, than volumes of general disquisition. It makes us blush to add, that even grammar is so little of a perfect attainment amongst us, that with two or three exceptions, (one being Shakspeare, whom some affect to consider as belonging to a semi-barbarous age,) we have never seen the writer, through a circuit of prodigious reading, who has not sometimes violated the accident or the syntax of English grammar.

Whatever becomes of our own possible speculations, we shall conclude with insisting on the growing necessity of style as a practical interest of daily life. Upon subjects of public concern, and in proportion to that concern, there will always be a suitable (and as letters extend, a growing) competition. Other things being equal, or appearing to be equal, the determining principle for the public choice will lie in the style. Of a German book, otherwise entitled to respect, it was said—*er lässt sich nicht lesen*, it does not permit itself to be read: such and so repulsive was the style. Among ourselves, this has long been true of newspapers: they do not suffer themselves to be read *in extenso*, and they are read short—with what injury to the mind may be guessed. The same style of reading, once largely practised, is applied universally. To this special evil an improvement of style would apply a special redress. The same improvement is otherwise clamorously called for by each man's interest of competition. Public luxury, which is gradually consulted by every thing else, must at length be consulted in style.

CICALA-PASHA—A CHAPTER OF TURKISH HISTORY.

At the death of Soliman the Magnificent in 1566, the Ottoman empire, then at its zenith of triumph and grandeur, presented a system of military and political organization superior to any which the world had witnessed since the decay of Roman power. A regularly paid and highly disciplined standing army, with a numerous and effective artillery, and aided at the same time by an inexhaustible supply of *timariots*, or local troops holding land by the tenure of military service, combined, in a great measure, the advantageous points of the feudal and modern systems, between which the rest of Europe was then in a state of transition; and enabled the Sultan to advance with confident superiority to the encounter of the raw levies, or tumultuous bands of mercenaries, which then constituted the bulk of the German armies; while an assured and ample revenue, such as no other European prince of that age enjoyed, gave him the power of exhausting his opponent by the indefinite prolongation of the war, if immediate success proved unattainable. The personal qualifications of the princes of the dynasty of Othman, had been, moreover, remarkably adapted for attaining and securing this eminence of power: from the foundation of the monarchy in 1299 to the accession of Selim II., the sceptre of the Osmanlis had been swayed, in an unbroken series from father to son, by ten sultans, all (with the single exception of Bayezid II.) distinguished by military capacity and personal energy in a degree of which the annals of no other sovereign house furnish so many successive examples; while the extraordinary average duration* of their reigns prevented the frequent changes of policy incident to a rapid succession, and enabled each ruler to carry out to their accomplishment the schemes of conquest and aggrandizement which had been planned by himself. The

vast dominions won by the sabres of his ancestors, were consolidated by Soliman, whose legislative enactments and municipal institutions† continued, till the late innovations, to be recognised and acted upon as the standard of the political and social relations of the Turks, who commemorate their author (known only as a conqueror to the nations of the West) by the venerable title of Soliman the *Lawgiver*. But with the succession of the enervated Selim II., the vigour and energy of the imperial line expired; and, though the impulse previously communicated preserved the empire for some years from manifesting any external tokens of disorganization, the forty years which followed the death of Soliman, are evidently a period of suspense between the progressive advance in territory and strength which had been previously maintained, and the gradually accelerated descent which marks the history of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

But, independent of the personal superintendence and activity of the first ten sultans, the continual success, which had raised the monarchy to such a point of prosperity, was but in small proportion due to the heads or hands of native Turks. The janizaries, whose scimitars were directed to the subversion of the faith in which themselves had been born, were, till long after the institution of the corps, recruited exclusively from youthful Christian captives trained up in the Moslem faith; while those in whom indications of superior talent were apparent, were educated in the palace of the Sultan, and destined, on attaining manhood, to fill the high offices of the state and army: and so rigidly was this rule originally observed, that the fact of Pyrrhus or Piri-Pasha, the first vizir under Soliman, being a Turk by birth, is remarked by historians as extraordinary. But as the fame of the splendour and munificence of the Os-

* The first ten reigns of the Ottoman line, from Othman to Soliman, gave an average length of $26\frac{1}{2}$ years; or, as nearly as possible, twice the average duration of the twenty succeeding, from Selim II. to Mahmood II. inclusive.

† The very existence of municipalities in the Ottoman empire was unknown to European statesmen a few years since, and their true nature and importance are still far from being adequately understood. Those of Greece, under the Turkish rule, are described and ably commented upon by Mr Parish, at the commencement of his "Diplomatic History of the Monarchy of Greece."

manli emperors became more widely extended, renegades of a more mature age were not wanting, who were attracted from all parts of Europe, to range themselves under the banner which flew victorious from the Danube to the Tigris and the Nile, and to barter their religion and their country for the dazzling rewards which were at the disposal of the Commander of the Faithful. Of the ten grand-vizirs who supported by their prowess and wisdom the throne of Soliman, no less than eight were of this class:—and of the naval commanders of the same epoch, the famous Piali was a Hungarian, Kilidj-Ali (Occhiali), a Calabrian, and Salih an Ionian Greek; and the comparatively mature age at which he became a Moslem, (though he afterwards underwent a regular course of discipline and instruction,) justifies our ranking with these valiant renegades the famous Sinan-Pasha Jaghalah-Zadah, who, under the successors of Soliman, supported the banner of the Crescent in almost every quarter of their realms; and who, meriting by his ferocity, as well as his courage, the epithet often conferred on him of Arslan or Lion, was beyond dispute one of the most energetic and undaunted, though not the most fortunate, of the generals who upheld for a time the renown of the empire, when the glories of Soliman and his lieutenants had passed away.

The father of this famous renegade was the Viscount de Cicala or Cigala, a Genoese of noble family settled in Sicily,* who followed the profession of a privateer or maritime partisan against the Mohammedans; cruising with three or four galleys, sometimes on his own account, but more frequently associating himself with the Venetians or the Knights of St John, in the marauding expeditions with which they continually devastated the hostile coasts, and which, it should always be borne in mind, first gave rise, on the principle of retaliation, to the system of Barbary piracy, on the horrors of which so much has been said and written. The naval skill and daring of Cicala made his co-ope-

ration valuable in the sudden descents and hazardous enterprises which characterize the Mediterranean warfare of that period; and his assistance was accordingly secured by the Hospitalers, (then, 1531, just landed on their desert island-home of Malta,) in the armament by which they hoped to possess themselves of the important port of Modon in the Morea. Two Greek renegades betrayed the mole and the fortifications of the harbour to the party detached to the attack; but the enterprise, after the assailants had gained possession of the streets, was defeated by the insubordination of the Italian soldiers, who dispersed themselves in search of plunder instead of assaulting the citadel which commanded the lower town, till the advance of the Pasha of the Morea rendered a speedy retreat inevitable; when the knights and gentlemen who had joined the squadron, perceiving all hope of permanent occupation at an end, stained their chivalry by sharing in the pursuit of spoil: every house was ransacked of its most valuable effects; and eight hundred Turkish ladies, torn from their homes for slavery or ransom, formed a somewhat incongruous addition to the booty carried off by an order in whose statutes celibacy was most rigidly enjoined! One of these fair prizes, a Turkish girl of surpassing beauty, who fell to the lot of Cicala, so won upon the fierce heart of the rover, that, on his arrival at Messina, he offered to enfranchise and marry her, on condition of her abjuring her faith. She was accordingly baptized by the name of Lucrezia, and became the wife of Cicala; and from this strangely assorted union sprung Scipio de Cicala, who was destined, in the changes of his subsequent career, to exact heavy retribution from the Christians for the desolation inflicted by them on the homes of his maternal ancestors.

Such is the story of his birth related by Vertot. Scipio was the youngest of several brothers, and was eighteen years of age* when he fell, with his father, into the power of the Turks, at the disastrous defeat of the Christian armament by the Capitan-

* The Prince de Castel Cicala, Neapolitan ambassador extraordinary to England, descends, we believe, from the same house.

† Von Hammer.—Picart says he was only twelve years old at this time; “el famosísimo Capitan Visconde Cigala, con su hijo menor Don Scipion de edad de doce años,”

Pasha Piali, (May 14, 1560,) at the isle of Djerbeh, or Galves, on the African coast. The father and son figured in the naval triumph in which the victorious admiral entered the harbour of Constantinople: the captured vessels, dismantled of their masts and rudders, were towed in procession to the arsenal; while, from the stern of Piali's admiral-galley, the inverted standard of the Cross was trailed in the waves of the Bosphorus, and the principal captives, after being exhibited in chains on the forecastle to the gaze of the populace, were paraded through the streets to the presence of Soliman. The notoriety of the elder Cicala as a corsair, excluded him from all hope of being admitted to ransom; and as he refused to change his religion, he was thrown, with the other captives, into prison, where he died after four years' confinement, as some accounts improbably state, through poison administered by the Sultan's order; but the youthful figure of his son attracted the compassion of Soliman, and he was enrolled among the *ich-oghlauns*, or *pages of the interior court*, who were destined, on the completion of their education, to be transferred to the civil and military employments of the state. Embracing with the reckless avidity of youth the faith which opened to him the paths of honour and advancement, Scipio Cicala became a Moslem, under the auspices of the noted Khoja-Sinan Pasha, who, as his *sagh-dedj* or sponsor, bestowed his own name on the neophyte;* and so high was the reputation which he acquired for talent and zeal, that, on quitting the *chamber of instruction* for an appointment in the corps of *capidjis*, (guards of the gate,) his pay and allowances were fixed at a rate one-fourth higher than that usually assigned. The gradations of rank and progressive steps of promotion were at this time regulated with a rigid exactness, which was soon relaxed under the succeeding

reigns; and Cicala, after serving under the imperial standard in the last Hungarian campaign of Soliman, (who died at the siege of Szigeth in 1566,) and seeing towns and castles surrender when summoned in the name of a monarch who was no longer among the living, had, in 1572, only attained to the command of his original corps as *Capidji-Bashi*,† in which capacity he was deputed, two years later, to install the Waiwode Peter in the principality of Moldavia, and, at the same time to nail as a warning, at the gate of the new prince's palace at Yassi, the head of his predecessor Iwan, who had perished in an attempt to assert independence by the help of the Poles and Cossacks.

But, on the accession of Mourad III., the grandson of Soliman, the services of Cicala, still supported by the patronage of Khoja-Sinan, who recognised in his fierce and unyielding character a kindred spirit to his own, procured him more rapid advancement; and a tumult of the janizaries, who, in the fury of intoxication, had insulted the Sultan himself, and torn down with contumely the edicts prohibiting wine, having caused the disgrace of their age, he was appointed (1576) to the vacant command, as the officer best qualified to control the increasing excesses of this turbulent soldiery. In this important post, (the highest military rank which did not convey the government of a province,) he became a distinguished favourite of the Sultan, who, in the following year, honoured him with the hand of a bride of imperial descent, the daughter of Ahmed-Pasha by a grand-daughter of the great Soliman. The nuptials were celebrated with a degree of splendour extraordinary even in those days of Osmanli magnificence. The trousseau of the bride, whose expenses were defrayed by her grandmother, the Sultana Mihrmah,‡ daughter of Soliman, and widow of his grand-vizir Roostem, amounted to 100,000 ducats, exclusive

* Turkish writers hence often speak of him as the adopted son of Khoja-Sinan; distinguishing him by the appellation of Jaghalah Zadah or Jaghal Oghlu "Son of Cicala." Christian cotemporary authors usually call him Cicala Bassa.

† Picart says that he had at one time during this period held the command of two galleys in the Mediterranean; and his subsequent appointment to the capitan-pashalik makes this not improbable.

‡ This title is confined to the sisters and daughters of the Sultan, and not given, as is commonly imagined, to the oudaliques (oudaliskir,) or ladies of the imperial harem.

of jewels, while the *bon-bons* distributed to the populace during the rejoicings cost no less than twice that sum. Siawush-Pasha, who, as *neshanli-saghdedj*, or bridegroom's man, escorted the bride to her husband's house, expended in gifts the sum of 60,000 sequins; and even the ornamented palm branches which were borne in the nuptial procession were valued at a thousand pieces of gold. The princess, on whose nuptials all this pomp was lavished, survived them only a few years; but Cicala is said, after her death, to have married her younger sister, a union forbidden by the strict interpretation of the Koran, (though some commentators expound the passage as forbidding only the marriage with two sisters at once,) and, as the appellation of sultan-zadah* (descendant of a sultan) is applied by Turkish writers to both his sons, it is probable that he contracted no other alliances.

Since the peace of 1555, which terminated the long wars of Selim and Soliman against Persia, the relations of that monarchy with the Porte had continued friendly: and the splendid mission dispatched by Shah Tahmasp in 1576 to congratulate Mourad on his accession, was received at Constantinople with a degree of distinction never before accorded to the ambassadors of any Mohammedan, and far less of any Christian power. The capitan-pasha, with thirty galleys, transported the envoy, Tokmah-Khan, from Scutari to Europe, amid the thunders of artillery from both shores. The beglerbeg of Roumelia, and Cicala, as aga of the janizaries, received him at the landing-place, and rode on his right and left to the palace prepared for his reception; while the rich gifts of which he was the bearer were displayed in long procession by his attendants, and the jewelled caparisons of his led horses (an important part of an Oriental pageant) at once dazzled the eyes of the Osmanlis by their gorgeous trappings of gems and gold, and scandalized their orthodoxy by the em-

broidered figures of men and animals which appeared on them; and which, by the *Soonis* (who consider the representation of all living things forbidden) were regarded as a *sheah*, abomination. The public presentation of Tokmah to the Sultan, nine days after his entry, was signalized by an equal profusion of magnificence; but, before the Persian ambassador had quitted Constantinople, the monarch from whom he was accredited had expired by poison, administered to him by one of his wives; and, amid the troubles and dissensions which ensued, the Porte easily found pretexts for attacking Persia afresh. War was accordingly declared the following year; and the Seraskier Mustapha, the hero of the Cypriote war, subdued in two campaigns the greater part of Georgia and Shirwan: but the intrigues of his enemies procured his recall; and, in 1580, the grand-vizirat and the command of the army were conferred at once on Khoja-Sinan, the conqueror of Tunis and Arabia, and the early patron of Cicala.

Cicala was at this juncture no longer aga of the janizaries—the loud complaint of the Christians of Constantinople, of whom he was a bigoted oppressor, had caused his removal for encouraging the outrages of the soldiery against their property; but he still retained the personal favour of the Sultan, and repairing with Sinan to the headquarters of the army in Armenia, gained such renown by his bravery and enterprise in the wild and irregular warfare which marked the ensuing campaign on the Caucasian border, that he was not only exempted from the disgrace which overtook his patron at its conclusion, but invested with the rank of pasha of two tails, and appointed governor of Erivan, the most recent conquest of the Turks, which had been fortified with extraordinary care by the Seraskier Ferhad-Pasha, for the defence of the new frontier. The fluctuating fortunes of the campaign which followed, afforded him ample opportunities of distinguishing himself under the eye

The mother of the heir-apparent alone bears the title of Sultana-Khassiki; and, after the accession of her son, Sultana-Walidah.

* The male off-spring of both the daughters and granddaughters of a reigning sovereign were destroyed in their birth, as too near the throne. It was only in the fourth degree of descent that they were allowed to exist, and to these the title of Sultan-Zadah was appropriated.

of the new commander-in-chief, Osman-Pasha, (surnamed Oz-demir, or "iron nerves,") one of the ablest and most indefatigable generals whose triumphs are recorded in the military annals of the Osmanlis. In the nocturnal victory called the *Battle of the Torches*, gained over the Persians in the spring of 1583, Cicala led the advanced guard with his usual fiery intrepidity; and Osman marked his confidence in him by intrusting to him the command of the main force left in Armenia, when he himself set out at the head of the *elite* on the remarkable expedition in which, after penetrating the hazardous defiles of the Caucasus, and crossing the frozen plains of the Kuban in the depth of winter, he anticipated and crushed by his sudden appearance the meditated revolt of the Krim Tartars, returning in triumph, with the head of the rebel khan Mohammed, to Constantinople. The honours with which his promptitude and energy were rewarded have no parallel in the range of Turkish history: after his interview with Mourad, he was invested, instead of an ordinary dress of honour, with robes similar to those worn on state occasions by the Sultan, who, with his own hands, fastened an imperial aigrette in his turban, and attached to his side his own jewelled ataghan:—he was escorted, on his return to his official residence, by the imperial guards; and the criers exacted from the multitude the homage ordinarily paid to the sovereign.* A few weeks later, the emblems of the grand-vizirat were conferred in full divan upon Osman, who returned with augmented powers to the Asiatic command; while Cicala, whose valour and capacity had been highly lauded by the new favourite, received the third horse-tail, with the important pashaliks of Wan and Bagdad, and the second rank in command of the army.

The reigning sovereign of Persia, Sultan Mohammed Khoda-bandah, was incapacitated, both by weakness of character and an infirmity of sight almost amounting to blindness, from taking an active part either in the government of his dominions or the conduct of his armies; but the pro-

gress of the Turks, which threatened the dismemberment of the north-western Persia, required the presence of a prince of the blood; and Hamzah, the valiant son of Mohammed, accordingly appeared in 1585 at the head of the Persian forces. Reanimated by the presence of their gallant prince, the Persians attacked and overthrew the Ottoman advanced corps under Cicala, who was on the point of forming the siege of Tabreez; but the approach of the grand-vizir compelled Hamzah to retire before the numerical superiority of the Turks, who entered the capital of Azerbaijan, and subjected the inhabitants, during three days and nights, to all the horrors of carnage and plunder. But no sooner had the Ottomans commenced the retreat, which the lateness of the season and the broken health of the grand-vizir rendered inevitable, than Hamzah, resuming the offensive, harassed their exhausted columns with incessant and impetuous attacks. Cicala sustained a second defeat at Sham-Ghazan, and the Persians, penetrating between the Ottoman *corps d'armée*, nearly succeeded by a sudden onset in storming the fortified camp of the grand-vizir, who expired in his tent the same evening, (Oct. 29, 1585.)

The command now devolved on Cicala, who at once retrieved the lustre of the Turkish arms, and dispelled the shade which the defeat of Sham-Ghazan had cast on him, by gaining a victory over the hitherto invincible Hamzah; after which, he led his troops into winter quarters, at Wan, and announced by Tartar couriers to the Sultan his late success, and the death of the grand-vizir. The advantages gained over the Persians were celebrated at Constantinople by fêtes and rejoicings; but the confirmation of Cicala in the post of seraskier, or commander-in-chief, to which his services justly entitled him, and for which the deceased Osman, in the last despatches which he addressed to the Sultan, had earnestly recommended him, was opposed by a party in the seraglio, who advocated the claims of Ferhad-Pasha: and the weak Mourad, unable to decide between the two candidates, compromised the point

* It is impossible to avoid noticing the striking coincidence of these details with the honours paid to Mordecai, by command of Ahasuerus. Such is the immutability, in matters of ceremony, of Oriental customs.

by appointing them both, in separate *khatti-shereefs*, conjointly to the command. This measure might have been productive of disastrous results, if the Persians had still been headed by the brave Hamzah: but that valiant prince had perished by the hand of a private assassin, and, after his death, the war was suffered to languish by both sides. The helpless king Mohammed sank into insignificance, when no longer supported by the prowess and counsels of Hamzah, and ere long abdicated, or was deposed by the nobles, in favour of the youthful prince Abbas, afterwards justly surnamed *the Great*. But the auspices under which this brilliant reign commenced were far from favourable: Kazween, then the capital, was threatened by the progress of the Turks in the west:—in the opposite quarter, the Uzbeks were rapidly subduing Khorassan: and the efforts of the king were distracted by the turbulence of the nobles, in whose hands he was almost a prisoner; till under the pressure of these accumulated difficulties, a peace was concluded with the Porte in 1590, by which Persia ceded Tabreez with its dependencies, Georgia, Shirwan, and all the other conquests of the Turks.

On the appointment of Ferhad as his colleague, Cicala had retired in disgust from the grand army, to the districts more immediately under his own government; and his subsequent share in the operations of the war appears to have been confined to the subjugation of the frontier tribes of Khuzistan, and the reduction of the fortress of Nahavund, a place celebrated as the scene of the final victory which placed Persia under the dominion of the first caliphs. But the despatches which he addressed to the Porte, (several of which are preserved in Turkish historical collections,) attest the zeal with which he laboured during this period for the internal improvement of his pashalik, and more particularly for the establishment of communications which might facilitate the performance of the sacred duty of pilgrimage enjoined on all Moslems. He vehemently opposed, however, the

first proposals for peace, urging that a vigorously conducted invasion, directed against Kazween or Ardebil, might dissolve the fabric of the Persian monarchy, then assailed on all sides by foreign and domestic foes: but these bold counsels were rejected by the timid policy of Mourad; and the death of the capitan-pasha, in the year before the conclusion of the war, (1589,) afforded an opportunity of recalling him from the theatre of war to Constantinople, where he was installed in the vacant dignity, and made one of the six *vizirs of the divan*,* at the same time that the grand-vizirat was once more conferred on his adoptive father Sinan.

During the remaining five years of the reign of Mourad, the Porte was a scene of constant intrigue between the partisans of Ferhad and those of Sinan: and the heads of the two factions were successively elevated to and deposed from the grand-vizirat: but the influence of Cicala's wife in the seraglio, and the personal partiality shown towards him by the Sultan, maintained him throughout in the capitan-pashalik: and he further secured himself by the magnificent gifts which, on the return of the fleet from its summer cruise, he annually presented at the foot of the throne as the spoils of vessels taken from the Christians in the Mediterranean. So high was his favour at this period, that he even presumed to solicit for his brother, the Viscount Charles de Cicala, (whom he had invited from Naples to Constantinople,) the dignity either of waiwode of Moldavia or duke of Naxos,† two of the highest posts tenable in the empire by Christians; but this daring petition was unsuccessful. In the plenitude of power, he extended his care to those of his relatives who still remained in Christendom; and appearing in 1594 with the fleet off Messina, where his mother and sister resided, demanded that they should be given up to him, revenging the refusal of the governor by ravaging the coasts of Sicily, and destroying, on the opposite coast, the town of Rheggio, which had been sacked, on a previous occa-

* The command of the fleet, though usually held by a *vizir*, (pasha of three tails,) did not necessarily imply the rank of more than two.

† Naxos had been in the possession of the Turks since 1516; but the forms of government established there and in other *Ægean* isles by the Venetians had never been altered.

sion, by the famous corsair Barbarossa. The grand-vizirat was now the only step wanting to crown his ambition; and it is probable that, on the death or resignation of the aged Sinan, (then holding the seals for the third time,) he would have been appointed to that exalted office, when the death of the Sultan Mourad III. (Jan. 1593) disconcerted for the time his schemes of aggrandizement.

The accession of Mohammed III. wrought an immediate change in the interior politics of the seraglio: his mother, the Sultana-Walidah Saffiyah,* (by birth a Venetian of the noble house of Baffo,) who, even during the life of Mourad, had not abstained from interference in public affairs, now assumed over the mind of her son an ascendancy which the influence of his tutor Saad-ed-deen, who alone partook with her in his confidence, could not counteract: and the nomination of Ferhad as grand-vizir, by her advice, was followed by the dismissal of Sinan and Cicala, in spite of the remonstrances of Saad-ed-deen. But the administration of Ferhad was neither long nor prosperous: the Sultan was alarmed by incessant mutinies of the spahis and other troops in the capital, who mingled with their clamours for pay demands for the head of Ferhad; and though these disorders were quieted for the moment by the temporary exile of Sinan and Cicala, who were accused of fomenting them, they broke out with fresh violence after the departure of the grand-vizir for the campaign in Hungary, (where a new war with the empire had broken out in 1593:) and the treachery of Ibrahim-Pasha, the brother-in-law of the Sultan, who, under the mask of friendship for Ferhad, was a concealed adherent of the opposite party, proved fatal to the unfortunate minister. Scarcely had he reached the headquarters of the army at Rudshuk, when the messengers of death overtook him; and the wily Sinan, at the age of eighty, was replaced for the

fourth time in the vizirat; which, though again displaced for a few days in consequence of the ill success of the campaign of 1595, he held, with that short interval, till his death; furnishing the only instance in the Ottoman annals of this dignity being five several times conferred on the same person.

Since the death of Soliman the Magnificent, his successors, almost stationary in the capital, had discontinued the practice, which had prevailed since the foundation of the monarchy, of heading their armies in person; and though, during the short reign of Selim II., the glory and prosperity of the empire had been preserved undiminished by the ministers and generals formed under the eye of his father, the mischievous effects of this impolitic negligence were soon made manifest by the continual mutinies of the troops, and revolts in the distant provinces, (now no longer curbed by the frequent presence of the sovereign,) which troubled the sway of Mourad III. But Mohammed III., (who, if he could not lay claim to the personal courage which had distinguished most of his warlike forefathers, had at least inherited a double portion of that sanguinary ferocity by which it was too often tarnished,)+ declared at his accession his determination to check the growing evil, by resuming the martial habits, and emulating the glories of his predecessors. This resolution is said by the Turkish historian Naima, to have been mainly owing to the counsels of Khoja-Sinan, and the arguments ascribed to him are curious: "If," said he, "the command-in-chief in the field be held by the grand-vizir, the kaimakam will throw every impediment in his way, in hopes of succeeding to the vizirat on his disgrace: if by any other pasha, the grand-vizir will impede his exertions lest success should recommend him as his own successor: thus, no good will be effected in either case!" The execution of the Sultan's purpose

* This princess survived both her son and her grandson Ahmed I.; and died in 1618 in the old seraglio, where she had been confined on the accession of Ahmed. From this time, every new reign brought with it a fresh *camarilla* of women and eunuchs, who controlled the sultan and the ministers, and whose good graces were courted by vizirs and pashas expectant.

† The day of his accession was commemorated by the execution of his nineteen brothers, and of all the *oudalisques* to whom any suspicion of pregnancy could attach; and his subsequent career was worthy of this commencement.

was hastened by the death, early in 1596, of the "craftie old foxe" (as Knolles quaintly terms Sinan) who had suggested it, as the army in Hungary was thereby left without a general: the Sandjak-shereef, which, in the last reign had been transferred from Damascus to Constantinople, was accordingly displayed for the first time as the imperial standard, and Mohammed, quitting the capital in all the splendour of Oriental state, repaired, with a numerous cortège of pashas and generals, to the headquarters of the army.

Cicala, whose fiery yet subtle temperament, was entirely congenial to that of his old patron, had been recommended by him as his successor: but the influence of the Sultana-Walidah prevented his attaining the envied dignity, and the seals were delivered to Ibrahim-Pasha, who had conciliated the queen-mother by separating himself from the interests of the other party. Cicala, however, accompanied the Sultan into Hungary, and so far gained his good graces that he was appointed to an important command in the army. The interval of confusion between the death of Sinan and the appearance of the Sultan in the field, had been actively employed by the Imperialists in the reduction of several frontier fortresses in Turkish Hungary. Gran and Viszegrad had fallen; and Cicala was ordered to hasten with the advanced corps to the relief of Hatwan, then closely beleaguered by the Archduke Maximilian. But piqued, as it is said, by the rejection in a council of war of the plan which he had drawn up for the campaign, he executed those orders so dilatorily that the town was taken by assault before he appeared, and the garrison and inhabitants slaughtered without mercy by the Walloons and Germans. Yet so well was his favour already established with Mohammed, that this misconduct passed even without reproof—"a circumstance," says Naima, "so marvellous as to confound the understanding;" and he speedily retrieved his military reputation by his services at the siege of Agria, which surrendered, on capitulation, after a despo-

rate resistance; but the Turkish commanders were unable to protect the remnant of the garrison from the fury of the janizaries, who, inflamed by the recent massacre at Hatwan, rushed upon them as they issued from the shattered fortress. Ten officers alone, who sought refuge in the tent of the Testerdar, escaped with their lives: the rest were literally hewn limb from limb, and their mangled remains strewn along the glacis of the citadel.

The Archduke, who had retreated before the overwhelming numbers of the Ottomans, again advanced, after effecting a junction with the Hungarians between Teuffenbach and Palfi, for the deliverance of Agria; but the tragical fate of that city anticipated his movements, and he found himself (Oct. 24, 1596) in front of the whole Turkish force on the marshy plain of Kereeztes. The following day was consumed in indecisive skirmishing; but on the morning of the 26th, a movement of the Turks, to cross a small river intersecting the plain, brought on a general engagement. Ten thousand Turks and Tartars, who had gained the opposite bank, were enveloped and cut to pieces before they had time to form: and the Imperialists, passing the stream with the fugitives, attacked the Ottomans in flank, and captured the whole of their field artillery in position. Panic and confusion now spread rapidly through the Turkish ranks, the Asiatic *timariots* fled from the field, and the janizaries, left unsupported, were driven from their position; while the Germans, pressing on in the confidence of unexpected victory, fell headlong on the camp of the enemy, and dispersed themselves to plunder the vast riches which it contained. But the Sultan,* who witnessed the engagement from a canopied seat, raised on the back of a camel, was restrained from flight by the exhortations of Saad-ed-deen, who stood at his side with the Koran in his hand: the bostandjis and the pages of the seraglio defended with desperate valour the entrance to the imperial tents: when at this critical juncture Cicala, who had held, with a large body of cavalry a position in advance of the line, and remote from the scene

* Istuanfi (De Rebus Hungaricis, xxx. 701) asserts that Mohammed himself fled from the field, attended only by the spahis of his guard, and accompanied by the English ambassador (Burton); but the Turkish historians are unanimous in stating that he held his ground; and their candid acknowledgement of his cowardly trepidation entitles them to some belief on this point.

of conflict, came down to the rescue, trampling down victors and vanquished in his career across the plain, and thundered on the rear of the disordered Germans. The fortune of the day changed like the shifting of a scene: scattered without order through the vast encampment, and entangled by the cordage of the pavilions and the wrecks of equipages, the Imperialists offered a ready and helpless harvest to the scimitars of the spahis; and the return of the Tartars, whom their *kalgha*,* Fateh-Kherai, had succeeded in rallying, completed the work of destruction. Twenty thousand were left on the field, and those who escaped emulated in the confusion of their flight the Turkish corps routed in the morning: and thus, while timariots and lanzknechts, janizaries and pandours, overspread the country far and wide with the wild disarray of their panic-stricken squadrons, carrying each towards their own frontier the tidings of defeat and dismay, Cicala, with his division, remained at nightfall in triumphant possession of the field of battle, and of the camps, cannon, and baggage of both armies.

The glory of this singular battle, the results of which were so unexpectedly disastrous to the Imperialists, rested evidently with Cicala; and Mohammed, measuring his gratitude by the extent of his previous fears, conferred the grand-vizirat on him the same evening, though no misconduct whatever had been imputed to the vizir Ibrahim-Pasha, who was thus summarily deprived of his office. The Sultan, indeed, hesitated on the following morning to confirm this precipitate appointment; but the remonstrances of Saad-ed-deen, who was attached to the interests of Cicala, at length prevailed, and a *capî-aga* was sent to demand the seals from Ibrahim, and carry them to the new prime minister.

Cicala had now attained the summit of his ambition, and the highest civil dignity in the empire below the sovereign; but his sudden elevation increased the number of his enemies, among whom all the partisans of the unfortunate vizir Ferhad were included: and the imprudent and unpopular acts of severity with which he commenced his administration were not

calculated to secure his tenure of office:—"in fact," (says Naima,) "when we consider that the late glorious victory had been gained under the auspices of Ibrahim, it was not to be expected that Jaghalah-Zadah would much enjoy his promotion." During the whole of the night which followed the battle of Keresztes, the *tabul-khani* or imperial kettle-drums had been sounded without intermission to recall to the camp the timariots and other troops who had fled from the field in the early part of the engagement: and the grand-vizir Ibrahim had caused proclamation to be made, that in consideration of the triumph which had eventually crowned the Moslem arms, no enquiry should be held on account of their abandonment of their colours. But this leniency was highly disapproved of by Cicala, who had been trained in the stern school of Osman of the iron nerves and Khoja-Sinan. A panic flight, like that which the day of Keresztes had witnessed, (though common in the irregular armies of Asia, and abundantly frequent in the subsequent military annals of the Turks themselves,) had hitherto never disgraced the strict discipline of an Ottoman army, and the new vizir declared his determination to preserve the military institutions of the empire in unimpaired efficiency by the signal punishment of all the offenders. Three days were occupied in the investigation; the whole army was passed in review; and no fewer than 30,000, principally Asiatic troops, being pronounced to have fled from their standards, were mulcted of their pay and allowances, and stigmatized with the name of *firaris*, or runaways. Many of those who were present were forthwith decapitated in front of the army, and among these Naima particularly notices Yunus Aga, the commandant of an *oda* of janizaries, in whose tent the Sultan had sought shelter in the confusion which followed the battle; thus, according to Oriental notions, contracting the ties of hospitality with the unfortunate officer: others, who had not come up after the battle, were put to the ban, and, presenting themselves on the faith of the proclamation of Ibrahim, were led instantly to execution. Sohrab-Pasha, an aged and meritorious officer, who had been governor

* The *kalgha-sultan* was the senior Tartar prince of the blood, and ranked next to the khan. See note, page 358 of our Sept. No. last year.

successively of Aleppo and Egypt, on remonstrating against these violent measures, was summarily degraded from his rank, and paraded through the camp in a tattered suit of female apparel: and Ghazi-Kherai, the Khan of the Krim Tartars, was deposed by a firman,* on the pretext of his not having joined the army in person, as he was bound by usage to do, when the Sultan himself took the field; while his brother the *kalgha* Fateh-Kherai, who had done distinguished service at Keresztes, received the investiture of sovereignty in his room.

The Sultan Mohammed, indolent and voluptuous in the intervals of his fits of ferocity, was solicitous only to withdraw himself as soon as possible from the perils of the campaign, (the only one he ever made,) and appears to have at first acquiesced supinely in the arbitrary proceedings of his minister; but the tidings of these sweeping changes were not received in the provinces with equal indifference. The Tartars at once refused to receive Fateh-Kherai as their khan, and broke out into an open revolt, which ended in the murder of that prince by the adherents of his rival Ghazi: and the consequences of the disgraces and forfeitures inflicted on the *firaris* of Keresztes were still more disastrous. Many of these troops, knowing the fate which awaited them at headquarters, had disbanded and returned to their Asiatic homes, where they continued to retain their *timars*, or fiefs, in defiance of the edict of sequestration: and though this obnoxious measure was tacitly suffered to fall into abeyance when Cicala lost the grand-vizirat, the disaffection which it engendered was one of the principal germs of the great Asiatic rebellion which broke out three years later under Kara-Yazidji† and his brother Delhi-Hassan, and which, renewed from time to time, under different leaders, continued for more than twenty years to convulse and desolate that portion of the empire, and was not

the least influential of the causes which combined during the seventeenth century to save the once formidable power of the Porte. But the history of these troubles does not belong to the administration of Cicala, whose downfall, before he had held the vizirat a month, was as capricious and unexpected as his rise had been. The absolute dominion exercised by the Sultana-mother over the weak mind of her son has already been alluded to; her influence had decided in favour of Ibrahim the competition for the premiership on the death of Sinan: a word from her now sufficed to effect the removal of Cicala. The Sultan had quitted the army for the capital, when he was encountered on his route near Adrianople by the favourite mute of his mother, bearing her congratulations on the victory of Keresztes, and the expression of her disapprobation at the new appointment; "and no sooner," (says a cotemporary Turkish historian,) "were the imperial pavilions pitched for the halt, than a *tchaoosh* was dispatched to the camp to deprive the Vizir Jaghalah-Zadah of the ensigns of office, and re-invest with them Ibrahim-Pasha, who had been his predecessor."

The fall of Cicala was followed by his exile to Ak-shehr, in Anatolia, where he resided in retirement as a *mazul*, (a term employed to designate a deposed employé.) The Pasha of Belgrade, and others who had been instrumental to his elevation, shared in his disgrace; the mollah Saad-eddeen, who had trusted to his ascendancy over his royal pupil to secure him against all reverses, was only spared on his solemn renunciation of future interference in politics; and even the nishandji, or private secretary of the Sultan, who had, in the official despatch announcing the victory, been lavish in his encomiums on Cicala, atoned by the loss of his office for his praises of the fallen favourite. "In fact," (says Naima,) "though Jaghalah was a man of the most dis-

* The khans of the Crimea, although always of the line of Jenghis, received the ensigns of royalty from the Ottoman emperor, as lord paramount. They were occasionally deposed and banished by the same authority, but never put to death except in the single instance of Mohammed, who was beheaded by Osman-Pasha Oz-demir for rebellion, as noticed above, twelve years before this period.

† He is called by Knolles, and other European writers, "*the Scrivano*." Kara-Yazidji implies "the black secretary."

tinguished courage and gallantry, he was remorseless and cruel, and his heart knew no pity: thus his reckless and uncompromising severity against the unfortunate *firaris* had turned against him the hearts of all the soldiery, and every rank and degree rejoiced at the restoration of Ibrahim." But, notwithstanding his unpopularity, his services were too valuable to be long dispensed with; in the following year, (1597,) he was recalled to Constantinople, and reinstated in his old station of capitan-pasha, and vizir of the divan; and his restoration to office was signalized by the equipment of a *bashtarda*, or imperial galley, carrying sixteen ranks of oars, with eight rowers in each, which was launched in the presence of the Sultan, and appropriated to his use. By this piece of courtly magnificence, and by well-timed gifts administered to the avarice of the Sultana-Walidah, his favour at the seraglio was completely re-established; and his interests were further secured by a reconciliation, which was not long after effected between Saad-ed-deen, then restored to favour and promoted to the venerable office of mufti, and Ibrahim, who after a second dismissal, became, in 1599, for the third time, grand-vizir of the empire.

The disappointment of Cicala in a former attempt to remove his family to Constantinople, and the vengeance which he wreaked on the neighbouring shores, have been already related: his partial success in a second effort has been noticed by both Turkish and Christian writers, and forms a singular episode in his wild and devious career. In the summer of 1598, after making his annual circuit of the Archipelago, and collecting the tribute of the Greek islands, he suddenly changed his course from the coast of the Morea; and appearing with all his force off Sicily, sent a flag of truce into the harbour of Messina, requesting the viceroy to allow him at least an interview with his mother, whom he had never seen since he was first carried to Constantinople: "and the viceroy again considering," to quote the plain but forcible language of old Knolles, "how that the angry renegade, for the like courtesies to him at another time before denied, had in his rage done great harme all alongst the sea coast; covenanting with him to send her in safetie

backe againe, sent her honourably accompanied about the admirall gally: whom Cicala, her sonne, received with great joy and triumph, and having kept her with him one day with all the honour that might be, according to his promise, sent her backe againe to Messina; and so, without any harme done for her sake to any part of Christendome, peaceably returned backe againe with his fleet."

The only naval service of importance which Cicala appears to have performed during his second tenure of the capitan-pashalik, was the frustrating, by his appearance with a fleet of fifty sail, the attack meditated in 1602 on Tunis and Algiers, by the Christian squadrons under Doria and Don Juan de Cordova; and the circumstances of the Ottoman empire, distracted by dissensions in the cabinet and revolts in the provinces, concurred with the civil wars between the Emperor Rodolph and his brother Matthias in the Austrian territories, in reducing the war of Hungary on both sides to an affair of outposts, which left no opportunity for distinction in the field; while the intrigues of Cicala's enemies in the divan, where they were again in the ascendant since the death of the Vizir Ibrahim, called all his address into requisition in order to maintain his ground. The triumphant progress of the rebel Kara-Yazidji in Anatolia, where he assumed the style of a monarch and issued firmans against such governors as refused to submit to his authority, afforded a tangible ground of accusation against the capitan-pasha, to whose severities in Hungary the beginning of the insurrection was ascribed; and the vizir Hassan-Yemishdji (the fruiterer) loudly demanded from the Sultan the head of Cicala, as the prime cause of the calamities of the empire. But while Yemishdji was exerting all his influence to procure the ruin of his opponent, his own downfall had been already determined on. The suspicions of Mohammed, whose jealous cruelty increased as his health declined, had been roused by the popularity of the vizir with the janizaries, and the unbounded control which he arrogated to himself over all departments of the state: in the mind of a monarch, who had not long before directed the execution of his eldest son, Mahmood, lest the martial temperament of the

young prince might lead him to aspire prematurely to the throne, there was but little interval between suspicion and punishment; and Hassan-Yemish-dji was suddenly seized and strangled in the gardens of the seraglio, a few weeks only before the termination (Dec. 1603) of the short and inglorious reign of Mahommed III.

The insurrection in Asia Minor had been quelled for the time by the death of Kara-Yazidji and the defection of his brother Delhi-Hassan, who had purchased a pardon by submission, and had been appointed to the distant pashalik of Bosnia; but a still more dangerous enemy had arisen in that quarter. Shah Abbas had availed himself of the disordered state of the frontier provinces to attack the Porte in 1601; Tabreez and Erivan had fallen into his hands at the outset of the war; and he was rapidly reconquering the territories which, eleven years before, he had given up to the Turks. Both the pride and the fanaticism of the Osmanlis were awakened by this invasion: the Oulemah issued a *fatwa* or decree, declaring that the death of a Persian schismatic by the sword of an orthodox believer was more acceptable in the sight of Heaven than that of seventy Christians! and as the laurels gained by Cicala in the last war with Persia apparently pointed him out as the commander best qualified to conduct the present contest, his appointment, soon after the accession of the young sultan Ahmed,* as generalissimo of the armies against Persia, was universally hailed as an omen of success against "the audacious sheahs, who had presumed to break the peace so lately granted them." But both the political and military condition of Persia, in the interval which had elapsed since the last war, had undergone a change which rendered her a far more formidable antagonist than formerly: the incursions of the Uzbeks and Turkmans had been victoriously repelled, and the refractory tribes in the interior of the kingdom reduced by the

arms of Shah Abbas; and great improvements had been introduced in the warlike institutions of the nation by three English travellers, the celebrated brothers Shirley, who are said to have first instructed the Persians in the management of artillery. The armies of Persia had previously consisted almost entirely of the cavalry of the different tribes, led to war by their khans, and entirely unacquainted with tactics or manœuvring; yet their fiery gallantry had more than once made them successful, when fighting under the eye of their monarch and their hereditary chiefs against the stubborn valour and superior discipline of the Turks; but the recent enrolment by Abbas, under the direction of the Shirleys, of a body of *tuffenkdjis*, or musketeers, and the corps of *gholam-i-Shah*, or royal guards, now gave him the disposal of a force on which he could place more personal reliance, than on the tumultuary host formed by the nobles and their followers, and enabled him to advance on more equal terms to the encounter of the redoubtable janizaries of Constantinople.

The arrangements consequent on a new reign, prevented Cicala (who still continued in the post of capitan-pasha) from leaving the capital till late in the summer of 1604, when he repaired with a large body of janizaries to Erzroom, and there took the command of a numerous but disorderly army, a great proportion of which consisted of troops who had been implicated in the late revolts under Delhi-Hassan, and had received a pardon on condition of their joining the forces destined to act against the heretics of Persia. The Shah was engaged in pressing the siege of Kars, then, and now, an important fortress on the frontiers of Anatolia; but his forces were too inferior in number to risk a general action; and, on the arrival of Cicala, whose prowess in the former war had made his name well known among the Persians,† he retreated rapidly to Tabreez, which he was suffered to reach

* Ahmed was the first of the Ottoman line who mounted the throne without having previously held the government of a province, being only fourteen at the death of his father: his sparing the life of his brother Mustapha, who afterwards succeeded him, (thus breaking for the first time the continuous series of succession from father to son,) was another unprecedented exception to established usages.

† "The Persians," says De Govvea "feared Cicala more than a whole Turkish army."

unmolested. The Turkish officers in vain urged the seraskier to pursue and crush the retiring "rabble of kuzzil-bashes," (as an Osmanli historian contemptuously calls them), before they recovered from their panic; and the brave Sefer, beglerbeg of Erzroom, offered, if he were allowed to take only the *élite* of the cavalry, to bring the Shah bound hand and foot to headquarters; but Cicala was deaf to both arguments and entreaties, and, alleging as a reason for his inaction the advanced season, and the necessity of awaiting the junction of the Pasha of Wan, suffered the golden opportunity to escape. He now announced his intention of leading the army into winter-quarters in Shirwan, where his own son, Mahmood-pasha, was governor, and thus preventing the Shah, by the fear of a movement on his flank, from advancing from Tabreez till the spring. But the troops rose in open mutiny, and, exclaiming, "When Cicala was capitan-pasha he went with the fleet to Messina to visit his mother, and now that he is seraskier, must he go at the head of his army to visit his son?" declared their determination to winter in Anatolia, and not in the inhospitable and half-subdued territory of Shirwan. The seraskier attempted to coerce the refractory troops; but they overthrew his pavilions by cutting the tent-ropes, (a usual mode among Turkish soldiers of expressing their dissatisfaction with their general;) and Cicala, finding himself compelled to forego the project of advancing into Shirwan, sent the army into cantonments on the frontiers of Anatolia, persisting with characteristic obstinacy in establishing his own headquarters at the advanced position of Wan, till the forays of the Persian light troops, who ravaged the country up to the walls of the town, rendered it necessary for him to withdraw to Erzroom.

The campaign of 1605 opened with a series of bloody but indecisive actions along the whole line of the contested frontier, in which, however,

the numbers and discipline of the Ottomans gave them gradually the advantage; till, in the middle of the summer, Cicala issued orders for a general advance of all his divisions on Tabreez, the recovery of which would have enabled him to execute his avowed design of marching into the interior of Persia. Contrary to the advice of his counsellors, Abbas determined to hazard a decisive engagement for the defence of this important city; and having strengthened his army by recalling his favourite general Ali-Verdi Khan from the siege of Bagdad, confronted the Turkish army (Aug. 10) on the banks of the lake of Tabreez.

The tactics usually adopted by the Ottomans in their great battles with the Persians, and with other Asiatic armies, consisting principally of cavalry, differed in some degree from those employed against the more regular armies of Europe; and as the present engagement was in a great measure decided by the peculiarities of this order of battle, it merits a particular description. Their long series of field artillery (of which the Persians, before the travels of the Shirleys, were almost entirely destitute) was ranked in front of the position, and the guns were frequently secured to one another by massive chains,* to guard against any sudden onset which might penetrate the intervals of the line. The heavy fire of the ordnance was supported by the musketry of the janizaries, whose *odas* or regiments, drawn up in steady array behind the cannon, with their flanks protected by the squadrons of spahis or regular cavalry, formed the main strength of the Turkish battle: while a countless swarm of Tartars, and other irregulars, thrown out in advance as skirmishers, served to bear the first impetuous shock of the enemy, or at least to exhaust their ardour and blunt the edge of their weapons. It was not till the hostile forces were fatigued by the slaughter, or dispersed in the pursuit of these worthless auxiliaries, that the disciplined battalions of the Otto-

* This linking together of the field-pieces is frequently alluded to in the Autobiography of the Mogul Emperor Baber, who calls it "the practice of Room" or Turkey: vide pages 314 and 362 of Leyden's translation. Among the miracles related by Persian historians of Shah Ismael, the founder of the Seoffee dynasty, it is asserted that at the battle of Tchalderoon, in 1514, the huge chain connecting the Turkish cannon was severed by the holy monarch with a single blow of his scimitar!

mans were brought up to a general and irresistible assault: the columns of janizaries, keeping up a continual fire during their advance, drove the enemy from the field by the weight of their *planas*; and the victory was completed by the rapid charges of the reserved cavalry from the wings, which frustrated any attempt on the part of the hostile leaders to rally the retreating and confused masses. Such had been the almost invariable event of every great action in which the Turks had heretofore encountered an Asiatic opponent: and it was by this system that the brilliant victories of Selim I. over Shah Ismael and the Mamluke sultans had been obtained: but the organization which we have described, calculated only to repel an attack in front, could with difficulty manœuvre to meet an unforeseen diversion on the flank or rear, which would at once deprive the main body of the support of the principal part of the cavalry and artillery, since these could not be withdrawn from the front without throwing the line into confusion; and of this defect Abbas determined to avail himself.

It is not easy to reconcile, in all points, the details of this great battle as given by the Turkish historians, who strive to conceal or extenuate their defeat, with the Persian narrative in the *Zubd-al-Towarikh*, followed by Sir John Malcolm.* It appears, however, that Abbas, who had less than 70,000 men to oppose to 100,000 Turks, detached a corps previously to the engagement under Ali-Verdi Khan, with orders to fall upon the rear of the enemy and attack their camp during the heat of the action; and the execution of this enterprise was facilitated by the inconsiderate ardour of Sefer-Pasha, who, rashly pursuing to a distance from the field the Persians opposed to him, left one flank of the Ottoman line uncovered. At this moment Ali-Verdi made his attack in the rear, and several *odas* of janizaries were detached by Cicala from the front to meet and repel it; but the movement of these troops and

of another corps directed to occupy the place in the line which the precipitation of Sefer-Pasha had left vacant, was mistaken for a retreat by the other divisions, who fell back in disorder; and Abbas, seeing the hostile line wavering, led a general and furious charge against their embarrassed columns. The Turks instantly gave way, and, unable to retreat to their camp, which was already in the hands of Ali-Verdi, were driven from the field in inextricable confusion; and as the ground was favourable to pursuit by the Persian cavalry, a terrible carnage ensued. Five pashas were slain on the field, and as many more (among whom was Sefer) taken prisoners: the whole artillery and *materiel* of the routed army, with the horsetails and treasures of the seraskier, fell into the hands of the victors; and the number of heads which were laid at the feet of the Persian king as trophies of his arms, are said by De Govvea, who was an eye-witness, to have exceeded 20,000. The glory of Abbas was, however, tarnished by the cruel execution of the gallant Sefer-Pasha and other Turkish officers, who were decapitated in the royal presence, on their refusal to change their faith and allegiance by entering the service of Persia.

It is not improbable that the superior generalship displayed by the Persian commanders in this memorable action was due to the counsels of Sir Robert Shirley, who was in attendance on the Shah, and received three wounds in the *melée*; but the consequences of the conduct pursued by the Seraskier after his defeat, were more disastrous to the interests of the Porte than even the loss of the battle—the first great victory which the Persians had ever gained over the Osmanlis. Cicala had been suffering during the campaign from long-continued sickness, which incapacitated him from taking any personal share in the battle; and the Turkish historians seem to intimate that he purposely sacrificed Sefer-Pasha and his division, (which consisted chiefly of le-

* History of Persia, i. 355. 8vo edition. Malcolm appears not to have been aware of the history and parentage of Cicala, though they are mentioned by almost every cotemporary writer: he says that "the harsh appellation of the Turkish general Jaghal-aghli" (son of Jaghala) "is softened into *Cigala*, by Antonio de Govvea." He also places his death in 1607, two years later than the true date.

venda* or pardoned rebels,) by neglecting to advance to their support; but he exerted himself to the utmost to rally his flying troops, and narrowly escaped being taken prisoner in attempting to cover the retreat with a small corps which remained firm, issuing his orders from a camel-litter, as he was too weak to sit on horseback. When all was irretrievably lost, he mounted the foot soldiers who were still with him on the baggage-dromedaries, and thus succeeded, with two thousand men, in reaching Wan, whither the wrecks of the routed army had preceded him. Among the other leaders here assembled, he found Jan-poulad-Hassan, a powerful Koordish chief whom he had a short time before nominated to the pashalik† of Aleppo, and who, having heard of the defeat of the grand army when on his march at the head of the Syrian contingent to join it, had retrograded to Wan, and there waited the arrival of the commander-in-chief. Though warned of his danger from the wrath of the seraskier, exasperated by his recent overthrow—Jan-poulad replied, with the characteristic pride of a Koord, that so far from his having any punishment to apprehend, Cicala would not even dare to have him awakened if he heard that he was asleep! and in his first interview, he boldly claimed credit for having saved so large a force from sharing the fate of the rest of the army. But the fierce temper of Cicala, inflamed to fury by his misfortunes, could little endure to be further chafed by the haughty bearing of the Koord, who fearlessly retorted the vehement reproaches with which he was assailed for his delay in repairing to headquarters, till the seraskier, yielding to the impulse of his anger, ordered the head of Jan-poulad to be struck off in front of his tent;—a sentence which was immediately executed.

The consequences of this imprudent act of severity remain inscribed on the broad page of Ottoman history. The two brothers of the slaughtered chief, who succeeded to his authority over their native tribe, instantly quitted the army, and returning to Syria at the head of 30,000 men, openly threw off their allegiance to the Porte, and commenced the great revolt of Syria, of which Cicala was singularly unfortunate in being thus the author, as his punishment of the firaris at the battle of Keresztes had previously led to the rebellion of Anatolia. The latter insurrection, indeed, had never been completely suppressed: though the removal of the two original leaders had for a time stifled its progress, it speedily revived under Kalender-Oghlu and his lieutenants, who were even at this time devastating the provinces along the shores of the Ægean; and the communication into which they speedily entered with the insurgents of Syria, kindled throughout the Asiatic dominions of the Porte the flames of a civil war which, after subsisting through nearly the whole reign of Ahmed, was at last only quenched by the extermination of the vanquished party. But the history of this struggle does not belong to the life of Cicala, whose eventful career was now drawing to a close. The defeats which he had sustained, and the apprehension of the consequent downfall of his interest at the Porte, weighed heavily on his proud spirit, and aggravated the malady under which he had been previously suffering; and on the retreat from Wan to Diarbekir, which the proximity of the Persians and the insubordination of his remaining troops had rendered necessary, "he died," says Naima, "of a fever, which the thoughts of his misfortunes had occasioned."‡ The Portuguese De Govvea, who was then present as an envoy in the Persian camp, states, less

* "It is remarkable that those who fell in these actions were, for the most part, those who had been very lately engaged in rebellion against the Porte, but who were now, by the retributive justice of Providence, made to wash off their guilt in fountains of blood!"

† The power of appointing and changing the governors exceeded the ordinary powers of a Seraskier, but it appears to have been specially conferred on Cicala. The nomination of Jan-poulad, the chief of a native tribe, to a government, was a direct violation of established usages, and is commented upon as such by Turkish writers.

‡ Von Hammer places his death Dec. 5, A. D. 1605, corresponding to the 21st of Hajeb, Anno Hegire, 1014. Naima says that he died on the 21st of Dhul-Hajja in the same year, which would be in April, 1606; but this is probably an oversight, as he certainly died in the winter after his defeat.

probably, that having information of the disgrace which was about to overtake him from Constantinople, he anticipated the arrival of the Sultan's mandate by poisoning himself *with the powder of diamonds*; but suicide was neither in accordance with the character of Cicala, nor with the practice of the Moslems in any age; and there can be little doubt that the story originated in the reluctance of the monk to describe this dreaded enemy of both the Persians and the Christians as dying by a natural death.

The character of this famous renegade is sufficiently portrayed in his actions. On the fiery temperament and enterprising genius of an Italian, he had engrafted the obstinacy of purpose and disregard of bloodshed in the execution of his designs which distinguish his adopted country; but the excess to which he carried this inflexibility was better adapted to the preceding age than to that in which he lived, and occasioned many misfortunes both to himself and the empire. Accustomed in his early youth to see military subordination enforced upon both soldiers and officers by the commanding genius of the great Soliman, he refused to adapt himself to the refractory and tumultuous spirit which crept in among the spahis and janizaries during the succeeding reigns, and which required rather to be guided by tact and soothed by concession, than curbed by rigid severity. His

life, in fact, is an epitome of the period of transition between the palmy state in which his first entrance on the page of history finds the Ottoman power, and the scene of division and gradual decay which was commencing at his death; and in the events which introduced this change, the actions of no individual fill a more prominent part than his. In military capacity and undaunted personal courage he was surpassed by no Turkish general of his time; but the bad fortune which marked the close of his career, has drawn upon him the severe animadversions of the Ottoman historians; and Naima, whose work has been so often quoted, sums up his character by declaring, "that his avarice knew no bounds, and that his continually changing governors from one place to another, as in the case of Jan-poulad, whom he made governor of Aleppo contrary to the usages of the empire, was productive of more evils than he can mention." De Govvea, on the contrary, declares that the death of this great general, who was dreaded alike for his prowess and for his inveterate hostility to those of a different faith, was hailed as a joyful event both by the Christians in Turkey, and by the foreign enemies of the Porte;—"but," adds the monk, "God is like a merciful father to his children, and is ever wont to break and destroy the instruments of punishment which he has used to correct them!"

CARMEN TRIUMPHALE.

[STANZAS SUGGESTED UNDER THE FLAG OF THE MARBLE ARCH OF THE QUEEN'S PALACE, THE EVENING OF WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10, 1840.]

By B. SIMMONS.

1.

THOU Standard of Kings!—in the blue evening light
The wave of thy folds never flash'd on my sight
With a pomp more majestic—thy Lion his brow
Never lifted in thunder more fulgent than now;—

2.

Than now, when, beneath the sweet June-scented wind
That flings thy wide purple abroad unconfined,
I can shout to the skies, while up-gazing at thee,
"STILL IN TREASON'S DESPITE THOU'RT THE FLAG OF THE FREE!"

3.

Wave on, then, in triumph!—Red Murder display'd
His hand bared for slaughter in vain in thy shade;
The God in whose cause through the battle thou'st been
A war-star for ages, protected thy Queen.

4.

In vain to the vultures of treason she wore
Her empire's pure ermine all guiltless of gore;
In vain, 'neath the sway of their cloudless-eyed child,
In peace the blue seas of the universe smiled.

5.

Nor to her did the rose and the bridal avail,
Nor that cheek with Love's coming solicitude pale,
Nor the watch kept by freemen, wherever she moved,
Round the Hope of the Islands—the Crown'd and the Loved!

6.

By that porch rear'd by Triumph to Peace, 'twas decreed
That the Dove of the crime-deluged nations should bleed;
And once more, in its terrible shadow, Whitehall,
Where the tyrant once fell, see the Merciful fall.

7.

Sharp and clear the bolt flashes!—Ha! well may the blood
To thy brow, young Saxe-Coburg, flush out in a flood—
Up!—another Fieschi sheds life like a river—
Thy Bride's with Navarre and De Berri for ever.*

8.

Go, Freedom, bereaved, o'er the West's mighty water;
Shriek out to the winds for thy sceptreless daughter;
Back the wheels of decrepit Oppression are whirl'd,
To rivet his shackles again on the world!

9.

No!—false as the heart was the hand,—and if on
In safety the righteous, though regal, has gone,
To thee be the praise and the gratitude solely,
Lord God of Sabaöth, the Holy, the Holy!—

10.

Let not Councils confine to one day our emotion:—
Oh, long as her kingdoms are bulwark'd by ocean,
Her people shall hymn the puissance divine
That spared their land's Lily, the last of her line!

11.

Proud Banner—ay, well may thy blazonry shake!
That shout would the marble magnificence break
Of yon sleepers whose lances were lightning of old
When thy blaze over Cressy and Agincourt roll'd!

12.

And now with that shout while the green earth is ringing,
And unharmed the knightly and noble are bringing
The Sea-Kings' descendant exultingly back,
With no trumpets but those of the heart in her track,—

13.

The Minstrel, retouching the harp left unstrung
Since its chords with her bridal's high brilliancy rung,†
Joins the peans to thee raised by lofty and lowly,
Lord God of Sabaöth—the Holy, the Holy!

* Henry the Great (of Navarre), like his unfortunate descendant, fell by the stroke of the assassin.

† Vide Blackwood's Magazine for March 1840.

ON PERSONIFICATION.

PART II.

HAVING, in a former article, attempted to explain, and illustrate by familiar or forcible examples, the feelings by which personification is prompted, we proceed to consider some of the principal objects on which it may be most successfully employed.

It was impossible that the eye either of poetry or of superstition could be turned to the heavens, and could behold the brightest corporeal reflections of the Divine effulgence, without conveying to the heart those feelings of awe, admiration, and love, which so strongly tend to invest their objects with personality. Accordingly, in most systems of mythological religion, the sun and moon appear to have held an eminent place under various and manifold forms of deification. In the Greek and Roman pantheons we meet not only with *Hælios* and *Selené*, *Sol* and *Luna*, as the avowed impersonations of the great lights of heaven, but with many other divinities who are types of the same luminaries, or of the principles involved in their essence. *Apollo* and *Artemis*, *Janus* and *Diana*, *Bacchus* and *Ceres*,* have been respectively united together, as representing those glorious powers which are set on high to rule over the day, the night, and the year, and to diffuse life, and plenty, and gladness through the habitations of men. A tendency of a similar kind seems, at least latterly, to have converted the heroic *Hercules*, with his twelve labours, into a shadow of the god of day in his progress through the twelve divisions of the zodiac. The ancient Persians paid homage to the sun under the name of *Mithras*, interpreted we believe to mean, the Great One—as appearing to the vulgar to be the manifested form, and to the intelligent to be the most impressive image, of the true Godhead. The Egyptian and Syrian systems, were in a great degree founded upon the same basis ;

and those of the Indian and Teutonic nations give it also a place, though a place, perhaps, of less prominence and importance.

It is worth while to notice some of the more curious fables, by which the natural phenomena of these heavenly bodies have been arrayed in a palpable and living shape.

That *Osiris*, though also, perhaps, embodying other and profounder imaginations, was, partially at least, a personification of the sun, as *Isis* probably was of the moon, seems to admit of little doubt ; and the Egyptian festival which celebrated the supposed loss and recovery of their god, referred, as it is thought, to the retreat and return of the sun before and after the winter solstice. The same religious rite, with the same meaning, extended into Phœnicia, and ultimately into Greece. *Thammuz*, or *Adonis*, was the altered name under which the great source of light and joy was lamented by the Phœnician maidens, as annually suffering an apparent decline of his power that seemed to threaten dissolution, though soon succeeded by a glad revival and restoration. We all remember *Milton's* allusion to that ceremony, of which the licentious and idolatrous perversions had infected even the house of *Judah* :—

“ *Thammuz* came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate,
In amorous ditties all a summer's day ;
While smooth *Adonis* from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
Of *Thammuz* yearly wounded : the love
tale
Infected *Sion's* daughters with like heat ;
Whose wanton passions in the sacred
poreh
Ezekiel saw,* when, by the vision led,
His eye survey'd the dark idolatries
Of alienated *Judah*.”

* “ ——— Vos, O'clarissima mundi
Lumina, læbentem cœlo quæ ducitis annum,
Liber et alma *Ceres*.”—*Virgil, Georgic. i. 5.*

“ Ye glorious lights of life ! that guide on high
The gliding year's glad progress through the sky,
Bacchus and bounteous *Ceres* !”

† *Ezek. viii. 14, et seq.*

The moral of this tale seems to have found a fainter echo on the shores of Greece, where the voice of fancy added its own inventions, or its applications of historical tradition to the original metaphor. Venus, a type of nature, or of the fertile earth, still lamented annually the death of Adonis; but his revival seems generally to have been lost sight of, and, according to the story adopted by Ovid, he was converted into a flower. But traces of the original import of the fiction are to be found in other versions of it, which divided the possession of Adonis between Venus and Proserpine, giving him to each of them for six months in the year; a distribution which can scarcely be considered as unconnected with the annual variations of the sun's apparent orbit.

The manner in which the classical fabulists adapted the sun's diurnal journey to human conceptions, is familiar to all in the Ovidian story of Phaeton: where the whole costume and demeanour of the solar god are depicted in the most brilliant colours, and with the most plausible consistency of contrivance. We may be allowed to extract some passages from it, which are most pertinent to our present discussion, though we wish we could subjoin a translation less pointless and prosaic than that of Addison. The description of the sun's palace is like a vision from the Arabian nights:—

"Regia solis erat sublimibus alta columnis

Clara micante auro flammasque imitante pyropo:

Cujus ebur nitidum fastigia summa tenebat; Argenti bifores radiabant lumine valvæ.

Materiam superabat opus; nam Mulciber illic

Æquora celârat, medias cingentia terras, Terrarumque orbem, cœlumque quod imminet orbi.

Cœruleos habet unda Deos."

"The sun's bright palace on high columns raised,

With burnish'd gold, and flaming jewels blazed;

The folding gates diffused a silver light, And with a milder gleam refresh'd the sight;

Of polish'd ivory was the covering wrought;

The matter vied not with the sculptor's thought; (!)

For in the portal was display'd on high,

(The work of Vulcan) a fictitious sky;

A waving sea the inferior earth embraced, And gods and goddesses the water graced."

The day-god himself is well represented, and encircled with an appropriate train of attendants.

— "Purpureâ velatus veste sedebat
"In solio Phœbus, claris lucente smaragdâs."

A dextrâ lævâque Dies, et Mensis, et Annus,

Seculaque, et positæ spatiis æqualibus Horæ:

Verque novum stabat, cinctum florente coronâ;

Stabat nuda Ætas, et spicea sarta gerebat;

Stabat et Autumnus, calcatis sordidus uvæ, Et glacialis Hiems, canos hirsuta capillos."

"The God sits high exalted on a throne Of blazing gems, with purple garments on; The Hours in order ranged on either hand, And Days and Months and Years and Ages stand.

Here Spring appears with flowery chaplets bound;

Here Summer in her wheaten garland crown'd;

Here Autumn the rich trodden grapes besmear;

And hoary Winter shivers in the rear."

The reception of Phaeton by his celestial father contains a trait which has often been admired as natural and pleasing, if it do not rather belong to the category of "pretty."

"Dixerat. At genitor circum caput omne micantes

Deposuit radios, propiusque accedere jussit."

The tender sire was touch'd with what he said,

And flung the blaze of glories from his head;

And bid the youth advance.—

The description given by Sol of his daily progress through the heavens, can scarcely be called sublime, because it is framed on a principle the

* Compare this with Milton's still more glowing description, and remember that Ovid was a favourite with him:—

"High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand,
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat."

very reverse of that by which sublimity is produced. The poet has laboured to bring down what is in nature vague, mysterious, and unearthly, to the opposite predicament of distinctness, intelligibility, and conformity with human analogies. The journey of the sun is made to differ not in kind, but in degree only, from that of any terrestrial charioteer; yet, within the limits to which it is thus confined, the representation is interesting and impressive, and brings with it sometimes a powerful though transitory illusion, not without an occasional feeling of the ludicrous at the grossness of the fiction.

"Magna petis, Phaeton; et quæ nec viribus istis

Munera convenient, nec tam puerilibus annis.

Sors tua mortalis: Non est mortale quod optas.

Plus etiam quàm quod Superis contingere fas sit

Nescius affectas: placeat sibi quisque licebit;

Non tamen ignifero quisquam consistere in axe

Me valet excepto: vasti quoque Rector Olympi,

Qui fera terribili jaculatur fulmina dextrâ,
Non agat hos currus; et quid Jove majus habemus?

Ardua prima via est: et quâ vix mane recentes

Enitantur equi: media est altissima cœlo;

Unde mare et terras ipsi mihi sæpe videre Fit timor, et pavidâ trepidat formidine pectus.

Ultima prona via est, et eget moderamine certo.

Tunc etiam quæ me subjectis excipit undis,
Ne ferar in præceps, Tethys solet ipsa vereri.

Adde, quod assiduâ rapitur vertigine cælum,

Sideraque alta trahit, celerique volumine torquet.

Nitor in adversum: nec me, qui cetera, vincit

Impetus; et rapido contrarius evehor orbi.
Forsitan et lucos illic urbesque domosque
Concipias animo, delubraque ditia donis
Esse: per insidias iter est formasque ferarum."

"Too vast and hazardous the task appears,
Nor suited to thy strength nor to thy years.

Thy lot is mortal; but thy wishes fly
Beyond the province of mortality.
There is not one of all the Gods that dares
(However skill'd in other great affairs,)

To mount the burning axle-tree, but I:
Not Jove himself, the ruler of the sky,
That hurls the three-forked thunder from above,

Dares try his strength: yet who so strong as Jove?

The steeds climb up the first ascent with pain;

And when the middle firmament they gain,
If downward from the heavens my head I bow,

And see the earth and ocean hang below,
Ev'n I am seized with horror and affright,
And my own heart misgives me at the sight.

A mighty downfall steeps the evening stage,

And steady reins must curb the horses' rage.

Tethys herself has fear'd to see me driven
Down headlong from the precipice of Heaven.

Besides, consider what impetuous force
Turns stars and planets in a different course.

I steer against their motions; nor am I
Borne back by all the current of the sky.
But how could you resist the orbs that roll

In adverse whirls, and stem the rapid pole?
But you perhaps may hope for pleasing woods

And stately domes, and cities fill'd with gods;

While through a thousand snares your progress lies,

Where forms of starry monsters stock the skies."

We conclude our extracts, which we confine as much as possible within the limits of our subject, by transcribing the animated account of the preparation and departure of the chariot at the appointed hour; observing, that the poet assumes the licence of making the kindling dawn and vanishing stars give warning to the sun to set forth on his journey, instead of describing them as the effects of his approach. There are in this part of the picture many other pleasing impersonations, full of that pictorial grace and poetical beauty for which the fictions of Grecian mythology are so eminently remarkable.

"Ergo, quæ licuit genitor cunctatus, ad altos
Deducit juvenem, Vulcania munera, currus.
Aureus axis erat, temo aureus, aurea summae

Curvatura rote; radiorum argenteus ordo.
Per juga chrysolithi, positaque ex ordine gemmae,

Clara repercusso reddebant lumina Phœbo.
Dumque ea magnanimus Phaeton miratur,
opusque

Perspicit, ecce vigil rutilo patefecit ab ortu
 Purpureas Aurora fores, et plena rosarum
 Atria : diffugiunt stellæ, quarum agmina
 cogit
 Lucifer, et cæli statione novissimus exit.
 At patet, ut terras mundumque rubescere
 vidit,
 Cornusque extremae velut evanescere
 Lunæ,
 Jungere equos Titan velocibus imperat Ho-
 rie.
 Jussa Deæ celeres peragunt, ignemque
 vomentes
 Ambrosiæ succo saturos, præsepibus altis
 Quadrupedes ducunt, adduntque sonantia
 frena.

" Interea volucres Pyroëis Eous et Æthon,
 Solis equi; quartusque Phlegon, hinni-
 bus auras
 Flammiferis implent, pedibusque repagula
 pulsant:
 Quæ postquam Tethys, fatorum ignava
 nepotis,
 Reppulit, et facta est immensi copia mundi.
 Corripuere viam, pedibusque per aëra motis
 Obstantes findunt nebulas, pennisque levati
 Prætereunt ortos isdem de partibus Euros."

" When the fond father, for in vain he
 pleads,
 At length to the Vulcanian chariot leads,
 A golden axle did the work uphold,
 Gold was the beam, the wheels were
 orb'd with gold,
 The spokes in rows of silver pleased the
 sight,
 The seat with party-colour'd gems was
 bright;
 Apollo shined amid the glare of light.
 The youth with secret joy the work sur-
 veys,
 When now the morn disclosed her purple
 rays:
 The stars were fled, for Lucifer had
 chased
 The stars away, and fled himself at last.
 Soon as the father saw the rosy morn
 And the moon shining with a blunter horn,
 He bid the nimble hours without delay
 Bring forth the steeds; the nimble hours
 obey.
 From their full racks the generous steeds
 retire,
 Dropping ambrosial foams and snorting
 fire,

" Meanwhile the restless horses neigh'd
 aloud,
 Breathing out fire, and pawing where
 they stood,
 Tethys, not knowing what had pass'd,
 gave way,
 And all the waste of heaven before them
 lay.

They spring together out, and swiftly
 bear
 The flying youth through clouds and yield-
 ing air:
 With wingy speed outstrip the eastern
 wind,
 And leave the breezes of the morn behind."

Some of the Greek authors repre-
 sent the fable of Phaeton as having an
 allegorical reference either to phys-
 ical phenomena or to historical facts.
 But it seems allowable to regard it
 rather as a story of human incident
 and feeling, engrafted with much
 beauty and probability on the assum-
 ed reality of an original metaphor or
 superstition, and ingeniously adapted
 at the same time to explain the condi-
 tion of those regions of the earth
 which lie

—" sub curru nimium propinqui
 Solis."—

Those who thus believed, or fabled,
 that the sun in his daily course tra-
 versed the heavens in his chariot,
 must have been somewhat puzzled to
 reconcile, with the early notions of
 cosmography, the fact of his invisible
 return before morning, from the west
 to the east. Most of the poets are
 silent on this subject, and leave the
 question to stand on the indefinite
 footing which is given to it in some
 lines of Boethius:—

" Cadit Hesperias Phœbus in undas;
 Sed secreto tramite rursus
 Cursum solitos vertit ad ortus."

" Phœbus into the western main
 Sinks headlong; but a secret track,
 Ere morning calls, conducts him back
 To his old starting-place again."

Some of the mythologists, however,
 attempted to theorise the facts more
 minutely, and after their accustomed
 fashion. A title in Athenæus, L. xi.
 c. 6. § 38, 39, cited by Mr Keightley
 in his *Mythology*, contains several
 passages from ancient authors, in
 which the sun is represented as pass-
 ing at night horizontally along the
 ocean stream, from west to east, in a
 cup or caldron, manufactured by
 Vulcan for the purpose. We insert
 the verses there quoted from Mimner-
 mus, who refers to this singular spe-
 cies of craft, under the more general
 description of a hollow bed, and we
 venture to subjoin a rough translation
 of them:—

"Ἡέλιος μὲν γὰρ ἔλαχεν πόσιν ἡμῶν πάντα,
 'Ουδέποτε' ἀμπαυσις γίνεται ἑδμῖα
 "Ἰσχωρίν τι καὶ αὐτῷ, ἔστιν ἰσοδάκτυλος 'Ἡὸς
 'Ωκυαὶνὸν προλιπὺς' ἔρατὸν ἰσικαβῆ.
 Τὸν μὲν γὰρ διὰ κύμα φέρει πολυήρατος εὐνὴ
 Καίλα, 'Ηφαιστὺ χερσὶν ἰληλαμῖνῃ
 Χρυσῷ τιμῶντες, ἐπὶπτιρες, ἄκρον ἐφ' ὕδαρ
 Εὐδαῖδ' ἀρκαλίως, χερσὶ ἀφ' Ἐσπερίδων,
 Γαῖαν ἐς Αἰθιόπων ἵνα οἱ θοδὸν ἄρμα καὶ ἵπποι.
 Ἐστᾶσ', ὅφρ' Ἡὸς ἡρῆται μέλη.
 'Εκδ' ἱππῆα ἰτίων ὀχίῳ Ἰππεῖονες υἱός."

"Toil is the daily lot that Helios knows ;
 Nor ever find his steeds or he repose,
 When once the morn, with rosy fingers
 bright,
 From ocean upward takes her heavenly
 flight.
 The grateful couch that glade his evening
 hour,
 Hollowed in purest gold by Vulcan's
 power,
 With winged whirl conveys him, sunk in
 sleep,
 Along the bosom of the billowy deep,
 From the Hesperides to the Ethiop's
 land,
 Where his swift car and coursers take
 their stand,
 Till early morn shall summon him on
 high
 Once more to journey through the kind-
 ling sky."

The moon, we must suppose, performed her evolutions much in the same manner. The poets generally represent her as drawn in a chariot and pair ; but they have given us fewer details of her proceedings.

Less elegant and poetical were the attempts of the Teutonic mythologists to explain the course of the great heavenly bodies. The sun and moon were fabled by our ancestors as flying in fear through the heavens, pursued by two wolves of giant-breed that sought severally to devour them,* an attempt in which, ultimately, it was believed they were destined to succeed.

It is remarkable that a somewhat similar fable is mixed up with the mythology of India, in which the dragon Rahu, an allegorical being supposed to represent, with Ketu, the lunar nodes, is made to persecute the sun and moon in revenge for their

having observed, and revealed, his fraudulent attempt to drink the ambrosia of the gods. The Indian fictions, however, bestow upon the deities in question, and particularly upon the sun, a magnificent equipage, exceeding what the homeliness of Teutonic paganism could afford, and rivaling in splendour the imaginations of classical poetry. On this subject, instead of quoting from the dull extravagance of Indian antiquaries, or from the monotonous glitter of Sir William Jones,† we prefer to adorn our pages with an apposite extract from the delightful poem of Kehama, in that exquisite description of Kailyal's too brief abode with both her parents, in the Holy Valley of Meru.

"Lovely wert thou, O flower of earth,
 Above all flowers of mortal birth ;
 But, fostered in this blissful bower
 From day to day, and hour to hour,
 Lovelier grew the lovely flower.
 O blessed, blessed company !
 The sun careering round the sky
 Beheld them with rejoicing eye,
 And bade his willing charioteer
 Relax his speed as they drew near :
 Aurounin ‡ check'd the rainbow reins,
 The seven green coursers shook their
 manes,
 And brighter rays around them threw ;
 The car of glory in their view
 More radiant, more resplendent grew ;
 And Surya § through his veil of light
 Beheld the bower and blest the sight !
 The lord of night || as he sailed by
 Stay'd his pearly boat on high ;
 And while around the blissful bower
 He bade the softest moonlight flow,
 Linger'd to see that earthly flower,
 Forgetful of his Dragon foe, ¶
 Who, mindful of their ancient feud,
 With open jaws of rage pursued."

* Grimm's *Deutsche Mythologie*, pp. 150 and 401.

† See his Hymn to Surya, or the Sun, among his poems.

‡ The sun's charioteer, the Dawn.

|| The Moon-god.

§ The Sun-god.

¶ Rahu.

The persecutors of the sun and moon were supposed, in the utmost heat of their fury, to produce the eclipses of those bodies. In particular, by a wide-spread superstition, the labours of the moon were ascribed to the successful attacks of the enemy, who seemed to be rapidly devouring or tearing to pieces the object of his hostility. It has been a usage accordingly, in many countries, to issue forth at such times in large multitudes, with sounding instruments and clamorous shouts, designed, as it would seem, to frighten the monster from his prey, and to encourage the fainting luminary to maintain the conflict against the powers of darkness. The cry of "Vince Luna" seems to have been the Latin watchword of encouragement on such occasions; and we find the early Christian preachers inveighing earnestly against the practice, as a remnant of heathenism. Maximus of Turin, an ecclesiastic of the fifth century, has a homily on the eclipse of the moon, and explains the object of the ceremony which he denounces.—"Circa vesperam tanta vociferatio populi exstitit, ut irreligiositas ejus penetraret ad cœlum. Quod cum requirerem, quid sibi clamor hic velit, dixerunt mihi, quod laboranti lunæ vestra vociferatio subveniret, ad defectum ejus suis clamoribus adjuvaret."* Plutarch, describing, in his Life of Paulus Emilius, the eclipse which occurred on the eve of a great battle with the Macedonians, represents the peculiar superstition we are now referring to as a customary observance of the Romans, while their adversaries were affected with that "fear of change" which, in ignorant minds, the obscuration of the lights of heaven so naturally inspires.

"Ἐπι δὲ νύξ γυγόνει, καὶ μετὰ διαπύον στρατόντο πρὸς ὕπνῳ καὶ ἀναπνευσί, αἰφνιδίον ἡ σελήνη, πλήρης ὡσα καὶ μετῴρας, ἐμειλίστητο· καὶ τὴ φῶτος ἀπολείποντος αὐτῇ, χροῶς ἀμειψάσα παντοδαπάς, ἠφανίσθη. Τῶν δὲ Ῥωμαίων, ὥσπερ ἰστοι νομισμένοι, χεῖλ' αὖτε παταγοῖς ἀνέκαλυμμένοι τὸ φῶς αὐτῆς, καὶ πυρεῖ πολλὰ θαλαῖς καὶ δάσει ἀνιχοῦσιν πρὸς τοὺς ἠρώτας, ὅδ' ὁμοῖον ἐπράττειν οἱ Μακεδόνες·

ἀλλὰ φρενὴ καὶ θυμὸς τοὺς στρατοπέδον κατιχίει, καὶ λόγος ἡσύχη διὰ πολλὰν ἔχουσι, βασιλῆως τοῦ φαισματος σημαίνοντες ἐλπίσιν."

"When they had supped and were thinking of nothing but going to rest, on a sudden the moon, which was then at full, and very high, began to be darkened, and after changing into various colours, was at last totally eclipsed. The Romans, according to their custom, made a great noise, by striking upon vessels of brass, and held up lighted faggots and torches in the air, in order to recall her light; but the Macedonians did no such thing: horror and astonishment seized the whole camp, and a whisper passed among the multitude, that this appearance portended the fall of the king."

A picture of the same scene, but in a somewhat different aspect, is presented to us on the sketchy but powerful page of Tacitus, when describing a mutiny among the Pannonian legions on the accession of Tiberius.

"Noctem minacem, et in æcelus erupturam, fors lenivit. Nam Luna claro repente cœlo visa languescere. Id miles, rationis ignarus, omen præsentium accepit, ac suis laboribus defectionem sideris adsimilans, prospereque cessura quæ pergerent, si fulgor et claritudo deæ redderetur; igitur æris sono, tubarum cornuumque concentu strepere; prout splendidiore obscuriorve, lætari aut moreri, et postquam ortæ nubes offecere visui, creditumque conditam tenebris, ut sunt mobiles ad superstitionem percussæ semel mentes, sibi æternum laborem portendi, sua facinora adversari deos lamentantur."†

"The night that followed seemed big with some fatal disaster, when an unexpected phenomenon put an end to the commotion. In a clear and serene sky the moon was suddenly eclipsed. This appearance, in its natural cause not understood by the soldiers, was deemed a prognostic denouncing the fate of the army. The planet, in its languishing state, represented the condition of the legions: if it recovered its former lustre, the efforts of the men would be crowned with success. To assist the moon in her labours, the air resounded with the clangor of brazen instruments, with the sound of trumpets, and other warlike music. The crowd, in the mean time, stood at gaze: every gleam of light inspired the men with joy; and the sudden gloom depressed their hearts

* Apud Grimm, Myth. 402. See also Hoffman and Du Cange, vo. *Vince Luna*.

† Annal i. c. 28.

with grief. The clouds condensed and the moon was supposed to be lost in utter darkness. A melancholy horror seized the multitude; and melancholy is sure to engender superstition. A religious panic spread through the army. The appearance in the heavens foretold eternal labour to the legions; and all lamented that by their crimes they had called down upon themselves the indignation of the gods."

Other examples of the very prevalent superstition which gave rise to this singular ceremony, will be found among the customs of various nations having but little affinity with each other.

A representation mentioned by De Guignes as exhibited in presence of the Chinese emperor and his ministers, and worthy of Bottom the weaver or any of his company, seems intended to reduce the theory of a lunar eclipse to the level of the meanest capacity:—

"A number of Chinese, placed at the distance of six feet from one another, now entered, bearing two long dragons of silk or paper, painted blue, with white scales, and stuffed with lighted lamps. These two dragons, after saluting the emperor with due respect, moved up and down with great composure, when the moon suddenly made her appearance, upon which they began to run after her. The moon, however, fearlessly placed herself between them, and the two dragons, after surveying her for some time, and concluding apparently that she was too large a morsel for them to swallow, judged it prudent to retire, which they did with the same ceremony as they entered. The moon, elated with her triumph, then withdrew with prodigious gravity; a little flushed, however, with the chase which she had sustained."

In conformity with this astronomical system, the custom in China at no distant period was, that their "learned men and state officers on such occasions turned out with drums and gongs and trumpets, making all-manner of hideous noises to frighten the monster away, and liberate the suffering luminary, in which in due time they always succeeded."†

It appears from Moorcroft's *Travels in Little Thibet*, that as he and his fellow-travellers "entered Daba, the moon became eclipsed; on which oc-

casion they were greeted with the sound of trumpets and the beating of drums and gongs from the temple of Narayan, the ceremony being precisely the same as that which is practised in the temples, and even in the palace of the Emperor of China."‡

The natives of the Barbary States are represented as exhibiting a similar state of excitement during an eclipse of the sun:—

"When the eclipse was at its height, they ran about distracted, in companies, firing volleys of muskets at the sun, to frighten away the monster or dragon, as they called it, by which they supposed it was being devoured. At that moment the Moorish Song of Death and *woulliah-woo*, or the howl they make for their dead, not only resounded from the mountains of Tripoli, but was undoubtedly re-echoed throughout the continent of Africa. The women brought into the streets all the brass pans, kettles, and iron utensils they could collect, and striking on them with all their force, and screaming at the same time, occasioned a horrid noise that was heard for miles."§

Once more, we learn in an account of the Nicobar islanders, who appear to have a species of lunar worship, that "during an eclipse they beat all their gongs with the utmost violence, and hurl their spears into the air, to frighten away the demon who is devouring the celestial body. No superstitious notion," adds the writer whom we quote, "seems to be so widely prevalent as this; it is found among the savages of America and Africa as well as in Asia, and wherever it exists the same practice accompanies it."

From these descriptions, as well as from the purpose of the proceedings, the clamour and noise with which the moon's auxiliaries thus attempted to reinforce her, must always have been pre-eminently obstreperous, and they are selected accordingly as a climax of comparison by Juvenal, when describing the loudness of a talkative blue-stocking, in a passage which we ask the forgiveness of our fair readers for here inserting entire, along with Dryden's translation of it, in which, as might be expected, nothing of the spirit of the original is suffered to escape:—

* *Quarterly Review*, ii. 262.

† *Ibid.* xvii. 429.

‡ *Ibid.* xlii. 62.

§ *Ibid.* xv. 167.

" Illa tamen gravior, quæ, cum discumbere cœpit,
 Laudat Virgillum, peritura ignoscit
 Elissæ,
 Committit vates et comparat; inde Maronem,
 Atque alia in parte trutinâ suspendit
 Homerum.
 Cedunt grammatici, vincuntur rhetores,
 omnis
 Turba tacet: nec caudicus nec præco
 loquatur,
 Altera nec muller: verborum tanta cadit
 vis,
 Tot pariter pelves, tot tintinnabula, dicas
 Pulsari. *Jam nemo tubas, nemo æra
 fatiget:*
Una laboranti poterit succurrere Lunæ.
 Imponit finem sapiens et rebus honestis.
 Nam quæ docta nimis cupit et facunda
 videri,
 Crure tenus medio tunicas succingere
 debet,
 Cedere Silvano porcum, quadrante
 lavari.
 Non habeat matrona, tibi quæ juncta
 recumbit,
 Dicendi genus, aut curtum sermone
 rotato
 Torqueat enthymema; nec historias
 sciât omnes.
 Sed quædam ex libris et non intelligat.
 Odi
 Hanc ego, quæ repetit volvitque Palæ-
 monis artem,
 Servata semper lege et ratione loquendi;
 Ignotosque mihi tenet antiquaria versus,
 Nec curanda viris opacæ castigat amicos
 Verba: solœismum liceat fecisse ma-
 rito."

" But of all plagues the greatest is untold;
 The book-learned wife in Greek and
 Latin bold.
 The critic dame who at her table sits,
 Homer and Virgil quotes, and weighs
 their wits;
 And pities Dido's agonizing fits.
 She has so farth' ascendant of the board,
 The prating pedant puts not in one word:
 The man of law is nonplust in his suit;
 Nay, every other female tongue is mute.
 Hammers and beating anvils, you would
 swear,
 And Vulcan with his whole militia there.
*Tabors and trumpets, cease; for she
 alone*
Is able to redeem the labouring moon.
 Ev'n wit's a burden when it talks too
 long:
 But she who has no continence of tongue,
 Should walk in breeches, and should
 wear a beard,
 And mix among the philosophic herd.
 O! what a midnight curse has he, whose
 side
 Is pestered with a mood and figure bride!

Let mine, ye gods, if such must be my
 fate,
 No logic learn, nor history translate;
 But rather be a quiet humble fool.
 I hate a wife to whom I go to school,
 Who climbs the grammar tree, distinctly
 knows
 Where noun and verb and participle
 grows:
 Corrects her country neighbour; and
 a-bed,
 For breaking Priscian's, breaks her
 husband's head."

A superstitious personification connected with what we have now been considering, but somewhat different in its nature, is to be found in the popular imagination of the Man-in-the-Moon. This fiction has sprung out of those appearances which, to vulgar and unaided eyes, present under an aspect so much less sublime the same luminary

" — whose orb

Thro' optic glass the Tuscan artist views,
 At evening from the top of Fesolè,
 Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
 Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe."

The existence of a man in the moon, or of more than one, was a popular belief long before Fontenelle wrote *Plurality of Worlds*, or Bishop Wilkins his discourse to prove the probability of the moon's being inhabited, and the practicability of a passage between that region and the earth. Different nations, however, have adopted different accounts of the history and character of the personages, one or more, who occupy so conspicuous a position; and generally speaking, it has been considered that they have not attained that "bad eminence" on account of any very meritorious transactions. An Icelandic legend, indeed, represents Máni, the Moon-god, as having kidnapped two children when engaged in the innocent occupation of drawing water from a river, and they are still seen to follow him in their new abode with a water-cask slung on a pole over their shoulders. But the favourite idea is that the man in the moon is a sort of transported felon, who is paying there the penalty of theft, aggravated by Sabbath-breaking, committed here below. Pagan traditions have in this instance, as in others, engrafted themselves on a scriptural history: the man who, in the book of Numbers, is related to have been stoned to death for gathering

sticks on the Sabbath day, having been first branded by our ancestors with the additional crime of theft, and then translated to the moon to remain as a prominent and perpetual admonition to deter others from committing the like offences in time coming.

The earliest notice of this precise form of the tradition that we have met with, occurs in an old song upon the man in the moon, which is to be found in "*Ritson's Ancient Songs and Ballads*," and which must, we suppose, be placed at least as far back as the end of the thirteenth century. It is somewhat disjointed and obscure, and often, we suspect, unintelligible even to better antiquaries than we profess to be; but as a curiosity, we insert the three first verses of it, with an attempt to paraphrase them laxly in more modern language.

"Mon, in the mone, stond and streit,
On is bot-forke is burthen he bereth:
Hit is mucche wonder that he na down slyt,
For doute leste he valle he sheddreth
ant sbereth:

When the forat freseth mucche chele he
byd,
The thornes beth kene is hattren to-tereth;
Nis no wyht in the world that wot wen
he syt,

Ne, bote hit bus the hegge, what wedes
he wereth.

Whider trowe this mon ha the way take,
He hath set is a fot is other to foren;
Fer non hithte that he hath ne sytme
hym ner shake,

He is the sloweste mon that ever wes
yboren.

When he were o the feld pycchynde
stake,

For hope of ys thornes to dutten is doren,
He mot myd is twybyl other trousmake,
Other al is dayes werk ther were yloren.

This like mon upon heh whener he were,
Wher he were y the mone bore ant yfed.

He leneth on is forke ase a grey frere,
This crokede caynard sore he is adred:

Hit it is mony day go that he was here,
Ichot of his ernde he nath nout yped;

He hath hewe sumwher a burthen of
brere

Therefore sum hayward hath taken ys
wed."

The man i' the moon doth yonder stand
and stride,

His burden on his faggot-fork he
beareth:

Much wonder 'tis that down he doth not
slide,

He shuddereth still, for lest he fall he
feareth:

When frost doth freeze, much chill doth
he abide,

The keen edge of the thorns his gar-
ments teareth.

None wot when he doth sit in the world
wide,

Nor, save it be the hedge, what weeds
he weareth.

Whither, I pray, his way doth this man
take,

With foot thus forward set from night
to morn:

Nothing is ever seen his pace to shake,
He is the slowest man that e'er was
born.

He hath been to the field picking a stake,
To fence his door-way with a bush of
thorn;

If of his axe no better use he make,
His long day's labour must be all forlorn.

How could the man so wondrous high aspire,
Or hath he in the moon been born and
bred?

He leaneth on his fork like a grey friar;
The crooked caitiff seemeth sore in
dread:

Long time hath he been here, this aged
sire;

But in his errand hath he nothing sped,
And now for having cut a load of briar,
Some hedge-warden hath ta'en from him
his wed.

Chaucer more than once alludes to
this conception. Thus, in *Troilus*

and *Cresseide*, he speaks of the prover-
bial fear, "Leste the chorle may fall
out of the moone." And, again, in
the *Testament of Cresseide*, describing

"the seven planets descending fro the
spheres" to judge between *Cresseide*
and *Cupido*:—

"Next after him come Lady Cynthia
The last of al, and swiftest in her sphere,

Of colour blake, busked with hornis twa,
And in the night she listith best t' apere,

Hawe as the leed, of colour nothing clere,
For al the light she boroweth at her
brother,

Titias, for of herself she hath non other.

"Her gite was grey, and fal of spottis
blake;

And on her brest a chorle painted ful
even,

Bering a bushe of thornis on his bake,
Whiche for his theft might clime no ne'r
the heaven.

It is scarcely necessary to suggest
the allusions in *Shakspeare* to the
same subject. Thus in the *Tempest*:—

"*Caliban*. Hast thou not dropt from
heaven?

"*Stephano*. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee : I was the man in the moon when time was.

"*Caliban*. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee. My mistress showed me thee, and thy dog and bush."

The dog is an appurtenance which probably grew out of the rest of the picture, and does not always occur in it. In the "*Midsummer Night's Dream*," it is not at first alluded to as one of the necessary properties for the performance of this "very tragical mirth." Quince says, "One must come in with a bunch of thorns and a lanthorn, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present the person of Moonshine." But when Moonshine makes his appearance, it seems to have been arranged as a matter of course that "his faithful dog shall bear him company."

"*Moonshine*.—This lantern doth the horned moon present :

Myself the man i' th' moon do seem to be.—

"*Lysander*.—Proceed, Moon.

"*Moonshine*.—All that I have to say is to tell you, that the lantern is the moon ; I, the man in the moon ; this thorn bush, my thorn bush ; and this dog my dog.

"*Demetrius*.—Why, all these should be in the lantern ; for they are in the moon."

According to the old Italian legend on the subject, the man in the moon was no other than the first murderer, bearing on his shoulders a bundle of thorns as a niggard offering to God of the meanest product of his fields. Dante alludes to this theory. In the *Paradiso*, 2, 50, he asks :—

"Che sono i segni bui,
Di questo corpo, che laggioso in terra
Fan di Cain favoleggiare altrui?"
In the *Inferno*, 20, 125, he again speaks of

"Caino e le spine."

Another supposition converted the man in the moon into the innocent Isaac bearing the load of wood that was to have been his own funeral pile on the mountains of Moriah.*

Before passing from the mythological to the poetical personification of these luminaries, we have a word to say on the grammatical gender which has been ascribed to them. From our English and classical associations, we

are accustomed to think of the sun as essentially masculine, and the moon as feminine ; and looking to power as a male attribute, and softness as a female one, the distribution seems natural and appropriate. It is certain, however, that all our Teutonic ancestors originally reversed the rule ; whether from regarding the more dazzling beauty of the solar orb, or from the effect of some accidental mythus, it is now difficult to discover. The story of the *Edda* is, that Mundilfori had two children, a son Mani, the moon, and a daughter Sol, the sun, who for their beauty were set in the sky. This distribution of the sexes, however, is not confined to the Teutonic nations. A trace of it, so far as the moon is concerned, is to be found both in Greek and in Latin. The words $\mu\eta\sigma$ and $\mu\eta\sigma\eta$, which literally agree with our moon, the English long or double o being a correct and frequent exponent of the Greek long α or η , have been commonly so distinguished, that the one applies to the period of the moon's revolution, the other to the luminary itself. But a masculine moon seems to have been an idea well-known among the ancients. Selden (*De Diis Syris*,) refers us to a passage in Strabo, "*de fano τῷ Μηνί*, Dei in Asia Minori non infrequenti ;" and in some places a curious opinion was adopted, that those men who considered the moon as feminine, were doomed to be henpecked husbands, while those who took the opposite view were destined to maintain the dignity of the sex which they thus asserted. We extract the article on this subject from Facciolati.

"Lunus, i. m. Deus idem qui Luna. Quamvis enim feminina voce eam appellaret, masculum tamen putabat stulta Gentilitas. Unde masculum Lunam appellat Tertull. in *Apolog.*, c. 15, et Spartian. in *Caracall.*, c. 7, tradit, a Carrenis precipue, Asiæ populis, ita existimari, ut qui Lunam femineo nomine ac sexu putaverit nuncupandam, is addictus mulieribus semper inserviat : at vero qui marem deum esse crediderit, is dominetur uxori, neque ullas muliebres patiat insidias. *Id. ibid.* c. 6. Cum hibernaret Edesse, atque inde Carras Luni dei gratiâ venisset."

* Grimm, *Mythol.*, 411, 412, from which much of our illustrations of these topics has been borrowed.

In like manner Astoreth,

"Whom the Phœnicians called
Astarte, Queen of Heaven, with crescent
horns;

To whose bright image nightly by the moon
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and
songs,"—

seems also to have been sometimes
classed among the male deities (see
Selden.) But indeed, many of the
pagan divinities illustrate Milton's
apposite proposition, that

"Spirits when they please
Can either sex assume, or both."

Having detained our readers probably too long in the regions of mythology, we come now to examine some of those impersonations which imagination, unaided by belief, has bestowed upon these magnificent lights of heaven.

It was the lamentation of Schiller that a glory had here departed from the earth, and that the cold correctness of science had chilled the genial current of the heart.

"Wo jetzt nur, wie uns're Weise sagen,
Seelenlos ein Feuerball sich dreht,
Lenkte damals seinen gold'nen Wagen
Helios in stiller Majestät."

"Where, as now our wise ones have decided,
Lifeless rolls a fiery-ball on high,
Helios once his golden chariot guided
Silent and majestic through the sky."

But the poet's complaint is only partially well founded. Men do not, indeed, now suppose either that the sun is a god, or that he drives a chariot; and most of us are even convinced, though few of us know why, that the Copernican system is the true one. But we have a popular belief, apart from our scientific doctrines, and an imaginative sensibility distinct from both. The power that prompted the visions of superstition is not extinct, but is merely modified in its operations. It remains still, as a smothered flame, not blazing on our hearths or consecrated on our altars, but every where lurking within its dusky embers, and ready to be fanned into a generous glow by the breath of passion or of poetry. It would be strange if an object so familiar as the "common sun" were to be often before us in an imaginative aspect. But, in conditions of the mind favourable to such impulses, we are still as ready to see in the great

orb of day a sensitive, and almost a divine existence, as any Persian or Pagan that ever worshipped him. When we gaze on the glories of sunrise or of sunset, do we remember Copernicus? We hope not: no more, if the thought may be forgiven, than we recur to the investigations of Morgagni when we behold the face of her we love. There is a poetry in the domain of science, as there is in that of fiction: but it is found only in her highest walks, and among her noblest followers: and the God of Creation has, benignantly for humbler minds, enveloped the essential forms of nature in integuments and illusions which serve at once to disguise those dry and death-like anatomies which a half-knowledge reveals, and to supply the place of that ultimate beauty of perfect truth which is reserved for the maturity of our faculties.

Baseless, indeed, would have been the fictions of Greece, if the solar power out of which they fashioned the god of song, could now be regarded by the poet or the lover of poetry without ever inspiring an image or a feeling that was worthy of so noble an object. Let us see whether Helios has been so shamefully cast down from his throne as Schiller would have us believe. We are mistaken if it be not found that his glory is elevated rather than depressed by the change which has occurred, and which has enlarged and established his dominion by placing it on the broad and firm foundations of moral truth.

As we watch his gradual and glittering advance in the east, does he not readily appear to our dazzled sight as a prince or potentate, surrounded by a cloudy train of followers and dependents, that reflect the lustre his glory has shed upon them? Such, at least, he seemed to Milton, when he desired to walk—

"By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight."

Or shall we rather say, with another poet, that the viceroy of his Maker has less in him of the prince begirt by courtly attendants, than of a divinity himself receiving the adoration of surrounding suppliants?

"Morven belongs now wholly to the
morn;

And morn's sole sovereign, the almighty
sun,
Surveys his kingdom with a regal eye,
On the blue, broad, and braided firmament
Throned, while his cloud-retinue hovering
hangs
In idol-worship round the fount of light—
King call him not, he is indeed a god!"

But the caprice of fancy, in a modified aspect of the same objects, will trace the lineaments of other and less sublime meanings:—

"See, see, King Richard doth himself
appear,
As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east,
When he perceives the envious clouds are
bent
To dim his glory, and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident."

The Hebrew poet sings that a tabernacle hath been set for the sun, "which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber." He is indeed a bridegroom, and his bride is the earth,

who rejoices in all her beauty at the splendour of his coming. Glorious is the vision of their nuptials: numberless and lovely the offspring that shall adorn their bed! The life that we confer upon the orb of day, and which we intertwine with the light that is his essence, diffuses itself upon all the objects of lower creation which his presence illumines.

"What soul was his, when, from the naked top

Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun
Rise up and bathe the world in light! He
looked—

Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth
And ocean's liquid mass, beneath him lay
In gladness and deep joy. The clouds
were touch'd

And in their silent faces did he read
Unutterable love."

Thus, too, the poet of the *Seasons* addresses the bright ruler of those fair vicissitudes which diversify his immortal song:—

"The very dead creation from thy touch
Assumes a mimic life. By thee refined,
In brighter mazes the reluctant stream
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,
Softens at thy return. The desert joys
Wildly, through all his melancholy bounds.
Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,
Seen from some pointed promontory's top,
Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
Restless, reflects a floating gleam."

Take yet another example of this diffusive happiness, not limited to the hour of morning:—

"There was not, on that day, a speck to stain
The azure heaven; the blessed Sun, alone,
In unapproachable divinity,
Career'd, rejoicing in his fields of light.
How beautiful, beneath the bright blue sky,
The billows heave! one glowing green expanse,
Save where along the bending line of shore
Such hue is thrown as when the peacock's neck
Assumes its proudest tint of amethyst,
Embathed in emerald glory. All the flocks
Of Ocean are abroad: like floating foam,
The sea-gulls rise and fall upon the waves;
With long-protruded neck, the cormorants
Wing their far flight aloft; and round and round
The plovers wheel, and give their note of joy.
It was a day that sent into the heart
A summer feeling: even the insect swarms
From their dark nooks and coverts issued forth,
To sport through one day of existence more;
The solitary primrose on the bank,
Seemed now as though it had no cause to mourn
Its bleak autumnal birth; the rocks, and shores,
The forest and the everlasting hills
Smiled in that joyful sunshine—they partook
The universal blessing."

The sun has a race to run through the heavens : will any spell or allure-ment from earth arrest his progress ? None surely but the most powerful : but Adam well thought that such power resided on the lips of Raphael, when first recounting to man the wonders of creation :—

“ The greater light of day yet wants to run
Much of his race, though steep ; suspense
in heaven,
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice, he
hears,
And longer will delay to hear thee tell
His generation, and the rising birth
Of Nature from the unapparent deep.”

At deepest noon the full-blazing sun seems to us to sit “ high in his meridian tower ;” nor, in the hour of his departure, do we forget the honour due to the object of our morning admiration. We still regard him as a monarch pursuing, in regal pomp, his beneficent progress through distant dominions ; or we think of him as one retiring to repose from the scene of his triumphs, till we almost wish that we too could follow in his train.

—“ ‘ Oh happy,’ cried the priests,
‘ Your brethren who have fallen ! already
they
Have join’d the company of blessed souls ;
Already they with song and harmony,
And in the dance of beauty, are gone
forth,
To follow down his western path of light
Yon sun, the Prince of Glory, from the
world
Retiring to the palace of his rest.’ ”

Is not the last ray that he throws on earth like the interchange of parting looks with a dear friend, whose smile even in separation is joyful, because his return is certain ?—

“ As when from mountain tops the dusky
clouds
Ascending, while the north wind sleeps,
o’er-spread
Heaven’s cheerful face ; the lowering ele-
ment
Scowls o’er the darken’d landscape snow
or shower :
If chance the radiant sun, with farewell
sweet,
Extend his evening beam, the fields re-
vive—
The birds their note renew ; and bleating
herds
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.”

May we not moralize such moments

into the sweetest smiles, and see, for example, in the setting luminary, the feelings that lead ourselves in our declining hours to look back with pre-eminent fondness on the scenes and passages of our early prime.

“ Thus, from the precincts of the west,
The Sun, when sinking down to rest—
Though his departing radiance fall
To illuminate the hallow vale—
A lingering lustre fondly throws
On the dear mountain-tops, where first he
rose.”

Of eagle-breed must be the eye that scans with fixed intensity the solar shape : nor can any but the spirit of true poetry concentrate its direct gaze on his imaginative glory. Milton, far an instant, has made the Power of moral Darkness, with indignant and extorted admiration, address the Source of Light, in language worthy of one whose fall was from heaven :—

“ O thou, that with surpassing glory
crown’d,
Look’st from thy sole dominion like the
God
Of this new world ; at whose sight all the
stars
Hide their diminish’d heads ; to thee I
call,
But with no friendly voice : and add thy
name,
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what
state
I fell,—how glorious once above thy
sphere !”

But the apostrophe is not long sustained. The perturbed soul of the outcast angel soon wanders from other objects to his own bitter recollections and guilty prospects ; and, ranging through all the emotions that belong to remorse and revenge, subsides into the fearful invocation that foretells his fate—“ Evil, be thou my good.”

The bard of Morven has a more formal address to that luminary, whose light was withdrawn from his outward vision. It is familiar to all our readers, and need not be quoted. It is undoubtedly a noble effusion of genius ; and if it have a few specks on its splendour, the Sun himself is not free from them, and we on earth may humbly repeat the much-forgotten sentence : “ *Ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis offendar maculis.*”

A modern poet, in choosing as a

theme an Oriental story of the Fire-worshippers, had a noble occasion for presenting in an impressive aspect that object which, in the hearts of his heroes, combined the mysteriousness of religious awe with the radiance of natural beauty. We doubt, however, if he has successfully done so in the passage where the attempt seems to have been made:—

"And see—the Sun himself!—on wings
Of glory up the East he springs.
Angel of light! who from the time
Those heavens began their march sublime,
Hath—first of all the starry choir—
Tro'd in his Maker's steps of fire!

Where are the days, thou wondrous
sphere,

When Iran, like a sun-flower, turn'd
To meet that eye where'er it burn'd?

When from the banks of Bendemeer
To the nut-groves of Samarcand,
Thy temples flamed o'er all the land!"

We do not much like the representation of the Sun "with wings." It suggests to our ornithological faculties an image of rather a clumsy contour; and if the luminary was to be painted flying, we should have preferred the wings to be kept out of sight. But, letting that pass—what shall we say to the concluding appellation, on which we stumble as over a stone, when we are expecting the climax of the address? "Where are the days, thou wondrous sphere?" Alas! the mighty Mithras—the winged Sun—the Angel of Light—is become a sphere! This, indeed, realizes the lament of Schiller, and makes it quite unnecessary to answer the poet's question; where are the days when the *sphere* was supposed to be something very different? But, possibly, Mr Moore may have been here too intent on his parallel between Iran and Erin, and too anxious to show that his friends in both countries could distinguish between spiritual adoration and its physical types.

Let us conclude this topic by inserting some lines to the solar power, of a much humbler, but, in our opinion, a more successful kind, flowing from the heart of one who wrote with less of fiction than poets usually employ. It is an address, by the virtuous Habington, in commemoration of the endurance of that united love which sometimes scarcely survives the first rapid revolution of the sister-luminary:—

LOVE'S ANNIVERSARY.

To the Sun.

"Thou art return'd (great light) to that
blest hour,

In which I first by marriage' sacred power
Join'd with Castara hearts: and as the same
Thy lustre is as then, so is our flame;
Which had increased but that, by love's
decree,

'Twas such at first, it ne'er could greater be.
But tell me, glorious lamp, in thy survey
Of things below thee, what did not decay
By age to weakness? I since that have seen
The rosebud forth and fade, the tree grow
green

And wither—and the beauty of the field
With winter wrinkled. Even thyself dost
yield

Something to time, and to thy grave fall
nigher;

But virtuous love is one sweet endless fire.

As our previous observations touched on the superstitions connected with eclipses of the sun and moon, it may be interesting to insert two descriptions of a solar eclipse, which will help to illustrate the transition from the mythological to the poetical personification. The one by Wordsworth, represents the eclipse of 1820, as seen through the softness of Italian skies.

"High on her speculative tower
Stood Science, waiting for the hour
When Sol was destined to endure
That darkening of his radiant face
Which Superstition strove to chase,
Erewhile with rites impure.

"No vapour stretch'd his wings; no cloud
Cast far or near a murky shroud;
The sky an azure field display'd;
'Twas sunlight sheath'd and gently charm'd,
Of all its sparkling rays disarm'd,
And as in slumber laid:—

"Or something, night or day between,
Like moonshine, but the hue was green;
Still moonshine, without shadow, spread
On jutting rock, and curved shore,
Where gazed the peasant from his door,
And on the mountain's head.

"Lo! while I speak, the labouring sun
His glad deliverance has begun:
The cypress waves its sombre plume
More cheerily; and town and tower,
The vineyard and the olive bower,
Their lustre reassume!"

The other example, of which the scene is laid in the Arctic regions, is from Montgomery's *Greenland*, and allowing for some imperfections of

expression, might well deserve the praise of sublimity.

" Their faith must yet be tried : the sun at noon

Shrinks from the shadow of the passing moon,

Till, ray by ray, of all his pomp bereft,
(Save one slight ring of quivering lustre left;)

Total eclipse involves his peerless eye :
Portentous twilight creeps along the sky ;
The frightened sea-birds, to their haunts repair ;

There is a freezing stillness in the air,
As if the blood through nature's veins ran cold,

A prodigy so fearful to behold ;
A few faint stars gleam through the dread serene,

Trembling and pale spectators of the scene ;

While the rude mariners with stern amaze,
As on some tragic execution gaze,
When calm but awful guilt is stretch'd to feel

The torturing fire, or dislocating wheel,
And life, like light from yonder orb, retires,
Spark after spark, till the whole man expires.

Yet may the darken'd sun and mourning skies,

Point to a higher, holier sacrifice ;

The brethren's thoughts to Calvary's brow ascend,

Round the Redeemer's Cross their spirits bend,

And while heaven frowns, earth shudders, graves disclose

The forms of sleepers, startled from repose,
They catch the blessing of his latest breath,
Mark his last look, and through th' eclipse of death,

See lovelier beams than Tabor's vision shed,

Wreaths a meek halo round his sacred head."

The honours that imagination has paid to the sun have scarcely exceeded those which the milder beauty of his sister has received. To the poet's eye she too appears to ascend the heavens in regal majesty, where she holds sway over the "common people of the skies," who acknowledge her pre-eminence, and give place to her glory as she moves among them.

" Now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires : Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon

Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw."

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In other moods the poet or the lover sees in her pale loveliness, not the dignity of a sovereign, but the sorrow of one who is herself subject to a dominion that sheds a happy or a disastrous influence on the whole of sentient nature:—

" With how sad steps, O moon ! thou climb'st the skies !

How silently, and with how wan a face !
What ! may it be that even in heavenly place

That busy archer his sharp arrows tries ?
Sure if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case ;

I read it in thy looks ; thy languish'd grace,

To me, that feel the like, thy state describes."

How many aspects of varying beauty does the enlightener of the night assume to our mental vision? When a livelier fancy is on the wing, the fictions of other days reappear, and the goddess traverses the sky with all the appliances of Pagan splendour ; not disdaining for a while to suspend her course as she sees or hears things delightful to her heart. Thus it is when the pensive spirit of the poet implores that—

—" Philomel will deign a song
In her sweetest saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er the accustomed oak."

Does not the lovely light seem sometimes to rejoice when the blue concave is all her own, and not a cloud remains to checker its purity!—

" The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare."

But now again does it not seem as if she were all uncertain in the path she was pursuing, and in need of a guide to lead her along the sea-like sameness of the untrodden sky?

" I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering Moon
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the Heaven's wide pathless way ;
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud."

May we not readily, too, assimilate the course that she thus purely and patiently pursues amidst the dusky vapours that surround her, to the mild majesty in which innocent and ethereal

souls advance on their earthly path, through the exhalations of sin and sorrow, on which they have even power to bestow a portion of their own passing lustre? Take as an illustration this beautiful address to a child of a month old :—

“ Thy sinless progress, through a world
By sorrow darken’d and by care disturb’d,
Apt likeness bears to hers, through gathering
clouds,

Moving untouch’d in silver purity,
And cheering oftimes their reluctant gloom.
Fair are ye both, and both are free from
stain :

But thou, how leisurely thou fill’st thy horn
With brightness! leaving her to post along
And range about—disquieted in change,
And still impatient of the shape she wears.
Once up, once down the hill, one journey,
habe,
That will suffice thee.”

It were endless to advert to the infinite forms in which incense from the shrine of poetry has ascended to the lunar throne. In many of such offerings, unfortunately, the divinity addressed seems to have exercised too characteristic an influence over her votaries, whose effusions seem to be prompted by the “fine frenzy,” not of the lover or the poet, but of the other unhappy enthusiast whom Shakspeare has associated with these, as “of imagination all compact.” To which of these sources must we assign the following lines?—

“ ——— By the feud
’Twixt nothing and Creation, I here swear,
Eterne Apollo! that thy sister fair
Is of all these the gentlier-mightiest.
When thy gold breath is misty in the west,
She, unobserved, steals unto her throne,
And there she sits most meek and most
alone,

As if she had not pomp subservient ;
As if thine eye, high poet! was not bent
Towards her with the Muses in thine heart ;
As if the ministering stars kept not apart,
Waiting for silver-footed messages.
O, Moon! the oldest shades ’mong oldest
trees

Feel palpitations when thou lookest on :
O, Moon! old boughs lip forth a holier din
The while they feel thine airy fellowship.
Thou dost bless every where, with silver lip
Kissing dead things to life. The sleeping
kine,
Couch’d in thy brightness, dream of fields
divine :

Innumerable mountains rise and rise,
Ambitious for the hallowing of thine eyes ;

And yet this benediction passeth not.
One obscure hiding-place, one little spot
Where pleasure may be sent: the nested
wren

Has thy fair face within its tranquil ken,
And from beneath a sheltering ivy-leaf
Takes glimpses of thee: thou art a relief
To the poor patient oyster, where it sleeps
Within its pearly home. The mighty deeps,
The monstrous sea is thine—the myriad sea!
O, Moon! far-spooming Ocean bows to
thee !

We do not know if this be genius ; in some points it looks very like it, but if it be genuine it seems to be divided by even a thinner partition than usual from one of its next door neighbours, and a very Pyramus and Thisbe-like intercourse seems to be kept up between them. The passage is from Keats’ *Endymion*, a poem in which one of the loveliest of classical fables is defaced by an absurd incoherency of detail, and overlaid by an extravagant profusion of embellishment. One line had told the story infinitely better :—

“ Peace ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion.”

The mysterious connexion between the moon and the ocean, which supplies a topic in these lines from Keats, is well adapted for the exercise of poetical fancy. The moon, as “the governess of floods,” could not be disregarded by the poet, when she seems to look upon the sea beneath her as if darting down those rays of sympathy which so beautifully bind together the subject and the sovereign. The lines that follow, give a worthy expression to that relation, though they do not certainly contain such “far-spooming” epithets, as those of the poet whom we have just quoted.

The mighty Moon she sits above,
Encircled with a zone of love ;
A zone of dim and tender light,
That makes her wakeful eye more bright.
She seems to shine with a sunny ray,
And the night looks like a mellow’d day !
The gracious mistress of the main,
Hath now an undisturbed reign ;
And from her silent throne looks down,
As upon children of her own,
On the waves that lend their gentle breast,
In gladness for her couch of rest.

In whose eyes besides those of the lover whose visions we have noticed, is the Moon likely to wear the fairest

attractions? Good old Gawin Douglas thus fitly addresses her:—

“Hornyt lady, pail Cynthia, not brycht,
Quik from thi broder borrowis all the lycht,
Rewlare of passage and ways mony one,
Maistres of stremys and glaidar of the nycht,
Schipmen and pilgrymys hallowis thi mycht.”

Milton, too, makes the brothers in Comus invoke her as a power to whom the wayfarer looks not in vain for kind protection:—

“Unmuffle, ye faint stars; and thou, fair Moon,

That wont'st to love the traveller's benison,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,

And disinherit chaos, that reigns here
In double night of darkness and of shades.”

But faint, perhaps, or feeble in contemplative earnestness must be the love of other travellers compared with that which rivets the lonely seaman's gaze, in the watches of the night, on that object which brightens his watery scene, and on which, belonging as it does to earth as well as to ocean, he would fain believe that the weeping eyes of friends at home are now fixed in sympathy with his. And if this gentle visitant of the night is thus dear to the sea-farer's heart, can we readily believe that she does not, in return, look in love on the gallant vessels that wing their way beneath her beams, and commiserate the sad disasters which they are doomed to undergo.

“O heavenly Queen! by mariners beloved!
Refulgent moon! when in the cruel sea
Down sank yon fair ship to her coral grave,
Where didst thou linger then? Sure it behoved

A spirit strong and pitiful like thee
At that dread hour thy worshippers to save;
Nor let the glory where thy tenderest light,
Forsaking even the clouds, with pleasure lay,
Pass, like a cloud which none deplores,
away,

No more to bless the empire of the night.

“O vain belief! most beautiful as thou art,

Thy heavenly visage hides a cruel heart.

When death and danger, terror and dismay,

Are madly struggling on the dismal Ocean,
With heedless smile and calm unaltered motion,

Onward thou glidest through the milky way,

Nor, in thy own immortal beauty blest,
Hear'st dying mortals rave themselves to rest.

Yet when this night thou mount'st thy starry throne,

Brightening to sunlike glory in thy bliss,
Wilt thou not then thy once-loved vessel miss,

And wish her happy now that she is gone?”

To whom else than these can the glimpses of the moon be so intensely dear as to prompt the spontaneous poetry of the Heart? Surely, more than to any others, to those who sit in the darkness and desolation of bondage, counting the tedious resting-places of time, and reviving as if from the dead at any kind visitation that seems to break their loneliness, or to betoken the return of light and liberty.

“Smile of the moon!—for so I name
That silent greeting from above;
A gentle flash of light that came
From Her whom drooping captives love;
Or art thou of still higher birth?
Thou that didst part the clouds of earth,
My torpor to reprove!”

Such are some of the imaginative impersonations of these fair orbs which spring from the feelings of the heart, and which, in all time, will give an additional beauty to their lustre, and a stronger energy to their moral influence, yet so as not to disturb, but rather to aid and enforce the sacred truth, that these are but the dim reflections of ineffable brightness and transcendent power, in a Being infinitely greater than all his works, from whom our faculties have borrowed all their resources, and to whom we can communicate nothing unless it be the imperfections of our own unworthy and inadequate apprehensions.

THE TOBIAS CORRESPONDENCE.

No. I.

FROM NESTOR GOOSEQUILL, ESQ. TO TOBIAS FLIMSY, ESQ., ON THE GENERAL QUESTION OF EDITING NEWSPAPERS.

*Ben Jonson's Head, Shoe Lane, Fleet Street,
Monday, 1st June 1840.*

DEAR TOBIAS,—I have just received your letter, which I hasten to answer, though in reality I am any thing but sure that this will reach you, as you have forgotten to send your address. I called at your last lodgings in Arundel Street: the lady was so civil and attentive to your proceedings, that when I asked for your address, she said she wished she knew it. I saw Tom Wilkinson of the Goat and Compasses, and had a glass of brandy and water with him (cold), over which he mentioned to me that he supposed you would soon settle with him your last year's bill. Of course I said you would; and in order to show my opinion of your solvency, I ordered three or four glasses of the same (hot for him), which are put down to your account. So far as that goes, all is satisfactory. That rascally snip, Smashton, who has been a bankrupt some score of times, met me by chance, and had the impudence to speak to me of something he says you owe him. I really never was so disgusted in my life, and, with what I trust is a proper degree of moral feeling, told the fellow that if you ever paid him a farthing, I should be under the necessity of cutting your society, for your not appropriating the sum to the payment of his honest, his honourable, and his ill-used creditors. I spoke to him in such a manner against the villany of getting into debt, that if the scoundrel has any feeling—but no matter; I am sure, dear Tobias, you will never, by your conduct in this particular, reduce me to a predicament so distressing to my feelings as cutting you. Never pay him, my dear fellow, never—but I need not impress this more strongly upon your just and discreet mind.

Jack Random, I spent the evening with last Saturday: he tells me that on looking over your cases, he does not see what you have to apprehend.

He is really a good fellow, though an attorney, and has done every thing for you that a man could, except paying the costs out of pocket, for omitting which ceremony he had many reasons; and look after your fifteen or sixteen cases, from which he was prevented by the accident of his being on a visit in White Cross, which may be, and indeed is, a valuable seminary for learning the principles and practice of the debtor and creditor law, but is remarkably unfavourable for locomotive exertion. He is out, however, now, and will attend to your affairs as soon as he gets through a couple of dozen dinners with recently emancipated Knights of the Cross, whom he assisted, by acceptances or otherwise, in their escape from the Philistines. On the whole, he thinks that there are not more than five executions against you—there may possibly be six, for there is no knowing whether that infernal vagabond, Moses Abuddibus, has issued an Ex. for that sixty-one day bill you accepted for me last March two years, though I have promised to pay him six, ay, eight months ago, because ruffians like him are never to be trusted, as they have no notion, like gentlemen, of keeping their word: but say six exes, and that's all. There are seven or eight razor-strops—little Victorias by the grace of God—besides, but they are only serviceable—so that's not at all pressing.

As for the exes—

First, as to paying Humphry Hocus for the wine

[This part of the letter is so completely of a private nature, that we cannot print it. It is sufficient to say, the writer advises his correspondent on the great impropriety of wasting his money in paying debts. He says he has known it to be the ruin of many a man. It is a worse propensity than gambling, he observes, be-

cause gambling, though the practice is immoral, yet you *may* get something by it; but in paying debts, the money is assuredly lost to you and your heirs for ever, without any hope of equivalent.]

I called at Charley Owen's in the Strand, and backed the tickets on your watch and waistcoats, so that they are safe for three months. As my money happened to be locked up at the time in some heavy speculations in the city, I took the liberty of selling one of your tickets to Charley, to raise the wind for keeping the rest out of danger. There was some money in your favour, on the strength of which he and I and Mac dined at Dubourg's. He behaved so civilly that I could not do any thing less with common decency; and I am sure you will approve of it. You can draw a bill upon me for the balance whenever you like, and when it is dishonoured, I will pay the three and sixpence for noting with pleasure. We had a remarkably agreeable evening, and as I was putting Owen into a cab at about three in the morning, I took the precaution of borrowing from him a ten-pound note and some loose silver, least he might be robbed by the cabman. I have observed with regret that the appointment of our mutual friend, Daniel Whittle Harvey, to the office of Jarvey-general has not effected any considerable emendation in the lives and characters of the tribes entrusted to his sceptre; nor do I think that the missionary societies, so successful among Blacks, Hindoos, Jews, Quakers, and other heterodox sects, or pagans far off, have done any thing material in introducing Christianity among the cabs. I therefore deemed it no more than my duty to pay the fare for Charley beforehand, although it amounted to a shilling, (eightpence was the just fare, but I would not stand quarrelling with a swindling knave upon a trifle,) out of my own pocket.

Mother Phillips has your linen, but there seems to be a difference between you, which I cannot reconcile. You say you have three shirts, five collars, and four pair of socks. She maintains that it is but two shirts, three collars, and two pair of socks, both in holes. I really cannot offer an opinion as to which is right; of course I maintain it is you, but she is positive. As to the bill, the difference there is remarkable. You sent me five and six-

pence to pay it, and get a receipt in full. I tendered her the money, but she refused it, saying you owed her eleven and eightpence—partly for washing, partly for quarterns which she got for you. Finding the discrepancy in your respective statements so material, I could not do you the injustice of handing over the money to her. Under such circumstances, I thought the best thing to do was to take it to Jack Lomas's, where Harry, Jack, Joe, Roe, Jemmy, and I drank it to your health. Do you intend to pay the eleven and eightpence? Perhaps you had better, as it is unpleasant to have a small balance hanging on among these low people. If you will send me eleven shillings, I think I can save you the difference; and eightpence, let me tell you, is something to save out of an account of this kind; and a man should be cautious. If you think that there has been any imposition played off, or even attempted upon you, do not think of submitting to it. Straightness in accounts is always best, even in trifles.

I tumbled upon Sloman in Covent Garden by mere chance. He came up to speak to me. I was at first somewhat impressed with the idea it was upon some business of my own, but was much relieved when I found it was upon yours. He fumbled in his pocket-book, as if looking for a writ; but, fortunately, the manuscript was not discoverable. He spoke to me in the kindest manner of you, but as I perceived that he had sent his man, after a confidential whisper, in the direction of Cursitor Street, I was not anxious to detain him from his business. I told him that if he held over the writ he has against you in the case of Slapbang and Swindlebody, he might expect a sovereign—and so no doubt he may. Being a very hospitable man, he asked me to take share of a bottle of champagne, at his expense, at Evans's; for he could wait, he said, until his man returned. I consented; but as I knew that it would occupy some time in swallowing the expensive wine recommended by my disinterested friend of Herne Bay, I preferred getting through a glass of gin and water with extreme rapidity, relieving Mr Sloman from the necessity of treating me, as he benevolently proposed, to a second. I passed the river Thames, by the noble bridge called after the

immortal battle of Waterloo, and, ensconcing myself securely in the Feathers, reflected upon the ease of a snug situation in the southern latitudes. I thought of Tom Macaulay in the East Indies, and called for a cheroot. As I sate in the end window enjoying a fine view of the Thames, I perceived that my friend Sloman and his companion were prowling about the northern extremity of the bridge, which, I assure you, was not one of the least agreeable features in the landscape. He particularly asked about your habitation, and I told him that you had joined the Chinese expedition, and were at present, in all probability, outside the celebrated harbour called by the English Canton, but by native authorities Kwang-tchoo-foo-ht; and as you were to return as soon as the war was over, he might consider his sovereign as secure to him as if you had been in England; which I am certain is no more than the plain truth. The only observation which Sloman made on this consisted in a single word, which was "gammon." I cannot conceive what he meant, nor how he, being a strict professor of Hebrew theology, and a great rabbi among the Jews, can have anything to say to pig's meat. I did not, however, wait to enquire, feeling convinced that it was, after all, nothing but some low slang expression, such as is to be expected from people of his low business, whose company I have always, therefore, most sedulously avoided.

Sam Jones is not that fool you take him for. I wrote to him as you desired; and, to ensure his punctuality, asked him to take a chop and a glass of grog with me at the Blue Posts in Cork Street—at my expense of course. He came to the minute; and, on my mentioning your name, broke out into the highest encomiums upon you, and at one time was on the point of shedding tears. I had no notion of the extent of your kindness to him. You were taken, he told me, three times upon a cognovit, which you gave to satisfy an acceptance you had prudently lent him; and though his heart bled for you, he was obliged to leave you to settle the whole debt, costs and all, in the course of a couple of years. You had taken him out of the Marshalsea, he said, where he was locked up for L.3, 15s.; and his creditor had so high an opinion of

your credit, as to take your bill at three months, though the postscript of costs had swelled it to L.18, 6s. 6d., which you liquidated in the manner above mentioned. At what time, my dear friend, did these extraordinary events occur? You never mentioned a word to me about them. Seeing that he was rather well-dressed, I suggested to him that now was the time to show his gratitude: and he exclaimed, in a fit of irrestrainable enthusiasm, that there was nothing he would not do to serve you. "I'd move heaven and earth," said he, "to serve that man!" "Then," said I, "send him a sovereign." Any thing—ask me any thing but that," he said, with much vehemence—"that I cannot do." On enquiring into the reason of his objection, he told me that you had not inserted his name as indebted to you in your schedule, and that paying you now would involve him in a connivance with—pardon me for saying the word—with perjury, as you had sworn that you had inserted *all* your credits. "It would hurt the character of us both," he remarked, "if, by paying Tobias any thing, he acknowledged that the sacred obligation of an oath was violated or trifled with." It was in vain that I plied him with a couple of extra bowls of punch. I could not get over the tenderness of his religious scruples; and, finally, I became so disgusted that I departed from the room without bidding him good-night. I was so carried away by indignation, that it was not until next morning I recollected I had not settled the bill. On hastening to the Blue Posts to rectify the error, I found that Sam, not having any thing in his waistcoat pockets, satisfied the waiters by the deposit of his waistcoat itself, besides his stock and bandana; all articles too costly and quite out of taste for a fellow like him. As the weather was remarkably sultry, and Sam had been rather too liberally applying "hot and rebellious liquors to his blood," as the divine Shakespeare has it, he must have felt considerably relieved by the removal of his stock and waistcoat, as he walked airily home in the cool of midnight. As for the bandana, in his then state, it would probably have fallen into the hands of pickpockets, or loose women. Seeing that every thing was much safer as it stood, and not wishing to disturb Sam's arrangements, I did not

accede to the request of the waiter to take possession of the goods, on payment of the bill. I am neither by inclination nor license a pawnbroker, to advance money on wearing apparel; and, on the whole, even if they are finally sold, which will probably be the case, yet as they were articles not suited to his manners, or his condition in life, and as it is to be feared that they were obtained in no very creditable manner, he is better without them. As for your money, give it up. Sam, I repeat it, is no fool, whatever he may appear, and displays a considerable degree of cunning in his general dealings. I should think it would be no easy matter to make him a dupe, or to play any tricks upon him. I have found it so by experience.

Though it is a visit not in consonance with my usual habits, yet, to oblige you, I called in the Edgeware Road upon Sally. That girl, it is evident, has a sincere regard for you. She asked me most anxiously where you had gone; and, on my informing her that I could not tell, she stamped gracefully, or at all events, emphatically, upon the ground, and exclaimed that if she knew she would follow you all over England, and ferret you out: an assertion which she confirmed with the solemnity of an oath. It is pleasant to witness these bursts of affection, especially when, as I believe is her case, the solicitude about a lover is rendered more intense by the maternal desire of supporting her offspring. The landlady, who, she told me, was a very unfeeling woman, barresses her every week with her vulgar visits; and, she added, the circumstance of your not taking a formal leave of her on your departure the day before the half-year became due, gives the coarse creature an opportunity of talking of your want of politeness. In those classes you may often observe a ridiculous attention to the forms and ceremonies of etiquette. As I wished to afford Sally protection from these insults, I came to the resolution of taking up my quarters for the present in the Edgeware Road. The rooms, indeed, are small for two; but Sally and I make ourselves as comfortable as we can, without grumbling. I know your generous mind will lead you to regret that I should put myself to so much inconvenience: but I do not regret what I do for a friend. In a similar difficulty you would do the

same for me, as I am sure you have, upon more than one occasion, done already.

Having thus, I think, pleasantly arranged your private affairs, I must now touch upon your future functions—but in the very outset I am puzzled. You tell me you have taken the office of editor of a newspaper, and seem not a little elated at the dignity—an elation, in esteeming which at its proper value I should have the more ready means of ascertaining, if I had seen your agreement, or knew the present state of the stability of your journal. But you do not tell me what the paper is—where published—how backed—or what politics; and yet, leaving me thus in the dark, you ask me to give you sound practical advice, such as you say my long experience, and, as you are pleased, dear Tobias, flatteringly to add, “the diversified and astonishing scope of my undoubted abilities so admirably qualify me to offer.” I was pleased to see you making that last remark, not from the idle suggestions of vanity, but because it shows a power of rounding a sentence—not merely melodiously, but with a due feeling of the propriety of conciliating the member you mean to puff. Sheridan has made his hero in the *Critic* give a lecture upon puffing. Witty, no doubt, and well to laugh at, as a thing in a play. But mind *me*—when you want to puff any man, let it not be oblique, collusive, or any other of the categories of Sheridan’s friend. Do it straightforward: lay it on with a trowel. The public, if there is such a being, is no more deceived in the one case than in the other—that is not the way to humbug the public: but the *man* is tickled, which is the main object of the writer, or, at least, ought to be. I think that the word “admirable” is a good word when used thus—“as So-and-so said in his *admirable* speech”—“my Lord So-and-so is the most *admirable* man of his party”—“the conduct of Sir Blunderbuss So-and-so was *admirable* throughout,” and so forth. It is almost as good a word of command as “accommodate” in the days of Bardsolph, and generally as easy of exact definition. Therefore the compliment of your letter I hail, not as ministering to any feeling of self-gratulation, but as proving that you have obtained, or at least are in the road of obtaining, the mastery of one branch of your profession.

But how am I to guide you in the midst of this thick and palpable obscure? Are you Tory, Whig, Radical, Chartist, High Church, Low Church, No Church, Snob Church, Rob Church, Up Papist, Down Papist, Voluntary, Involuntary, Intrusionist, Extrusionist, Moderate, Immoderate? Are you in an agricultural district, or in a manufacturing? Slavery, or no slavery? Currency solid, or currency paper? What are you? I know not. I have no means of knowing; and yet you ask me for advice to conduct your paper.

I can only return a general answer, and have therefore jotted down in an alphabetical order, that I may not be supposed unduly to prefer any one subject to another, what I think are the prominent, perhaps the exclusive, topics to which the writer of leading articles may be called upon to address himself; and, to supply you with the most appropriate manner of treating them on all sides, I have done so with impartiality. *Tros Tyriusque mihi*—but I shall not continue the line, for I have some remarks upon the general question elsewhere, when touching upon quotation, as practised by senators and other persons of public appearance.

The main topics, then, I take it, are these:—

- I. CATHOLICS.
- II. CORN.
- III. CURRENCY.
- IV. DISSENT.
- V. EDUCATION.
- VI. FACTORIES.
- VII. FINANCE.
- VIII. FOREIGN AFFAIRS.
- IX. GOVERNMENT, at home and in colonies.
- X. INTRUSION.
- XI. JOBBING.
- XII. LIBEL.
- XIII. PERSONALITY.
- XIV. POOR LAWS.
- XV. QUEEN.
- XVI. REFORM.
- XVII. SLAVE TRADE.
- XVIII. TRADE, FREE.

All these are subdivisible into many minor heads.

No. I. (*Catholics*) for example, opens up the whole question of the quarrels and the politics connected with them, which have divided, what is in common parlance called the religious world, some dozen generations of articulate or inarticulate speaking men.

No. VIII. (*Foreign Affairs*) gives us every thing in continental Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australasia, Melville's Island, the kingdoms of Fife and Kerry, and other foreign parts; besides war, peace, bully, sneak, threaten, skulk, palaver, protocol, and all the other weapons of diplomacy. No. IX. (*Government*) and No. XI. (*Jobbing*) embrace the minuter shades of Whig and Tory, in all their varied ramifications,—and so forth. I have omitted to make a separate category of humbug, because it is so mixed up with all these questions, (except No. XV.) that it would be difficult to disentangle it from the general body, and manifestly unjust to allow that the trading professors of any matter of public debate, by which money is to be made or notoriety obtained, excel, in the practice of that inestimable science, their brother merchants in other departments of merchandise. To business:—

I. CATHOLICS. I might have called them Papists, as those who like them not are in the wont of doing, but that would have thrown them into the letter P., so to come *thirteenth* in the series; or Roman Catholics, as the compromisers, who boldly disregard the imputation of committing a bull, are in the habit of designating them, for that would have flung them into R, about the *sixteenth*; and as I desire to have them *first* on my list, I take them by the name they give themselves.—(Let me here make a parenthesis to observe, that I like them for their courage in taking the name. We sometimes hear people say, that Shakspeare, by asking "What's in a name," insinuates that there is nothing in it. These people are not wise, Tobias. It is not Shakspeare who says anything of the kind, unless we set him down as responsible for every thing that he puts into the mouths of his characters. Shakspeare well knew that there was as much virtue in a name, as Lord Coke found in an &c.; and when he makes Cassius assure his confederate, that "Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar," he does it with the full assurance that Cassius is to find out his mistake in the end. Therefore commend I the Catholics for taking to themselves *par excellence* the sounding name. Depend upon it, it tells somewhere, and that extensively.) I wish to put their article first for this plain reason, viz., that I desire

to remark in the beginning of my short thesis, that if you cannot write on the Catholic question, you have completely mistaken your trade. Depart from newspapers: abscond from the pen, unless you use it to write for annuals. You have come into the wrong vocation. Pare a moss, break stones on the road, turn a mangle, go in the British auxiliary Spanish legion: do any thing, in short, but journalize. You have made a mistake; your blunder is barbarous. I cannot teach in such a case, any more than I could impart a knowledge of landscape-drawing to the blind. If you be No-Popery: idolatry, superstition, inquisition, bloody Mary, Philip II., St Bartholomew, 1641, revocation of Edict of Nantz, 1798, Scallabogue, no faith with heretics, Dr Dens, O'Connell, beggary, perjury, swindling. If Pro-Popery: seven centuries of oppression, religion of seven-eighths of Christian world, seven millions of trampled-upon men, the march of mind, the tolerance of the popes, the ancient faith, the religion of Fénelon, the green fields and bright streams of Ireland, the finest peasantry, the most holy priesthood; oh! ah! ho! hurrah! bleeding heart, true patriot, justice for Ireland. If you cannot write this—and there is at least a couple of dozen articles in the above catalogue, every one of them wanting but the merest inflation of the most ordinary gas to swell into the dimensions of a *ballon-monstre*—if you cannot do this, I repeat that you have mistaken your business, and should retire from the profession of journalism with as little delay as may be. Why even ——— on our side, and ——— on the other, can write that: I am sure that anybody, Tobias, can fill up the blanks.

II. CORN. A plain—a very plain question. I know that you have never thought any thing about it, except when your weekly bill has informed you that the quartern loaf has risen an extra penny, and therefore left you so much more in debt to the unfortunate baker; but in this, Tobias, you do not differ from the chief speakers and writers on the liberal side of this subject. The main argument in Villiers's three-times spoken speech, for example, could be summoned up advantageously in the above sentence. As the subject is a flowery one—excuse the pun—you may amplify it, as

he did, with ornaments of rhetoric, and other nice things of the kind; but after all, it will come to the inconvenience of the extra penny. I shall, however, instruct you so deeply on the matter, that you will pass off as a philosopher of the first water, in half a dozen sentences. It is, I have said, Tobias, a very plain question—I mean for a newspaper man, being purely a question of place. If your paper is in an agricultural district—Corn laws: in a manufacturing district—no Corn laws: in a mixed district—strict impartiality; or still better, rigid silence. If you are to be for the Corn laws, you must remark, that it is a most unhappy state for a nation to be dependent on foreigners, who may at any time become enemies, for daily bread. Praise the landed interest of England, and uphold the unpaid magistracy. Here you will have an opportunity of abusing the *Morning Chronicle*. Quote the lines of Goldsmith,—

“Princes and peers may flourish and may fade,
A breath may make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, its country's pride,
When once 'tis lost, can never be supplied.”

They have been quoted a thousand times already, but that is a proof of the general impression as to their undeniable truth—and besides, poetry is not generally read in the agricultural districts, so that they may pass for original, and the farmers' daughters copy them in their scrap-books with your name. Every now and then give a discursive history of the fall of states in ancient and modern times; all of which you must attribute to the want of Corn Laws. Carthage had no Corn Laws—she was dependent on foreigners for grain: she fell accordingly. Rome had no Corn Laws: she tumbled, when the Sicilian and other granaries of the empire were lost. And so on. Talk of the serfs in Pomerania, and other corn-producing lands, famishing upon sour cabbage, in the midst of glowing harvests of golden grain—and contrast their condition with that of the bacon-greased countenances of the English farm servants. But in this particular do not be too rash, because you must always leave a loophole of retreat:

there should be a *corps de reserve* of grumbling kept always in hand, for the farmers, above all people, like to be told they are ruined. Say, then, that the foreign serf is miserable when compared with what the English farmer is, "or, at least, *was* in the best times of the country; and as we trust we shall see him again, when the unwise, unjust, unnatural, and impolitic system of insult and oppression under which he is labouring at present," (and that *present* will do for any time,) "is abandoned, as it must speedily be, amid the universal indignation of an outraged people." Take care, of course, to speak highly of the Duke of Buckingham, but mind he must not be the only object of applause. The great man in your immediate neighbourhood should be continually panegyricized, and you must hold him up as a pattern for all the gentry of England. This will get you a dinner at the Hall sometimes; and *à propos* of that, you must make it a point to attend all public dinners, (tickets sent to the office, and no subscription in the evening expected from you,) and, if you can keep sober enough, make a speech. This will give you weight in the country, for though you may talk the greatest nonsense in the world, which, Tobias, is highly probable, you will have the reporting of it yourself; and on the morrow, when cool reflection comes, it is strange if you will not be able to write a speech to pass muster, as well as those which you have to compose for the other orators of the evening. If you be in a manufacturing district, then, of course, manufactures are the main stay of England, and what can be more detestable than to attack the food of the hard-working man—to put on an accursed bread tax—to plant a stab in the vitals of the poor—to deprive the child of sustenance, the mother of— and all the rest of that: quote, if you can remember them, or find any one that does, the verses of Ebenezer Elliot, which I understand are of an uncommon kind, not such as are to be met with every day. If you cannot remember them, make them— as—

"I would cut down with hatchet and with
axe

Those who support this most accursed
bread tax;

People of England! listen to the cry.

—that will be quite enough, being exactly as much as the most studious reader ever at any given time read of the visions of Ebenezer. Here, too, you may quote history. Boldly defy any of your corn-law readers to contradict you, when you state that Jerusalem perished in the siege of Titus, for no other reason than that the Jews were not allowed a free import of corn, and that the same may be strongly surmised of other blockaded cities. Take excellent care to puff the chairman of the Chamber of Commerce, or other similar institution, and if he likes your articles, (and in general these gentlemen are as vain as magpies, whom indeed they much resemble in the style and variety of their oratory,) you may perhaps get him to do you a bill. Above all things, give tables—not dinner tables, but tables of figures—in vast abundance; thus:—

"In the year 1792, when the price of corn was 38s. 6d. a quarter, the wages of the carpenter—we take carpenters for an obvious reason, because theirs is a trade which must be diffused throughout the kingdom—averaged (see the Northampton tables) 17s. 4d. per week; that is to say, 17s. 4d. a-week, being 208 pence"—[be correct in this, for some old schoolmaster in the neighbourhood will take the trouble of reducing it to pence, and denouncing you in the rival journal for the mistake, if you make one, in a letter signed "your's indignantly—PHILO-MATH"]—being 208 pence; it follows that he could with these wages purchase 164 pound weight avoirdupois of flour, convertible, (allowing 3½d. for yeast and baking, and 0.276 for loss, as calculated by Sir Astley Cooper,) into 159 pounds of solid, substantial, and nutritious bread:—in other words, allowing him to have a wife and five children, which is only a fair proportion for an industrious man, 22 pounds and 5-7ths of a pound per day, or nearly three pounds and a half of bread per individual. It is no wonder that cholera was never heard of among the poorer classes in those days. Now, indeed, we have higher wages. He who in 1840 represents the carpenter of 1792 receives indeed 22s. 2d. (see the Bowring tables) per week; but the price of corn being, by the last Gazette, 78s. 9d. per quarter, it follows that he can procure no more

than 29 pounds four ounces of bread per week, being, under circumstances similar to the former case, no more than seven pounds and a third per day, a little more than a pound per individual. We pity at once the heart and the intellect of him who upholds such a system as this." I have read many a paper signed Daniel Hardcastle to this effect, which has made a deep impression upon reflecting readers.

"On Tuesday last, a great *anti-corn law* meeting was held, which, whatever may be our opinion as to the great question under discussion, must be admitted to be of the very highest *respectability*, whether we consider it in the light of *wealth*, intelligence, *public spirit*, or intrinsic worth and character of all who attended. *The well-known, and universally respected merchant*, who filled the chair, performed his arduous duties with a skill, talent, and urbanity, which well deserved the unanimous thanks with which the meeting rewarded him at its conclusion. The arguments adduced by the several speakers were not new—what, indeed, can be new upon a subject so long debated?—but were put forth with a talent and energy that cannot be too highly applauded. Differing as we do from the premises of some of the speakers, and from the conclusions of others, as indeed very often these premises and conclusions differed from one another, we cannot refrain from offering these independent remarks. Our own opinions are too well known to render it necessary that they should be here repeated" (of course you have taken right good care never to have expressed an opinion at all,) "and we shall conclude by referring our readers to a report of the great *anti-corn law* debate, which we have given most copiously without regard to trouble or expense—it will be found in our second page—and to the resolutions, for which see advertisement."

"Signed by the *opulent* chairman."
(N.B.—Take care to get that.)

I have underscored the only words that need differ in the two reports, and I advise you keep the article stereotyped if you are placed in so unpleasant a situation as not to know on which side your boat is to be trimmed.

III. CURRENCY.—Here again, Tobias, of this question I think I may fairly assume you have no personal information. As your salary was paid weekly, you, of course, know of the existence of golden coins; and as they were with lightning rapidity convert-

The only case that remains is that in which you are in a town of divided interest—Liverpool for example—where you have the fear of offending the gentlemen of Lancashire on the one hand, by being anti-corn, and the men of Dale Street, Lord Street, and the Docks on the other, by being pro-corn: it is a hard case, but you must trim. Write as follows:—

"On Tuesday, last, a great *agricultural* meeting was held, which, whatever may be our opinion as to the great question under discussion, must be admitted to be of the very highest *class of society*.

rank, birth.

true English feeling.

The noble Lord, a true pattern of an English gentleman.

pro corn law.

noble.

ed into *metalliques* of a lower grade of the silver and copper currency, it is impossible to suppose you can be ignorant. As for paper—it must have been long since, "long, long ago," as the song has it, since you saw, save in distant vision, a bank-note, (your weekly allowance being but £3, 3s.); and your ideas of paper currency are in all probability restricted to an acquaintance with those stamped parallelograms which you now and then successfully, but far more frequently in vain endeavoured to get discounted

on the easy terms of 50 per cent., half in wine or coals. In dense ignorance upon the subject, you do not differ, my dear Tobias, from Mr Samuel Lloyd, Mr Richard Page, Mr William Tooke, Mr Alsager, Mr James Macculloch, and other eminent authorities. I own it is a question, which, talking as an impartial man, I absolutely hate. It has been the greatest bother I ever remember since I came into the world of politics, and

"First vent a scribbling—
A long time ago."

Tom Moore talks of "Eternal Catholics and Corn," as the great fires of the world, which only proves that Tom Moore was writing of what he knew nothing about. Catholics and Corn are plain questions, as plain as a pike-staff, or Lord Morpeth's countenance. If you were No-Popery, you had only to abuse the Papists—if Pro-Popery, to abuse the Churchmen—(see Article CATHOLICS in this letter)—surely there is no trouble in that. Again, in the Corn question, are not the parties sufficiently defined *there* too? To be sure, they are. (See Article CORN LAWS, *ante*.) But here, in the Currency affair, we are most sadly complicated. The Whigs, under the philosophy of the political economists, and the cajolery of the capitalists, are all in favour of what they call a sound currency. Even to your uneducated mind, it may not be necessary to explain that these same Whigs detest Sir Robert Peel. On the other hand, the Tories, led by the landed interest, have a mortal aversion to the sound currency, which, indeed, has left their estates, in many cases, little more than a sound—excuse the pun—and a great veneration of that Baronet aforesaid. This is exceedingly distressing to an impartial, by which I mean, a partial journalist. To a Whig, it is very unpleasant to be obliged to say, "The bill of 1819 is a measure of vast wisdom, and of great benefit to the country;" while, at the same time, he is compelled to add, that "the author of that bill is a man of narrow mind, and contracted intellect, whose whole career has entailed upon the country nothing but mischief." Again, how can a Tory say, "Sir Robert Peel is the most sagacious of men, and the truest of patriots," when he must denounce

his bill as an act of pestilent folly, which ruined the nation, and sold it to pawnbrokers? This is a heart-breaking case. If Sir Robert was out of it, the question is easy to manage. On one side—sound currency, real metal, not filthy rags—security against panic—destruction of the hopes of needy speculators—philosophy, science, enlarged notions, and men of straw. Rob Cobbett's "paper against gold," literally translating his English into your own dialect as well as you can; but do not quote Cobbett, first, because you may pass off the pilfered goods as your own; and secondly, because he is not in favour with the political-economy doctors, whom he used to call "feclosifers," and otherwise batter and maltreat. On the other side, declaim against the dishonesty of forcing people to pay contracts of all kinds made when Consols were perhaps at 50, in the same precise nominal sum now, when they are at 93 or over—lament over the ruin of unhappy mortgagors or others whose estates were burthened in the paper times, which burthens are now to be got rid of in the days of gold and silver; talk of Fred. Robinson's year of panic, hard following the Bill of 1819, which was to have extinguished all panics whatsoever—of Huskisson's forty-eight hours of barter—be hard upon Jews, usurers, pawnbrokers, money-lenders, capitalists, bill-brokers, bill-stealers, and other bad characters of that kind—and lift up your leg to bestow a heartfelt and warm salutation upon the Currency quacks. I do not see how you are to do better; but it is, as I have already observed, a distressing question under existing circumstances. The only thing agreeable about it is, that you can write articles which, as nobody understands a word of them, will, on the old principle, *omne ignotum pro magnifico*, pass off as models of profound wisdom. It was that which made the fortune of Macculloch, and the fame of Torrens. There is also this advantage, that you may steal these gentlemen's lucubrations ready made, as no human being remembers a word they wrote. Macculloch himself was so sure of this, that he actually reprinted one of his own most elaborate essays, and it passed off among his admirers as spick-and-span new.

IV. **DISSENTERS.**—Why—since the Test and Corporation acts have been repealed, it is evident that these people have no sort of existence in the country. They used to make a rumpus once upon a time, but now it is found out that it was only like the hollow rumbling of an empty cask. As, therefore, I do not think that you can be engaged on a dissenting paper, I have no advice to offer for your conduct of one. Baines in Leeds—the Baines whom Cobbett used to call the great Liar of the North—makes something out of his Mercury, and has got himself into Parliament, and his son into a snug birth by means of it; but I think he is the only one, and he is rather flaring down in dissent. If, however, there be so rare a bird as another elsewhere, and that you are engaged upon it, you must talk about the tythe-eating church—be smart upon bishops and doctors of divinity—talk about the sufferings of the Covenanters—the horrible injustice of believing in the Thirty-nine Articles—puff Baxter, Doddridge, and other luminaries of dissent—(sink all the scandal about the latter-named divine)—if there there be a martyr like John Thorogood doing martyrdom at the rate of fifteen shillings a-day, while he could not do cobbling at a higher rate than fifteen shillings a-week, be pathetic upon his unheard-of calamities—abuse the Church of England on account of its approximation to Popery, but praise Popery itself on account of its hatred to the Church of England—if there be any blackguard story respecting a clergyman, publish it in your most conspicuous type, taking care of course to set it forth as the ordinary conduct of the whole body. I cannot suggest any thing more specific. After all it is a bad hunt, unless you mean to turn preacher, which perhaps you do. In that case, you will make the thing fit. Your congregation will take in your paper, and you will take in your congregation. In other circumstances you will be outdone by the dissenting ministers, who will naturally hate you for interfering with their business. If one among them suspects that you are inserting your thieving hooks into their meal-tub, they will denounce you as the Uziah who touched the ark with unconsecrated finger, and do their best to palsy your hand. Not a sixpence will *they* let you sack, Tobias—

not a sixpence. It is against their interest. I have in my time seen chaps emerge from Hoxton as lean as hop-poles, shirtless as pump-handles, and as ragged as scarecrows, with stomachs that would digest a paving stone, and bellies close compressed against the spine, who, after a year's settlement in a thriving neighbourhood, appeared in glossy suits of ample broadcloth, in well-developed linen, and paunches bursting the buttons of their breeches. All this done by preaching—by being the schoolmaster at home—by being the best private instructors. How, then, can they be expected to tolerate the man of writing—the schoolmaster abroad—the best public instructor, whose supremacy might in all probability lead to a return to original lankness and nudity. The idea is absurd—and, in point of fact, we never do see any dissenting congregation in which two stars are allowed to shine. As to your editing an anti-dissenting paper, in that case your task is easy enough. You have only to print what they say of one another, and any other topic or species of abuse is needless.

V. **EDUCATION.**—All parties now are agreed, or at least they pretend to be, as to the great merits of educating all and sundry—therefore, though you may think the whole affair humbug from beginning to end, don't say so. Quote Shakespeare—

“Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to
Heaven,”—

and the last return of the Old Bailey, in which, out of 368 persons convicted, 159 only could read and write, 173 read, but not write, and of the whole not more than seven or eight who could write in such a manner as to be deemed fit for the situation of dramatic critic to the Examiner. If you are Ministerial, praise Lord John Russell and the National Board of Education. Talk much of liberality, freedom of opinion, and the necessity of the supremacy of the Roman Catholic priests over the youthful mind of Ireland. If on the other side, say that Education is nothing unless based upon religion, and address a series of letters to Sir Robert Inglis. On the whole, this is an easy topic, but it is hard to say any thing piquant about it. You will have in every town some journeyman educationist who will relieve you of the task, by sending you a couple of co-

lums of correspondence every week, beginning with—"Sir, your zeal in the noble cause of education induces me to appeal to you, and through you to an enlightened public, your wide circulation among whom is at once a proof of their discernment and your ability," &c. Of course, you must not allow a correspondent to address you in any other strain—and always put in the "widely circulated." A lot of learning here is good, for on the principle that

"He who rules freemen, should himself be free,"

or, as Doctor Johnson read the line,

"Who drives fat oxen, should himself be fat ;"

so he who talks of education should be himself, or, what is the same thing, should appear to be educated. You may, for instance, refer to the case of Sardanapalus, whose ruin was attributable solely to the want of being sent to a normal school in his youth. Quote his inscription, in reality from Lord Byron, but pretend that you found it in Diodorus Siculus :—

"Sardanapalus

The King, and son of Anacyndyrages,
In one day built Anchialus and Tarsus."

"Eat, drink, and sport, the rest's not worth a flip."

You may observe that this sentiment proves him to be a man of no education, else he would have given a very different line. He would have said, as many others have said since his time,—

"Instruct the poor,—their food's not worth a flip."

Owing to his want of being educated, he kept disreputable company, who never had conversaziones, or soirées, or reunions of philosophical discussion, or never attended any of Dr Lardner's lectures. If he had been duly cultivated in time, and taught to read the works of the noble poet who has made him the hero of a tragedy, or those of his friend, Mr Moore; if he had possessed the means of being able to peruse Don Juan, for example, or the poems of Thomas Little, it is highly probable that he would never have been overthrown by the arms of Arbaces the Median, and the empire of Assyria might be flourishing to this hour, and the emperor offering his mediation between Mehemet Pacha of Egypt and the youthful

Sultan anti-Malthusianizing in Constantinople. A flourish of this kind generally produces a good effect: the ladies will call it "sweet."

VI. FACTORIES.—Of course, if you are in Manchester, Liverpool, Bolton, Huddersfield, Oldham, or any other similar place, which the deceased member for the last-named town used to compliment by the title of Hell-holes, you must be for the factory system, else your duration as a newspaper editor will be very short. You must say, Avaunt, Ashley! Sink, Sadler! Down, Trollope, down! Denounce all the statements of the anti-factory folks as so many distinct lies—maintain that the mill owners are angels, and their operations such as were never heard of since the days of Glauber, greatest of operators. Talk of the happiness of the children as unequalled, and be pathetic upon the pleasure it must give them—bless their little hearts!—to contribute to the comforts and the sustenance of their kind parents from the early age of six. Be loud in praise of the importance of the manufacturers of England, and set the spinning-jennies above the Nine Muses and the Three Graces. Of course, be liberal of tables and calculations, with which the Scotch book-keepers will supply you *ad libitum*. As the factory men are about the most hospitable fellows in the world, you will live on the fat of the land if you play your cards well—only do not let your admiration of cotton-twist betray you, as there is great danger among the ever-bibing Mancunians, into a still stronger admiration of gin-twist. If your lot be cast among anti-factory men, why, there you have nothing to do but to enlist Oastler or Stephens, (if out of quod,) and deplore the calamities of the factory slave. Talk of tender infancy that never knew what it was to be a child, and shed tears over the billy-roller. Describe Arkwright as Moloch in Milton—

"Factory king, besmear'd with blood
Of 'prentice sacrifice, and parents' tears,
Though from the whirl of spinning jennies
shrill
The children's' cries unheard that pass'd
through
To his grim overseer."

On one side appeal to a liberal and enlightened public, whether such a man as Muntz, with his beard streaming like a meteor through the troubled

air, would support the factory system if his benevolent heart suspected any of the Trollopian horrors. Ods, goose-and-giblets, I should rather think not. On the other hand, would the red Milesian, Feargus O'Connor, now incarcerated in York Castle and steeped in the bitterest waters of Jordan, rouse up the thunders of his eloquence to blow away the mill-owners with a shout more awful than that which

“Vexed Syella bathing in the sea that parts
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore?”

—I do not know what is so often cramming Milton into my mouth, but, as I shall remark by and by, he is a famous fellow to quote—unless the cry against the factory system arose to heaven, and Feargus thought it necessary to send his after it, in order to give it a shove upwards. On the whole, it is a good question for both sides to write upon: *here* you have protection of infants, maternal sorrow, waste of youthful life, deprivation of youthful innocence, horrible atmosphere, horrible toil, horrible morals, every thing in short horrible, horrible, horrible; and *there* you are furnished with commerce of the country, England raised to power and glory by manufactures, philanthropic masters, prosperous children, hatred of cant and humbug, defiance of falsehood—and much more besides, which will furnish both parties with materials of endless twines of controversy as long drawn out as the African tapeworm, perpetually unwound from the tortured interior of a slave-protecting settler in Freetown, —happy capital of that which once was Sierra Leone, but which now rejoices in the nobler epithet of Liberia.

VII. FINANCE.—This, my dear Tobias, is the most—

But the fact is, I am getting very short of paper, and cannot enter upon the subject of finance at this late hour of the night—in the present scarcity of paper, I mean. I wish you had left a few quires behind you; it would not have cost you any thing, as you might have abstracted it without difficulty

from the office. I have still much to observe on the remaining twelve heads of my political cyclopædia, which I shall impart with as much brevity as I think properly consistent with a full understanding of the business. As I said at the beginning of my letter, I am very doubtful that this will reach you; for, though Doctor Franklin once received a letter which was only directed

*Dr Franklin,
America,*

yet I think, if I directed mine

*Tobias Flimsy, Esq.,
&c. &c.
England,*

there would not be the same certainty of its coming to hand. Indeed I think a man of your modest and retiring habits would be sorry to find yourself so conspicuous as to render it so easy to reach your place of domicile. No, Tobias, you have chosen the course which Horace desired for himself the

“Securum iter, et fallentis semita vitæ.”

“The path secure, where bailiffs never come,

That line of march which best deceives a bum;”

as Francis, or some other learned person translates it. I have, therefore, chanced this letter—sending it through the cashier of the old office; and, as I know you are not in his debt, because he would not let you overdraw him, though you made not a few vigorous attempts, it is possible he may know something about you.

Sally sends her best love. Is there any thing I can do for you? If you have dropped into any salary, you might, perhaps, let me have a little money. You may depend upon my applying it with the greatest judgment and caution in your service.

I am, dear Tobias,
Sincerely yours,

NESTOR GOOSEQUILL.

P.S.—Be candid with me. I heard a whisper that you were gone in the direction of the north. Honour bright and shining, are you in Lancaster Castle? Answer by return of post—at all events as soon as possible.

HISTORY OF EUROPE.*

THE volumes which Mr Alison has already contributed to the history of the last quarter of a century, have given unquestionable evidence of his qualities for his important task. A striking command of language, manly and constitutional principles, a conception at once clear and glowing, and a judgment at once chastised and elevated by religion, place him in the first rank of those who have recorded the wonders of the French Revolution.

France has not been without her describers of this most extraordinary time; but she has still to accomplish the achievement of producing a historian. Her triumph is in animated anecdote, her writers are matchless *conteurs*, and her best modern histories are "*mémoires pour servir*." The national genius seems hostile to the comprehensive views and majestic strength of history. Nothing can surpass the finish and force of her pictures of the individual actors in her great public events, and to this extent the labours of the later French writers must have a value: they are exact, spirited, and brilliant; the great historian, like the great painter, will avail himself of their physiognomies, but he will form his groups from other recollections. He will shape the general action from loftier knowledge and by the application of broader principles, and the creative power which belongs to genius alone, will give the world that canvass which alone contains the mind of the age.

We have read Mr Alison's previous volumes with a degree of pleasure which has certainly been unfelt by us in any other historical work. It has beguiled us from chapter to chapter with all the captivation of a noble romance, while its sound principles and its extensive information have given that romance the still stronger charm of the most magnificent of realities. The whole French Revolution was a drama. It had the beginning, middle, and end, and all within a period not too brief

for human interest, nor too extended for human life. It was comprehended within a single generation. It had all the complexity, yet the clearness, the general design, yet the individual objects, the long alternations of hope and fear, the intricate adventure, and the dazzling and stupendous catastrophe. Living remembrance had seen nothing that resembled it. It brought a new race of impulses into being. Kingly ambition, popular rage, the mysterious and haughty severities of superstition, the wild revenge of ignorance inflamed by a sense of wrong,—all had passed over the surface of European history in their succession, and all had vanished. But at the moment when mankind had begun to ridicule the disturbances and the disturbers, as the work of ages when the world lay in darkness and the ghost and the robber held equal sway over the night, other and still more startling influences were let loose. Shapes of evil that had scarcely been dreamed of in the excited imagination of the past sprang up before the present. The disturbance spread over nations, the disturber stood before us in the broad day of European intelligence. The Revolution wore a visage of fierceness and power to which history had seen nothing equal. A tyranny more sullen than superstition, and more savage than despotism,—mingling infidelity with treason, and giving a new force to its hostility against human laws by its insults to heaven,—exhibited itself to the world, less breaking down than blasting all resistance; trampling on every army and crown of the Continent; and alike in its desperate designs, and its irresistible successes, displaying the splendour, the subtlety, and the remorseless havoc of a fiend.

The present volume embraces the period from 1809 to the close of 1812; the "fourth act" of the drama, when all the scattered causes were beginning to ripen, the leading characters

* History of Europe, from the Commencement of the French Revolution in 1789 to the Restoration of the Bourbons in 1815. By Archibald Alison, E.R.S.E., Advocate. Vol. VIII.

to grow distinct, and the conclusion to shape itself, though still remotely and in clouds, to the general eye.

The variety and multiplicity of the events is actually astonishing; and, compared with those of any equal duration in European annals, throws the tumults of the past totally into the shade. Whatever may be the perverse vigour of public disturbance among our posterity, it will not have the power of reproaching our age with inactivity in point of political conclusion.

These four years include the most important crisis of the war in the Peninsula:—Wellington's daring plans and successes in the central provinces, and the disastrous struggles of the native armies on the eastern coast,—the singular changes of the Mohammedan world,—the reforms of Mahmood, and the Russian war in Turkey,—the Russian and French war; the succession of sanguinary encounters at Borodino, Moscow, &c.,—and the memorable retreat and the general resumption of arms by the vassals of France, preparatory to the overthrow of the tyrant who had so long trampled upon them all.

The volume commences with a brief but animated view of the mental condition of Europe during the age of George the Third. Of the immorality arising from the French literature of the day, it speaks with equal truth and eloquence:—

“In no age of the world has the degrading effect of long-continued prosperity, and the regenerating influence of difficulty and suffering on human thought, been more clearly evinced. The latter part of the eighteenth century, the reign of Louis XV., the Regent Orleans, and Louis XVI., were characterised by a flood of selfishness and corruption, the sure forerunners in the annals of nations of external disaster or internal ruin. Fancy was applied only to give variety to the passions—genius to inflame, by the intermixture of sentiment, the seductions of the senses—talent to obscure the Creator from whom it sprang. The great powers of Voltaire, capable, as his tragedies demonstrate, of the most exalted as well as varied efforts, were perverted by the spirit of the age in which he lived. He wrote for individual celebrity, not eternal truth; and he obtained, in consequence, the natural reward of such conduct, unbounded present

fame, and in some respects undeserved permanent neglect. The ardent and more elevated, but unsteady mind of Rousseau disclaimed such degrading bondage. The bow, bent too far one way, recoiled too far another; and the votaries of fashion, in an artificial age and a corrupted capital, were amused by the eloquent declamations of the recluse of Meillerie on the pristine equality of mankind, the social contract, and the original dignity of the savage character. Raynal, deducing the principles of humanity from the wrong source, traced with persuasive fervour, but with no prophetic foresight, the establishments of the European in the two hemispheres; and, blind to the mighty change which they were destined to effect in the condition of the species, diffused those pernicious dogmas which have now blasted the happiness of the negro race both in the French and English colonies; and sought to deduce, from the commencement of the vast change destined to spread the Christian faith over the wilderness of nature, arguments against its celestial origin. Every department of thought, save one, was tainted by the general wickedness, and blindness to all but present objects, which prevailed. Man's connexion with his Maker was broken by the French apostles of freedom; for they declared there was no God, in whom to trust in the great struggle for liberty. ‘Human immortality,’ says Channing, ‘that truth which is the seed of all greatness, they derided.’ To their philosophy man was a creature of chance, a compound of matter, a worm soon to rot and perish for ever. France failed in her attempts for freedom, through the want of that moral preparation for liberty, without which the blessing cannot be secured. Liberty was tainted by their touch, polluted by their breath; and yet we trusted it was to rise in health and glory from their embrace.’ In the exact sciences alone, dependent upon intellect only, the native dignity of the human mind was asserted; and the names of D’Alembert, La Grange, and La Place, will remain to the end of the world among those who, in the loftiest subjects of enquiry, have extended and enlarged the boundaries of knowledge.

“But more animating times were approaching fast: corruption had produced its inevitable fruits; and adversity, with its renovating influence, was about to pass over the moral world. The Revolution came with its disasters and its passions; its overthrow of thrones and

destruction of altars; its woes, its blood, and its suffering. In the general deluge thus suddenly falling on a sinful world, the mass of mankind in all ranks still clung to their former vices. They were, as of old, marrying and giving in marriage when the waters burst upon them. But the ark of salvation had been prepared by more than mortal hands. The handwriting on the wall was perceived by the gifted few to whom Providence had unlocked the fountains of original thought; and in the highest class of intellect was soon to be discerned the elevating influence of trial and suffering on the human mind."

We are glad to find the historian pausing on his way to more showy and tumultuous themes, to do honour, which was but to do justice, to the memory of George the Third. The faction which that honest and high-principled monarch excluded from the means of public mischief during his reign, have taken the base revenge of calumny since his decease; and it is only the duty of history, which will live when pamphleteering bitterness, and the hedge-firing hostility of reviews, are sunk in contemptuous oblivion, to pay the national tribute to the most *English* sovereign that ever sat upon the throne.

"No monarch was ever better adapted for the arduous and momentous duty to which he was called, or possessed qualities more peculiarly fitted for the difficulties with which, during his long reign, he had to contend. Born and bred in England, he gloried, as he himself said, in the name of Briton. Educated in the principles of the Protestant religion, he looked to their maintenance not only as his first duty, but as the only safeguard of his throne. Simple in his habits, moderate in his desires, unostentatious in his tastes, he preferred, amidst the seductions of a palace, the purity and virtues of domestic life. His education had been neglected—his information was not extensive; but he possessed, in a very high degree, that native sagacity and just discrimination, for the want of which no intellectual cultivation can afford any compensation, and which are so often found more than adequate to supply the place of the most brilliant and even solid acquisitions. He inherited from his father the hereditary courage and firmness of his race. On repeated occasions, when his life was attempted, he evinced a rare and perso-

nal intrepidity; and when he proposed, during the dreadful riots of 1780, to ride at the head of his guards into the midst of the fires of his capital, he did no more than what his simple heart told him was his duty, but what, nevertheless, bespoke the monarch fitted to quench the conflagration of Europe. Though quick in conversation, as kings generally are, he could not be said to have an acute mind; and yet the native strength of his intellect enabled him to detect at once any sophistry which interfered with the just sense he always entertained of his public or religious duties. When Mr Dundas, in the course of conversation on the Catholic claims, previous to Mr Pitt's retirement on that ground in 1800, urged the often repeated argument, that the Coronation oath was taken by him only in relation to his executive duties, he at once replied, 'Come, come, Mr Dundas, let us have none of your *Scotch metaphysics*.'

The firmness which he exhibited on occasion of the run upon the Bank and the mutiny of the *Nore*, in 1797, brought the nation safely through the most dangerous crisis of recent times. His inflexible determination, in 1807, to admit no compromise with the Catholics regarding the Coronation oath, averted for twenty years that loosening of the constitution in Church and State, under which the nation has since so grievously laboured. When resisting, almost alone, Mr Fox's India bill in 1783, he expressed his determination rather to resign his crown, and retire to Hanover, than permit it to become a law; and the result has proved both that he had correctly scanned on that occasion the feelings of the English people, and rightly appreciated the probable effect of the proposed measure on our eastern empire, and the balance of the constitution in this country.

His determination to admit no accommodation with the American insurgents, prolonged that unhappy contest for years after even his own ministers had become aware that it was hopeless; yet even such a resolution had something magnanimous in its character. It is now well known, that, but for the incapacity of the generals in command of his armies, his firmness would have been rewarded with success; and all must admit, that his first words to the American minister who came to his court after the peace,—'I was the last man in my dominions to acknowledge your indepen-

dence; but I will be the first to support it, now that it has been granted,"—were worthy of the sovereign of a great empire, whose moral resolution misfortune could not subdue, and whose sense of honour prosperity could not weaken.

"Selecting, out of the innumerable arts which flourished in his dominions, that on which all others were dependent, he concentrated the rays of royal favour on the simple labours of the husbandman. Equalling Henry IV. in the benevolence of his wish, and outstripping both him and his own age in the justice of his discrimination, he said he hoped to live to see the day, not when all his subjects could merely read, but 'when every man in his dominions should have *his Bible* in his pocket.'

In his remarks on the situation of public affairs under the Regency, and especially on the death of the lamented Mr Perceval, the historian presses with equal force and feeling on the perils of the contingency from which England and Europe just then escaped. The calamitous period of the war was passing away; but, if the dreaded contingency had been realized, the true calamity would only then have been beginning. The Whigs were in negotiation with the Regent; nothing but a petty dispute about three officers of the Household impeded their possession of power. If they had been Ministers of England, they were pledged instantly to have changed the policy of England, to have reversed all the measures of defiance and defence by which England had hitherto been kept in safety, and the result must have been the secure supremacy of Napoleon, and the inevitable ruin of the British cause. The peril came so close to the point that the escape was scarcely less than providential.

"The negotiation with the Whigs was broken off on the 6th June. On the 13th of the same month, Wellington crossed the Portuguese frontier, and commenced the campaign of Salamanca; while, on the 23d, Napoleon passed the Niemen, and threw his crown and his life on the precarious issue of a Russian invasion. The expulsion of the French from the Peninsula, the catastrophe of Moscow, the resurrection of Europe, were on the eve of commencing, when the continued fidelity of England to the cause of freedom hung on the doubtful balance of household appointments.

"If a change of Ministry had taken place at that time, the destinies of the

world would probably have been changed. The Whigs, fettered by their continued protestations against the war, could not, with any regard to consistency, have prosecuted it with vigour. Their unvarying prophecies of disaster from the Peninsular contest, would have paralysed all the national efforts in support of Wellington; their continued declamations on the necessity of peace, would have led them to embrace the first opportunity of coming to an accommodation with Napoleon. Alexander, mindful of their refusal of succour after the battle of Eylau, would have been shaken in his resolution after the battle of Borodino. Sweden, unsupported by English subsidies, would not have ventured to swerve from the French alliance. The occupation of Moscow would have led to a submission destructive of the liberties of Europe; or the retreat, unthreatened, from the north, would have been spared half its horrors; at latest, peace would have been concluded with the French Emperor at Prague. Wellington would have been withdrawn with barren laurels from the Peninsula, Europe yet groaning under the yoke of military power, and the dynasty of Napoleon still upon the throne. In contemplating the intimate connexion of such marvellous results with the apparently trivial question of household appointments in the royal palace of Great Britain, the reflecting observer, according to the temper of his mind, will indulge in the vein of pleasantry or the sentiment of thankfulness. The disciples of Voltaire, recollecting how a similar court intrigue arrested the course of Marlborough's victories in one age, and prolonged the popular rule in Great Britain in another, will inveigh against the subjection of human affairs to the direction of chance, the caprice of sovereigns, or the arts of courtiers; while the Christian philosopher, impressed with the direction of all earthly things by an Almighty hand, will discern in these apparently trivial events the unobserved springs of Supreme intelligence; and conclude, that as much as royal partialities may be the unconscious instruments of reward to an upright and strenuous, they may be the ministers of retribution to a selfish and corrupted age."

But what were the men, and what must be the faction, whose principles were thus equivalent to the subversion of the national success, and whose power would have been equivalent to the inevitable triumph of the enemies of the country? These were the

Whigs, the remnant of the Foxites in that day; but, if the remnant of a faction, degraded from even the hollow patriotism to the avowed and unquestioned bitterness of Lord Grey, could then have endangered the empire, what must be its peril under the remnant of the Grey faction—divested of the small portion of dignity, manliness, and firmness possessed by it in either of its original forms, and now as signally destitute of political ability as either of its predecessors was of constitutional principle? We have seen Whiggism in the worst form in which it has yet stood before the country: allying itself with every popular passion for the sake of popular support; submitting to be the slave of Popery for the emoluments of office; exercising power without dignity; living in favouritism, and taking refuge from the national rejection among the women of the bedchamber.

Mr Alison agreeably varies his narrative by sketches of the chief characters of the period. Among these is the late Sir Samuel Romilly; and the especial ground of his fame is stated to be his exertions, as a lawyer, in humanizing the course of law. We have great respect for Mr Alison's impartiality, and we fully admit that an historian ought to speak with reserve of all public men: yet Sir Samuel Romilly was a Whig; and with us that simple fact sufficiently explains the unsubstantial nature of his reforms, and their feeble motives, and their utter failure. Every Whig enters on public life with professions of boundless liberality. All is virtue in his projects, and all is to be change in his progress. No matter what the subject, the Whig enlists himself at once on the side of change. Nothing is so high-sounding as harangues against all restraint, and nothing is so cheap as pledges which cost nothing but a harangue.

The Slave-Trade, the Criminal Law, and the Restrictions on Popery,—the professional patriotism of every Whig aspirant adopted them all; and, if they had been ten times the number, would have adopted the whole at once. They were the stock questions of party, the stamped badge of political beggary, the vocabulary of imposture. The Whigs at length succeeded in carrying them. The ears of

a country grow weary of any din when it is rung in them for twenty years together. The legislature was tired out—the folly of concession had its way—and every one of the measures is now discovered to have been as absurdly executed as it was hypocritically conceived; and, instead of abating, to have desperately increased the evil in question, or hazarded the safety of the nation. No man doubts the fitness of putting an end to the horrors of the slave trade. But what has been the result of the Whig operations? They have swelled these horrors tenfold by their rashness, their incompetence; and in their eagerness to sacrifice all discretion to the dashing effect of abolition by a word, they have tripled the trade, and doubled the misery, the vice, and the loss of life.

Of the "atrocious" Popish Bill of 1829 we are now tasting the fruits; and they are poison to the Protestant, and intoxication to the Papist. But what has been the result of Romilly's labours in the criminal law? Setting aside the fact, that his personal efforts produced scarcely any effect, and that whatever has been actually brought into use was the work of those who followed him; is it not true that crimes have signally accumulated? that a more atrocious spirit has exhibited itself among the people? that stabbing has become common? that forgery has increased to an extraordinary degree, and that riot and rebellion have become the common shapes in which popular discontent displays itself?—all encouraged by a sense of impunity! We have as strong an aversion to cruelty and punishment as any Whig that ever talked of principle, and violated it. But laws are made for the protection, not of villains, but of honest men; and it is not the extinction of penalty, but the extinction of crime, that should be the praise of a legislator. By the Whig code, all discretion is taken out of the hands of the judge, with the virtual effect of enabling the felon to calculate the strong temptation against the feeble punishment. On this principle, we every day see murder softened down to manslaughter, and assault to accident. The highest penalty, with a few exceptions, is transportation, which is regarded only as an amusing change of scene—or a brief confinement in a penitentiary,

where the incarceration is accepted as a clever exchange for the labour of procuring bread by the sweat of the brow. Such are Whig reformers: always useless, because always insincere—always rash, because always unprincipled—and always pushed to the verge of national danger, because nothing is easier than to be equally loud and hollow in the cause of a pretended humanity.

The charge of severity in the administration of the law in its present state, is tolerably well answered by the fact, that—though death was the appointed penalty for the larger number of 600 different offences—"out of 1872 persons, capitally convicted at the Old Bailey in the seven years from 1803 to 1810, only *one* had been executed." We think that Sir Samuel Romilly could not have had much to complain of in the cruelty of this administration of the law; and the habits of the people would, undoubtedly, have resisted any unnecessary recurrence to cruelty, if the judges had been so inclined." Still the "friends of humanity—the philanthropists *par excellence*—the Whig monopolizers of all humane feeling must chaunt their song; and the very men who applauded every step of France, when every step was knee-deep in gore, and who had no language abject enough to express their homage to the bloodiest tyrant that even France ever saw, were all thrown in attitudes of tragic agony at the whipping of a felon for housebreaking, or the hanging of a ruffian for a forgery that broke the fortunes and hearts of an honest family. Mr Alison justly observes, that with the diminution of its sanguinary enactments, the English criminal law has felt the difficulty of secondary penalties. The multitude of the convicts who require transportation has caused the evils and sufferings of the penal settlements to increase in an alarming degree; the flood of juvenile delinquency is producing similar alarms at home. And we are to remember that all this increase is in the teeth of the most powerful exertions to give a moral education to the people, in the presence of a highly improved police, and, what is of very high consideration, in a period when a tone of virtue and piety among the leading ranks of the country is more general than at

any other time since the Reformation. Yet crime has remarkably accumulated. And what other source can be discovered but the Whig encroachments on the ancient code? We say this in illustration of our fixed belief, that *no* reform proceeding from Whiggism can be worth the paper on which it is written; that, with the Whig, humanity is a party cry, and honour an artifice; that his primary object is office, and that in his progress he is ready to go all lengths:—in one word, that self is every thing with the whole faction; and that until the faction is stript of all power, as it is naked of all truth, the country is in perpetual peril. Sir Samuel Romilly's memoirs, lately published, settle the question of his merits. He was a successful lawyer, and a laborious partisan, and no more; a boaster of independence, yet a struggler for place; an ostentatious patriot who effected nothing for his country; and an oratorical champion of the constitution, clinging to the skirts of Fox, by whom it was corrupted, until transferred to the skirts of his followers, by whom it was overthrown.

It is no pleasure of ours to pursue the mingled absurdities and braveries which constitute the "public spirit" of faction; but facts force the consideration on us. And if ridicule could disconnect itself from disgust on the high questions of imperial safety, we know nothing more ridiculous than the predictions of Whiggism in the great war which decided the fate of Europe. We have but to listen to the ominous declarations of the whole party, and wonder at the patience of Parliament in 1810 and 1811. We are to remember also, that those predictions were confidently made at a time when Wellington had proved the gallantry of the British soldiers in Spain, when Russia was writhing with indignation at those chains which she was preparing to burst, and when the whole Continent was either bleeding with intolerable oppression, or putting up secret prayers for the downfall of European thralldom. What then was the conduct of the faction? We find those "highpriests of liberty all round the globe" heaping new incense on the altar of the despot; those champions of the negro joining in the abject cry of submission to the great slave-master of Europe; those

clamourers for popular resistance to all legitimate authority at home, deprecating all resistance to the universal oppressor, depressing the noble spirit which bore the nation full against the fury of France; and, as far as words could go, counselling a base surrender, to a people whose only safety was in the determination to conquer or die. This was their recorded and undeniable language in the senate.

“Is there any one who in his conscience believes, that even the sacrifice of the whole British army would secure the *defence of Portugal*? If such a man there be, it may with confidence be affirmed, not only that he is unfit to be intrusted with the government of the country, but even incapable of transacting public business in any deliberative assembly.

“In a financial point of view, *the cause of the Peninsula is utterly hopeless*. Can any man who looks at our immense exertions for the last seventeen years, assert that the annual expenditure of from three to four millions in its defence, has not been absolutely lost to Spain, fruitless to Portugal, and of no advantage whatever to this country? In fact, so utterly hopeless is the cause, that nothing short of a divine miracle can render it effectual to its proposed object. But there are higher considerations than those of mere finance, which call upon us instantly to abandon this sanguinary and unprofitable struggle. *The utter impossibility of defending Portugal with the British army, aided by the Portuguese levies, is so apparent*, that it is a mockery of common understanding to argue on the subject. Is there any man bold enough to assert that the British army in Portugal, aided by the native force, maintained by our subsidies, will be sufficient to resist an attack? What reliance can be placed on this subsidiary force, unpractised in the operations of war, and wholly ignorant of military discipline, except what they may pick up from their British officers? That Portugal can be defended by such a force, is a thing absolutely impossible: if our troops do not take refuge in their ships, *before six months is over, not a British soldier will remain in the Peninsula except as a prisoner of war.*”

These oracles next decide on the fate of the Portuguese army. They are chaff before the wind of Whig wisdom.

“The Portuguese levies, upon whom so much reliance is placed, might in time, perhaps, hereafter become good

soldiers, and be capable of acting with regular troops. But when the corruption, weakness, and imbecility of the Government are taken into view, every one must be convinced of the *total impossibility of obtaining any native force capable of active co-operation with the British army*. What assistance have we ever obtained from the Spanish armies, notwithstanding the high-sounding promises with which they have deluded the English troops into their territories? To expect any thing better from the Portuguese, is to put all experience at defiance. They may be useful as light troops, but cannot act with regular soldiers. Portugal, instead of being defensible from its mountains, is perhaps the most indefensible country in Europe. The experience not merely of the last seventeen years, but of the last few months, has amply demonstrated the total inefficacy of mountain ranges as a barrier against the vast forces and bold tactics of modern war. What defence has the Sierra Morena proved against the invasion of Soult? It is not by any such defences that Portugal is to be saved from the fate which has overtaken all the military monarchies of Europe. Disguise it as you will, the real question at issue is, *whether the army at this moment in Portugal is to be sacrificed*, as those under Sir John Moore and Lord Chatham have been; and unless the House intervenes, from a just sense of its own duty not less than of the national honour, disasters yet greater than either of these, and probably irreparable, await the British empire.

“Our victories are perpetually held up as monuments of our eternal glory, and Maida, Corunna, Vimeira, and Talavera, are everlastingly referred to as the theme of undying congratulation. But what have any of these boasted triumphs done for the people of the country where they were won, or for the general issue of the war? Maida handed over the Neapolitans to the tender mercies of an irritated and cruel enemy; Corunna sacrificed Moore only to deliver over Galicia to the Gallic armies; Vimeira was immediately followed by the disgraceful convention of Cintra; and Talavera was at best but an exhibition of rash confidence and victorious temerity. Honours have been conferred upon Sir Arthur Wellesley, for whom and for his country it would have been much more honourable if he had never changed his name. *His conduct in Spain seemed the result of infatuation*. After defeating Soult, he recrossed the Douro to form a junction

with Cuesta, and when that was effected he remained unaccountably inactive, till Soult was so far recovered as to be able to paralyse all his efforts, by descending into his rear after the battle of Talavera; and when forced to retreat, he retired to an unhealthy province at an unhealthy season, where he remained some months till his army had lost a third of its amount from malaria fever. If these are the consequences of your triumphs, what may be anticipated from your defeats?"

This now sounds like the language of idiots, but it was not fatuity. The men who used it were as well acquainted with the true state of things as the men who refuted their arguments, exposed their absurdities, and, by excluding them from all power, rescued the honour of the empire. Whiggism knew perfectly well, that the British troops had beaten every enemy whom they encountered in Spain; that the Spanish population abhorred the invader, and that the last hope of Europe hung on the war. At the moment when they were deriding the allied strength in the Peninsula, they knew that Wellington had under his command a British force of nearly 30,000 of the finest troops in the world; with 35,000 Portuguese, commanded by British officers, and growing hourly into excellent soldiers. Their common knowledge of the resources at home, told them, that within the compass of the British islands, there were upwards of 640,000 soldiers in the national pay, with a population which but a few years before had furnished 600,000 volunteers on the first threat of invasion; that England engrossed the commerce of the world, that her domestic wealth was enormous, and her credit so powerful that she had only to speak the word, and see pouring into her treasury every ounce of gold in the world. The motives which actuated faction we do not condescend to develop; it is enough for us to remember and to rejoice, that Whiggism gained nothing by its labour of prophecy but scorn; that it was thrown into deeper disgrace by every increase of national honour; and that the common feelings of the nation not merely flung it hopelessly from its height, but trampled on it, at every step of its advance to victory. The historian with equal truth and eloquence observes, that if opposition

might find a partial apology, in the earlier periods of the war, in their ignorance, "this only showed, that they were not gifted with the highest political quality, that of seeing futurity through the shadows of present events." Yet their subsequent conduct showed that they could not shelter themselves, even under this broad covering of the foolish or the indolent.

"When the tide had obviously turned—when success had in a durable way crowned the British arms, and the waves of Gallic ambition had permanently receded from the rocks of Torres Vedras—their conduct was of a more reprehensible cast; it became the fit subject of moral censure. With slow and unwilling steps they receded from their favourite position, as to the impossibility of defending Portugal: they still heaped abuse upon Ministers for their conduct in the contest, although it was chiefly blameable, in time past, from having been too much framed on their advice; it was a cold and reluctant assent which they yielded even to the merits of Wellington himself. This insensibility to national glory, when it interfered with party ambition—this jealousy of individual greatness, when it obscured party renown—proved fatal to their hopes of accession to power during the lifetime of the generation which had grown up to manhood in the revolutionary war. Doubtless it is the highest effort of patriotic virtue to exult at successes which are to confirm an adverse party in power,—doubtless no small share of magnanimity is required to concede merit to an opponent who is withering the hopes of individual elevation: but nations, from men acting on the great theatre of the world, have a right to expect such disinterestedness; it is the wisest course in the end even for themselves; and experience has proved that in every age really generous hearts are capable of such conduct."

It is even now interesting, as a record of the resources which England has in her bosom for the day of danger, to give a slight recapitulation of the means exerted by a country which faction at that moment declared to have no hope but in submission, to be utterly exhausted, and as much sunk in spirit as undone in finance. The parliament of this bankrupt nation voted the following astonishing amount in men and money for the year 1811;—

"No less than L.19,540,000 was voted for the navy, and L.23,869,000 for the army, besides L.4,555,000 for the ordnance, and L.2,700,000 for the support of the Portuguese forces. The permanent taxes amounted to L.38,232,000, and the war yielded above L.25,000,000, and the loan was L.16,636,000, including L.4,500,000 for the service of Ireland. The total Ways and Means raised on account of Great Britain were L.80,600,000, and L.10,309,000 on account of Ireland—in all L.90,909,000. This income, immense as it was, fell short of the expenditure of the United Kingdom, which that year reached L.92,194,000. The army numbered 220,000 soldiers in the regular forces, 81,000 militia, besides 340,000 local militia; and the navy exhibited 107 ships of the line in commission, besides 119 frigates. The total vessels of war belonging to the United Kingdom were 1019, of which no less than 240 were of the line.

"The supplies voted for the succeeding year, 1812, were still greater. The net produce of the permanent taxes in that year was no less than L.40,000,000, of the war L.26,000,000, in all L.66,000,000, and L.29,268,000 was raised by loan, including L.4,500,000 for the service of Ireland, and L.2,500,000 for that of the East India Company, guaranteed by Government. For the navy L.20,500,000, for the army L.25,000,000, besides L.4,252,000 for the ordnance: the loans to Portugal, Spain, Sweden, Sicily, and Russia, L.5,315,000, the interest of the national debt L.23,124,000; and still no less than L.13,482,000 was applied to the sinking fund. The navy, during this year, consisted of 978 ships of all sizes, of which 236 were of the line, and 102 line-of-battle ships, and 131 frigates in commission. The army numbered 227,000 regular soldiers, besides 76,000 regular, and 335,000 local militia. It seemed as if, as the contest continued and the scale on which it was conducted was enlarged, the resources of the empire, so far from declining, widely expanded."

In addition to this palpable evidence of wilful disregard of the actual condition of the public resources, it was proved that the population had been increasing since the beginning of the century, at an annual rate of thirteen per cent; the censuses of 1811 giving an increase of a million and a half since 1801: a rate which has since gone on even increasing, and which, notwithstanding immense drains by

emigration and settlement on the continent, now gives a number for Great Britain alone, of nearly eighteen millions. Such was the country, whose resources faction declared to be unequal to the sustenance of a war of *two years*; and such the spirit of a people whom their miserable avarice and worthless avidity for place would have sunk into the vassalage of Napoleon.

We turn gladly to other things. The commencement of 1810 found the French possession of Spain far advanced; a French king in Madrid, the native armies dissolved, the guerrillas worn out, the nation despairing, and 300,000 of the finest troops of France in command of all the cities and fortresses, with perhaps the single exception of Cadiz. To fight the battle of the land there was but one army, Wellington's, consisting only of 50,000 in the field, and those harassed by the effort to defend Portugal while they watched over Spain. But great as were the services of their commander, it is cheering to find that the true source of the British successes was in the British heart, and that wherever the soldier of England was to be seen, he equally exhibited the indomitable character of his country. A single trait of the defence of Cadiz offers an admirable illustration. The Cortes had taken refuge in Cadiz, the last relic of the government; the army under Albuquerque, by a rapid and fortunate exertion, had anticipated the march of the French, and entered the city, the last relic of the native army. The French had been close on their steps, and had thrown up batteries. General Stewart was instantly dispatched with 2000 troops from Gibraltar to assist in the defence, and his first effort was judiciously directed to repelling her enemy's artillery to a distance from which their fire should be ineffectual. Nothing could be more opportune than the British general's arrival; for, though the brave inhabitants were found, as at all times, ardent in the national cause, and furious against the French, all was alarm, convulsion, and confusion.

Such was the ignorance of the Spanish engineers at this period, that, while they had abandoned the strongholds of Matsgorda and the Trocadero, from which the enemy's shells

could reach the city, they had pushed their advanced posts into a situation where an attack must have overwhelmed them, and in its consequences endangered the chief defences of the Isle of Leon.

"The first care of General Stewart after his arrival was to regain Fort Matagorda, where batteries were already constructing to bombard Cadiz. This important service was successfully performed by Captain M'Lean, at the head of 150 seamen and marines. Its dismantled works were hastily restored, and guns planted on the ramparts, which not only silenced the field-pieces of the enemy directed against them, but severely galled their advancing works on the Trocadero Point. The whole efforts of the French were therefore directed to regain possession of this fort on the mainland; and with such vigour were operations conducted, and such resources for a siege did they find in the arsenal of Seville, that, in a few weeks, they had fifty pieces of heavy cannon placed in battery against its walls: while a Spanish seventy-four and armed flotilla, which had hitherto co-operated in the defence, were obliged, by a tempest of red-hot shot, to slip their cables and move across to Cadiz. The feeble rampart soon gave way before this tremendous weight of metal; but though the walls were ruined, and the enemy's balls flew so thick that a flag-staff bearing the Spanish colours was broken six times in an hour, and at last they could be kept flying only by being nailed to the corner of the rampart, yet the heroic little garrison, with their dauntless commander, Captain M'Lean, still maintained their ground, and from the midst of the ruins kept up an unquenchable fire on the besiegers. For six-and-thirty hours this marvellous resistance was prolonged, till at length General Graham, who had succeeded to the command of the British troops in the Isle, seeing that half of the band were killed or wounded, withdrew them in boats to the opposite side, and the bastions, after being blown up, were abandoned to the enemy.*

"The brave resistance of this little band of heroes proved the salvation of

Cadiz, and eventually exercised a material influence on that of the civilized world. For fifty-five days they had held the post on the enemy's side, and in the midst of his batteries; and by simply maintaining it they had prevented any attack being made in other quarters. During this important interval the panic had subsided in Cadiz; the British troops had been augmented to 8000 men by reinforcements from Lisbon and Gibraltar; six millions of dollars, recently arrived from Mexico, had replenished the public treasury; heavy taxes on houses within, and imports into Cadiz furnished a small permanent revenue; the Spanish garrison was considerably augmented by volunteer battalions raised in the city, and numerous detachments brought by sea from different points on the coast; the whole ships of war had been brought round from Ferrol; and thirty thousand men in arms within the walls, supported by a fleet of twenty-three ships of the line, of which four were British, and twelve frigates, were in a condition not only to defy any attack, but to menace the enemy in the lines which they were constructing round the bay. Victor, who was at the head of the blockading force, had not above 20,000 men under his command, so widely had the vast French force which burst into Andalusia been dispersed to compel obedience and levy contributions over its widely extended territory. Despairing, therefore, of carrying the place by open force, he resolved to turn the siege into a blockade."

This is all gallantly told—the brilliant narrative of a brilliant incident. We give another, though of a more painful nature, from the Catalanian war. The countries on the eastern coast of Spain, in 1811, had become the scene of campaigns distinguished alike by remarkable adventure on the part of the native troops, and remarkable cruelties on that of the invaders. Climate is perhaps the great source of national character, and the Spanish border of the Mediterranean exhibits a race moulded on the model which seems to shape all the Mediterranean nations. Singular elasticity of frame

* "A memorable instance of female heroism occurred at the siege. A sergeant's wife named Retson was in a casemate with the wounded men, when a drummer-boy was ordered to fetch water from the well of the fort. On going out the boy faltered under the severity of the fire, upon which she took the vessel from him; and although a shot cut the bucket-cord when in her hand, she braved the terrible cannonade, and brought the water in safety to the wounded men.—NAPIER, iii, 181; and *Sketch of a Soldier's Life in Ireland*, 72."

with singular fondness for enjoyment ; elegance of taste combined with violence of passion ; a feeling of luxury approaching to the sensual, and an elevation of spirit approaching to the sublime. The Italian, the Greek, and the eastern Spaniard form a separate, and, if the vices of their governments would permit, a splendid class of mankind. Even the barbarism of Africa softens as it touches the waters of that loveliest of all seas, and the Moor has the love of romance, the faculty of song, and the delight in ornament which distinguish the dwellers on its shores. The Mediterranean is the fount of cool waters in the fiery centre of Europe, tempering the glow of the sky, and not more refreshing the soil than softening the native fervours of the people. That there is still much to be done is beyond question ; and ages of tranquil government may be required before the settlement of the volcanic and angry vividness of the public mind into tranquil vigour. But the characteristics are still prominent ; even the physical influence of the fresh breeze and the sky-coloured surge may soften the spirit that it cannot subdue, and have a powerful share in converting those

“ Souls made of fire, and children of the sun,”

into the inventors of all that constitutes the elegance of life, and masters of all the arts which captivate and cheer society ; yet to take a greater part in the coming of happier and purer times, and realize their early and broken promise to be the statesmen, the heroes, and perhaps the saints of a reviving world.

Catalonia, the finest of those eastern provinces, had been among the first invaded ; but the year 1811 saw the attention of the French government for the first time strongly turned to its conquest. A vast force under Marshal Macdonald and Suchet was thrown across its frontier, and the struggles began with appalling violence.

“ Macdonald was engaged during these operations in northern Catalonia in an enterprise which has left an enduring stain on his memory. After the departure of Suchet for Saragossa, consequent on the fall of Tortosa, the marshal had set out from Lerida for Barcelona, not by the direct road of Igualada, which was occupied in force

by Sarsfield, but by the circuitous route of Manresa. Sarsfield, apprised of his intention, lay in the rocky heights in the neighbourhood of Mont Serat to assail him in the march. The Italians, who formed the head of the column, encountered a severe opposition at the bridge of Manresa, which was strongly barricaded ; but having forced their way through, they, with wanton barbarity, set fire to the town, though it had made no resistance and was almost entirely deserted by its inhabitants, and even tore the wounded Spaniards from the hospital. The flames spreading with frightful rapidity, soon reduced 700 houses to ashes, among which were two orphan hospitals, and several other noble establishments both of industry and beneficence. Macdonald, who witnessed the conflagration from the heights of Culla, at a short distance, made no attempt to extinguish the flames ; but, resuming his march on the following morning, left the smoking ruins to attest where a French marshal's army had passed the night. But the wanton act of barbarity was quickly and condignly avenged. The inhabitants of all the neighbouring hills, struck by the prodigious light which, through the whole night, illuminated the heavens, hastened at daybreak to the scene of devastation, and, wrought up to the highest pitch by the sight of the burning dwellings, fell with irresistible fury on the French rearguard as it was defiling out of the town, while Sarsfield himself assailed the long column of march in flank, when scattered over several leagues of woody and rocky defiles, and before Macdonald reached Barcelona he had sustained a loss of 1000 men. The hideous cruelty of this conflagration excited the utmost indignation, not only in Catalonia, but throughout the whole of Spain. The war assumed a character of vengeful atrocity, hitherto unequalled even in that sea of blood ; and the Spanish generals, justly indignant at such a wanton violation alike of the usages of war, and the convention hitherto observed in Catalonia, issued a proclamation directing no quarter to be given to the French troops in the neighbourhood of any town which should be delivered over to the flames.”

One of the peculiar sources of our interest in these annals, is their constant reference to principles above man. The almost universal fault of civil history is its utter forgetfulness of the mighty hand that controls all. There can be no more injurious error, even if historic effect were the only

purpose of the writer. It degrades history into a mere phantasmagoria, a giddy and irregular display of events, following each other without a purpose, amusing us by their various colourings, or eccentric novelty, but, after all, only the amusement of children. History ought to have nobler aims, and true history has a nobler nature. It is an attempt to light up the winding and intricate course of human things by an illumination from a fount of lustre alike permanent and pure; no fantastic plan of human invention, but a splendour which we *know* to exist, to be perpetually radiating upon earth, and, whether visible or invisible, to be the true sustaining influence of the whole vitality of the world. We are fully aware that the pursuit of this principle may be urged beyond the limits of the human understanding—that fanaticism may exaggerate and superstition appal—that a wise man will be cautious of mistaking the dream for the reality, and a religious man will approach with awe the spot where the visible presence is revealed. But, like the prophet of the desert, the Christian philosopher will not the less reverence the light which the Deity inhabits before his gaze, because he is commanded to put off his shoes, and do homage to the holiness of the ground.

Nothing, too, can be more important to sustain the energies of a great people, nor to encourage them in fighting the battle of principle, if evil times should come once more, than the recollection that their past triumphs were not matters of Chance. To have had Providence for our protector, is to have obtained an honour superior to all that is named among men, and, not less, obtained a security of success for all the future, while we retain the same principles. That the hand of Providence guided England through the war of the French Revolution, we think, is as capable of proof, as that it guided the Israelites into the possession of the Promised Land. The delays and disappointments, the slowness of Europe, and the tardiness of British victory, disheartening as they were at the period, are now seen to have been essential to the ripening of that high and consummate catastrophe which was at once to vindicate Divine justice, and to liberate insulted human nature. Even in the Penin-

sula, if either the Spanish armies had repulsed the French across the frontier in the first campaign, or Wellington had been placed at the head of a force corresponding to the strength of England and the importance of the contest, Napoleon might have been master of Europe at this hour. We can now see, that it was the alternation of success and failure which at once tempted him to continue the Peninsular war, and England to persevere in the struggle. Sudden and total defeat in Spain would have made Napoleon shrink from a war which tempted him to an hourly waste of strength, encouraged the latent hostility of the continent, enfeebled the renown of his soldiery, and, when the moment of continental outbreak came, divided his gigantic host, and left him to pace the walk of the civilized world, with a thousand miles between the wings of his army. He himself felt that there his ruin lay. At St Helena, he spoke of it as "his ulcer," the decay that sapped his throne, the cloud that hung upon his star. His sagacity had long before seen it to be his especial peril; but he was unable to resist its temptation until it fell upon him as his fate. If there be a due indulgence to the sense of justice in the pangs of ambition, it probably could have no keener feast than in many a night, when Napoleon, in the midst of sycophancies, and after a levee of kings, at the Tuilleries, spent the hours till dawn over a map of the Peninsula.

On this subject we entirely coincide with Mr Alison's striking and forcible conclusions. After describing the conquest of Suchet in the east of Spain, as apparently menacing the last hopes of the Spaniards, he observes,—

"So little can even the greatest sagacity or the strongest intellect foresee the ultimate results of human actions, and so strangely does Providence work out its mysterious designs by the intervention of free agents, and the passions often of a diametrically opposite tendency of mankind, that if there are any circumstances more than others to which the immediate catastrophe which occasioned the fall of Napoleon is to be ascribed, it is the unbroken triumphs of Suchet in the east, and the strenuous efforts of the English Opposition to magnify the dangers, and underrate the powers of Wellington in the west of the

Peninsula. Being accustomed to measure the chances of success in a military contest by the achievements of the regular troops employed, and an entire stranger to the passions and actions of parties in a free community, he not unreasonably concluded, when the last army of Spain capitulated in Valencia, and the whole country, from the Pyrenees to Gibraltar, had, with the exception of a few mountain districts, submitted to his authority, that the contest in the Peninsula was at an end, so far as the Spaniards were concerned; and when he beheld the party in Great Britain, who had all along denounced the war there as utterly hopeless and irrational on the part of this country, and some of whom, in their zeal against its continuance and to demonstrate its absurdity, had actually corresponded with himself, even at the crisis of the contest, on the eve of getting possession of the reins of power in London; he was naturally led to believe that no cause for disquiet existed, in consequence of the future efforts of England in Spain. He was thus tempted to prosecute, without hesitation, his preparations for the Russian war; and, before finishing the conflict in the Peninsula, plunge into the perils of the Moscow campaign, and the double strain it was, as he himself told us, which proved fatal to the empire. Had he been less successful in the east of Spain—had the English Opposition less strenuously asserted the impolicy and hopelessness of British resistance in the west, he would probably have cleared his rear before engaging with a new enemy in front. Neither could have withstood his whole force if directed against itself alone; and the concentration of all his military power against Wellington in the first instance, would have chilled all hopes of success in Russia, and extinguished, perhaps for ever, the hopes of European freedom. So manifestly does Supreme power make the passions and desires of men the instruments by which it carries into effect its inscrutable purposes, that the very events which vice most strenuously contends for, are made the ultimate causes of its ruin; and those which virtue had most earnestly deprecated when they occurred, are afterwards found to have been the unseen steps which led to its salvation."

But we have now reached the period when the delay was to be turned into rapidity, and the disappointments were to be known no more. The campaign of 1811 was the true commencement of British victory in the

Peninsula. The battles fought in the earlier years of the war had exhibited the incomparable qualities of the British soldier, and given him the military confidence which belongs to successful trials of strength; but the facility of pouring troops across the Pyrenees gave France a singular power of robbing British victory of its fruits. The proudest triumph over the French armies in the field was baffled by a new influx of battalions and squadrons, and for three years the British army stood, like the Spartans at Thermopylæ, fighting the multitudes of the invaders,—less to gain final victory than to exhibit the powers of gallant resistance; less to save the depressed and divided nations than to give them time to recover from their alarm, and to show them the use of the weapons which command human glory.

Independently of those perpetual succours, the state of the French forces south of the Pyrenees was one which might have repelled all hope of resistance. Their muster-rolls reckoned no less than 370,000 men, of whom 40,000 were cavalry, and those not tumultuary levies, but disciplined soldiers, headed by the first officers of the age. A part of those were in garrison, but 280,000 were in the field. It is true, that this force had all Spain to cover. But its masses were enormous. Soul's army in Andalusia amounted to 88,000 men, of whom 10,000 were cavalry. Marmont, in Leon, had 61,000 men; and Bessières, in the north, commanded 102,000, with all the deductions for detachments and sick: one hundred and forty thousand men were capable of being brought against Wellington. To meet this tremendous accumulation of force, organized too by the first military science, and directed by a man uniting in himself unlimited power, determined ambition, and genius almost without a rival. Wellington could bring into the field scarcely 50,000 British and Portuguese. An extraordinary degree of sickness prevailed among the troops: the hot season sent 19,000 British into the hospital, and of the 30,000 Portuguese in pay but 14,000 could be found on parade. That such fearful disparity of force could be even faced by the English general, is among the most extraordinary instances in the recollections of soldiership. Mr Ali-

son proceeds to account for it by three circumstances:—The central position of Wellington, which gave him either of the French armies in his front, while his rear rested on the sea;—The supplies furnished by the British ships, and the facility of conveying them up the country by the rivers which intersected the British cantonments, while the French supplies of both provisions and ammunition must be brought from a distance of some hundred miles, and by land;—The hatred of the people inciting them to interrupt the French communications, from guerilla parties convey constant intelligence to the English, and in every possibly way embarrass and destroy the enemy.

The French system of rendering the generals independent of each other, and of the Spanish king; a system which, while it engendered jealousy among the leaders and their armies, rendered all combination of plan difficult. The marshals lived like sovereigns at the head of provinces as large as kingdoms, and each secretly rejoiced at the disasters of the others, and despised the authority of Joseph, who, though neither a soldier nor a statesman, was, by the mere relationship, placed on the mockery of a throne, at the head of men who regarded themselves as the pillars of the Empire.

Those were palpable advantages, but they were advantages only in detail, altogether too minute to meet the tremendous disparity of force, and too gradual in their operation to avert the rapid movements of that mighty column of force which Napoleon was directing from the summits of the Pyrenees. We think that a still more powerful advantage was to be found in that public opinion of England which has always acted with so deep an impulse on the British army. The nation had made up its mind to fight out the Peninsular war, and nothing but the most decisive defeat could have influenced it to forgive a retreating army, or a reluctant general. The army was brave, the general as brave as the army; no defeat had been suffered: the French force rolled on in their sight, but rolled like the ocean in sight of the greensward on the shore; a turn of the swell might sweep it over the land which seemed so open to its career, but it still rolled on.

Neither the British nation nor the British soldier anticipates defeat; neither is to be beaten by calculation. The French army rolled on like the surge, and the English general and his troops were not the men to shrink from a ruin which had not yet come, and which might never come.

The war unexpectedly degenerated into a series of manœuvres. Vast French armies suddenly moved across the Peninsula, gathering like thunderclouds, menacing every quarter of the horizon for a while, and then as suddenly dissolved, but without the flash and the roar. Wellington remained unshaken. He had two prizes in his view which he was steadily resolved on seizing; the great fortresses of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz. Nothing could exceed the dexterity which concealed his design, except the daring, the almost desperate intrepidity, which finally accomplished the achievement. Among the numerous minor affairs which occurred during this period, was one gallant repulse of the enemy's overwhelming cavalry:—

“When the French army approached the British, it was at first uncertain on which point they would direct their attack; but after some hesitation, Monbrun, with fourteen battalions and thirty-five squadrons of splendid horsemen, crossed the Agueda by the bridge of Rodrigo and adjacent fords, and pouring rapidly along the road, soon reached the heights of El Bodon. The British, at this point of their position, were not prepared for so sudden an onset; and while Wellington sent to Guinaldo for a brigade of the 4th division, Major-General Colville, the officer in command, was directed to draw up his little force, consisting of the 5th and 77th British regiments, and 21st Portuguese, with eight Portuguese guns and five squadrons of Alten's German dragoons, on the summit of the height which was convex towards the enemy, and secured on either flank by deep and rugged ravines. On came Monbrun's cuirassiers like a whirlwind, in spite of all the fire of the guns which tore their masses in a fearful way, and dividing into two bodies when they reached the front of the hill, rode up the rugged sides of the ravines on either side with the utmost fury, and were only checked by the steady fire of the guns and devoted intrepidity of the German horsemen at the summit, who, for three mortal hours, charged the heads of the squadrons as they ascended,

and hurled them not less than twenty times, men and horses rolling over each other, back into the hollows. Monbrun, however, was resolute. His cavalry were numerous and daring; and by repeated charges and extreme gallantry, they at length got a footing on the top, and captured two of the guns, cutting down the brave Portuguese at their pieces; but the 5th regiment instantly rushed forward, though in line, into the midst of the horsemen, and retook the guns, which quickly renewed their fire; and at the same time the 77th and 21st Portuguese hurled the horsemen down the steep on the other side. But though this phalanx of heroes thus made good their post, the advance of the enemy rendered it no longer tenable. A French division was rapidly approaching the only road by which they could rejoin the remainder of the centre at Fuente Guinaldo; and, despite all the peril of the movement, Wellington ordered them to descend the hill and cross the plain, six miles broad, to Fuente Guinaldo."

But the hazard of this brave detachment was scarcely more than beginning. A plain of six miles was to be crossed in the face of the mass of French cavalry. The small force of German dragoons was driven under cover of the infantry, and the 5th and 77th regiments formed square. The French charged; but the heavy fire of the square repulsed them. At length Picton, always gallant and indefatigable, who, on the first tidings of the attack, had hastened forward, came up with his brigade, and the whole moved in unbroken order, though constantly enveloped in the enemy's horse, until they reached the camp. A note gives a trait of the admirable conduct of this favourite officer:—

" 'Picton, during this retreat, conducted himself with his accustomed coolness. He remained on the left flank of the column, and repeatedly cautioned the different battalions to mind the quarter-distance and the telling-off. 'Your safety,' said he, 'my credit, and the honour of the army are at stake. All rests with you at this moment.' We had reached to within a mile of the entrenched camp, when Monbrun, impatient lest we should escape from his grasp, ordered his troopers to bring up their left shoulders, and incline towards our columns. The movement was not exactly bringing his squadron into line, but it was the next thing to it, and at this time

they were within *half-pistol-shot* of us. Picton took off his hat, and holding it over his eyes as a shade from the sun, looked sternly but anxiously at the French. The clatter of the horses, and the clanking of the scabbards, were so great when the right half squadron moved up, that many thought it was the forerunner of a general charge, and some of the mounted officers called out, 'Had we not better form square?' 'No,' replied Picton, 'it is but a *ruse* to frighten us, but it *won't* do.' And so in effect it proved. Each battalion in its turn formed the rearguard to stop the advance of the enemy, and having given them a volley, they fell back at double quick time behind the battalion formed in their rear.'—*Reminiscences of a Subaltern*, 182, and Picton's *Memoirs*, ii. 37, 39."

The close of this year was the commencement of the fall of Napoleon. He had embroiled himself with Russia in the prospect of speedily concluding the conquest of Spain. But his northern armament compelled him to weaken his armament in the south; and, thus involved in two tremendous contests at once, he devoted himself to ruin. Two spirited successes, which diversified the closing months of the campaign, should have taught him the perils of leaving the British army behind him, when he sought a new antagonist in the colossal strength of Russia entrenched in the winter of the pole. The first of these was the capture of General Girard by Lord Hill, at Aroyo de Molinos, in October. The British reached the enemy, consisting of nearly 3000 infantry, at two in the morning, and the surprise was complete:—

"Favoured by a thick mist and deluge of rain, the troops entered the town, with drums suddenly beating and loud cheers, so unexpectedly, that the cavalry pickets were rushed upon before they had time to mount; and the infantry, who were under arms, beginning to muster, were so confounded that, after a desultory struggle, they fled precipitately out of the town, leaving a great many of their number prisoners. Once outside, however, they formed two squares, and endeavoured to resist, but while a brisk fire was going on between their rear and Stewart's men pressing on in pursuit, Howard's column suddenly appeared directly in their rear on the great road to Truxillo, and no alternative remained but to surrender, or break and seek safety by climbing

the steep and rugged sides of the Sierra on their flank. Girard, however, who was a gallant officer as well as skilful, though surprised on this occasion, for some time made a brave resistance; but seeing his guns taken by the 15th dragoons, and his hussars dispersed with great slaughter by the 9th dragoons and German hussars, he saw that his situation was desperate, and gave the word to disperse. Instantly the squares broke, and all the men, throwing away their arms, ran towards the most rugged and inaccessible part of the Sierra. Swiftly as they fled, however, the allies pursued as quickly; the Highlanders, at home among the rocks and scours, secured prisoners at every step; the 28th and 34th followed rapidly on the footsteps of the flying mass; the 39th turned them by the Truxillo road; and Girard escaped only by throwing himself into rugged cliffs, where the British, encumbered with their arms, could not follow him. He joined Drouet, by devious mountain-paths, at Orellano on the 9th November, with only six hundred followers, without arms and in woful plight, the poor remains of three thousand superb troops, who were round his eagles at Aroyo de Molinos, and who were esteemed the best brigade in Spain. General Brun and Prince D'Aremberg, with thirteen hundred prisoners, three guns, and the whole baggage of the enemy, fell into the hands of the victors.

"This brilliant success was achieved with the loss only of twenty killed and wounded."

The next exploit was the defence of Tarifa. It is an old observation that peasantry and all undisciplined levies fight better behind old walls than the best fortifications. Whether it is that they depend more on themselves where they have little besides to depend on; or that the contempt of a disciplined enemy for any thing short of regular fortifications, exposes them to the rude bravery of the people; but Tarifa exhibited an instance of the gallantry of troops, so highly disciplined as the British, behind the mouldering defences of a half-deserted Spanish town.

Soult, in order to extinguish Spanish insurrection in the south, had sent General Laval with 7000 men, followed by 6000 more, to take possession of Tarifa. But Skerret, a brave and active officer, had already taken post there with 1800 British, and 700 Spaniards. The French battered the walls, until, by the 30th of December, the

breach was sixty feet wide, and the assault was ordered:—

"Little aware of the quality of the antagonists with whom they had to deal, a column of 2000 French commenced the assault at daylight on the 31st. Such, however, was the vigour of the fire kept up upon them from every part of the rampart where a musket or gun could be brought to bear on the mass, that it broke before reaching the wall, and the troops arrived at the foot of the breach in great disorder. Part tried to force their way up, part glided down the bed of a stream which flowed through the town, and a few brave men reached the bars of the portcullis which debarred entrance above the waters. But the British soldiers now sent down such a crashing volley on the throng at the iron grate, and at the foot of the breach, that they dispersed to the right and left, seeking refuge from the fire under any projecting ground. The combat continued for some time longer, the French, with their usual gallantry, keeping up a quick irregular discharge on the walls; but the ramparts streamed forth fire with such violence, and the old tower sent such a tempest of grape through their ranks, that after sustaining a dreadful loss, they were forced to retreat, while a shout of victory passed round the walls of the town. This bloody repulse suspended for some days the operations of the besiegers, who confined themselves to a cannonade, and meanwhile the rain fell in such torrents, and sickness made such ravages in their ranks, that, according to their own admission, 'the total dissolution of their army was anticipated.' Laval persevered some days longer, against his own judgment, in obedience to the positive injunctions of Victor, and the breach was so wide from the continued fire that a fresh assault was anticipated; but on the 4th he raised the siege, and retreated in dreadful weather, having first drowned his powder, and buried his heavy artillery. In this expedition, the French lost all their cavalry and artillery horses, and about five hundred men by the sword, besides an equal number by sickness and starvation, while the total loss of the allies did not exceed one hundred and fifty."

A new era was now about to open, and the days of Napoleon were thenceforth numbered. The historian thus strikingly and truly gives a parting view at this year of struggle:—

"It was upon Russia and the north of Europe that the whole attention of the Emperor was now fixed. The war in Portugal he regarded as a useful auxi-

liary, which might exhaust the English resources, engross their military force, and prevent them from sending any effectual aid, in either men or money, to the decisive point on the banks of the Niemen. In this view the balanced success of the campaign of 1811, the *constant predictions* of the Opposition party in England, that Great Britain must finally succumb in the Peninsular struggle, and the brilliant career of Marshal Suchet in Valencia at the same period, were eminently conducive to the ultimate deliverance of Europe, by inspiring the French Emperor with the belief that all danger was now over in that quarter, or would speedily be removed by the *accession of the Whigs to office* on the termination of the Regency restrictions, and, consequently, that he might safely pursue the phantom of universal empire even to the edge of the Russian snows."

The final shock was now at hand; and while the French Emperor was inundating the north with his armies, and counting on the conquest of the world, the blow was preparing in the British camp which was to reach the heart of his power at once. On the 9th of January, the British army crossed the Agueda, and made the first step of that magnificent march, whose halting places were to be marked by victories, and which was finally to pause only over the fallen dynasty of France. The enterprise of the British general was instantly directed to Ciudad Rodrigo. The removal of the French armies from its neighbourhood had left it to its own resources, and the opportunity was incomparably seized. First baffling the boasted sagacity of the French by a demonstration against Badajoz, which set all Soult's troops in Andalusia in motion, he suddenly turned on the frontier fortress, brought up the powerful battering train, which he had prepared with such dexterous secrecy some months before, and opened his fire on the ramparts. After four days of this iron shower, the breach was declared practicable, and the order, equally brief and expressive, was issued, "Ciudad Rodrigo must be carried by assault this evening at seven o'clock." The evening was calm, the moon in her first quarter. All was quiet in the camp and on the ramparts, and the troops filled the trenches without noise. The tolling of the cathedral clock converted all this scene of tranquillity into the wildest violence of war. The troops

sprang to the breach, the ramparts were crowded with the French, and a storm of fire and steel filled earth and air. The description of this terrible encounter is admirably given.

"McKinnon's division crossed the open space between the trenches and the rampart, under a tempest of grape and musketry from the walls, and in a few minutes reached the counterscarp, which was found to be *eleven feet deep*. The sappers, however, instantly threw down their bags of hay, which soon diminished the depth by one-half, and the men, hastily leaping down, arrived at the foot of the great breach; but there a most serious opposition awaited them. The shells, rolled down from the top, burst amidst the throng. Every shot of the close ranks of infantry at the top told with effect on the dense mass below; and when, forcing their way up the slope, the British bayonets at length reached the summit, they were torn in pieces by a terrific discharge of grape from the heavy guns within a few yards' distance on either side. Before they could be reloaded, however, those immediately behind pushed up, and won the ascent of the *faussebraye*, and at its top met two battalions which had mounted the perpendicular of the *faussebraye* by escalade, and together they crowded up the breach of the rampart, which was speedily carried. But just as, in the tumult of victory, they were striving to penetrate the interior retrenchments which the besieged had constructed to bar their farther entrance, the mine which had been worked under their feet was suddenly exploded, and the bravest and most forward, among whom was the gallant McKinnon, were blown into the air. Still the column which had won the great breach held the ground they had gained; and finding it impossible to penetrate farther into the town, from the obstacle of the inner retrenchment, they established themselves among the ruins to await the result of the other attacks, and the scarlet uniforms came pouring in on every side.

"In the mean while the light division under Craufurd, and the Portuguese under Pack, were still more successful. The former had three hundred yards of glacis to cross before they reached its crest; but this distance was swiftly passed, though the gallant Craufurd received a fatal wound during the rush; the counterscarp, eleven feet deep, was leapt down in the face of a dreadful fire of grape and musketry; and the lesser breach reached. It proved, how-

ever, to be extremely steep and narrow; and when two-thirds of the ascent had been won, the struggle was so violent that the men paused, and every musket in the crowd was snapped under the instinct of self-defence, though not one was loaded. Major Napier, however, who was at this moment struck down by a grape-shot, called to the troops to trust to their bayonets. The officers all at once sprung to the front, and the summit was won. Then arose a loud shout from every quarter; for Pack's Portuguese at the same moment had escaladed the walls on the opposite side. The light division now pushed on in great numbers, and, not forgetting their orders, turned sharp to the right, and with loud cheers assaulted in flank the intrenchment at the great breach, where the third division had been arrested; and by a mighty effort of both united, the barriers were burst through, and the troops rushed in."

This capture was an extraordinary triumph; a success of much higher order than the fall of a fortress—it was a victory over the precautions, the opinion, and the arms of the French empire. No success of the whole war was more calculated to sting Imperial vanity, or acquaint the world with the great fact, that the French might be mastered alike in council, tactics, and arms, and that the British army was the noble instrument by which this was to be done. The value of Ciudad Rodrigo had been always regarded by Napoleon as incalculable, and all the movements of his troops between it and the Pyrenees, had been directed with a view to its preservation. It was now taken before his face. The preparations for this great operation had been conducted with such skill, that the batteries had opened their fire before the enemy, though only a few marches distant, had heard of the British advance; and the place was taken before they could put a single soldier in motion. Its capture, too, even when garrisoned only by Spaniards, had cost Massena six weeks, at the head of 80,000 men, and in the finest season of the year. It was taken from a French garrison by the British general, at the head of but 40,000 men, in *twelve days*, in the depth of winter, and by assault. Its immediate results were important: it threw into the conquerors' hands 150 guns, including Marmont's whole battering train. But the more remote and loftier

results were, its transfer of the palm from France to England, and its announcement to Europe that the invincibility of Napoleon was no more.

The wrath of the Emperor showed how keenly he felt the loss of Ciudad Rodrigo; and the letters of his war-minister to Marmont, are full of the bitterest reproaches. "The Emperor is highly displeased at the negligence which you have evinced in the affair of Ciudad Rodrigo. Why had you not advices from it twice a-week? What were you doing with the five divisions of Souham? This is a strange mode of carrying on war; and the Emperor makes no secret of his opinion, that the *disgrace* of this disaster attaches to you. The fall of Ciudad Rodrigo is an *affront* to you,"—&c. &c. But a still heavier affront, because a repetition on a bolder and more difficult scale, and involving the character of the most distinguished soldier of France next to the Emperor himself, was immediately offered. Soult was now to be the sufferer, and this, too, when his vigilance was necessarily awakened by the disgrace of Marmont, and when the British general's rapid facility of taking fortresses had awakened it especially for the safety of the great fortress on which his communications with France chiefly depended. The eye of the British general had been turned on Badajoz from the beginning of the campaign; and his preparations for its capture began instantly from the fall of Ciudad Rodrigo. Cannon, provisions, ammunition, were all to be transported almost in the presence of the French, yet without exciting their suspicions. All this was effected with such matchless skill, that Napoleon and his marshal were equally led astray, the Emperor himself being the chief dupe. Even this was not without remonstrance, for Marmont, warned by his late disaster, urgently stated his fears for Badajoz. Napoleon's answer, through Berthier, was, "You must suppose the English mad to imagine that they will march upon Badajoz, leaving you at Salamanca."

I repeat it, then; the instructions of the Emperor are precise. You are not to quit Salamanca; you are even to re-occupy the Asturias. Let your headquarters be at Salamanca, and never cease to menace the English from that point." We recognise the

peremptory style of one who thought himself superior to the possibility of deception. Yet never was man more completely and contemptuously deceived. We can imagine no more pungent subject for the ridicule of a Swift or a Cervantes than the feelings of this human oracle, when it was told him by some pallid and faltering minister that the whole British army was in full march for Badajoz, or perhaps no finer subject for the pencil of some great master of the human passions, than Napoleon's powerful and foreboding countenance as he stood, with the despatch in his hand, announcing its fall, and measuring in it the declining course of his own stricken star.

Yet the strength of Badajoz might have been some justification of imperial security, if any thing were to be regarded as safe in war, in the presence of British troops. The fortress was commanded by Philippon, already distinguished for its defence. Its garrison amounted to 5000 troops of the line. It was amply provisioned, and six months had been employed in completing its defences to the highest point of art. Perhaps no siege was ever undertaken under greater difficulties. Marmont might be expected to pour down on one flank, and Soult was known to be advancing from Andalusia on another. The season was singularly inclement, and the trenches were flooded, while the same cause filled the ditches of the place with water. The French garrison, animated by their governor, and determined not to share the disgrace of Ciudad Rodrigo, fought well, made sorties, and caused the defence of a single outwork to cost the assailants 350 men. The rapidity of the siege was unexampled but by those of the British themselves in the Peninsula. Ground was first broken on the 17th of March; but a tempest stopped all operations for four days. On the night of the 24th, the great outwork, La Picurina, was stormed; and on the night of the 27th, the British in four divisions, under Picton, Leith, Colville, and Bernard, gallant names, long to be remembered in the annals of the brave, rushed to the assault. We turn from the narrative of the central storm, excellently told as it is, to the progress of the single column which first mastered the rampart, the troops under Picton. The general assault had been fixed for ten o'clock at night; but a shell

bursting in front of Picton's battalions, disclosed their line, and made their instant advance necessary. Moving half an hour before the assault on the breach, and crossing a stream, which compelled them to move in single file, exposed to a perpetual fire from the ramparts, they still pushed on, though the light of the guns and combustibles showed every man as clear as day.

"Forming on the other side, they rushed quickly up the rugged steep to the foot of the castle wall. There Kempt, who had hitherto headed the assault, was struck down, and Picton was left alone to conduct the column. To the soul of a hero, however, he united the skill of a general; and well were both tried on that eventful night. Soon the palisades were burst through, and in ran Picton followed by his men; but when they got through and reached the foot of the wall, the fire almost perpendicularly down was so violent that the troops wavered; in an instant the loud voice of their chief was heard above the din, calling on them to advance, and they rushed in, bearing on their shoulders the ponderous scaling ladders, which were immediately raised up against the wall. Down in an instant, with a frightful crash, came huge logs of wood, heavy stones, shells, and hand-grenades, while the musketry with deadly effect was plied from above, and the bursting projectiles, illuminating the whole battlements, enabled the enemy to take aim with unerring accuracy. Several of the ladders were broken by the weight of the throng who pressed up them; and the men falling from a great height, were transfixed on the bayonets of their comrades below, and died miserably. Still fresh assailants swarmed round the foot of the ladders. Macpherson of the 45th, and Pakenham, now Sir Edward Pakenham, reached the top of the rampart, but were instantly and severely wounded and thrown down. Picton, though wounded, called to his men that they had never been defeated, and that now was the time to conquer or die. '*If we cannot win the castle,*' said he, '*let us die upon the walls.*' Animated by his voice, they again rushed forward, but again all the bravest were struck down. Picton himself was badly wounded, and his men, despite all their valour, were obliged to recoil, and take shelter under a projection of the hill.

"The attack seemed hopeless, when the reviving voice of Picton again summoned the soldiers to the attack, and he directed it a little to the right of the

former assault, where the wall was somewhat lower, and an embrasure promised some facility for entrance. There a young hero, Colonel Ridge of the 45th, who had already distinguished himself at Ciudad Rodrigo, sprang forward, and calling on the men to follow, himself mounted the first ladder."

The castle was won. A brigade under Walker soon after made their way in an opposite quarter, the troops joined in the centre of the fortress, and Badajoz was in the hands of the British general. This was one of the most desperate struggles in military history. The slaughter in Turkish fortresses has been greater, but there it was the slaughter of fugitives. Here the slaughter was bayonet to bayonet, and bullet for bullet; the long, persevering, and resolute effort of bravery, that nothing could quell on either side but wounds and death. The storm cost the British the unexampled number of 3500 killed and wounded *in the breach*! But Badajoz was taken. The war had never before exhibited such a prize: 170 heavy guns; 3800 soldiers, with their governor, prisoners; and, most important of all, the reputation of France, which was its power, shaken by an additional and mortal blow, on the eve of a war with all Northern Europe. The loss of Ciudad Rodrigo had broken one wing of the Imperial eagle, the loss of Badajoz now broke the other; and from this moment it never rose from the ground in Spain.

We must now, and it is with reluctance, close our sketch of this important performance. We have seen no work more adapted to interest the existing generation, or more secure of being valued by the future. Its subject unites the vivid and breathless excitement of romance, with the solid

and solemn grandeur of history; and its style is perfectly suited to the strongly defined character of its subject. Simple where plain things are to be told, and eloquent and imaginative where the subject demands a loftier wing. Though Mr Alison frequently gives the precedence to Colonel Napier in his military pictures, we think his own much better; and gladly turn from the melodramatic colouring of the gallant colonel, to the natural hues and classic outline of his own pencil.

The remainder, about one half of the volume, is occupied with the Russian war of 1812, which it brings down to the retreat from Moscow. The writer is to be greatly envied who has the opportunity and the powers to treat such a subject. The vastness of the contest, the rapid and consummate nature of the collision, and the unlimited consequences to the earth, make it almost a subject of awe. The hand of a mightier disposer than man never was so visibly disclosed since the fall of the Roman empire.

In turning from the monotonous and trifling transactions of our day to the majestic events of those pages, we feel, not unlike the explorers of some of the great Egyptian catacombs, leaving all above sand and sunshine, palpable and arid, to plunge into silence and shade, yet surrounded with the relics of the mighty, the monuments of warriors and kings; the dust of men before whom the world bowed down in reverence or in terror; all long since passed away, yet still sepulchred and enshrined; forgotten by the idle world above, but administering recollections of illustrious memory to the thoughtful, and lessons of solemn wisdom to the wise.

CIRCASSIA.

SINCE the middle of the 16th century, when Russia, under the martial Ivan Vasilievitz, first began to seek extension for her empire towards the south, her efforts in furtherance of that object, whether by war, by diplomacy, or by intrigue, have been incessant; and a study of the expedients by which she has succeeded, will amply reward those who desire to know her native character, divested of the hypocritical guise she has ever worn toward Europe.

But the history, or even a summary, of this eventful portion of her career—of the perfidies and atrocities through which she possessed herself of the various Tatar Khanats—of her simulated friendship for, and final betrayal of, the ill-starred Georgians—of her cajolery of the obtuse Ossetes—of her politic acknowledgment of the independence of the heroic Kabardans, as a preparatory step toward annexing their fertile plains to her territory—of her fierce and frequent struggles with those invincible and intractable mountaineers, the Lesghis, Mitsdjeghis, and Koomooks—might distract attention from the subject upon which alone we seek, for the present, to concentrate it—Circassia.

Although that portion of Kabarda which lies to the eastward of the river Kooban, be inhabited by a race of Circassians who yield to none in purity of blood, in patriotism and heroism of character; yet in Europe, where the nomenclature of the Caucasian races has been dictated by Russia, they appear to be no longer ranked among the parent-stock, with which are associated, among us, so many ideas of romance and gallantry. This is but a sorry return for the desperate valour with which, throughout the greater portion of the past century, they opposed the progress of Russia—for the devotion with which they sigh for, and look forward to, a time when they may yet emancipate themselves from her thralldom.

We shall, however, for the present, treat of Circassia as that portion of the region of the Caucasus comprised within the limits generally assigned to it; viz., the course of the river Kooban, to the eastward and northward; the shore of the Black Sea to the westward; and, to the southward, the prime mountain-range terminating on

the coast at Gaghra: for that portion of the Azras who live to the northward of that range, have ranked themselves voluntarily under the national appellation of the Circassians—Adighe. Yet the much more numerous portion of that race who live to the southward, as far as the confines of Mingrelia, saving a few on the sea-shore, whom the more practicable nature of their territory has induced to make terms of peace, are equally allies of the Circassians, and as implacable as they in hostility to the common enemy.

The greatest extent, in length, of the region above described, that is, from Mount Elbrooz to the embouchure of the Kooban, is about 300 English miles; and its greatest breadth, from the bend of the Kooban to the shore of the Black Sea, about 190. More than two-thirds of its surface are composed of the spurs (or *vorgebirge*, as the Germans more suitably say,) of the prime range of mountains; the remaining third, toward the Kooban, consisting of rolling country and some plains. And the hills in question, though rarely loftier than from two to three thousand feet, are of such form, in great variety, as to make them in the aggregate quite impracticable for the usual operations of a modern army; were they not, moreover, wherever cultivation has not yet extended, clothed with impervious forests.

The forests, being mostly of oak, prove the general fertility of the soil, which supports, throughout, a dense population, whose subsistence is chiefly derived from its culture. In the low country, toward the bend of the Kooban, some villages, of at most from four to five hundred inhabitants, are to be found; but elsewhere, the inhabitants are dispersed in single farmsteads, or in family hamlets, placed, for their protection, in such localities as are least accessible, or even discoverable, in wooded dells amid the hills, or in the skirts of forests in the valleys. It may thus be conceived, that a Russian army moving in mass, as it has always been compelled to do, cannot effect much mischief, even although the houses of the natives were not, as they are, of the simplest and least expensive construction, and their furniture of the most portable description.

Circassia, like many other regions of the Caucasus, has never yet, within the record of history, owned a master, or been subjected, even temporarily, by an enemy; and the adoption of Islamism—though but by a portion of its inhabitants, with the religious supremacy of the Padisha, or chief of that faith, thence accruing, as in the Crimea, in Bokhara, and other states formerly or still independent in matters of government—forms the only shadow of a pretext under which Russia has sought to establish a belief of its having owed allegiance to the Turkish Sultan—a claim which, on his part, was never yet put forward, even amid his earliest contests with his Muscovite antagonist for supremacy in the waters of the Black Sea and the sea of Azof, when, as head of the states of the Mussulman league, he was for a time in condition to dictate terms to their common enemy.

But the experience and the far-sightedness of Russia must have made her early aware of the long-continued and costly efforts through which alone she might hope eventually to subdue the desperate valour and innate love of freedom of the tribes of the Caucasus; and thus it became her policy to have this region considered as the appendage of an empire which, as having its power concentrated, she might by a single and decisive blow, compel to make a transference to her: and then, under the plea of sovereignty and of the necessity of quelling revolt, carry on, at her leisure and convenience, a war of conquest, which, had this its true character been known, might have brought into question in Europe both her power and character.

By treaties with Turkey, and not by conquest in Circassia, did Russia acquire that semblance of right by which she seeks now to abrogate the independence of that country. We shall therefore review them.

“The first of these treaties, by which Russia advanced her frontier into immediate contact with Circassia, (as above limited,) was that of Kutchuk Kainardji, (in 1774,) which gave her the nominal sovereignty of the two Kabardas, (declared by herself at the peace of Belgrade, in 1793, to be independent,) the possession of Taganrog and of other towns on the sea of Azof, and the free navigation of its waters. The second is of primary importance; because upon its frail

and most unstable foundation has since been constructed by Russia, aided by the negligence or the collusion of the foreign minister of England, a claim for sovereignty over people to this day free and independent, and an exclusive right to their trade on a coast comprising nearly 400 miles of the shores of the Black sea! This treaty, which was signed at Constantinople on the ^{28th December, 1783} 9th January, 1784—

or rather the 2d of its articles, which alone concerns Circassia, is thus expressed:—“La cour impériale de Russie ne fera jamais valoir les droits que les Chans des Tartares avaient formés sur le territoire de la forteresse de Soodjak Calessi; et par conséquent elle la reconnaît appartenir, en tute souveraineté, à le Porte!”

Here is a claim which, justly or unjustly (unjustly we verily believe), was ascribed to the independent sovereign of the Crimea, transferred, by the sole *ipsa dixit* of the Russian Empress, to the sovereign of Turkey!

The purpose for which such transference was made, instead of permitting the rights, if “formés,” to expire, will appear hereafter. We shall only remark in passing, that the fort in question had been constructed by a native Circassian chief, in the course of the preceding century, chiefly for the purpose of affording security for foreign merchants; that it had become the principal place of residence of Tartars of the Crimea, and of villagers on the sea of Azof, who had fled from the aggressions of Russia; and that it continued to be such until the construction of Anapa, in 1781, when it became almost entirely deserted.

The third treaty, or rather convention, occurred in the same year 1784, and it secured to Russia the Crimea, the isle of Taman, at the mouth of the Kooban, and territory up to the right bank of that river—on all which she had already seized, without justification.

In 1787, Turkey declared war against Russia, in consequence of her increased aggressions; in which declaration Sweden participated. In course of the hostilities thence resulting, General Bibikoff attempted, in 1790, to take Anapa, and was repulsed with great slaughter; but next year, General Goudovitch effected that enterprise; and after two sanguinary repulses, succeeded in his third attempt

in reaching Soodjook-Kalé, which, however, he found in ruins, as the Circassians had blown it up upon his approach. Since that period it has been rebuilt by them. To put an end to this war, and make Russia revert to the principles of the treaty of Kutchuk-Kainardji, England, France, and Prussia intervened; and Turkey, as the usual unfortunate result of her recourse to hostilities, guaranteed to Russia, as compensation for her concessions, the supremacy of Georgia, promising to *endeavour* to do the same in regard to the other states of the Caucasus. Russia, on this occasion, re-consigned Soodjook-Kalé and Anapa to Turkey.

In 1811, war having again occurred between Turkey and Russia, (during which Anapa was again captured,) the latter dispatched a force into Circassia, under the Duc de Richelieu, who likewise succeeded in reaching Soodjook-Kalé—that is, the site of its ruins—where he constructed a fortress; and, having placed therein a garrison, retraced his steps toward the Kooban. In less than a year, however, this garrison was withdrawn, and the fortress entirely dismantled; since which event it has never been reconstructed by any one, remaining to *this day* an uninhabitable and extensive waste of ruins, amid which the neighbouring proprietors pasture their flocks. By the treaty of Bukarest, (in 1812,) Russia again consigned both Soodjook-Kalé and Anapa to Turkey.

For the following sixteen years, although Turkey and Russia were at peace, the Circassians still continued to carry on war with the latter, until it was partially arrested in consequence of an offensive and defensive league, (or, as the Circassians express it, an engagement to be thenceforth at peace with the friends of the Padisha and at war with his enemies,) into which they entered at the suggestion of Hassan, pasha of Anapa, who also spent very large sums in his endeavours to convert the people to Islamism; immense crowds having, for many months, congregated daily in the valley of Anapa, to undergo conversion, and to participate in the “largesse” distributed upon this occasion, many returning also for such *confirmation*.

These proceedings, equally at va-

riance with the prospective interests of the Russians, did not, as may be presumed, escape their observation, and may probably have confirmed their determination to retain possession of Anapa, if it should again fall into their hands.

They, therefore, attacked it again upon their declaration of war against Turkey in 1828. But on this occasion Sefir Bey, the native chief of the district in which it is situated, was second in command; and, if his measures had been supported and his gallant example followed, the Russians would, in all probability, not only have been foiled in their attempt, but few of them would have escaped to bear across the Kooban the tale of their disaster.

The families of this chief, and of another in Temegui (related to him), take precedence in rank of those of all the other princes of Circassia; and the personal influence over his countrymen, resulting from his patriotism and the firmness and energy of his character, is very considerable.

On the occasion in question, as the Russians carried on their operations partly by land, he concerted with his countrymen simultaneous attacks upon the front and rear of their enemy; but, before they could be carried into execution, Osman, the Turkish governor of the fortress, who had been bribed for the purpose, opened its gates to the Russians. Even in this extremity, Sefir persevered in its defence, and yielded only when resistance was no longer possible.

In 1829 this war was concluded, between Turkey and Russia, by the treaty of Adrianople, by which Russia appropriated to herself the *whole of Circassia*, through half-a-dozen obscure words, among which the name even of that country does not appear, having been implied only by “*tout le littoral de la Mer Noire*!”

Against this acquisition, so furtively made,* in violation of Russia's most solemn and reiterated engagements to her allies, not to seek any accession of territory nor any exclusive privilege, the English Government of the day protested, by a reservation of British rights; yet have these rights, and the honour of the country therein involved, been sacrificed by the present foreign minister, in a manner which at once

* In the periodical publications of that time it is not even chronicled; because, in all probability, it was not observed!

evinces ignorance of "outer" matters in the assembly over which he rules, in these respects virtually, though not ostensibly, as a despot. In his despatch of the 23d May 1837, addressed to the Earl of Durham, he says:—

"His Majesty's Government, considering in the first place, that Soudjouk-Kalé, which was acknowledged by Russia in the treaty of 1783 as a Turkish possession, now belongs to Russia, as stated by Count Nesselrode, *by virtue of the treaty of Adrianople*, and considering further that this port is occupied, *as stated in your Excellency's despatch* of May 13th, by a Russian fort and garrison, see no sufficient reason to question the right of Russia to seize and confiscate the Vixen in the port of Soudjouk Kalé, on the grounds set forth in Count Nesselrode's note."

The shifting of ground from blockade to fiscal regulations; the suppression of evidence as to the former having been originally the cause of seizure assigned; and the falsehood as to the military occupation of Soudjouk-Kalé permitted to Russia; the *quasi* ratification afforded by our Minister for her iniquitous appropriation of *Circassia*; and the injustice he perpetrated against British subjects in refusing to them the evidence of their countrymen for support of their interests; and in closing unwarrantably against them, in favour of a rival nation, an extensive mart for their commerce—as revealed in the parliamentary and other publications connected with these transactions—are facts which merit the deepest consideration of all who desire to know in what degree of safety of keeping are the vast commercial and political interests of this empire. But the discussion of these subjects would lead us from our present purpose: we therefore resume the thread of our narrative.

The Circassians, at all events, still independent as they found themselves, could not be expected to respect a treaty to which they had not been parties; and which sought to make a transference of them like cattle. Immediately, therefore, after the fall of Anapa, they proceeded to take measures to continue the contest with Russia alone, and until the arrival of more propitious times. For this purpose, Prince Zahu-okoo Sefir, (or Sefir Bey, as he has been generally called,) Sudge Mehmet, and other chief

men, set forth, with a numerous attendance, on a tour throughout the provinces, in each of which they called a congress of the chiefs and elders, (or heads of septs;) and having explained, for their approval, the measures in contemplation, obtained their sanction for the despatch of the Prince and the Sudge, as their envoys for procuring foreign aid. For these and other general purposes, the former was empowered to remain at Constantinople, as Circassian plenipotentiary; and an engagement, under oath, was made with him, that no terms should be entered upon with the Russians until his return, or without his sanction. Unlike their *civilized* neighbours, the Circassians scrupulously observe their engagements; and have, especially, a deep conviction of the obligations of an oath: and thus their bargain with Sefir Bey has been observed, on their part, as a solemn national covenant; while, on his, he has deemed it a duty to his country to remain in Turkey, and endeavour to achieve the objects for which he was sent there.

For some time his prospects were brilliant, as his lively and princely address procured for him the especial favour of Sultan Mahmoud, who enjoyed and spent much time in his society; either in conviviality, to which his Highness was prone—or in feats of archery, in which the dexterous Circassian excelled, and acted as preceptor. But an indiscreet testimony of this friendship served to bring a cloud over it; for the Sultan having made the Bey the usual diplomatic present of a snuff box set in diamonds, the Russian minister immediately intimated to the former, that either he or Sefir Bey must quit Constantinople. The exile of the latter to Adrianople was the result; but there, while his illustrious patron lived, his sojourn was rendered as agreeable as circumstances would admit—a government appointment having been assigned him. Nor was the Imperial favour the only ray of hope which, in these days, enlivened him; for the minister of England—under what influence, or for what purpose, it would be difficult to fathom—entered into frequent communication with him; and is said to have authorized a communication from the Bey to his countrymen, which, at all events, inspired them with the liveliest joy and the brightest expecta-

tion, as giving cause for the fondest of their aspirations—the friendship of England!

But the brilliancy of these prospects was speedily and fearfully overcast by the death of the Sultan, the retrocession of the English minister, and the increasing influence of the Russians; and Sefir Bey left to his own resources—the supplies from both the quarters above indicated having been of late entirely withdrawn—and no longer enabled to procure these with regularity from his blockaded country, has now expressed his determination to return there, and communicate to his countrymen his conviction of the futility of their hope in foreign sympathy. The reader can picture for himself the probable effect of such a communication.

We shall now take a short retrospect (as further particulars will soon be made public) of the transactions which have latterly occurred in Circassia; which will show how nobly the pledge given to their ambassador has been redeemed by his countrymen.

From the date of the surrender of Anapa until the chivalrous exploit performed by Mr Urquhart, in the summer of 1834, of raising the dense veil with which Russia had till then shrouded her attempts at the conquest of Circassia, almost nothing was known of what occurred there. From such information, however, as has since been gleaned in the country, it would appear that Russia's tactics—unlike our own great Captain's—had been to subdue the spirit of the country by petty and incessant warfare, and by still meaner expedients, of which she alone, of the nations among which she ranks herself, makes damning use,—viz. the purse and the dagger! But the casual visit even of a single Englishman, appears at once to have convinced her that there was time no longer for such a system; and it was promptly changed. Williamineff, ["the yellow general" as the Circassians called, or "the red-bristled barbarian" as the Chinese might have called him,] a man of harsh and unscrupulous feelings, was now appointed to the chief command of the large force destined to act against Circassia, which he undertook to make subject to his master in seven campaigns; and his plan seems to have been to lay waste the open country, and to weaken the

strength of its mountain defences, by intersecting them with lines of forts. He was found thus engaged, on the second visit of Englishmen, in the year 1836: and smouldering ruins throughout the north-western portion of the country, and two embryo forts there, attested the industry with which he had laboured in his amiable vocation!

But a campaign of such labour, in addition to incessant harassment from, and many fierce encounters with, the hosts of Circassians that hovered around the army, had so broken its spirit and disorganized its discipline, that, upon its arrival on the banks of the Kooban, towards the end of October, Williamineff, despairing of safely effecting the passage of the river in face of the accumulating masses of infuriated Circassians by whom he was surrounded, first transported to the opposite bank the greater portion of his artillery, (men being deemed of less importance,) and then sought extrication from the danger of his position by playing upon the credulity of his less wily opponents. To this end he produced simulated despatches from St Petersburg, and explained to the Circassians that their purport was an order from the Emperor that he should withdraw his army and terminate the war, as it had so been determined on through the intervention of England! But, however gratifying even the idea of such an occurrence, the Circassians thought fit to doubt, under such circumstances, of its reality; and were on the eve of renewing their fearful charges, when the general, to remove all cause of doubt, tendered his oath in confirmation of his statements. It was accordingly taken in presence of Hadjioghlu Mehmet, the chief judge of Circassia, and of the other seniors present, when hostilities were suspended, and the wreck of the Russian army was forthwith permitted to pass the Kooban unmolested!

Next spring afforded the Circassians a lesson (which has not been lost upon them) as to "Russian fides," by the landing of Williamineff with another army in the bay of Ghelendjik, whence he made his way (some five-and-twenty miles) along two valleys and across two defiles, to the small bay of Pshat, for the construction of the first coast fort to the southward; after the completion of which he proceeded (fifteen to twenty miles further) along other

two valleys, and across one defile, to the echelle of Tchopsim, for the construction of another.

In the valleys now mentioned there are no farmsteads; and as the Russians, on these occasions, made not the least attempt to diverge from their route to burn those which are situated upon the acclivities of the adjoining hills, and committed but few atrocities save mutilating such of the bodies of Circassians as fell into their hands, (the half-roasted remains of one of which was found after their passage,) no material opposition was offered them until their arrival at the places above-mentioned, at both of which, so soon as a force could be assembled, many gallant exploits were performed against them.

During this campaign, the correspondence which, in consequence of the communication from Sefir Bey alluded to, (and which moreover was the cause, at this time, of *diminished hostility on the part of the Circassians*,) passed between them and General Williamineff, was on his part, as formerly, characterised (as will be seen in its publication) by the most overbearing insolence. His system, however, was already about to be changed for another.

On the 1st of October, the Emperor himself, accompanied by his son, arrived at Ghelendjik, whither Williamineff and his army (after the construction of but two forts!) had returned; and the arrival of the former was signalized by the conflagration of all the stores and provender laid up for the army—an event which was attributed, by the deserters, to the general's fear of the Emperor becoming aware of the mouldiness of the bread upon which his soldiers were fed! Be that as it may, Williamineff was ordered to retire immediately, with his army, across the Kooban, and there he was deprived of his command. Rayevski, his successor, bears a different character among the soldiery, having promised, at all events, refor-

mation of many of the abuses under which they had suffered; and the general tenor of his correspondence with the Circassians proves that, toward them, it had been determined to substitute a system of conciliation and remonstrance, instead of one of menace; while their resistance was, at the same time, to be got the better of, chiefly by suppression of their external commerce. For this purpose the whole efforts of the Russians, for the two last years, have been directed to the occupation of the Circassian coast by a continuous line of forts, placed at the echelles most frequented by the merchants from Turkey.*

Southward of Tchopsim, the last echelle already mentioned, there are no valleys along which an army could be marched; as all thereafter run upward from the coast, almost at right angles to its trending; and, as they are narrow and flanked on either side (as indeed are those of Pshat and Tchopsim also) by steep and wooded hills, which extend to the very verge of the sea; and as the water, on almost the whole coast, is of considerable depth, at but a small distance from it, there was no expedient alternative for obtaining occupation of the openings of these valleys, but that of which Rayevski made use—viz. having line-of-battle ships moored at about half cannon-range from the shore, and obliging the Circassians to seek shelter from their fire, while the boats of the squadron were being loaded on the off-side with infantry and artillery, who, generally by a *ruse*, were landed where least expected; and who, when once formed on the shore, were, of course, in condition to maintain their ground against a much greater force than their sudden arrival had given time for being assembled against them. In this manner six echelles to the southward of Tchopsim, viz., Shap-sigua, Toapse, Waia, Soobesh, Sootcha, and Ardler, were successively taken possession of during the campaigns of 1837, 38, and 39; and re-

* The blockading by sea having been found almost totally inefficient, this blockade, by means of forts and gunboats, was next adopted; and the trade having been continued in spite of both these expedients, the Russian government then *compelled* the Turkish one to lend its aid in a third—by the enactment of severe penalties against those who might be detected in sailing for the Circassian coast. In this way nearly a *hundred* Circassians are, we understand, detained at present on the Turkish coast, where some of them have been imprisoned, and all reduced to great privation and misery, for the purpose of compelling them to place themselves under Russian authority, by accepting passports for Anapa—sooner than submit to which they endure starvation!

tained by a force of six to eight thousand men, until a fort of (*supposed*) adequate strength for being defended by a garrison of 300 to 400 men was constructed at each of these localities, and mounted with 15 to 20 pieces of cannon, and bombs of large calibre.

Yet it must not be supposed that the Circassians, however unable to oppose effectually such debarkations, submitted to witnessing tamely the subsequent operations; for many of the very bravest and best of those of the neighbourhoods above specified, and of the adjoining portions of the country, have fallen in the gallant and desperate charges which were made upon the Russian squares, so soon as the fire of the shipping was intermitted; and toward the termination only of these landings could they be persuaded of the inexpediency of attacking the Russian army when formed, and to limit their endeavours to preventing its detached operations—such as cutting down the forest in the immediate vicinity of the situations chosen for the forts; and to preconcerting measures for taking these forts by surprise, so soon as the nights had become sufficiently long and obscure to afford time and comparative security for such enterprises; the practicability of which had already been sufficiently tested, both in the portion of the country now spoken of, and toward the north, by sundry individuals who had scaled the earthen ramparts during night, without the aid of any apparatus, and generally without challenge.

Early in the preceding spring, an attempt of this description had been made against the forts in the neighbourhoods of Anapa and Soodjook-Kalé; but it was rendered abortive through too strong a muster having been made, as intelligence thus reached the enemy, and the proximity of the larger garrisons of Anapa and Ghelendjik enabled him to put the points of the threatened attack in such a state of defence as made it advisable to defer the project.

During these events, which it will be seen concern only the coast from Anapa to the pass of Gaghra, against which, however, the chief brunt of the war has hitherto been directed, some partial attempts were made against the great central province of Abazak, and those, of limited extent, which lie between it and the Kooban. A strong force under General Sass (the Rus-

sian Dalzell) was moved into the latter, (which, from the comparatively level state of the country, are not capable of much defence,) for the purpose of enacting, for the first time, the farce of nominating a local governor, and of enrolling the people as subjects of the Emperor; measures whose efficacy was found commensurate with the presence and amount of the force employed. From his headquarters near the river, Sass made sundry experiments upon the central province, both by negotiation and by inroad, which proved equally unsuccessful; for his offers of peace, even untrammelled by any conditions of submission, were promptly and peremptorily rejected by the Abazaks, but upon the same terms as such offers, but more stringent, had been rejected by their countrymen, both northward and southward on the coast, viz., the dismantling of the forts, and the entire evacuation of the country from Karatchai to Anapa, and from Anapa to Sookoom-Kalé; while his inroads were rendered scarcely less futile by the prompt and determined resistance by which they were met. On one occasion in particular, in the early part of May 1838, he suffered a severe repulse on the banks of the Shagwashe, where the Abazaks awaited his approach, under concealment in the skirts of a forest, and there made so sudden and determined a charge that the Russians were thrown into irretrievable confusion, and a large portion of them drowned in their efforts to escape across the then swollen river. In this affair, Sass himself was somewhat severely wounded; and since then his enterprises against the Abazaks have chiefly consisted in forays upon their shepherds, flocks, and herds, in the pastures toward the frontier.

The great interest which has of late been drawn towards Circassia, both on account of the extraordinary intelligence of Russian defeat which has of late arrived from it; and of the awakening conviction as to the value of its independence, now that Russia, in her Khivan expedition, has unmasked her designs of balancing, and eventually destroying, our influence in Central Asia, as of late first revealed by her instigation to the attack upon Herat, has induced us to attempt this rapid sketch of the country, and of the events of greatest interest connected with it. Yet there are others,

perhaps not much less so, which for the present must be postponed; as, for example, the judicious efforts which have of late been made by the Circassians, even during the short respites in Russian warfare by sea and land afforded them, to improve their administrative and judicial institutions, and to eradicate disorders, of long prevalence, which had been found of special detriment to the national unity—now more than ever desirable.

We think we cannot better conclude our sketch, than by appending to it a portion of an article upon the late intelligence as to the capture of the forts constructed by the Russians upon the Circassian coast, which appeared in the *Times* of the 25th of May last, merely premising that this intelligence has received the amplest confirmation from Constantinople, (whether the first portion of it was brought by two Turkish vessels from Sookoom-Kalé,) from Odessa, from Trebizonde, from St Petersburg, (in letters to respectable mercantile houses in London,) from Berlin, from Paris, and from the foreign minister himself, in the House of Commons on the 12th of the past month. The article in question runs thus:—

“Now came in operation those tactics which it is probable that the Circassians from the first had contemplated. They wisely allowed their wily antagonist, as he thought himself, to expend lavishly his force and treasure before they commenced their demonstration of the fallacy of all his hopes, and all his expectations. Then began a series of wild and irregular attacks, of which the details have not, and perhaps never can reach us; but the result of which, in the demolition of all the Russian forts on the Circassian coast, is now, as we are confidently assured, placed beyond all doubt. The Circassians have stormed and captured, since the commencement of last winter, the whole range of fortresses on their coast, which have been the sole aim and occupation of the Russian large naval and military force employed against the country for the last three years! The achievement of such a series of signal successes, without the aid of artillery, by an undisciplined multitude, against redoubts constructed and defended ac-

cording to the best principles of modern military tactics, forms a phenomenon in warfare which the accounts before us do not wholly explain, though they do not leave us without a clue to the tactics of the Circassians, which we shall now proceed briefly to describe. The position of all the forts in question was close upon the sea, at the embouchure of narrow valleys, bordered to the very shore by ranges of steep and thickly-wooded hills, at so little distance from each other, that a fort placed halfway, which in such a position could hardly be avoided, was commanded from either side.

The walls, or rather embankments of each redoubt, could be constructed of no other materials than the soil of the spot; and although surrounded by a fosse, this tended little to augment their security, as the height thus occasioned rendered it necessary to give the embankment exteriorly a considerable slope, by which means scaling, even without the aid of ladders, or other implements, became a matter of little difficulty. Further, as each of these enclosures had been made of considerable extent, to afford to the garrison the only exercise in which they could indulge, it will easily be seen how liable to surprise such a place was during the night from the neighbouring population, who, devoting themselves to that sole object, could watch their time, and take their measures without observation or obstruction on the part of the devoted garrison. In fact, secrecy, darkness, and resolution combined all that was requisite on the part of the Circassians; and the project of the capture of the forts by surprise, which it seems was formed in the course of last summer and autumn, under the advice of an English traveller then on the spot, and which commenced by the attack on Sootcha on the 9th of October last, has been crowned with triumphant success. As these exploits of the brave Circassians may open a new field, yet but partially explored to British commercial enterprise, and tend, moreover, to check the progress of Russian aggression on the side of India, they become important events to this country, on the score of national advantage alone; but they acquire a still higher interest as the records of another triumph, on the part of a free and brave people, over a reckless and unprincipled invader, whose march spreads despotism, and puts a deadly extinguisher upon civilisation!”

TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR.

PART IX.

"FORTUNA SEVO IATA NEGOTIO, ET
LUDUM INSOLENTIAM LUDERE PERTINAX,
TRANSMUTAT INCERTOS HONORES,
NUNC MIHI, NUNC ALII BENIGNA.
LAUDO MANDENTEM : SI CELEBRIS QUATIT
PENNAS, RESIGNO QUÆ DEDIT, ET MEA
VIRTUTE ME INVOLVO, PROBAMQUE
PAUPERIEM SINE DOTE QUÆRO."
Hor. Carm. Lib. iii. 49.

"THE Attorney-General did his work very fairly, I thought—eh, Lynx?" said Mr Subtle, as, arm-in-arm with Mr Lynx, he quitted the castle-gates, each of them on his way to their respective lodgings, to prepare for their next day's work.

"Yes—he's a keen enough hand, to be sure: he's given us *all* work enough; and, I must say, it's been a capital set-to between you. I'm *very* glad you got the verdict!"

"It wouldn't have done to be beaten on my own dunghill, as it were—eh? By the way, Lynx, that was a good hit of yours about the erasure—I ought, really, if it had occurred to me at the time, to have given you the credit of it—'twas entirely your's, Lynx, I must say."

"Oh, no"—replied Lynx, modestly. He knew that Mr Subtle would be Attorney-General one day; and would then require the services of a certain grim functionary—to wit, a *devil*—"It was a mere accident my lighting on it; the merit was, the use you made of it!"

"To think of ten thousand a-year turning on that same trumpery erasure."

"But are you sure of our verdict on that ground, Mr Subtle? Do you think Widdrington was right in rejecting that deed?"

"Right? to be sure he was! But I own I got rather uneasy at the way the Attorney-General put it—that the estate had once been vested, and could not be subsequently de-vested by an alteration or blemish in the instrument evidencing the passing of the estate,—eh? that was a good point, Lynx."

"Aye, but as Lord Widdrington put it—that could be only where the defect was proved to exist after a complete and valid deed had been once established."

"True—true; that's the answer,

Lynx: here, you see, the deed is disagreed in the first instance; no proof, in fact, that it ever *was* a deed—therefore, mere waste paper."

"To be sure, *possession* has gone along with the deed."

"Possession goes along with it?—

What then!—that is to say, the man who has altered it, to benefit himself and his heirs, keeps it snugly in his own chest—and then that is of itself to be sufficient to"—

"Yes—and again, you know, isn't it the general rule that the party producing an instrument must account for the appearance of erasure or alteration to encounter the presumption of fraud?—it seems good sense enough."

"By the way, did you ever see any thing like Quicksilver in that matter? I know he'd bring Widdrington down on him—I sate frying, I assure you! To hear one's cases spoiled—but—well! it's all over now, however!—It's really been a very interesting cause."

"Very. Some capital points—that of Mortmain's on the stamp-act"—

"Pish, Lynx! there's nothing in it! I meant the cause itself has been an interesting one—uncommonly."

Mr Subtle suddenly paused, and stood still. "God bless my soul, Lynx—I've made a blunder!"

"Eh!"

"Yes—by Jove, a blunder! Never did such a thing since I've led a cause before."

"A blunder? Impossible!—What is it?" enquired Lynx briskly, pricking up his ears.

"It will be at least thirty or forty pounds out of our client's pocket. I forgot to ask Widdrington for the certificate for the cost of the special jury. I protest I never did such a thing before—I'm quite annoyed—I hate to overlook any thing."

"Oh! is that all?" inquired Lynx, much relieved—"then it's all right!"

While you were speaking to Mr Gammon, immediately after the verdict had been given, I turned towards Quicksilver to get him to ask for the certificate—but he had seen a man with the new “Times” containing the division on the Catholic claims, and had set off after him—so I took the liberty, as you seemed very earnestly talking to Mr Gammon, to name it to the judge—and it’s all right.”

“Capital!—Then there isn’t a point missed? And in a good two-days’ fight that’s something.”

“D’ye think we shall keep the verdict, and get its fruits, Mr Subtle?”

“We shall keep the verdict, I’ve no doubt; there’s nothing in Widdrington’s notes that we need be afraid of—but of course they’ll put us to bring another ejectment, perhaps several.”

“Yes—certainly—there *must* be a good deal of fighting before such a property as Yatton changes hands,” replied Lynx, with a complacent air; for he saw a few pleasant pickings in store for him. “By the way,” he continued, “our client’s a sweet specimen of humanity, isn’t he!”

“Faugh! odious little reptile! And did you ever in all your life witness such a scene as when he interrupted me in the way he did?”

“Ha, ha! Never! But, upon my honour, what an exquisite turn you gave the thing—it was worth more than called it forth—it was admirable.”

“Pooh—Lynx!” said Mr Subtle, with a gratified air; “knack—mere knack—nothing more. My voice trembled—eh?—at least so I intended.”

“Upon my soul, Mr Subtle, I almost thought you were for the moment overcome, and going to shed tears.”

“Ah, ha, ha!—Delightful! I was convulsed with inward laughter! *Shed tears*!! Did the Bar take it, Lynx?” inquired Mr Subtle; for though he hated display, he loved *appreciation*, and by competent persons. “By the way, Lynx, the way in which you’ve got up the whole case does you vast credit—that opinion of yours on the evidence was—upon my word—the most masterly”—here he suddenly ceased and squeezed his companion’s arm, motioning him thereby to silence. They had come up with two

gentlemen, walking slowly, and conversing in a low tone, but with much earnestness of manner. They were, in fact, Mr Aubrey and Lord De la Zouch. Mr Subtle and Mr Lynx crossed over to the other side of the narrow street, and quickened their pace, so as soon to be out of sight and hearing of the persons they seemed desirous of avoiding. Mr Subtle was, indeed, unable to bear the sight of the man whom his strenuous and splendid exertions during the last two days had tended to strip of his all—to thrust from the bright domain of wealth, prosperity, distinction, into—as it were—outer darkness—the outer darkness of poverty—of destitution.

“It’s a bore for Mr Aubrey, isn’t it?” quoth the matter-of-fact Lynx.

“It’s quite frightful!”—replied Mr Subtle, in a tone of voice and with a manner which showed how deeply he felt what he uttered. “And it’s not only what he will lose, but what he will be liable to—the mesne profits—sixty thousand pounds.”

“Oh!—you think, then, that we can’t go beyond the *statute of limitation*?—Eh?—is that so clear?” Mr Subtle looked sharply at Lynx, with an expression it would be difficult to describe. “Well”—continued the impenetrable Lynx—“at all events I’ll look into it.” He felt about as much *sentiment* in the matter, as a pig eating acorns would feel interest in the antiquity of the oak from which they fell, and under whose venerable shade he was munching and stuffing himself.

“By the way, Lynx—a’n’t you with me in *Higson* and *Mellington*?”

“Yes—and it stands first for to-morrow morning.”

“What’s it about? I’ve not opened my papers, and—why, we’ve a consultation fixed for ten to-night.”

“It’s *libel* against a newspaper editor—the *POMFREY COCKATRICE*; and our client’s a clergyman.”

“What about?”

“Tithes—grasping, cruelty, and so forth.”

“Justification?”

“No—not guilty only.”

“Who leads for the defendant?”

“Mr Quicksilver.”

“Oh!—we can dispense with the consultation then. I shall send my clerk to fix to-morrow morning, at court—five minutes before the sitting of the court. I’m rather tired to-night.”

With this the great leader shook hands with his modest, learned, laborious junior—and entered his lodgings.

As soon as Titmouse had been ejected from the court, in the summary way which the reader will remember, merely on account of his having, with slight indecorum, yielded to the mighty impulse of his agitated feelings, he began to cry bitterly, wringing his hands, and asking every one about him if they thought he could get in again, because it was his case that was going on. His eyes were red and swollen with weeping; and his little breast throbbed violently as he walked to and fro from one door of the court to the other. "Oh, gents, will you get me in again?" said he, in passionate tones, approaching two gentlemen, who, with a very anxious and oppressed air, were standing together at the outside of one of the doors—in fact, Lord De la Zouch and Mr Aubrey; and they quickly recognised in Titmouse the gentleman whose claims were being at that instant mooted within the court. "Will you get me in? You seem such respectable gents—'Pon my soul I'm going mad! It's my case that's going on! I'm Mr Titmouse!"

"We have no power, sir, to get you in," replied Lord De la Zouch haughtily: so coldly and sternly as to cause Titmouse involuntarily to shrink from him.

"The court is crowded to the very door, sir—and we really have no more right to be present in court, or get others into court, than you have," said Mr Aubrey, with mildness and dignity.

"Thank you, sir! Thank you!" quoth Titmouse, moving with an apprehensive air away from Lord De la Zouch, towards Mr Aubrey, "Know quite well who you are, sir! 'Pon my solemn soul, sir, sorry to do all this; but law's law, and right's right, all the world over."

"I desire you to leave us, sir," said Lord De la Zouch with irrepressible sternness; "you are very intrusive. How can we catch a syllable of what is going on while you are chattering in this way?" Titmouse saw that Mr Aubrey looked towards him with a very different expression from that exhibited by his forbidding companion, and would perhaps have stood his ground, but for a glimpse he caught of a huge powdered, broad-shouldered footman, in a splendid livery, one of

Lord De la Zouch's servants, who, with a great thick cane in his hand, was standing at a little distance behind, in attendance on the carriage, which was standing in the castle-yard. This man's face looked so ready for mischief, that Titmouse slowly walked off. There were a good many standers-by, who seemed all to look with dislike and distrust at Titmouse. He made many ineffectual attempts to persuade the doorkeeper, who had assisted in his extrusion, to re-admit him; but the incorruptible janitor was proof against a sixpence—even against a shilling; and at length Titmouse gave himself up to despair, and thought himself the most miserable man in the whole world—as very probably, indeed, he was: for consider what a horrid interval of suspense he had to endure, from the closing of Mr Subtle's speech till the delivery of the verdict. But at length, through this portentous and apparently impenetrable cloud, burst the rich sunlight of success.

"Mr Titmouse!—Mr Titmouse! —Mr Tit!"

"Here! Here I am! Here!"—exclaimed the little fellow, jumping off the window-seat on which he had been sitting for the last hour in the dark, half stupified with grief and exhaustion. The voice that called him was a blessed voice—a familiar voice—the voice of Mr Gammon; who, as soon as the jury began to come back, on some pretence or other had quitted his seat between Quirk and Snap, in order, if the verdict should be for the plaintiff, to be the very first to communicate it to him. In a moment or two Mr Gammon had grasped both Mr Titmouse's hands. "My dear, dear Mr Titmouse, I congratulate you! You are victorious! God grant you long life to enjoy your good fortune! God bless you, Titmouse!" He wrung Titmouse's hands—and his voice trembled with the intensity of his emotions. Mr Titmouse had gone very white, and for a while spoke not, but stood staring at Mr Gammon, as if he was hardly aware of the import of his communication.

"No—but—is it so? Honour bright?" at length he stammered.

"It is indeed! My long labours are at length crowned with success!—Hurrah, hurrah, Mr Titmouse!"

"I've really won? It a'n't a joke or a dream?" inquired Titmouse with

quickly increasing excitement, and a joyous expression bursting over his features, which became suddenly flushed.

"A joke?—the best you'll ever have. A dream?—that will last your life. Thank God, Mr Titmouse, the battle's ours; we've defeated all their villany!"

"Tol de rol! Tol de rol! Tol de lol, lol, lol, rido!—Ah," headed, in a loud truculent tone, as Lord De la Zouch and Mr Aubrey slowly passed him,—

"done for you now—pon my life!—turned the tables!—*that* for you!" said he, snapping his fingers; but I need hardly say that he did so with perfect impunity as far as those two gentlemen were concerned, who were so absorbed with the grievous event which had just happened, as scarcely to be aware of their being addressed at all.

"Aubrey, it's against you—all is lost; the verdict is for the plaintiff!" said Lord De la Zouch in a hurried agitated whisper, as he grasped the hand of Mr Aubrey, whom he had quitted for an instant to hear the verdict pronounced. Mr Aubrey for some moments spoke not.

"God's will be done!" at length said he, in a low tone, and in rather a faint murmur. More than a dozen gentlemen, who came crowding out, grasped his hand with great energy and vehemence.

"God bless you, Aubrey! God bless you!"—said several voices, their speakers wringing his hand with great vehemence as they spoke.

"Let us go,"—said Lord De la Zouch, putting Mr Aubrey's arm in his own, and leading him away from a scene of distressing excitement, too powerful for his exhausted feelings.

"I am nothing of a fatalist," said Mr Aubrey, after a pause of some minutes, during which they had quitted the castle-gates, and his feelings had recovered from the shock which they had just before suffered;—"I am nothing of a fatalist, but I ought not to feel the least surprise at this issue, for I have long had a settled conviction that such *would* be the issue. For some time before I had the least intimation of the commencement of these proceedings, I was oppressed by a sense of impending calamity!"—

"Well, that may be so; but it does

not follow that the mischief is finally done."

"I am certain of it!—But, dear Lord De la Zouch, how much I owe to your kindness and sympathy!" said Mr Aubrey, with a slight tremor in his voice.

"We are at this moment, Aubrey, firmer friends than we ever were before. So help me Heaven! I would not lose your friendship for the world; I feel it a greater honour than I am worthy of—I do indeed," said Lord De la Zouch, with great emotion.

"There's a great gulf between us, though, Lord De la Zouch, as far as worldly circumstances are concerned—*you* a peer of the realm, I a beggar."

"Forgive me Aubrey, but it is idle to talk in that way; I am hurt beyond measure at your supposing it possible that under any circumstances"——

"Believe me, I feel the full value of your friendship,—more valuable at this moment than ever."

"That a serious calamity has fallen upon you is certain;—which of us, indeed, is safe from such a calamity? But who would bear it with the calm fortitude which *you* have already evinced, my dear Aubrey?"

"You speak very kindly, Lord De la Zouch; I trust I shall play the man, now that the time for playing a man's part has come," said Mr Aubrey, with an air of mingled melancholy and resolution. "I feel an inexpressible consolation in the reflection, that I cannot charge myself with any thing unconscientious. If I have done wrong in depriving another for so long a period of what was his, it was surely in ignorance; and, as for the future, I put my trust in God. I feel as if I could submit to the will of Heaven with cheerfulness!"——

"Don't speak so despondingly, Aubrey!"——

"Despondingly?" echoed Mr Aubrey, with momentary animation—"Despondingly? My dear friend, I feel as if I were indeed entering a scene black as midnight—but what is it to the *valley of the shadow of death*, dear Lord de la Zouch, which is before all of us? I assure you I feel no vain-glorious confidence; yet I seem to be leaning on the arm of an unseen but all-powerful supporter."

"You are a hero, my dear Aubrey!"

exclaimed Lord De la Zouch, with sudden fervour.

"And that support will embrace those dearer to me than life—dearer—far—far"—He ceased.

"My God, Aubrey!—Aubrey! what's the matter?" hastily exclaimed Lord De la Zouch, feeling Mr Aubrey leaning heavily against him. He grasped Mr Aubrey firmly—for his head suddenly drooped; and, but for his companion's support, he must have fallen to the ground. His delicate frame was worn out with the late excitement, and the intense anxiety and exhaustion he had undergone; having scarce tasted food for the last two days. The sudden recurrence of his thoughts to the objects of his fond and ineffable love, had completely overpowered his exhausted nature. Mark—it was only his *physical* nature that for a moment gave way. It was quite unworthy of the noble soul which animated it. Of such a one it may be said—the sword is too keen for its scabbard. His sensibilities were exquisite; perhaps morbidly so. A soul like his, placed in a body which, as I long ago explained, was constitutionally feeble, might, from the intimate and inscrutable connection and sympathy between mind and body, for a moment appear to be of an inferior temper: whereas the momentary shock and vibration occasioned by external accident over that soul, quickly re-exhibited its native nobleness and strength.

Mr Aubrey, who sunk into Lord De la Zouch's arms in the way I have described, just as they were passing a small shop whose owner stood at the door, was quickly taken into it; and within a few minutes, and with the aid of a glass of water, revived in time to take advantage of Lord De la Zouch's carriage, which was passing on its way from the castle to his hotel. There was only Lady De la Zouch within it, and she welcomed Mr Aubrey with the most affectionate sympathy; insisting upon their driving him to his lodgings, in order that they might, by their presence, comfort and appease Mrs Aubrey and Miss Aubrey. Mr Aubrey, however, most earnestly dissuaded them, saying, he would rather that, on so painful an occasion, they should be alone; and after taking a glass of wine and water, which greatly revived him, he quitted the hotel, alone and on foot, and made for his lodgings. The streets

were occupied by passengers, some returning from the castle after the great trial of the day; others standing here and there, in little knots, conversing as he passed them; and he felt conscious that the subject of their thoughts and conversation, was himself and his fallen fortunes. Several deep-drawn sighs escaped him, as he walked on, the herald of such dismal tidings, to those whom he loved: and he felt but for that which supported him from within, as it were, a fallen angel so far as concerned this world's honours and greatness. The splendours of human pomp and prosperity seemed rapidly vanishing in the distance. In the temporary depression of his spirits, he experienced feelings somewhat akin to those of the heart-sickened exile, whose fond eyes are riveted upon the mosques and minarets of his native city, bathed in the soft sunlight of evening, where are the cherished objects of all his tenderest thoughts and feelings; while his vessel is rapidly bearing him from it, amid the rising wind, the increasing and ominous swell of the waters, the thickening gloom of night—*whither?* The Minster clock struck ten as he passed one of the corners of the vast majestic structure, grey-glistening in the faint moonlight. The chimes echoed in his ear, and smote his subdued soul with a sense of peculiar solemnity and awe; they forced upon him a reflection upon the transient littleness of earthly things. Then he thought of those dear beings who were awaiting his return, and a gush of grief and tenderness overflowed his heart, as he quickened his steps, with an inward and fervent prayer that Heaven would support them under the misfortune which had befallen them. As he neared the retired row of houses where his lodgings were situated, he imagined that he saw some one near the door of his lodgings, as if on the look-out for his approach; and who, as he drew nearer, at length entered his lodgings. This was a person whom Mr Aubrey did not at all suspect—it was his worthy friend Dr Tat-ham; who, unable to quit Yatton in time to hear the trial, had early that morning mounted his horse, and, after a long and hard ride, reached York soon after Mr Aubrey had set off for the castle. Though many of the country people then in York were aware that

Mrs and Miss Aubrey were also there, a delicate consideration for their exquisitely distressing situation restrained them from intruding upon their privacy, which had been evidently sought for by the species of lodgings which Mr Aubrey had engaged. On the second day, the excellent Dr Tatham had been their welcome and instructive guest, scarce ever leaving them; Mr Aubrey's groom bringing word, from time to time, from his master how the trial went on. Late in the evening, urged by Kate, the Doctor had gone off to the castle, to wait till he could bring intelligence of the final result of the trial. He had not been observed by Mr Aubrey amidst the number of people who were about; and had at length fulfilled his mission, and been beforehand with Mr Aubrey in communicating the unfortunate issue of the struggle. The instant that Mr Aubrey had set his foot within the door, he was locked in the impassioned embrace of his wife and sister. None of them spoke for some moments.

"Dearest Charles!—we've heard it all—we know it all!" at length they exclaimed in a breath. "Thank God, it is over at last—and we know the worst!—Are you well, dearest Charles?" inquired Mrs Aubrey, with fond anxiety.

"Thank God, my Agnes, I am well!" said Mr Aubrey, much excited—"and thank God that the dreadful suspense is at an end; and for the fortitude, my sweet loves, with which you bear the result. And how are *you*, my excellent friend?" continued he, addressing Dr Tatham, and grasping his hands; "my venerable and pious friend—how it refreshes my heart to see you! as one of the chosen ministers of that God whose creatures we are, and whose dispensations we receive with reverent submission!"

"God Almighty bless you all, my dear friends!" replied Dr Tatham, powerfully affected. "Believe that all this is from Him! He has wise ends in view, though we see not nor comprehend them! *Faint not when ye are rebuked of Him! If ye faint in the day of adversity, your strength is small!* But I rejoice to see your resignation." Aubrey, his wife, and sister, were for a while overcome with their emotions.

"I assure you all," said Aubrey, NO. CCXCVII. VOL. XLVIII.

"I feel as if a very mountain had been lifted off my heart! How blest am I in my wife and sister!" A heavenly smile irradiated his pale features—and he clasped his wife and then his sister in his arms. They wept as they tenderly returned his embrace.

"Heaven," said he, "that gave us all, has taken all: why should we murmur? He will enable us, if we pray for His assistance, to bear with equanimity our present adversity, as well as our past prosperity! Come, Agnes! Kate! play the women!"

Dr Tatham sate silent by; but the tears ran down his cheeks. At length Mr Aubrey gave them a general account of what had occurred at the trial—and which, I need hardly say, was listened to in breathless silence.

"Who is that letter from, love, lying on the table?" inquired Mr Aubrey, during a pause in the conversation.

"It's only from Johnson, to say the children are quite well," replied Mrs Aubrey. The ruined parents, as if by a common impulse, looked unutterable things at each other. Then the mother turned deadly pale; and her husband tenderly kissed her cold cheek; while Kate could scarcely restrain her feelings. The excitement of each was beginning to give way before sheer bodily and mental exhaustion; and Dr Tatham, observing it, rose to take his departure. It was arranged that the carriage should be at the door by eight o'clock in the morning, to convey them back to Yatton—and that Dr Tatham should breakfast with, and then accompany them on horseback. He then took his departure for the night, with a very full heart; and those whom he left soon afterwards retired for the night; and having first invoked the mercy and pity of Heaven, sunk into slumber and brief forgetfulness of the perilous position in which they had been placed by the event of the day.

Somewhat different was the mode in which the night was spent by the victorious party. Gammon, as has been seen, was the first to congratulate Titmouse on his splendid success. The next was old Quirk—who, with a sort of conviction that he should find Gammon beforehand with him—bustled out of court, leaving Snap to pay the jury, settle the court-fees, collect

the papers, and so forth. Both Quirk and Snap (as soon as he was at liberty) exhibited a courtesy towards Titmouse which had a strong dash of reverence in it, such as was due to the possessor of ten thousand a-year; but Gammon exhibited the tranquil matter-of-fact confidence of a man who had determined to be, and indeed knew that he *was*, the entire master of Titmouse.

"I—wish you'd call a coach, or something of that sort, gents.—I'm devilish tired—I am, 'pon my soul!" said Mr Titmouse, yawning, as he stood on the steps between Quirk and Gammon, waiting for Snap's arrival. He was, in fact, almost mad—bursting with excitement; and could not stand still for a moment. Now he whistled aloud, loudly and boldly; then he hummed a bar or two of some low comic song; and ever and anon drew on and off his damp gloves with an air of petulant impetuosity. Then he ran his hand through his hair with careless grace; and then, with arms folded on his breast for a moment, looked eagerly, but with a would-be languid air, at two or three coroneted coaches, which one by one, with their depressed and disappointed inmates, rolled off. At length Lord Widdrington, amidst a sharp impetuous cry of "Make way for the judge, there! make way for his lordship!" appeared, with a worn-out air; and passing close by Titmouse, was honoured by him with a very fine bow indeed—not being, however, in the least aware of the fact—as he passed on to his carriage. The steps were drawn up; the door closed; and amidst a sharp blast of trumpets, the carriage drove slowly off, preceded and followed by the usual attendants. All this pomp and ceremony made a very deep impression upon the mind of Titmouse. "Ah," thought he, with a sudden sigh of mingled excitement and exhaustion—"who knows but I may be a judge some day? It's a devilish pleasant thing, I'm sure! What a fuss he must make wherever he goes! 'Pon my life, quite delightful!" As there was no coach to be had, Mr Titmouse was forced to walk home, arm-in-arm with Mr Quirk and Mr Gammon, and followed, at a little distance, by a knot of persons, acquainted with his name and person, and feeling towards him a strange mixture of emotions—dislike, wonder, contempt, admiration.

Goodness gracious! that strange little gentleman was now worth, it was said, ten thousand a-year; and was squire of Yatton!! Old Quirk shook Titmouse's hand with irrepressible enthusiasm, at least a dozen times on their way to the inn; while Gammon now and then squeezed his arm, and spoke, in an earnest tone, of the difficulties yet to be overcome. On reaching the inn, the landlady, who was standing at the door, and had evidently been on the look-out for her suddenly distinguished guest, received him with several most profound curtsies, and most eager and respectful enquiries about his health, as he had had no luncheon—and asking what he would be pleased to have for his supper. She added, moreover, that fearing his former bedroom might not have been to his mind, she had changed it, and he would that night sleep in the very best she had.

"We must make a night on't, eh?" quoth Mr Quirk, with an excited air. His partners assented to it, as did Mr Titmouse; and cold beef, sausages, fowl, ham, beef-steaks, and mutton chops, were ordered to be in readiness in half-an-hour's time. Soon afterwards Mr Titmouse followed the chambermaid to his new bedroom.

"This is the room we always give to quality folk—when we get them," said she, as she laid his candle on the drawers, and looked with a little triumph round the room.

"Ah—yes!—'pon my soul—quite right—always do your best for quality!—Lovely gal—eh?" Here he chuckled her under the chin, and seemed disposed to imprint a kiss upon her cheek: but, with a "Lord, sir—that's not the way quality folks behave!" she modestly withdrew. Titmouse, left alone, first threw himself on the bed; then started off, and walked about; then sate down; then danced about; then took off his coat; then threw himself on the bed again; hummed, whistled, jumped up again—in a sort of wild ecstasy, or delirium. In short, it is plain that he was not master of himself. In fact, his little mind was as agitated by the day's event, as a small green puddle by the road-side for a while would be on a stone being suddenly flung into it by a child. While Messrs Quirk and Snap were, after their sort, as excited as even Mr Titmouse was, Gammon, retiring to his bedroom, and ordering thither

pens, ink, and paper, sate down and wrote the following letter:—

"York, 5th April 18—

"My dear sir,—The very first *leisure* moment I have, I devote to informing you, as one of the most intimate friends of our highly-respected client, Mr Titmouse, of the brilliant event which has just occurred. After a most severe and protracted struggle of two days, (the Attorney-General having come down special on the other side,) the jury, many of them the chief gentlemen of the county, have within this last hour returned a verdict in favour of our common friend, Mr Titmouse—thereby declaring him entitled to the whole of the estates at Yatton, (ten thousand a-year rent-roll, at least,) and, by consequence, to an immense accumulation of bygone rents, which must be made up to him by his predecessor, who, with all his powerful party, and in spite of the unscrupulous means resorted to to defeat the ends of justice, is dismayed beyond expression at the result of this grand struggle—unprecedented in the annals of modern litigation. The result has given lively satisfaction in these parts—it is plain that our friend, Mr Titmouse, will very soon become a great lion in society.

"To you, my dear sir, as an early and valued friend of our interesting client, I sit down to communicate the earliest intelligence of this most important event; and I trust that you will, with our respectful compliments, communicate this happy event to your amiable family—who, I am persuaded, must ever feel a very warm interest in our client's welfare. He is now, naturally enough, much excited with his extraordinary good fortune, to which we are only too proud and happy to have contributed by our humble, but strenuous and long-continued exertions. He begs me to express his most cordial feelings towards you, and to say that, on his return to town, Satin Lodge will be one of the very first places at which he will call. In the mean time, I beg you will believe me, my dear sir, with the best compliments of myself and partners, yours most sincerely,

"OILY GAMMON.

"Thomas Tag-rag, Esq."

&c. &c. &c.

"That, I think, will about do"—quoth Gammon to himself, with a

thoughtful air, as, having made an exact copy of the above letter, he sealed it up and directed it. He then came down stairs to supper, having first sent the letter off to the post-office. What a merry meal was that same supper! Mr Titmouse, Mr Quirk, and Mr Snap, eat almost to bursting: Gammon was more abstinent—but took a far greater quantity than usual of the bouncing bottled porter, the hard port, and fiery sherry, which his companions drank as if they had been but water. Then came in the spirits—with hot water and cold; and to these all present did ample justice; in fact it was very hard for any one to resist the other's entreaties: Mr Gammon in due time felt himself *going*—but seemed as if, on such an occasion, he had no help for it. Every one of the partners, at different stages of the evening, made a speech to Titmouse, and proposed his health; who, of course, replied to each, and drank the health of each. Presently old Quirk sung a comic song, in a very dismal key; and then he and Snap joined in one called "*Hand-cuff v. Halter*;" at which Gammon laughed heartily, and listened with that degree of pleased attention, which showed that he had resolved, for once at least, to abandon himself to the enjoyment of the passing hour. Then Titmouse began to speak of what he should do, as soon as he had "touched the shiners"—his companions entering into all his little schemes with a sort of affectionate enthusiasm. At length old Mr Quirk, after by turns laughing, crying, singing, and talking, leaned back in his chair, with his half-emptied tumbler of brandy and water in his hand, and fell fast asleep. Gammon also, in spite of all he could do, began—the deuce take it!—to feel and exhibit the effects of a hasty and hearty meal, and his very unusual potations, especially after such long abstinence and intense anxiety as he had experienced during the previous two days. He had intended to have seen them all under the table; but he began gradually to feel a want of control over himself, his thoughts, and feelings, which a little disquieted him, as he now and then caught glimpses of the extent to which it was proceeding. "*In vino veritas*," properly translated, means—that when a man is fairly under the influence of liquor, you see a strong manifestation

of his real character. The vain man is vainer; the voluble, more voluble; the morose, more morose; the detractor, more detracting; the sycophant, more sycophantic, and so forth. Now Gammon was a cold, cautious, long-headed schemer; and as the fumes of liquor mounted up into his head, they only increased the action and intensity of those qualities for which, when sober, he was so pre-eminently distinguished, only that there was a half-conscious want of coherency and subordination. The impulse and the habit were present; but there seemed a strange disturbing force: in short—what is the use of disguising matters?—Gammon was getting very drunk; and he felt very sorry for it—but it was too late. In due time the dismal effort *not to appear* drunk, ceased—a great relief! Silent and more silent he became; more and more observant of the motions of Snap and Titmouse; more and more complicated and profound in his schemes and purposes; and at length he felt as if, by some incomprehensible means, he were taking *himself* in—inevitably himself: at which point, after a vain attempt to understand his exact position with reference to himself, he slowly, but *rather* unsteadily, rose from his chair; looked with an unsettled eye at Titmouse for nearly a minute; a queer smile now and then flitted across his features; and he presently rung the bell. Boots having obeyed the summons, Gammon, with a very turbid brain, followed him to the door, with a most desperate effort to walk thither steadily—but in vain. Having reached his room, he sat down with a sort of suspicion that he had said or done something to commit himself. Vain was the attempt to wind up his watch; and at length he gave it up, with a faint curse. With only one stocking off, after four or five times trying to blow out his candle in vain, he succeeded and got into bed; his head, however, occupying the place in the bed assigned to his feet. He lay asleep for about half-an-hour—and then experienced certain insupportable sensations. He was indeed very miserable; and lost all thoughts of what would become of Titmouse—of Quirk and Snap—in his own indisposition.

“I say, Snap,” quoth Titmouse with a grin, and putting his finger to

his nose, as soon as Gammon had quitted the room in the manner above described—“Mr Quirk an’t much company for us, just now—eh?—Shall we go out and have some fun?”

“Walk will do us good—yes. Go where you like, Titmouse,” replied Snap, who, though young, was a thoroughly seasoned vessel, and could hold a great deal of drink without seeming, or *really being* much the worse for it. As for Titmouse, happily for him! (seeing that he was so soon to have the command of unlimited means, unless indeed the envious fates should in the mean time interpose to dash the brimfull cup from his eager lips,) he was becoming more and more accustomed to the effects of drink; which had, up to the moment I am speaking of, no other effect than to elevate his spirits up to the pitch of indefinite daring and enterprise. “‘Pon my life, Snap, couldn’t westand another tumbler—eh? Warm us for the night air?” “What shall it be?” quoth Snap, ringing the bell—“whisky?”

“Devil knows, and devil cares!” replied Mr Titmouse recklessly; and presently there stood before the friends two smoking tumblers of what they had ordered. Immediately after disposing of them, the two gentlemen, quite *up to the mark*, as they expressed it—each with a cigar in his mouth, sallied forth in quest of adventures. Titmouse felt that he had now become a gentleman; and his taste and feelings prompted him to pursue, as early as possible, a gentlemanly line of conduct—particularly in his amusements. It was now past twelve; and the narrow old-fashioned streets of York, silent and deserted, formed a strong contrast to the streets of London at the same hour, and seemed scarcely to admit of much sport. But sport our friends were determined to have; and the night air aiding the effect of their miscellaneous potations, they soon became somewhat excited and violent. Yet it seemed difficult to get up a row—for no one was visible in any direction. Snap suddenly shouted “Fire!” at the top of his voice, and Titmouse joined him; when having heard half-a-dozen windows hastily thrown up by the dismayed inhabitants whom the alarming sounds had aroused from sleep, they scampered off at their top speed. In another part of the town, they yelled, and

whistled, and crowed like cocks, and mewed like cats—the last two being accomplishments in which Titmouse was very eminent—and again took to their heels. Then they contrived to twist a few knockers off doors, pull bells, and break a few windows; and, while exercising their skill in this last branch of the night's amusement, Titmouse, in the very act of aiming a stone which took effect in the middle of a bed-room window, was surprised by an old watchman waddling round the corner. He was a feeble athmatic old man; so Snap knocked him down at once, and Titmouse blew out the candle in his lantern, which he then jumped upon and smashed to pieces, and knocked his hat over his eyes. Snap, on some strange unaccountable impulse, wrested the rattle out of the poor creature's hand, and sprang it loudly. This brought several other old watchmen from different quarters; and aged numbers prevailing against youthful spirit—the two gentlemen, after a considerable scuffle, were overpowered and conveyed to the cage. Snap having muttered something about demanding to look at the *warrant*, and then about a malicious arrest and false imprisonment, sunk on a form, and then down upon the floor, and fell fast asleep. Titmouse, for a while, showed a very resolute front, and swore a great many oaths, that he would fight the Boots at the inn for five shillings, if he dared show himself; but all of a sudden, his spirit collapsed, as it were, and he sunk on the floor, and was grievously indisposed for some hours. About nine o'clock, the contents of the cage, viz., Snap, Titmouse, two farmers' boys who had been caught stealing cakes, an old beggar, and a young pick-pocket, were conveyed before the Lord Mayor, to answer for their several misdeeds. Snap was wofully crestfallen. He had sent for the landlord of the inn where they had put up, to come, on their behalf, to the Mansion-House; but he told Quirk of the message he had received. Mr Quirk, finding that Gammon could not leave his room through severe indisposition—the very first time that Mr Quirk had ever seen or heard of his being so overtaken,—set off in a very mortified and angry mood, in quest of his hopeful client and junior partner. They were in a truly dismal pickle. Titmouse pale as

death, his clothes disordered, and one of his shirt-collars torn off; Snap sat beside him with a sheepish air, looking as if he could hardly keep his eyes open. At him Mr Quirk looked with keen indignation, but spoke not to him nor for him: for Titmouse, however, he expressed great commiseration, and entreated his Lordship to overlook the little misconduct of which he (Titmouse) in a moment of extreme excitement, had been guilty, on condition of his making amends for the injury, both to person and property, of which he had been guilty. By this time his Lordship had become aware of the names and circumstances of the two delinquents; and, after lecturing them very severely, he fined them five shillings a-piece for being drunk, and permitted them to be discharged, on their promising never to offend in the like way again, and paying three pounds by way of compensation to the watchman, and one or two persons whose knockers they were proved to have wrenched off, and windows to have broken. His Lordship had delayed the case of Messrs Snap and Titmouse to the last; chiefly because, as soon as he had found out who Mr Titmouse was, it occurred to him that he would make a sort of little star at the great ball to be given by the Lady Mayoress that evening. As soon, therefore, as the charge had been disposed of, his Lordship desired Mr Titmouse to follow him, for a moment, to his private room. There, having shut the door, he gently chided Mr Titmouse for the indiscretion of which he had been guilty, and of which it was not to have been expected that a gentleman of his consequence in the county would be guilty. His Lordship begged him to consider the station which he was now called to occupy; and, in alluding to the signal event of the preceding day, warmly congratulated him upon it: and, by the way, his Lordship trusted that Mr Titmouse would, in the evening, favour the Lady Mayoress and himself with his company at the ball, where they would be very proud of the opportunity of introducing him to some of the gentry of the county, amongst whom his future lot in life was likely to be cast. Mr Titmouse listened to all this as if he were in a dream. His brain (the little of it that he had,) was yet in a most unsettled state; as

also was his stomach. When he heard the words "Lady Mayoress," "ball," "mansion-house," "gentry of the county," and so forth, a dim vision of splendour flashed before his eyes; and with a desperate effort, he assured the Lord Mayor that he should be very uncommon proud to accept the invitation, if he were well enough—but just then he was uncommon ill.

His Lordship pressed him to take a glass of water, to revive him and settle his stomach; but Mr Titmouse declined it, and soon afterwards quitted the room; and, leaning on the arm of Mr Quirk, set off homeward—Snap walking beside him in silence, with a very quaint disconcerted air—not being taken the least notice of by Mr Quirk. As they passed along, they encountered several of the barristers, on their way to court, and others, who recognised Titmouse; and with a smile, evidently formed a pretty accurate guess as to the manner in which the triumph of the preceding day had been celebrated. Mr Quirk, finding that Mr Gammon was far too much indisposed to think of quitting York, at all events till a late hour in the evening, and, indeed, that Titmouse was similarly situated—with a very bad grace consented to them stopping behind; and himself, with Snap—the former inside, the latter outside—having settled with most of the witnesses, leaving the remainder, with their own expenses at the inn, to be settled by Mr Gammon—set off for town by the two o'clock coach. It was, indeed, high time for them to return; for the distressed inmates of Newgate were getting wild on account of the protracted absence of their kind and confidential advisers. When they left, both Gammon and Titmouse were in bed. The former, however, began to revive, shortly after the coach which conveyed away his respected co-partners, and the guard's horn had ceased to be heard; and about an hour afterwards he descended from his room, a great deal the better for the duties of the toilette, and a bottle of soda-water with a little brandy in it. A cup of strong tea, and a slice or two of dry toast, set him entirely to rights,—and then Gammon—the calm, serene, astute Gammon—was "himself again." Had he said any thing indiscreet, or in any way committed himself, over night?—thought he, as he sate alone, with

folded arms, trying to recollect what had taken place. He hoped not—but had no means of ascertaining. Then he entered upon a long and anxious consideration of the position of affairs, since the great comet of the preceding evening. The only definite object which he had had in view, personally, in entering into the affair, was the obtaining that ascendancy over Titmouse, in the event of his becoming possessed of the magnificent fortune they were in quest of for him, which might enable him, in one way or another, to elevate his own position in society, and secure for himself permanent and solid advantages. In the progress of the affair, however, new views presented themselves to his mind.

Towards the close of the afternoon, Titmouse recovered sufficiently to make his appearance down stairs. Soon afterwards, Gammon proposed a walk, as the day was fine, and the brisk fresh country air would be efficacious in restoring Titmouse to his wonted health and spirits. His suggestion was adopted; and soon afterwards might have been seen, Gammon, supporting on his arm his languid and interesting client Mr Titmouse, making their way to the river; along whose quiet and pleasing banks they walked for nearly a couple of hours, in close conversation; during which, Gammon, by repeated and various efforts, succeeded in producing an impression on Titmouse's mind, that the good fortune which seemed now within his reach, had been secured for him by the enterprise, skill, and caution of one, Mr Gammon, only; who would, moreover, continue to devote himself to Mr Titmouse's interests, and protect him from the designs of those who would endeavour to take advantage of him. Mr Gammon also dropped one or two vague hints that his—Titmouse's—continuance in the enjoyment of the Yatton property, would always depend upon the will and power of him, the aforesaid Gammon; in whose hands were most unsuspected, but potent weapons.—And indeed it is not at all impossible that such may prove to be really the case.

What a difference is there between man and man, in temper, and disposition, and intellect! Compare together the two individuals now walking slowly, arm-in-arm, beside the sweet

Ouse; and supposing one to have designs upon the other—disposed to ensnare and over-reach him—what chance has the shorter gentleman? Compare even their countenances—what a difference!

Gammon heard with uneasiness of Titmouse's intention to go to the Lady Mayoress's ball that evening; and, for many reasons, resolved that he should not. In vain, however, did Gammon try to persuade him that he was asked only to be turned into ridicule, for that almost every body there would be in the interest of the Aubreys, and bitterly opposed to him, Mr Titmouse; in spite of these and all other representations, Titmouse expressed his determination to go to the ball: on which Gammon, with a good-natured smile, exclaimed, "Well, well!"—and withdrew his opposition. Shortly after their return from their walk, they sat down to dinner; and Gammon, with a cheerful air, ordered a bottle of champagne, of which he drank about a glass and a half, and Titmouse the remainder. That put him into a humour to take more wine, without much pressing; and he swallowed, in rapid succession, a glass of ale, and seven or eight glasses of port and sherry. By this time he had forgotten all about the ball, and clamoured for brandy and water. Gammon, however, saw that his end was answered. Poor Titmouse was becoming rapidly more and more helpless; and within half an hour's time, was assisted to his bedroom in a very sad state. Thus Gammon had the satisfaction of seeing his benevolent design accomplished, although it pained him to think of the temporary inconvenience occasioned to the unconscious sufferer; who had, however, escaped the devices of those who wished publicly to expose his inexperience; and as for the means which Gammon had resorted to in order to effect his purpose,—why, he may be supposed to have had a remoter object in view, early to disgust him with intemperance.

Alas! how disappointed were the Mayor and Mayoress, that their queer little lion did not make his appearance in the gay and brilliant scene! How many had they told that he was coming! The three daughters were almost bursting with vexation and astonishment. They had been disposed to entertain a warmer feeling than that

of mere curiosity towards the new owner of an estate worth ten thousand a-year—had drawn lots which of them was first to dance with him; and had told all their friends on which of them the lot had fallen: Then, again, many of the county people enquired, from time to time, of the chagrined little mayor and mayoress, when Mr "Ticklemouse," "Mr Tipmouse," "Mr Tipplebattle," or "whatever his name might be," was coming; full of real curiosity, much tinctured, however, with disgust and contempt, to see the interesting stranger, who had suddenly acquired so commanding a station in the county, so strong a claim to their sympathy and respect.

Then, again, there was a very great lion there, exhibiting for a short time only, who also wished to see the little lion, and expressed keen regrets that it was not there according to appointment. The great lion was Mr Quicksilver, who had stepped in for about half-an-hour, merely to show himself; and when he heard of the expected arrival of his little client, it occurred to Mr Quicksilver, who could see several inches beyond by no means a short nose, that Mr Titmouse had gained a verdict which would very soon make him *patron of the borough of Yatton*—that he probably would not think of sitting for the borough himself, and that a little public civility bestowed upon Mr Titmouse, by the great Mr Quicksilver, one of the counsel to whose splendid exertions he was indebted for his all, might be, as it were, *bread thrown upon the waters, to be found after many days*. It was true that Mr Quicksilver, in a bitter stream of eloquent invective, had repeatedly denounced the system of close and rotten boroughs; but his heart, all the while, secretly rebelled; and he knew that a snug borough was a thing on every account not to be sneezed at. He sat for one himself, though he had also contested several counties: but that was expensive and harassing work; and the borough for which he at present sat, he had paid far too high a price for. He had no objection to the existence of close boroughs; but only to so many of them being in the hands of the opposite party: and the legislature hath since recognised the distinction, and acted upon it. Here, however, was the case of a borough which was going to change

hands, and pass from Tory to Whig ; and could Mr Quicksilver fail to watch it with interest. Was he, therefore, to neglect this opportunity of slipping in for Yatton—and the *straw moving*, too, in term—a general election looked for ? So Mr Quicksilver really regretted the absence of his little friend and client, Mr Titmouse.

Thus, and by such persons, and on such grounds, was lamented the absence of Mr Titmouse from the ball of the Lady Mayoress of York ; none, however, knowing the cause which kept him from so select and distinguished an assembly. As soon as Mr Gammon had seen him properly attended to, and expressed an anxious sympathy for him, he set out for a walk—a quiet solitary walk round the ancient walls of York. If on a fine night you look up into the sky, and see it gleaming with innumerable stars, and then fix your eye intently, *without wavering*, upon some one star ; however vivid and brilliant may be those in its immediate vicinity, they will disappear utterly, and that on which your eye is fixed will seem alone in its glory—sole star in the firmament. Something of this kind happened with Mr Gammon when on the walls of York—now slowly, then rapidly walking, now standing, then sitting ; all the objects which generally occupied his thoughts faded away, before one on which his mind's eye was then fixed with unwavering intensity—the visage of Miss Aubrey. The golden fruit that was on the eve of dropping into the hands of the firm—ten thousand pounds—the indefinite and varied advantages to himself, personally, to which their recent successes might be turned, all vanished. What would he not undergo, what would he not sacrifice, to secure the favour of Miss Aubrey ? Beautiful being—all innocence, elegance, refinement ;—to possess her would elevate him in the scale of being ; it would purify his feelings, it would ennoble his nature. What was too arduous or desperate to be undertaken to secure a prize so glorious as this ? He fell into a long reverie, till, roused by a chill gust of night air, he rose from his seat upon one of the niches in the walls ;—how lonely, how solitary he felt ! He walked on rapidly, at a pace that suited the heated and

rapid current of thoughts that passed through his mind.

“ No, I have not a chance—not a chance ! ” at length he thought to himself—“ That girl will be prouder in her poverty, than ever she would have been in her wealth and splendour. Who am I ?—a partner in the firm of Quirk, Gammon, and Snap ; a firm in bad odour with the profession ; looking for practice from polluted sources, with a host of miscreants for clients—*faugh ! faugh !* I feel contaminated and degraded ! My name even is against me ; it is growing into a by-word !—We must push our advantage—they must be driven from Yatton—he, she—all of them ; yes, all.” He paused for a long time, and a sort of pang passed through his mind. “ They are to make way for—Titmouse !—for Titmouse ! ” And he, too, loves her—*bah !* ” He involuntarily uttered this sound fiercely, and aloud, “ But stay—he really is in love with Miss Aubrey—that I know ;—ah !—I can turn it to good purpose ; it will give me, by the way, a hold upon the little fool ;—I will make him believe that through my means he may obtain Miss Aubrey ! Misery may make her accessible : I can easily bring myself into contact with them, in their distress ; for there are the *mesne profits*—*the mesne profits !* My God ! how glorious, but how dreadful an engine are *they !* They will help to batter down the high wall of pride that surrounds *them* and *her* ; but it will require infinite care and tact in the use of such an engine ! I will be all delicacy—gentleness—generosity ; I will appear friendly to her, and to her brother ; and, if needs must be, why, he must be *crushed*. There is no help for it. He looks decidedly a man of intellect. I wonder how he bears it, how they all bear it, how *she* bears it ! *Beggared beauty*—there's something touching in the very sound ! How little they think of the power that is at this moment in my hands ! ” Here a long interval elapsed, during which his thoughts had wandered towards more practical matters. “ If they don't get a rule *nisi*, next term, we shall be in a position to ask them what course they intend to pursue : Gad, they may, if so disposed, hold out for—how very cold it is ! ” He buttoned his coat—“ and, what have I

been thinking of? Really I have been dreaming; or am I as great a fool as Tittlebat?" Within a few minutes' time he had quitted the walls, and descended, through one of the turreted gateways, into the town.

When, about seven o'clock on the morning after the delivery of the verdict, which, if sustained, consigned the Aubreys to beggary, they met to partake of a slight and hasty breakfast before setting off for Yatton; the countenances of each bore the traces of great suffering, and also of the efforts made to conceal it. They saluted each other with fervent affection, each attempting a smile—but a smile, how wan and forced! "The moment has arrived, dear Agnes and Kate," said her brother, with a fond air, but a firm voice, as his sister was preparing tea, in silence, fearful of looking at either her brother or sister-in-law; "the moment has arrived that is to try what stuff we are made of. If we have any strength, this is the time to show it!"

"I'm sure I thought of you both almost all night long!" replied Miss Aubrey, tremulously. "You have a lion's heart, dear Charles; and yet you are so gentle with us!"

"I should be a poor creature indeed, Kate, to give way just when I ought to play the man. Come, dear Kate, I will remind you of a noble passage from our glorious Shakespeare. It braces one's nerves to hear it!" Then, with a fine impressive delivery, and kindling with excitement as he went on, Aubrey began—

"In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men. The sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk?
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and anon, behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements
Like Perseus' horse; where's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd greatness? Either to harbour fled,

Or made a toast for Neptune!—Even so,
Doth valour show, and valour's worth,
divide,
In storms of fortune!"*

'Twas kindly meant of Aubrey; he thought to divert the excited feelings of his wife and sister, and occupy their imagination with the vivid imagery and noble sentiment of the poet. While he repeated the above lines, his sister's eye had been fixed upon him with a radiant expression of resolution, her heart responding to what she heard. She could not, however, speak, when he had ceased. For herself she cared not; but when she looked at her brother, and thought of him, his wife, his children, her fortitude yielded before the moving array, and she burst into tears.

"Come, Kate—my own sweet, good Kate!" said he, cheerfully, laying his hand upon hers, "we must keep constant guard against our feelings. They will be ever arraying before our eyes the past—the dear, delightful past—happy and beautiful, in mournful contrast with the present, and stirring up, every moment, a thousand secret and tender associations, calculated to shake our constancy. Whenever our eyes *do* turn to the past, let it be with humble gratitude to God for having allowed us all, in this changing world, so long an interval of happiness; such, indeed, as falls to the lot of few. *What!—shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?*"

"My own Charles!" exclaimed Mrs Aubrey, rising and throwing her arms round her husband, whose countenance was calm and serene, as was the tone of the sentiments he expressed solemn and elevated. Miss Aubrey was overcome with her stronger feelings, and buried her face in her handkerchief. Shortly afterwards the carriage drew up, and also Dr Tatham, on horseback.

"Good morning! good morning, my friends," cried he, cheerfully, as he entered, holding forth both his hands; "you can't think how fresh and pleasant the air is! The country for me, at all times of the year! I hate towns! Did you sleep well? I slept like a top all night long;—no, I

* Troilus and Cressida, 1. 3.

didn't, either, by the way. Come, come, ladies! On with your bonnets and shawls!" Thus rattled on worthy little Dr Tatham, in order to prevent any thing being said which might disturb those whom he came to see, or cause his own highly-charged feelings to give way. The sight of Mrs and Miss Aubrey, however, who greeted him in silence as they hastily drew on their bonnets and shawls, overcame his ill-assumed cheerfulness; and before he could bustle back, as he presently did, to the street door, his eyes were obstructed with tears, and he wrung the hand of Mr Aubrey, who stood beside him, with convulsive energy. They soon set off, and at a rapid pace, Dr Tatham riding along beside the carriage. Yatton was about twelve miles off. For the first few miles they preserved a tolerable show of cheerfulness; but as they perceived themselves nearing Yatton, it became plainly more and more of an effort for any of them to speak. Dr Tatham, also, talked to them seldomer through the windows. At one time he dropped considerably behind; at another, he rode as much ahead.

"Oh, Charles, don't you dread to see Yatton?" said Miss Aubrey suddenly, as they turned a familiar corner of the road. Neither of them replied to her.

"When you come to the village," said Mr Aubrey, presently, to the postilion, "drive through it, right up to the hall, as quickly as you can." He was obeyed. As they passed through the village, with their windows up, none of them seemed disposed to look through, but leaned back, in silence, in their seats.

"God bless you; God bless you; I shall call in the evening!" exclaimed Dr Tatham; as, having reached the vicarage, he hastily waved his hand, and turned off. Soon they had passed the park gates: when had they entered it before with such heavy hearts—with eyes so dreading to encounter every familiar object that met them? Alas! the spacious park was no longer theirs; not a tree, not a shrub, not a flower, not an inch of ground; the trees all putting forth their fresh green leaves—nothing was theirs: the fine old turreted gateway, an object always, hitherto, of peculiar pride and attachment, their hearts seemed to tremble as they rattled under it.

"Courage, my sweet loves! Courage! courage!" exclaimed Mr Aubrey, grasping each of their hands, and then they burst into tears. Mr Aubrey felt his own fortitude grievously shaken as he entered the old hall, no longer his *home*, and reflected that he had been hitherto the wrongful occupant of it; that he must forthwith proceed to "set his house in order," and prepare for a dreadful reckoning with him whom the law had declared to be the true owner of Yatton.

The formal result of the trial at York, was, as has been already intimated, to declare Mr Titmouse entitled to recover possession of only that insignificant portion of the estates held by Jacob Jolter: and that, too, only in the event of the first four days of the ensuing term elapsing, without any successful attempt being made to impeach, before the court, the propriety of the verdict of the jury. It is a principle of our English law, that the verdict of a jury is, in general, irreversible and conclusive: but, inasmuch as that verdict may have been improperly obtained—as, for instance, either through the misdirection of the judge, or his erroneous admission or rejection of evidence; or may have no force in point of law, by reason of the pleadings of the party for whom it has been given, being insufficient to warrant the court to award its final judgment upon, and according to, such verdict, or by reason of the discovery of fresh evidence subsequently to the trial: therefore, the law hath given the party who failed at the trial, till the end of the first four days of the term next ensuing, to show the court why the verdict obtained by his opponent ought to go for nothing, and matters remain as they were before the trial, or a new trial be had. So anxious is our law to afford the utmost scope and opportunity for ascertaining what ought to be its decision, which, when obtained, is, as hath been said, solemnly and permanently conclusive upon the subject; such the effectual and practical corrective of any error or miscarriage, in the working of that noble engine, trial by jury. Thus, then, it appears, that the hands of Mr Titmouse and his advisers were at all events stayed till the first four days of Easter term should have elapsed. During the considerable interval thus afforded to the advisers of Mr Aubrey,

his case, as it appeared upon the notes of his counsel, on their briefs, with the indirect assistance and corroboration derived from the shorthand writer's notes, underwent repeated and most anxious examination in all its parts and bearings, by all his legal advisers. It need hardly be said, that every point in the case favourable to their client had been distinctly and fully raised by the Attorney-General, assisted by his very able juniors, Mr Stirling and Mr Crystal; and so was it with the counsel of Mr Titmouse, as, indeed, the result showed. On subsequent examination, none of them could discover any false step, or any advantage which had been overlooked, or taken inefficiently. Independently of various astute objections taken by the Attorney-General to the reception of several important portions of the plaintiff's evidence, the leading points relied on in favour of Mr Aubrey were—the impropriety of Lord Widdrington's rejection of the deed of confirmation on account of the erasure in it; the effect of that deed, assuming the erasure not to have warranted its rejection; and several questions arising out of the doctrine of adverse possession, by which alone, it had been contended at the trial, that the claim of the descendants of Stephen Dredlington had been peremptorily and finally barred. Two very long consultations had been held at the Attorney-General's chambers, attended by Mr Stirling, Mr Crystal, Mr Mansfield, the three partners in the firm of Runnington and Company, Mr Parkinson, and Mr Aubrey—who had come up to town for the purpose alone. Greatly to the surprise of all of them, he stated most distinctly and emphatically, that he insisted on no ground of objection being taken against his opponent, except such as was strictly just, equitable, honourable, and conscientious. Rather than defeat him on mere technicalities—rather than avail himself of mere positive rules of law, while the right, as between man and man, was substantially in favour of his opponent—Mr Aubrey declared, however absurd or Quixotic he might be thought, that he would—if he had them—lose fifty Yattons. *Fiat justitia ruat calum.* “You mean to say, Aubrey,” interrupted the Attorney-General mildly, after listening for some time to his friend and client with

evident interest, and admiration of his pure and high-minded character—“that it would be unconscientious of you to avail yourself of a fixed and beneficial rule of law, established upon considerations of general equity and utility—such, for instance, as that of adverse possession in order to retain possession, while”——

“Pray, Mr Attorney-General, if I had lent you five hundred pounds seven or eight years ago, would you set up the *statute of limitations* against me when I asked for repayment?”

“Excuse me, Aubrey,” replied the Attorney-General, with a faint flush upon his handsome and dignified features; “but how idle all this is! One would imagine that we were sitting in a school of casuistry! What are we met for, in the name of common sense? For what, but to prevent the rightful owner of property from being deprived of it by a trumpety accidental erasure in one of his title-deeds, which time has deprived him of the means of accounting for?” He then, in a very kind way, but with a dash of peremptoriness, requested that the case might be left in their hands, and that they might be given credit for resorting to nothing that was inconsistent with the nicest and most fastidious sense of honour. This observation put an end to so unprecedented an interference; but if Mr Aubrey supposed that it had had any effect upon the Attorney-General, he was mistaken; for of course that learned and eminent person secretly resolved to avail himself of every conceivable means, great and small, available for overturning the verdict, and securing the Aubreys in the possession of Yatton. He at the same time earnestly endeavoured to moderate the expectations of his client, declaring that he was by no means sanguine as to the issue; that Lord Widdrington's rulings at *Nisi Prius* were very formidable things; in fact, rarely assailable; and then, again, the senior puisne judge of the court—Mr Justice Grayley—had been consulted by Lord Widdrington at the trial, and concurred with him in his principal ruling, now sought to be moved against. At the close of the second consultation, on the night of the first day in Easter term, (the Attorney-General intending to move on the ensuing morning,) after having finally gone over the case in all its bearings, and

agreed upon the exact grounds of moving—the Attorney-General called back Mr Runnington for a moment, as he was walking away with Mr Aubrey, and whispered to him, that it would be very proper to assume at once that the motion failed; and consider the best mode of negotiating concerning the surrender of the bulk of the property, and the payment of the *mesne profits*.

“Oh, Mr Aubrey has quite made up his mind to the worst, Mr Attorney-General.”

“Ah, well!” replied the Attorney-General with a sigh; and about five minutes after Mr Runnington’s departure, the Attorney-General stepped into his carriage, which had been standing for the last hour opposite his chambers. He drove down to the House of Commons, where he almost immediately after delivered a long and luminous speech on one of the most important and intricate questions that had been discussed during the session. The first four days of term are an awkward interval equally to incompetent counsel and incompetent judges—when such there are. The slips of both then come to light; both have to encounter the keen and vigilant scrutiny of a learned, acute, and independent body—the English bar. If a judge should happen to be in any degree unequal to the exigencies of his important station—incompetent for the due discharge of his difficult functions at *Nisi Prius*—what a store of anxiety and mortifications accumulates at every circuit town against the ensuing term; where his misrulings are distinctly and boldly brought under the notice of the full court and the assembled bar! What must be his feelings, as he becomes aware that all interested in the matter look out for a *plentiful crop of new trials* from the circuit which he has selected to favour with his presence. Great causes lost, verdicts set aside, and new trials ordered, at an enormous, often a ruinous expense, entirely on account of his inability to seize the true points and bearings of a case, and present them properly to a jury, to apply accurately the principles of evidence! How exquisitely painful to suspect that as soon as his name is announced, the anxious attorneys withdraw records and postpone the trials of their chief causes, in all directions trying no more

than they can possibly help, in the hope that a more competent judge will take the circuit after! to become, every now and then, aware that counsel boldly speculate at the trial upon his inexperience and ignorance by impudent experiments, in flagrant violation of elementary principles! And then for incompetent counsel; is not his a similar position? Set to lead a cause, before a host of keen rivals, watching his every step with bitter scrutiny—feeling himself entirely at sea; bewildered among details; forgetting his *points*; losing his presence of mind; with no fixed principles of law to guide him; laid prostrate by a sudden objection, of which, when too late and the mischief is done and irretrievable, he sees, or has explained to him the fallacy, and absurdity, and even audacity; discovering from indignant juniors, on sitting down, that he has gone to the jury on quite the wrong tack, and in effect thrown the cause away; and although he creeps into court on the first four days of term, to endeavour to retrieve the false step he took at the trial; but in vain, and he dare not look his attorney in the face, as he is refused his rule! These and similar thoughts may perhaps, on such occasions, be passing through the mind of a snarling sarcastic cynic, disappointed in his search for business, distanced in the race for promotion, as he sees the bench occupied with graceful dignity by men of acknowledged fitness chosen from among the flower of the bar,—those most qualified by experience, learning, intellect, and moral character. I would say to an inquirer, go now into any one of the superior courts of your country—to any court of *Nisi Prius* in the kingdom; and if you are able to observe and appreciate what you shall see, you will acknowledge that in no single instance has the precious trust of administering justice been committed to unworthy or incompetent hands, whatever may have occasionally been the case in a former day. And in like manner may we rebuke our cynic, in respect of his disparaging estimate of the leading bar.

The spectacle presented by the court in banc, to a thoughtful observer, is interesting and imposing. Here, for instance, was the Court of King’s Bench, presided over by Lord Widdrington, with three puisne judges

—all men of powerful understandings, of great experience, and of deep and extensive legal knowledge. Observe the dignified calmness and patience with which counsel are listened to, verbose even and tiresome as occasionally they are; the judges not deranging their thoughts, or the order in which the argument has been, with much anxiety and care, prepared for them beforehand—by incessant suggestions of crude and hasty impressions—but suspending their judgment till fully possessed of the case brought before them by one whom his client has thought fit to intrust with the conduct of his case. They never interfere but in extreme cases, when the time of the court is being plainly wasted by loose irrelevant matter. Their demeanour is characterised by grave courtesy and forbearance; and any occasional interference is received by the bar with profound respect, and anxious attention. Never is to be seen in any of our courts the startling spectacle of personal collision between judge and counsel—each endeavouring to rival the other in the exhibition of acuteness and ingenuity. On the contrary, a thoughtful observer of what goes on in any of our courts, will believe that our judges have considered the truth of that saying of Seneca—*Nil sapientie odiosius ACUMINE NIMIO*; and modelled themselves after the great portraiture of the judicial office drawn by the most illustrious of philosophers.

“Patience and gravity of bearing, are an essential part of justice; and an over-speaking judge is no well-tuned cymbal. Judges ought to be more learned than witty; more reverend than plausible; and more advised than confident. It is no grace to a judge first to find that which he might have heard in due time from the bar; or to show quickness of conceit, in cutting off evidence, or counsel too short, or to prevent information by questions, though pertinent.”* Our English judges are indeed worthy of the affection and reverence with which, both in public and private, they are regarded; and if any one will consider their severe and almost uninterrupted labours—the toil and weight of responsibility they bear, equalled by that of

no other public functionaries—he will doubly appreciate the courtesy and forbearance which are exhibited by them, and forget any transient glimpses of asperity or impatience on the part of men exhausted, frequently, by both bodily and mental labour. But I forgot that I had brought the reader into the Court of King’s Bench, where he has been standing all this while, watching Lord Widdrington “go through the bar,” as it is termed; namely, calling on all the counsel present, in the order of their seniority or position, to make any little motion, of course, before proceeding with the principal business of the day. One learned gentleman moved, for instance, to discharge a fraudulent debtor out of custody, so that he might start off for the continent and avoid a debt of £3000, because, in the copy of the writ, the word was “sheriff,” and in the writ itself, “sheriffs;” and in this motion he succeeded, greatly to the astonishment of Mr Aubrey. But the court said, that a “copy” meant a copy; and this was not a copy: where was the line to be drawn? Were they to have a contest on every occasion of a party’s carelessness as to the materiality, or immateriality, of the variance it had occasioned? So the rule was made absolute, with costs. Another scamp sought to be discharged out of custody—or rather that his bail-bond should be delivered up to be cancelled, because his name therein was called “Smyth,” whereas in the writ it was “Smythe;” but after his counsel had cited half-a-dozen cases, the court thought that the maxim of *idem sonans* applied, and discharged the rule. Then half-a-dozen young gentlemen moved for judgment *as in case of a nonsuit*—some of them with much self-possession and nonchalance; another moved for an attachment against a party for non-payment of costs, pursuant to the Master’s *allocatur*; and the last, in the very back row of all, moved for a rule to compute principal and interest on a bill of exchange. Then all the bar had been gone through, in about half-an-hour’s time; during which the Attorney-General had come into court, and arranged all his books and papers before him; Mr Subtle sitting next to him with a slip of paper

* Lord Bacon. ESSAYS—“of Judicature.”

before him, to take a note of the grounds on which he moved.

"Does any other gentleman move?" inquired Lord Widdrington, looking over the court. He received no answer.

"Mr Attorney-General," said he; and the Attorney-General rose—

"If your Lordship pleases,—in a case of *Doe* on the Demise of *Titmouse* against *Joller*, tried before your Lordship at the last assizes for the county of York, I have humbly to move your Lordship for a rule to show cause why a nonsuit should not be entered, or why the verdict entered for the plaintiff should not be set aside, and a *NEW TRIAL* had." He proceeded to state the facts of the case, and what had taken place at the trial, with great clearness and brevity. In like manner—with infinite simplicity and precision—he stated the various points arising upon the evidence, and the general grounds of law which have been already specified; but I am so grateful to the reader for his patience under the infliction of so much legal detail as was contained in the last part of this history, that I shall now content myself with the above general statement of what took place before the court. As soon as he had sate down, the court consulted together for a minute or two; and then—

"You may take a rule to show cause, Mr Attorney-General," said Lord Widdrington.

"On all the grounds I have mentioned, my Lord?"

"Yes. Mr Solicitor-General, do you move?"

Up rose, thereat, the Solicitor-General.

"I shall discharge your rule," whispered Mr Subtle to the Attorney-General.

"I'm afraid you will," whispered the Attorney-General, leaning his head close to Mr Subtle, and with his hand before his mouth. Then his clerk removed the battery of books which stood before him, together with his brief; and, taking another out of his turgid red bag, the Attorney-General was soon deep in the details of an important shipping case, in which he was going to move when next it came to his turn.

Thus the court had granted a rule *nisi*, as it is called, (*i. e.*, it commanded a particular thing to be done—

"unless" sufficient "cause" could be thereafter shown to the court why it should not be done,) for either entering a nonsuit, or having a new trial. Now, had this rule been obtained in the present day, at least two years must have elapsed, owing to the immense and perhaps unavoidable arrear of business, before the other side could have been heard in answer to it; so, at least, it has been reported to me, in this green old solitude where I am writing, pleasantly recalling long-past scenes of the bustling professional life from which I am thankful for having been able, with a moderate competence, years ago to retire. Now, had such been the state of business at the time when the Rule in *Doe* *v.* *Titmouse* *v.* *Joller* was moved for, see the practical effect of it: had Mr Aubrey, instead of the high-minded and conscientious man he undoubtedly was, been a rogue, he might have had the opportunity of getting in twenty thousand pounds, and setting off with it to spend upon the Continent, as soon as he found that the court had decided against him: or, if the tenants should have been served with notice not to pay their rents to any one but Mr Titmouse—at all events not to Mr Aubrey—how was Mr Aubrey and his family to have subsisted during this interval?—and with the possibility that, at the end of the two years, Mr Aubrey might be declared to be the true owner of Yatton, and consequently all the while entitled to those rents, &c., the non-payment of which might have entailed upon him most serious embarrassments. During the same interval, poor Mr Titmouse, heart-sick with hope deferred, might have taken to liquor, as a solace under his misery, and drunk himself to death before the rule was discharged—or brought his valuable life to a more sudden and abrupt conclusion: which affecting event would have relieved the court from deciding several troublesome points of law, and kept the Aubreys in possession of the Yatton estates. If what I am informed of as to the accumulation of arrears in the Court of King's Bench in the present day, in spite of the anxious and unprecedented exertions of its very able and active judges, be correct, I suspect that I shall not be believed, when I inform the reader that within ten or twelve days after the rule *nisi*, in the present case, had

been moved, "cause was shown" against it by Mr Subtle and Mr Lynx, and very admirably shown against it too. (Mr Quicksilver, unfortunately for the interests of Mr Titmouse, was absent, attending a great meeting in the City, called by himself, to establish a society for the Moral and Intellectual Regeneration of Mankind on the Basis of Pure Reason.) The Attorney-General exerted himself to the utmost in support of his rule. He felt that the court—though scarcely at all interfering during his address—was against him; yet he delivered, perhaps one of the most masterly arguments that had ever been heard in the place where he was speaking. Mr Sterling and Mr Crystal wisely avoiding the ground so admirably occupied by the Attorney-General, contented themselves with strengthening those positions which appeared to them less fortified by positive authority than the others; and then the court said they would take a day or two's time to consider: "less on account," said Lord Widdrington, "of the difficulty of the case, than the magnitude of the interests which would probably be affected by their decision."

"You have them dead with you, Subtle," whispered the Attorney-General, a slight expression of chagrin stealing over his features, as he heard the observation of Lord Widdrington.

"I never doubted it," replied Mr Subtle, with a confident air. Every day afterwards, from the sitting to the rising of the court, did the anxious Aubrey attend in the King's Bench, to hear the judgment of the court delivered. At length arrived the last day of the term. Soon after the sitting of the court, Lord Widdrington pronounced judgment in two or three cases; but not seeing the Attorney-General (who was engaged before the House of Lords) in his place, delayed giving judgment in the case of Doe and Jolter. About two o'clock he made his appearance; and shortly afterwards, Lord Widdrington, after disposing of the matter then before the court, said—"There was a case of Doe on the demise of Titmouse against Jolter, in which, early in the term, a rule was obtained, calling upon the

lessor of the plaintiff to show cause why,"—and he proceeded to state the rule; and then to deliver the written unanimous judgment of the court. A clear and elaborate statement of the facts, out of which the questions submitted to the court, had arisen, and of those questions themselves, was listened to by Mr Aubrey in breathless suspense, before he could obtain the faintest intimation of the judgment which the court was about to pronounce. Lord Widdrington went on to dispose, one by one, with painful deliberation and precision, of the seven points presented for the decision of the court. One or two questions they decided in favour of the defendant; but added, that it had become unnecessary to do so, in consequence of the answers given by the witnesses to other questions, at the trial, and which disposed of the doubts arising on the former questions. The documentary evidence, subsequently put in, got rid of another difficulty in the early part of the plaintiff's case, and rendered immaterial a question put by the plaintiff's counsel, and strenuously objected to on the part of the defendant; which question the court was of opinion, as had been Lord Widdrington at the trial, ought not to have been allowed. Then, as to the question of ADVERSE POSSESSION, on which very great stress had been laid by the defendant's counsel, the court was of opinion that none existed; since there had been a *disability*—indeed, a series of disabilities,*—through infancy, coverture, and absence beyond seas, of the various parties through whom the lessor of the plaintiff claimed. Finally, as to the question concerning the ERASURE; the court was clearly of opinion, that the deed in which it occurred, had been properly rejected; inasmuch as the erasure occurred in a clearly material part of the deed, and there were no recitals in the deed by which it could be helped. That it was clearly incumbent upon those proffering the deed in evidence, to account for its altered appearance, although the deed was more than thirty years old, and rebut the presumption of fraud arising therefrom. That the erasure was a clear badge of fraud! and to hold

* If the reader will refer to the June No. (ccxcvi.) p. 840, col. 2, he may see how the *disabilities* here alluded to arose, and affected the case.

otherwise, would be to open a wide door to frauds of the most extensive and serious description. That there had been no evidence offered to show that the deed had ever been a valid deed; the very first step failed; and, in short, in its then state, it was in contemplation of law *no deed at all*; and, consequently, had been properly rejected. "For all these reasons, therefore, we are clearly of opinion, that the verdict ought not to be disturbed, and the rule will consequently be discharged." As these last words were pronounced, a mist seemed for a moment to intervene between Mr Aubrey and the objects around him, for his thoughts had reverted to Yatton, and the precious objects of his affection who were there, in sickening suspense, awaiting the event which had that moment taken place. The words yet sounding in his excited ears, seemed like the sentence of expulsion from Paradise passed upon our dismayed and heart-broken first parents.—Yes, in that solemn region of matter-of-fact and common-place—that *dead sea*, as far as feeling, sentiment, incident, or excitement is concerned, the Court of King's Bench—there sate a man of exquisite sensibility,—pure and high-minded—whose feelings were for a while paralysed by the words which had fallen from the judgment-seat, uttered with a cold, business-like, indifferent air—oh! how horribly out of concert with the anxious and excited tone of him whom, with his lovely family, they consigned, in fact, to destitution! After remaining for about a quarter of an hour, during which brief interval he resumed the control over his feelings which he had so long and successfully struggled to maintain, he rose, and quitted the court. It was a heavy, lowering afternoon—one which seemed to harmonize with the gloomy and desolate mood in which he slowly walked homeward. He encountered many of his friends, on foot, on horse-back, and in carriages, on their way down to the Houses of Parliament; the very sight of them, in the morbid state of his feelings, gave him a pang that was indescribable. With them matters were the same as they had ever been—as they had till then been with him—and as probably they would be with them to the end of their career; but he had been forced, suddenly

and for ever, to quit the scene of high excitement—he heaved many heavy sighs, as he exchanged nod after nod with those he met, as he approached Charing Cross. There he encountered Lord C——, the brilliant Foreign Secretary, arm in arm with two eloquent and leading members of the Government—all of them evidently in high spirits, on their way down to the House.

"Ah!—Aubrey!—In town?—An age since we met!"—exclaimed they, in a breath, shaking him cordially by the hand.—"You know, of course, that the budget comes on to-night—eh?"—

"I assure you," said Lord C——, "our friends will do us great service—very essential service, by being early in their attendance!—You know that Mr Quicksilver intends to come out against us to-night in great force?—My dear Aubrey, you are going the wrong way."

"I am not going down to the house to-night."

"Not going down?—Eh?—My dear Aubrey, you astonish me!—Have you paired off? You can't think how I lament your absence!"

"I am returning to Yorkshire almost immediately."

"But surely you can come for an hour, or so, to-night—eh? Come? Don't let a trifle stand in the way."

"I would *not* let a trifle stand in the way," replied Mr Aubrey, in a tone and manner that at once arrested the attention of them whom he was addressing, and suddenly reminded them of what, in their political eagerness, they had for a moment lost sight of—namely the perilous position of his private affairs.

"My dear Aubrey, I beg a thousand pardons for intruding such matters upon you," said Lord C——, with sudden earnestness "but shall we have an opportunity of meeting before you leave town?"

"I fear—*not*;—I set off by the mail to-morrow evening—and have in the mean time much to attend to," said Mr Aubrey, unable to repress a sigh—and they parted. But for a determination not to yield to a morbid sensibility, he would have got into a hackney-coach, and so have avoided the "troops of friends,"—the hosts of "old familiar faces," all wending down to the scene in which he had begun so eminently

to distinguish himself,—but from which he seemed now to be for ever excluded. He therefore pursued his way on foot. One of those on whom his troubled eye lit, was a well known figure, on horseback—the great Duke of —, on his way down to the House of Lords, going very slowly, his head inclined on one side, his iron-cast features overspread with an expression of stern thoughtfulness. He did not observe Mr Aubrey—in fact, he seemed too much absorbed with his own thoughts to observe or recognise any body; yet he now and then mechanically raised his finger to his hat, in acknowledgment of the obeisances of those whom he met. Poor Aubrey sighed; and felt as if circumstances had placed him at an immeasurable distance from him whom, so lately, he had entertained familiarly at dinner; that there seemed suddenly to have arisen, as it were, a great and impassable gulf between them.

On reaching his house in Grosvenor Street, his heart fluttered while he knocked and rang; and he seemed to shrink from the accustomed obsequious voice and manner of the powdered menial who admitted him. Having ordered a slight dinner, he repaired to his library. The only letter which had arrived since he had left in the morning, bore the Grilston post-mark, and was in the handwriting of Mrs Aubrey. He opened it with trembling eagerness. It was crossed—the dear familiar handwriting!—from beginning to end, and full of heart-subduing tenderness. Then it had a little enclosure, with a strange, straggling superscription, “To my Papa;” and on opening it he read, in similar characters,—

“My dear Papa, I love you very very much. Do come home. Mamma sends her love. Your dutiful son,

“CHARLES AUBREY.

“P. S. Agnes sends her love; she cannot write because she is so little. Please to come home directly.

CHARLES A., Yatton.”

Aubrey saw how it was—that Mrs Aubrey had either affected to write in her little son's name, or had actually guided his pen. On the outside she had written in pencil,—

“Charles says, he hopes that you will answer his letter directly.”

Aubrey's lip quivered, and his eyes filled with tears. Putting the letters

into his bosom, he rose and walked to and fro, with feelings which cannot be described. The evening was very gloomy; it poured with rain incessantly. He was the only person in that spacious and elegant house, except the servants left in charge of it; and dreary and desolate enough it felt. He was but its nominal owner—their nominal master! In order to save the post, he sat down to write home—(*home!* his heart sunk within him at the thought)—and informed Mrs Aubrey and his sister of the event for which his previous letters had prepared them; adding, that he should set off for Yatton by the mail of the ensuing night, and that he was perfectly well. He also wrote a line or two, in large printed characters, by way of answer to his little correspondent, his son, towards whom his heart yearned! and having dispatched his packet, probably the last he should ever frank, he partook of a hasty and alight dinner, and then resigned himself to deep meditation upon his critical circumstances. He was perfectly aware of his precise position, in point of law, namely, that he was safe in the possession of the Yatton property, (with the exception of the trifle which was occupied by Jolter, and had been the object of the action just determined,) till another action should have been brought, directly seeking its recovery; and that by forcing his opponent to bring such action, he might put him to considerable risk of retaining his verdict, and, thereby, greatly harass him, and ward off, indefinitely, the evil day from himself. By these means he might secure time, possibly, also, favourable terms for the payment of the dreadful arrear of meane profits, in which he stood indebted to his successor. To this effect he had received several intimations from as upright and conscientious an adviser, Mr Runnington, as was to be found in the profession. But Mr Aubrey had decided upon his course; he had taken his ground, and intended to maintain it. However sudden and unlooked-for had been the claim set up against him, it had been deliberately and solemnly confirmed by the law of the land; and he had no idea but of yielding it a prompt and hearty obedience. He resolved, therefore, to waste no time—to fritter away no energy in feeble dal-

liance with trouble; but to face her boldly, and comply with all her exactions. He would, on the morrow, instruct Mr Runnington to write to his opponent's solicitors, informing them that within three weeks' time the estates at Yatton would be delivered up to their client, Mr Titmouse. He would also direct his own private solicitor to arrange for the quickest possible disposal of his house in Grosvenor Street, and his wines and his furniture, both there and at Yatton. He resolved, moreover, on the morrow, to take the necessary steps for vacating his seat in Parliament, by applying for the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds;—and having determined on these arrangements, consequent upon the adverse decision of the Court of King's Bench of that day, he felt the momentary relief and satisfaction of the seaman who has prepared his vessel for the approaching storm. He felt, indeed, relieved for a while from a dreadful pressure.

"And what, now, have I really to complain of?" said he to himself; "why murmur presumptuously and vainly against the dispensations of Providence? I thank God that I am still able to recognise his hand in what has befallen me, and to believe that *He hath done all things well*, that prosperity and adversity are equally, from Him, means of accomplishing his all-wise purposes! Is it for me, poor insect! to question the goodness, the wisdom, or the justice of my Maker? I thank God for the firm belief I have that *He governs the world in righteousness*, and that He has declared that He will protect and bless them who sincerely endeavour to discover, and conform to, His will concerning them. He it was that placed me in my late condition of prosperity and eminence: why should I fret, when He sees fit gently to remove me from it, and place me in a different sphere of exertion and suffering? If the dark heathen could spend a life in endeavouring to steel his heart against the sense of suffering, and to look with cheerless indifference upon the vicissi-

tudes of life, shall I, a Christian, shrink with impatience and terror from the first glimpse of adversity? Even at the worst, how favoured is my situation in comparison of that of millions of my fellow-creatures? Shall I not lessen my own sufferings, by the contemplation of those which the Almighty has thought fit to inflict upon my brethren? What if I, and those whom I love, were the subjects of dreadful disease—of vice—of dishonour? What if I were the object of a just and universal contempt, given up to a reprobate mind; miserable here, and without hope hereafter? Here have I health, a loving family—have had the inestimable advantages of education, and even now, in the imminent approach of danger, am enabled to preserve, in some measure, a composure of feeling, a resolution which will support me, and those who are dearer to me than life." Here his heart beat quickly, and he walked rapidly to and fro. "I am confident that Providence will care for them! As for me, even in sight of the more serious and startling peril that menaces me—what is it, to a Christian, but a trial of his constancy? *There hath no temptation taken you*, say the Scriptures written for our instruction, *but such as is common to man; but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above what ye are able, but will with the temptation, also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.*" This consolatory passage led Aubrey, in a calm and exalted mood of mind, to meditate upon that picture of submission to manifold misfortune, simple and sublime beyond all comparison or approach, drawn by the pencil of one inspired with wisdom from on high—calculated at once to solemnize, to strengthen, and elevate the heart and character of man; and which is to be found in the first and second chapters of the *Book of Job*. Oh, reader! who, brilliant as may be at this moment thy position in life, may have been heretofore, or may be hereafter, placed in circumstances of dreadful suffering and peril, suffer him whose humble labours now

* *ἀσθενείας* signifies in this place, (1st Corinth. x. 13,) says a great commentator on this memorable passage of Scripture, "such as is suited to the nature and circumstances of man; such as every man may reasonably expect, if he considers the nature of his body and soul, and his situation in the present world."

for a moment occupy thy attention, reverently to refer thee, again and yet again, to that memorable passage of holy writ! With danger surrounding him, with utter ruin staring him in the face, Mr Aubrey read this glorious passage; his shaken spirit gathered from it calmness and consolation, and retiring early to bed, he enjoyed a night of tranquil undisturbed repose.

"They are determined not to let the grass grow underneath their feet, Mr Aubrey," said Mr Runnington, who, the next morning, made his appearance at breakfast, pursuant to appointment; "within two hours' time of the court delivering judgment, yesterday afternoon, I received the following communication." He handed to Mr Aubrey this letter:—

"Saffron Hill, 15th April 18—.

Gentlemen:

"*Doe d. Titmouse v. Joller.*

"The rule for a new trial herein having been this day discharged, and the unanimous judgment of the court delivered in favour of the claims to the Yatton estate of the lessor of the plaintiff in the present action, we shall feel obliged by an intimation from you, at your earliest possible convenience, of the course which your client may now think fit to adopt. You are, of course, aware that we are now in a situation to attack, successfully, the entire property at Yatton, at present in the possession of Mr Aubrey; and that, had we thought fit, we might have sought and recovered it all in the action which has just been decided in favour of our client. It is now in our power materially to strengthen the evidence adduced at the late trial: and we beg to be informed whether it is your client's intention to put Mr Titmouse to the enormous expense, and the delay of a second trial, the issue of which cannot be doubtful; or, with the promptitude and candour which are to be expected from a gentleman of the station and character of your client, at once yield to our client the substantial fruits of his verdict.

"If his reasonable wishes in this matter be disregarded, we would merely intimate that it will be for your client most seriously to weigh the consequences; to see whether such a line of conduct may not greatly prejudice his interests, and

place him in a far worse position than, perhaps, he would otherwise have occupied. As we understand your client to be in town, we trust you will forgive us for requesting you immediately to communicate with him, and at your earliest convenience enable us to announce the result to our client.—We are, gentlemen, your obedient servants,

"QUIRK, GAMMON & SNAP."
"Messrs RUNNINGTON }
AND Co."

"Well—I own I see nothing to find fault with in this letter," said Mr Aubrey, calmly but with a suppressed sigh, as soon as he had read the letter.

"Rather quick work, too—is it not, Mr Aubrey?—within an hour or two after judgment pronounced in their favour:—but, to be sure, it's very excusable, when you consider the line of business and the sort of clients that Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap are accustomed to."

"I have made up my mind as to the course I shall adopt," said Mr Aubrey—

"Oh, of course, that is quite clear," said Mr Runnington, pouring out his coffee—"we shall stand another shot, and see if there's ammunition enough left for the purpose: and we'll tender a bill of exceptions, and carry the case into the Exchequer chamber, and thence into the House of Lords—ah! we'll *work* them, I warrant them!"—and he rubbed his hands, with a little excitement in his manner.

"Why, Mr Runnington," answered Mr Aubrey, gravely, "would it not be wanton—most unconscientious in me to put them to the expense and anxiety of a second trial, when the whole case, on both sides, has been fairly brought before both the court and the jury?"

"Good Heavens, Mr Aubrey! who ever heard of an estate of ten thousand a-year being surrendered after one assault?"

"If it were ten thousand times ten thousand a-year, I would submit, after such a trial as ours."

"How do we know what fraud and perjury may have been resorted to in order to secure the late verdict, and which we may have the means of exploding against the next trial? Ah, Mr Aubrey, you don't know the character of Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and

Snap in the profession; they learn a fresh trick from every scoundrel, swindler, and thief, whose case they undertake."

"I thought that fraud and perjury were never to be presumed, Mr Runnington! Besides, had we not the advantage of most acute and experienced counsel? How could it escape *them*?"

"I would only venture to remind you," said Mr Runnington, firmly but respectfully, "of the observations of the Attorney-General, at our last consultation."

"I thought I was unanswered, Mr Runnington, though I did not feel at liberty to press the matter," replied Mr Aubrey with a melancholy smile.

"Excuse me, but we *must* take the chance of a second trial," said Mr Runnington.

"I have decided upon the course I shall adopt," replied Mr Aubrey, calmly and determinedly—"I shall instruct you to write this day to the gentlemen upon the other side, and inform them that within three weeks I shall be prepared to deliver up possession of Yatton."

"My dear sir!—Do I hear aright? Deliver up possession of the estates? and within three weeks?"

"That was what I said, Mr Runnington," replied Mr Aubrey, rather peremptorily.

"I give you my honour, Mr Aubrey, that in the whole course of my practice I never heard of such a procedure."

"And I shall further request you to state that the last quarter's rents are in my banker's hands, and will be paid over to the order of Mr Titmouse."

"Good gracious, Mr Aubrey!" interrupted Mr Runnington, with an air of deep concern.

"I have well considered the position in which I am placed," said Mr Aubrey, with a serious air.

"It is very painful for me to mention the subject, Mr Aubrey; but have you adverted to the *mesne* profits?"

"I have. It is, indeed, a very fearful matter: and I frankly own that I see no way open before me, but to trust to the forbearance of"—

"Forbearance!—The *forbearance*, of Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap!! or of any one counselled by them!"

"Why, what can I do? I might as well undertake to pay off the national

debt, as this sum of sixty thousand pounds."

"That's just the very thing," replied Mr Runnington, with a dismayed air.

"Whatever honourable negotiation can effect, I leave it in your hands to do. With reference to the time that may be obtained for the liquidation of it,"—Mr Aubrey changed colour, but spoke with firmness—"I must own that this is a matter that has occasioned me inexpressible anxiety, Mr Runnington. I really do not see what length of time will enable me to discharge so fearful a sum of money, or even to make any sensible impression upon it. I am quite at their mercy." Here both maintained a silence of several minutes' duration.

"I am far from thinking it clear that equity would not interpose to relieve against *mesne* profits, in such a case as the present—a dormant claim set up."

"I cannot see, Mr Runnington, on what principle such an interference could be supported."

"No more do I, at present," replied Mr Runnington, "but I'll lose no time in having the best advice on the subject. Gracious me! when one thinks of it, it deprives one of"—at this moment a thundering appeal to the knocker of the door announced an arrival; and presently the servant entered and stated that Lord C—— had called, and was waiting in the library. After repeating two or three directions to Mr Runnington, Mr Aubrey begged to be excused, and presently entered the library, where Lord C—— was waiting to receive him. Lord C—— was a middle-aged man, tall, of elegant person, a strikingly handsome countenance, and most winning address; he was a thorough politician, possessed of eloquence, immense practical knowledge, and a very commanding intellect. He was made for eminent office, and got through the most complicated and harassing business with singular ease and celerity. He had for several years entertained a sincere regard for Mr Aubrey, whom he considered to be a very rising man in the House of Commons, and who had, on several occasions, rendered him special service in debate. He was much shocked to hear of the sudden misfortune which had befallen Mr Aubrey; and had

now come to him with a sincere desire to be of service to him; and also, not without a faint hope of prevailing upon him to come down that evening and support them in a very close division. He was as kind-hearted a man as a keen politician could be.

"I am really shocked beyond expression to hear all this," said he, after Aubrey had, at his earnest request, explained the position in which he was placed; the dreadful loss he had sustained, the still more dreadful liabilities to which he was subject. "Really who can be safe? It might have happened to me—to any of us! Forgive me, my dear Aubrey," continued Lord C— earnestly, "if I venture to express a hope that at all events Mrs Aubrey and your family are provided for, and your very lovely sister; she, I trust, is out of the reach of inconvenience?" Mr Aubrey's lip quivered, and he remained silent.

"Allow me a friend's freedom, Aubrey, and let me repeat my question; are your family provided for?"

"I will be frank, Lord C—," replied Mr Aubrey, with a strong effort to preserve his composure. "The little provision that was made for them goes with Yatton: but for them—my wife, my children, my sister—I would have submitted to this misfortune with unshrinking fortitude; but they are, alas, involved in my ruin! My wife had nothing when I married her; and of course the settlements I made on her were out of the Yatton property; as also was the little income left my sister by my father. With Yatton all is gone—that is the plain fact; and there is no disguising it."

Lord C— seemed much moved. "The Duke of —, I, and two or three other of your friends, were talking about these matters last night; we wish we could serve you. What is the sort of foreign service you would prefer, Aubrey?"

"Foreign service," echoed Mr Aubrey significantly.

"Yes; an entire change of scene would be highly serviceable in diverting your thoughts from the distressing subjects which here occupy them, and must continue to occupy them for some time to come."

"It is very kindly meant, Lord C—; but do you really think I can for a single moment entertain the idea

of quitting the country to escape from pecuniary liability?"

"That's the point exactly; I decidedly think you ought to do so; that you *must*," replied Lord C—, in a matter-of-fact manner.

"Nothing upon earth shall induce me to do so," replied Mr Aubrey firmly. "The bare idea shocks me. It would be the meanest, most unprincipled conduct—it would reflect disgrace on the King's service."

"Poh—this is mere eccentricity—knight-errantry; I'm sure that when you are in a calmer mood you will think differently. Upon my honour, I never heard of such a thing in my life. Are you to stay at home, to have your hands tied behind your back, and be thrust into prison—to court destruction for yourself and your family?" Mr Aubrey turned aside his head, and remained silent.

"I must plead in favour of Mrs Aubrey—your children—your sweet lovely sister;—good God! it's quite shocking to think of what you are bringing them to."

"You torture my feelings, Lord C—," said Mr Aubrey, tremulously and very pale; "but you do not convince my judgment. Every dictate of conscience and honour combines to assure me that I should not listen to your proposal."

"Good God! what an outrage on common sense!—But has any thing been yet said on the subject of these liabilities—these *mean* profits, as I suppose they are called?"

"Nothing; but they follow as a matter of course."

"How is it that you owe *only* sixty thousand pounds, Aubrey?"

"*Only* sixty thousand!"

"At the rate of ten thousand a-year, you must have had at least a hundred thousand pounds."

"The statute of limitations prevents more than six years' arrears being recoverable."

"But do you intend, Aubrey, to avail yourself of such a protection against the just claims of this poor, unfortunate, ill-used gentleman? Are not the remaining forty thousand pounds justly due—money of his which you have been making away with? Will you let a mere technical rule of law outweigh the dictates of honour and conscience?"

"I do not exactly understand your drift, Lord C——."

"Your sovereign has a right to command your services; and by obeying him and serving your country, you are enabled to prevent a malignant opponent from ruining you and your family, by extorting a vast sum of money not equitably due: I protest I see no difference in principle, Aubrey, between availing yourself of the statute of limitations, and of the call of the king to foreign service;—but we must talk of this again. By the way, what is the name of your worthy opponent? Tittlemouse, or some such strange name?"

"Titmouse!—By the way, you lose a seat for Yatton," said Aubrey, with a faint smile. Lord C—— pricked up his ears.

"Ay, ay! how's that?"

"The gentleman you have named professes, I understand, Liberal principles; probably he will sit for the borough himself; at all events, he will return the member."

"He's a poor ignorant creature, isn't he? What has made him take up with Liberal principles? By taking a little notice of him early, one might—eh?—influence him;—but you don't intend to vacate this session?"

"I intend this day to apply for the Chiltern Hundreds; and this evening, if you like, a new writ may be moved for the borough of Yatton."

"You *must* come down to night, my dear Aubrey, you really must," said Lord C——, with undisguised anxiety—with more than he had shown during the interview. "The numbers will run very close; they are stirring heaven and earth;—good Heavens! my dear Aubrey, a vote's invaluable to night;—Gad, you shan't

have the Chiltern Hundreds; you mustn't really apply for it—at all events, not till to-morrow."

"I shall sit no more in the House of Commons," said Mr Aubrey, with a sad, determined air;—"besides, I leave for Yatton by to-night's mail. There are those waiting for me whom you would not have me disappoint, Lord C——!"

"Not for worlds, my dear Aubrey," replied Lord C——, half absently;—he was intensely disappointed at not obtaining Mr Aubrey's vote that evening; and rose to go.

"Then I direct to Yatton, when I have occasion to write to you?" said he.

"For the next three weeks only. My movements after that period are not yet fixed."

"Adieu, Aubrey; and I entreat of you to remember me most sincerely to Mrs Aubrey and your sister; and when you look at them, *remember*—remember our conversation of to-day." With this, Lord C—— took his departure, and left poor Aubrey much depressed. He quickly, however, roused himself, and occupied the principal part of the day in making the necessary and melancholy arrangements for breaking up his establishment in Grosvenor Street, and also disposing of his wines, books, and furniture at Yatton. He also instructed a house-agent to look out for two or three respectable but small houses in the outskirts of town, out of which they might choose the one which should appear most suitable to himself and Mrs Aubrey, on their arrival in London. About eight o'clock he got into the York mail, and his heart was heavy within him.

GERMANY. BY CHARLES JULIUS WEBER.*

THE Germans are wont to complain that they have been long overlooked, and are, even when recognised, much misapprehended and misrepresented by foreigners—especially by the vain Frenchman and the proud and prejudiced Briton. There is some reason certainly for the complaint. The Briton is isolated by the sea, and the Frenchman by self-conceit. Had these walls of partition been wanting, a much nearer approach to mutual appreciation might by this time have been effected. But if the Germans will only seriously consider the matter, they are honest enough to confess, that they have themselves principally to blame. Among nations, as among individuals, a man is what he gives himself out for. When Henry the Fowler, amid the sands and mosses of Brandenburg, laid the foundation of those strong fortresses that were destined to expand with the progress of years into the flourishing cities of a Prussian monarchy—when Otho the Great, beneath the walls of Augsburg, gave chase to the fleet hordes of the Huns, and checked the barbarians of the East in their devastating inroads on European civilisation—when Barbarossa held the stirrup, not to the Pope, but to Peter, (as his pious pride expressed it,)—when Frederick II. crusaded more successfully with his wit than with his sword, not at the bidding of Innocent III., but in despite of him—when the monk of Wittenberg dared to speak naked truth in the face of pompous lies and decorated dignities, and with one word, in which there was no mystery but honesty, made the whole of Europe electric: in those days, Europe respected Germany, and willingly acknowledged that thing to be mighty, whose might she experienced. It is ever thus. Modest genius is sometimes overlooked certainly. A Spinoza may choose to sit in his solitary study, feeding spiders and weaving cobwebs—and,

being a philosopher, find his reward in the solitude he seeks. But this sort of retiring genius has no right to complain of being overlooked by the great world. The great world is too urgently pressed by the necessities of the moment to enter with every erudite Faustus into the chamber of metaphysics, to cite devils: your microscope may be a wonderful discovery; but when I am digging wells and drawing water, I do not care to enquire how many leviathans may be swarming in this or that globule. So it was with the German mind: for two centuries after Luther, Europe heard nothing of Germany. Politically, the empire was null. In that "confusion divinely preserved," it would have required the eye of a god to read the germs of future organization. Religion was ossified into school-theology; and the thirty years' war was the price paid in blood and burning for the life of Martin Luther, who (according to Romish faith) should have been sacrificed at Worms, as John Huss was at Constance. What we call literature, or the light sportings and joyous careerings of thought, amid such universal devastation there could be none. Like a wounded snake, the German soul crept into a dark corner, and was forgotten by Europe. Meanwhile, Louis XIV. arose; and, like every other energetic thing that plants itself boldly on the foreground of human action, and surrounds itself for the moment with loud explosions and coruscations—were it but of brilliant pyrotechny,—Louis XIV. was seen of men, and bewildered both in Germany and England. Surely the Germans have no reason to complain of this. They themselves were the first to bow in slavish submission before the new idol, and the price they put upon themselves by their famous era of Frenchification, that price was put upon them by others.† England worshipped Louis XIV. and Voltaire

* Deutschland, oder Briefe eines in Deutschland reisenden Deutschen. vom. Carl Julius Weber. Stuttgart, 1834. 4 vols. 8vo. Zweite vermehrte und verbesserte Auflage.

† Madame de Staël alludes beautifully to the principle of "*Aide toi et Dieu t'aidera*," as being the only one to which the Germans could look for salvation. "If the Germans could be subjugated, their misfortune would rend the heart; but still, w

always moderately, and was ready to acknowledge German gods also; so soon as these gods should make themselves known. But here lay the difficulty. The Germans themselves allow that their genius is not calculated for display: they had no *fuochi artificiali* to exhibit, no holiday splendour to dazzle; they were not born dramatists like the French; and they experienced the neglect that the learned Benedictine does, whose commentary on the Bible is less read than the last new novel. England is not to blame in this matter. What was England to think of German literature, when the greatest philosopher that Deutschland produced during the early part of the last century—Leibnitz—wrote not German, but Latin and French? and Mosheim also, the erudite, the elegant Mosheim, walked through the schools of Europe, not as a German, but as a modern Roman? Here was a nation giving the lie publicly to its own individuality, and forswearing its mother tongue. Could England respect a people so wofully destitute of self-respect as Germany was in those days? England was, in the first place, not to blame for not storming the intellect of Germany, retired, as it was, behind huge fortifications of lumbering erudition and thorny metaphysics; and, in the next place, when Germany did come forward to show herself to the public, could England recognise the sons of Herrman and Barbarossa, in men who mouthed the periods of Cicero, or minced the smooth prettinesses of Versailles?

The German people, by their own self-disowning character, established a presumption against themselves that they were—nothing. If they afterwards found it somewhat hard to overturn this presumption, and prove, to the conviction of universal Europe, that they were “something in the world,” and that not a small thing, they only experienced the difficulty which every professional buffoon must encounter when he sets himself seriously before men to establish a character for wisdom.

Madame de Staël published her *Allemagne* in 1813—it is now the year

1840. In these seven-and-twenty years, a vast deal has been done in England, in France, and by the Germans themselves, to establish themselves strong in public opinion; and we even see them aspiring here and there to wield the literary sceptre with as lordly a sway as ever graced the dynasty of Voltaire. No one who is even superficially acquainted with the floating literature of the day, can fail to have observed how flauntingly long-despised Germanism spreads its phylacteries on every side. Thomas Carlyle, the great apostle of the Teutonic gospel, can now afford to leave the serving of tables to deacons, and expound leisurely to admiring assemblies the mysteries of cosmopolitan hero-worship from Odin to Mirabeau. In England, at least, the Germans can no longer reasonably complain that their literature is underrated. Wherever they will let us see with our own eyes, and do not hold up a sieve before us, (as the Spanish proverb has it,) we are willing to see what is to be seen in German regions, and give an honest report of what we have seen. As little are the Germans underrated in France—witness Cousin. And we think it right here to put our German friends in remembrance of the vast obligations they lie under to the French—and specially to Madame de Staël. From the publication of this lady's work—contemporary as it strangely enough was with the famous liberation war which re-established their political reputation—we have to date the great European reaction in their favour, and the re-establishment of their literary reputation. It is not without sorrow, therefore, that we find the Germans generally speaking in terms of somewhat stunted praise of this remarkable work. The *Conversations Lexicon*, a sort of oracle in Germany, pronounces, “Rich as this work undoubtedly is in acute and clear thoughts, and admirable as is the fervour with which the authoress recommends German manners and German art to the attention of her countrymen, many oblique views and false sentiments have been justly censured; and

should be tempted to say to them as *Mlle de Mancini* said to Louis XIV., ‘You are a king, sire, and you weep’: You are a nation, and you weep!’—*Preface to L'Allemagne*.

in the *Allemagne*, more than in any other of her works, is found a brilliant conglomeration of opinions that cannot easily be made to harmonize together." This is one of those very common critical sentences that sets out eulogistically enough, but ends in a deep depreciation, which, like the solemn cadence of a musical period, dwells on the ear when every thing that preceded it is forgotten. Herr Weber—of whom we shall say more anon—sets out in the same strain, but ends even more wickedly: "No work on Germany, from the pen of a foreigner, has attained such a name as the *Allemagne* of Madame de Staël. Without doubt this lady is a genius of the highest order compared with other female writers; but the gigantic reputation of her work on Germany—a work which confines itself exclusively to the moral and literary side, and is, on the whole, a very cheering eulogy on German character, German honesty, German sentiment, and German thought—arose more from well-known publisher's tricks, and the power of a name, than from its real merit. Savary, the minister of police, said very truly that it was not French: as little is it German: and we are reminded at every page of the justness of French criticism, when they gave their clever countrywoman the *soubriquet* of '*La phrasière*.' '*Que pensez vous de mon livre, Monsieur?—je fais comme vous, Madame, JE NE PENSE PAS*'—is what I should be inclined to apply to the book. I wish to God that no Lady Morgan may come up the Rhine to play off before us another such exhibition of brilliant phrases." All this is not only very unjust in the mouth of any critic, but it is particularly unbecoming in the mouth of a German, considering that, as the *Edinburgh Review* very properly remarked, the main and most obvious objection to the *Allemagne* is, that it gives the Germans too unqualified praise. Herr Weber, indeed, says—and every German repeats the saying—that Madame de Staël knew no German, and in the opinions which she gives on German literature

serves merely as the slavish mouth-piece of her learned cicerone, William Schlegel. We believe that she might know as much German as Madame Trollope, and a little more—and still know nothing, considering what a task she had proposed to herself. Her French biographer, indeed, says generally, that she studied the language of the country,* and no doubt she *talks* learnedly on this subject as on every other within the wider range of Teutonic existence. But we have her own testimony to the fact that she could not speak German to Schiller at Weimar; and we may be assured that, had such a talker learned German at all, beyond a few rudimentary ideas, she would have learned it by talking. Why, indeed, should Madame de Staël have seriously studied German? Every person in Germany whom she wished to see—the *notables* at Weimar and Vienna, (except some backward Schiller)—spoke French fluently: and the great critical Aristarchus who paraded her about, with all his prate about romance and the middle ages, was and is as elegant a modern French coxcomb as ever tripped out of Paris. And then that "ant-hill of ideas"—as Bettine Brentano designates the French lady's brain—could find no appropriate organ in the plumping phrases and Cycloplan sentences of German discourse. Eager to talk on all subjects, and finding every where persons eager to talk with her, Madame de Staël did not make an anxious study of German, for the same reason that Shakspeare did not study geography—because she could dispense with it. The talent of the French lies in quickly apprehending and skilfully exhibiting. With what a wonderful "talent of appropriation" Mirabeau made his books, all the world knows; and Madame de Staël, from a short conversation with Goethe, Schiller, and Fichte, and the friendly revision of her note-book by such a universalist as Schlegel, could without difficulty, in the course of a few weeks, carry away as tangible and intelligible a sketch of the Kantian philosophy, as a systematic, deep-

* "Elle y apprit la langue du pays, et étudia la littérature avec Wieland, Goethe, Schiller. . . . Elle connaissait tous les théâtres étrangers, et elle les connaissait bien, parce qu'elle n'avait pas voulu, s'en rapporter aux traductions. Elle eut le courage d'apprendre dans l'âge mûr les langues qu'on ne lui avait pas enseignées dans sa jeunesse!"—DESVELINGS in the *Biographie Universelle*.

digging, plumbing and squaring architectural German could do in as many years. And the fact of the matter is, that nowhere yet in any treatise addressed to the general public, has a more correct and intelligible view of the general tendency of the Kantian philosophy been given, than that which the reader will find in the third volume of the *Allemagne*. But Schlegel, you say, wrote this, not Madame. If out of all the books of travels which have obtained a name in the world, that only be allowed which is directly and altogether original, we should like to see a calculation made how little of the much that has been written would be allowed to remain. A traveller, like a judge in a jury case, must listen to the statements of the witnesses, and the arguments of counsel on both sides, and sum up accordingly. Originality is out of the question. But as the judge must have an eye in his head, otherwise the whole evidence and pleadings will go for nought, so the traveller must have an eye in his head, and (what the lawyer does not require) a heart in his bosom too. This eye, and this heart, Madame de Staël had above all women. That she did not know German, (as we believe to have been the fact,) only makes her book so much the more wonderful; and as for Schlegel, the French lady showed her extraordinary discernment in attaching to her person such an intelligent cicerone. The most that Schlegel could do was to show her the object and the point of view—a living eye he could not give; and with merely German spectacles a French eye must have been altogether blind. We conclude, therefore, that Madame de Staël saw with her own eyes and felt with her own heart; and we have no difficulty in understanding how the eye that saw through the imposing hypocrisy of Napoleon, perceiving in all the breadth of consular and imperial pomp only an "equestrian Robespierre," (*Robespierre au cheval*;) and the high heart that disdained to make the pen of genius, prophetic of eternal truth, a tool to flatter the gilded vanities of the moment—should have delighted to survey the history of man from the calm heights of Schelling's cosmopolitan Catholicity, and have responded with strong pulsations to the sternly sublime poetry of moral sentiment,

systematized by the philosopher of Königsberg. What Savary said of the *Allemagne*, that it is not French, and what Weber says, that it is not German, is in fact its greatest praise. It is both French and German; French in the brilliancy of its outward exhibition, German in the purity and the nobility of its inward sentiment. We may say, indeed, that between France and Germany Madame de Staël interposed as a peacemaker and a conciliator—an electric flash equalizing the positive and negative sides of European thought.

We have made these remarks in justification of Madame de Staël, because we think that her book, like that of Tacitus on the same subject, is a work that forms an era in the great history of international appreciation—a history naturally, and almost necessarily synonymous with the history of civilisation. Since the year 1813, the interest in things German, both in this country and in France, has been steadily on the increase; foreign criticism has become now something better than an echo-chamber for the bandying about of mutual misunderstandings; and though we still see with astonishment tailors and other unworthy persons, *οἱ τυχεῖς*, looking out from the windows of Berlin palaces, we know now, and rejoice in the knowledge, that there are kings there also. True, we will not exchange our classic Edinburgh or our titanic London for any elegant cabinet city of a Carlsruhe, spread out in courtly elegance like a lady's fan, in the foreground stiffly adorned with long Lombardy poplars, while behind some dark sombre Schartzwald, instinct with robbers and hobgoblins, frowns. The Goethe-maniac and Kantian apostles of Germanism, may phrase as mystically as they will; we will not exchange our British soil, whereon we walk erect, for any sublime ballooning, devil knows whither, in the crescent boat of German metaphysics. We will not admit Goethe into partnership with Shakespeare; but we are willing to admit, and do admit with great satisfaction, that Goethe himself, (as we learn from Eckermann,) had too much sense to put forward any such claims; and we are willing, with Mrs Trollope, to scale any heights, and penetrate any mines that may tend to give us a more perfect

knowledge of our Teutonic brethren beyond the Rhine, and to cherish a kindly sympathy with their well-being.

It is not true, as the lady whom we have just named with pleasant boastfulness asserts, that Austria or any part of Germany, after the manifold writing that has been on the subject, can now be regarded as "an essentially unknown country." It is true, however, that we have in our English language very few works on the subject of Germany that can be regarded as satisfactory. The best compendium of things German that we have hitherto produced, is that by Hawkins;* but it has all the vices as well as all the virtues of the race of hand-books or manuals, to which, in their noblest phase, it belongs. It wants the homogeneous fusing fire, and the sportive play of iridescent light that intellect can then only show when it is not caged. For general intelligence and information, without the stiffness of systematic disquisition, and for a certain ease and anecdotal vivacity, keeping delicately on this side of that tone of frivolous and conceited gossip, towards which modern travel-writing has a tendency, Mr Russell's well-known work remains a model: pity only that he shoots so rapidly across so wide a region! He also, like most German tourists, is very imperfect in his geography. Württemberg, Bavaria, and the Tyrol, are altogether omitted.

A very pleasant work has been written by Mr Spencer.† This writer has two advantages;—he has, in the first place, a perfect love and sympathy with the German character; and, in the second place, his enthusiasm drives him into strange corners, which the swallow-flights of most English travellers leave unexplored. He has seen the green isle of Rugen—the last citadel of persecuted heathenism; he has seen also the trist walls of Constance—on which the curse of imperial perjury seems to lie, and the name of Huss is stereotyped in sadness. But Mr Spencer also is too rapid. It is impossible to do justice to Germany in two small volumes.

The fact of the matter is, that to a person who is not a Madame de Staël, the study of so vast and varied a country as Germany requires time. There are many curious topographical and interesting historical details that cannot be found in a guide-book; and for German literature, we shall allow an Englishman of respectable talents five years to become familiar with its spirit, and five years more to follow it out through—not all—but its main and most striking wide-spread ramifications. A perfectly ripe and completely organized work on Germany has not, to our knowledge, yet been produced by any foreigner. Madame de Staël's work can scarcely be called a *growth*; she only blew away the mist, and lighted certain prominent points of the panorama with brilliant lamps. But the Germans themselves have been so much the more busy to paint a picture of Deutschland, that all men might look on and call beautiful. They seem, indeed, to have discovered the art of intellectual daguerrotype, and to have designed more truly than any artist can, the finished portrait of themselves. They have, in particular, produced three works of the self-descriptive and self-anatomizing kind, which, together, form a whole not easily rivalled in any other literature: these works are:—

1. Menzel's History of the Germans.

2. Menzel's German Literature.

3. Weber's Germany, or Letters of a German travelling in Germany.

The first, as the name bears, historical, the second critical, the third topographical. Of Menzel's works it is not our intention here to speak; their merit has been universally acknowledged: and though the work on German literature has throughout a polemical character, and is unfortunately, on some points, full of violence and dogmatical one-sidedness, yet the spirit of the whole is so manly, and the grasp of vigorous intellect so comprehensive, that we imagine the Germans will wait many years before this work can be super-

* Germany; the Spirit of her History, Literature, and Social Condition, by Bisset Hawkins, M.D. London: 1838. 8vo.

† Sketches of Germany and the Germans, by an English resident in Germany. London, 1836.

seded by another, which, eschewing its few faults, shall emulate successfully its many rare virtues. From Weber's work, as being unknown in England, and, unless we are much deceived, hitherto untrumpeted in the high places of British criticism, we intend in this notice to present our readers with a few extracts. In the first place, however, one word as to the author.

"Charles Julius Weber," says the *Conversations Lexicon*, "known by the clever (*geistreich*) letters of a German travelling in Germany, was born in the year 1767 at Langenburg, in the principedom of Hohenlohe Langenburg, where his father had a situation under government, (this country is now incorporated into Würtemberg.) He studied law at Erlangen during three years, from 1785 to 1788. He had, however, early conceived a strong passion for history and geography, and these studies he afterwards zealously prosecuted, with a prospective view to a professorship in one of the universities. Disgusted with the paltry peddling of the law in such a petty principedom as that of Hohenlohe, he went in 1789 to Göttingen; but here, notwithstanding the patronage of Schlözer, Pütter and Eichhorn, he failed in realizing his schemes of academical ambition. He then betook himself, as many literary men have done before him, to tutordom and secretaryship. He was first tutor in the house of the famous Lyonesse banker Delessert, in Switzerland, and from this he advanced to be private secretary to the reigning count of Erbach-Schönberg. Dignified with the title of government councillor, he attended the count to the congress of Rastadt, (1797,) where, under the auspices of Napoleon, the delicate work of mediatizing was going on. Being well versed in French literature, he here made acquaintance with the leading French characters of the day. At the house of the count he had previously seen the best society; and, among other interesting persons, had met with Dumouriez, and given him lessons in German. He afterwards travelled with the young count of Ysenburg-Büdingen; and in the year 1804 retired from these changeable occupations into the quiet of private life, with much knowledge of the world, and 5000 florins in his pocket. The remaining twenty-eight years of his life (he died in 1832) he spent

with his friends apart from public life, devoting himself alternately to travel and study. Every year he made a tour through some part of his German fatherland, now and then extending his route as far as Paris, and generally bringing home with him some valuable addition to his curious library, amounting at his death to 11,000 volumes. In the year 1818 he first came before the public as author, and published several works of an historical character, all exhibiting traits of an original mind. But none of his works carried the public by storm, shutting the mouth of the gainsayers, except this *Germany*, which was first published at Stuttgart in 1826-8, in three vols. 8vo; and now, in this second edition, amounts to four *Starke Bünde*—strong octavos, as the Germans say, with some 600 or 700 pages each. The work was received," continues our oracle, "with universal approbation; it contains the flower of Weber's genius, and the cream of his experience."

From this account the reader will be able to judge what an admirable guide through broad Deutschland he has to expect in Charles Julius Weber. Every thing seems to conspire here to equip completely the concocter of a perfect book of native topography. We have an early passion for geography and history; hard training at the law for three years, various travelling and trafficking in the region of the polite world, an eye well trained to observe the characteristic changes of many-coloured life, and a brain well stored with curious scraps of book learning, such as every German *must* have. Add to all this, a very pleasant and fluent breadth of wit—so far as a German can be witty; and you will understand how twenty or thirty years of hither and thither travelling in Germany by a German, will make a book, topographically at least, far superior to any thing that the English language can boast of in this kind. It were in vain, indeed, to expect that even a Mistress Jamieson, were she to localize herself in her beloved Germany for the rest of her life, for the purpose of writing an "*Allemagne*," could produce a work so rich in experience, and so ripe in conclusions, as the intelligent gossip of a cheerful sexagenarian bachelor, native to the soil. It is seldom that a man

of highly cultivated intellect and great general information, makes it an object of his life to perambulate and thoroughly to describe his native country; and seldomer still, that when done thoroughly, it is also done cheerfully and agreeably. Such a topographer, so far as we can see, Germany has had the good fortune to find in Mr Weber; and the student of German literature will be delighted to find that even the stern and architectural Menzel (*Literatur*, iv. 77) gives to Weber's rambling labours the testimony of his almost unqualified admiration. The length of Menzel's eulogy must be the excuse, (and it is the only one,) why we do not here honour our pages with its insertion.

We have now done our duty in introducing the stranger, and explaining as briefly as possible the purpose and drift of his mission. He shall now measure out his intelligent gossip without much interruption from us—so long as our readers receive instruction or amusement from such discourse.

He sets out methodically, as a German will, with a description of Germany generally, and of the Germans generally. Being a native of South Germany, he begins with eulogizing that; as indeed who that has been in Styria, or Austria, or Tyrol, or the Salzburg, or in the Swabian Alps and the smiling vale of the Neckar, will be slow to do with him?

"Happy inhabitants of the valley of the Danube, the Rhine, the Maine, and the Neckar! Read what voyages you will to Italy, to Sicily, to Spain, and the south of France—and you will scarcely be tempted with these Hesperian regions, lying languid and inert beneath the too powerful sun, to exchange your own happy abodes where the temper of man and the temper of the sky are equally mellow, and where the intellectual culture of Europe has placed her throne! I at least say, with Kind—

"Bin einmal in die Citronen gegangen
Thu's nimmermehr!"

But Herr Weber's enthusiastic attachment to Southern Germany appears, perhaps, most strongly in those strong colours of contrast in which he has set forth the portraiture of the dreary north: "The natives of this region may live here happily enough,

no doubt; but a South German who has been here once, will scarcely repeat his visit from the mere pleasure of travelling. The air in this ill-starred half of Germany is not pure and dark-blue, but misty and scarcely bluish, (*kaum bläulich*)—the woods only grey, green, or black—the earth whitish grey, or dark-brown heath, and the *lupulus lupulus* (hop) takes the place of the vine. The heaths, however, are fruitful stores of honey; and flocks of tiny black sheep find a nutriment here, which they, doubtless, prefer much to any thing they could crop from the greenest hills of Tyrol: there are also juicy berries of various kinds, and delicious eggs of such wild-fowl as serve them here for nightingales. But these varieties will not mend the matter. Here the bay has no fragrance—lovers in the grass are almost a caricature, as in Holland—the shade of the wood is not kindly, the trees do not luxuriate in blossom; and where the birds do not sing but scream, how should poets sing? Here wimples gently no prattling brook—the very rivers creep phlegmatic along over the melancholy flat—the waters are dirty brown—taste of peat-moss—and for swimming, nourish creeping, things. All the four elements are unprofitable.

"In these flat regions, at the same time, it is an advantage that the imagination rarely gains the mastery over the understanding, and the natives seem happier, because they are more contented. The senses triumph more seldom over the soul—pampered stomachs oppress more rarely the brain. In the upper classes there is more delicacy, perhaps, than in the south, (*alles ist feiner in der gebildeten classe.*) But taking the mass of the North Germans, we must say with sadness, that being engaged in an eternal struggle with stepmother Nature, the children are, like their mother, serious, monotonous, unfriendly, unwieldy, colder, more watery, more sandy, than other sons of man—not cheerful, merry, and communicative, like the sons of the southern hills—without wine, without harp and song. I say truly, when I get beyond Cassel, and across the Elbe, I feel like Adam driven out of Paradise into the vale of tears. What the Englishman said of Scotland, might be said more truly by a South German of North Germany—"If Cain

had lived in Scotland, his punishment would not have been banishment from it, but confinement within it."

This description is unfortunately too true; and we shall take occasion from it to make one practical reflection, which may be of use to some future tourist. *Always, when you can, enter Germany from the north*; and then you will escape the vexation of Mrs Trollope, who, when leaving Tyrol and Salzburg behind her, and entering on the wide dreary plains of Bavaria, could find no occupation for her soul but to gaze from the back-window of her carriage, with a visage lengthening with the distance, till the echo of her own thoughts greeted her in the utterance of a fellow-traveller, who sighed forth, *I can see the snow still!* "with a tone," says that sturdy female, "that might have melted the hardest heart."

Our author from geographical description now proceeds to national character: and this part of his work we have found particularly edifying. No writer that we have met with seems to have so warmly sympathized with the excellencies, and at the same time so keenly observed the faults, of his countrymen. In the following remarks, on the appreciation of German character by foreigners, Weber displays his various reading to great advantage:—

"It has long been a fashion with foreign nations to misrepresent the German character. Bouhours, who stirred the oft-repeated question, whether Germans *can* have *esprit*?—thought, like Swift, the most wonderful inventions of science belong to the darkest ages; printing, gunpowder, and the compass, to the most stupid nation in Europe—the Germans. Even the delicate Sterne calls bad manners *German breeding*. The Spaniards said of us—*Homo longus raro sapiens*. The Cardinal du Peron designates us *la nation la plus brutale, ennemie de tous les étrangers, des esprits de bière, et de poésie!* Another Eminency has a fine conceit. He compares the European nations to a glass of wine into which a fly has fallen. The Italian,

says he, sends away the glass, the Frenchman takes out the fly, and the German drinks fly and all. The spiritual gentleman does not seem to have known the English, otherwise he might have said, that John Bull would have thrown the glass against the wall with an indignant *God-damn*.* Of all foreigners that I know, the Swede Oxenstiern (in his *Pensées Diverses*) is at once most pointed and most just in his estimate of our national character. '*L'Allemand est une creature, qui boit plus qu'elle ne plus porter, un tonneau qui contient plus qu'il ne paraît, et un homme qui sait plus qu'il ne dit; j'y ajoute un homme d'honneur et de probité.*' Montesquieu said, '*L'Allemagne est faite pour y voyager, l'Italie pour y séjourner, l'Angleterre pour y penser, la France pour y vivre.*' This last may be true. Helvetius thought exactly like Swift, who, when Handel visited him, exclaimed—a genius and a German! And Mercier is witty—'*L'Allemand boit, fume, et s'engraisse sans souci*;' but he speaks of our good animal condition only in contrast with the meagre starved Parisians—so that his satire may be taken as a compliment. The English call that which we call kitchen-Latin, German-Latin; and yet it is as true of themselves as Menage said it was of the French, *non loquuntur Latine sed parlant Latinum*. Lord Bristol had a strange conceit—though he was surely in his cups when he said it. The Germans, quoth he, may be divided into two classes, wine-drinkers or knaves, and beer-drinkers or fools. But he has forgotten the schnapps-drinkers in the North; and he did not know the virtue of beer as I have known it, and as it stands very piously inscribed on the sign of a certain old inn:—

'Gott fürchten macht selig
Bier-trinken macht fröhlich;
Drum fürchte Gott und trinke Bier,
So bist du selig und fröhlich all-
hier!'

"The Italians, above all men, hate us; but we may find praise as well as blame, in that *teste di cavallo*, which they repeat against us. Napoleon,

* "'Tis strange, the Hebrew word that means I am

The English always use to govern d—mn."

As Byron says, in a well known passage. We hope the present generation of tourists are doing much to wipe away this famous reproach from our English vernacular.

that arch-Italian, has also said many wicked things to our prejudice, and done more; but I can forgive him all his impertinencies for the sake of that one sentence that is reported of him. 'Had I been a German prince, I should have rescued the nation from out the storms of time under one sceptre: thirty millions of Germans should have stood under my throne, and having once chosen, they would certainly never have abandoned me—as GERMAN Emperor, I had never seen St Helena.' No nation has allowed itself so many oracular sentences against us as the French; every nation has its own quantity of conceited fools, but France more than any other; and if it be true, that in one period of our history such coxcombs were not infrequent in Germany, this is to be attributed to that swarm of French abbes and *mamelles*, to whom the education of our ingenuous youth was committed, and who *induced* French vices on us, when they should have been *educing* German virtues, (*erzogen nicht erzogen*.)

"I shall not give myself the trouble seriously to refute all these polite sayings of our neighbours in regard to us; only I may remark, that the French seem to have abstracted their ideas of Germanism more from the Swiss, than from the Germans proper. They themselves almost compensate their calumnies by the phrase which they use—*bon sens Allemand*. We, however, are wise enough to be taught even by their vituperations; and when they are continually repeating, *c'est un Allemand!—c'est bien Allemand!*—we would do well to consider whether there may not be some ground for these expressions. Meanwhile, we are not backward, by all manner of familiar allusions, to repay their contempt; and if the Parisians boasted, *j'ai un Baron Allemand dans mon ecurie*—we had our French cooks, whom we were accustomed to designate, *Marquis de cuisine*."

The virtues and vices of the German character are then described in detail.—"Pope Ganganelli compared the Italians to the fire; the French to the air; the English to the water; the Germans to the earth. *Omne simile claudicat*. The German is not so

nimble, merry, and witty, as the Frenchman; the German jogs on at a slow trot, where the Frenchman springs about *ventre à terre*; but the German holds out longer. The German is not so proud, whimsical, and dry as the Briton; not so lazy, bigoted, and miserly as the Italian; but a plain downright honest unpretending specimen of humanity, indefatigable, solid, quiet, sensible, and valiant—but his good qualities have, for the most part, been overlooked, for no reason that I can see but the misfortune of his political constitution. What Tacitus said is still true—*nulus mortalium armis aut fide ante Germanos*. Germany lies in the middle of Europe; and there is a certain wise harmonious medium in the intellectual character of our nation—we walk in the *juste milieu* which Christianity and philosophy have pointed out. *Medium tenere beati*.

"The great characteristic virtue, however, of the Germans, is their kind-heartedness, (*herzlichkeit*.) This is especially observable among the South Germans—kindly and warm are they, like a continued Easter-day or Christmas eve. Such a store of good nature have we, that I do not think we can boast a single first-rate satirical writer; and when we can boast a Swift, it will be high time for us to ordain a national fast; for a Swift cannot arise in Germany without a deep deterioration of the national character. Unsuspecting openness of heart has ever been, and is still an heirloom, as it were, among the Germans: we have suffered much, and have been sadly maltreated by tyrants, both native and foreign; but we still remain the best and most moral among the cultivated nations of the earth; whence also, (according to the divine promise,) the general longevity of our countrymen. This I say not of myself—for it might seem self-righteous: but I have heard it from many travellers; and it is the greater compliment, that civilisation does not always ensure morality.

"*GEMÜTHLICHKEIT*, is a word that has been very much in fashion lately derived from *gemüth*, and is, I confess, a thing most peculiarly German.* The Romans had *animus*, but not *ani-*

* The word *gemüthlich* may be said to be as characteristic of the German people as comfortable is of the English. *Gemüthlichkeit* is a sort of inward comfort of the

malitas. The intellectually beautiful is, indeed, peculiarly the property of the Germans, as the sensuously beautiful was of the Greeks; but the highest intellectual gifts never approach true greatness—want the true consecration of humanity when moral dignity is absent. That Englishman who knew Germany, sent his sons first thither to lay a foundation of solidity and earnestness, (Ernest is a true German name,) and not till then did he think it safe to send them to France and Italy in quest of external accomplishments. Would that our political regenerators were wise to return the compliment! France is our next neighbour *geographically* only; we should send our public men to study politics in England.

"With the Germans genius develops its virtue more in the root, with the French and Italians more in blossom and flowering, with the English more in the fruit. The Italians represent imagination, the French art, the English understanding, the Germans memory. In their colonies the Spaniards began with building a church and a cloister, the Britons with a public-house, the French with a fortress, (in which, however, there must be a dancing saloon,) and the Germans with clearing the ground. A riding-master characterised the several nations by their different ways of riding, The English hop, the French ride like tailors, the Italians sit upon their ponies like a frog in the receiver of an air-pump, the Spaniards fall asleep on horseback, the Russians twist the upper part of their body like puppets; only the German sits steady like a man—man and horse are one; so also the Hungarians."

Then follow some very pertinent remarks on that slowness of the German character, which the nimble Frenchmen, in their vain conceit, choose to consider synonymous with stupidity.

"The royal oak, the favourite tree of our nation, requires centuries to bring it to perfection—and so do we. Even in these latter days of steam-engines and railroads, did we not

allow the '*grande nation*' to play their pranks for twenty years before we seriously set ourselves to show them that the *bêtes Allemandes* can be, if not a great, at least a strong-grasping and hard-hitting nation so soon as they choose to hold together. And when our new *Bund* (the Confederation) shall really become a national bond, what may we not achieve? A smile is free to every one, and we shall stick to this national symbol of the oak, as at once more sublime and more true; while our neighbours may persist in caricaturing us from the model of a postillion—apparently their only one when they set themselves to draw German character. A postillion in the north is indeed the real incarnation of phlegm. Bad roads or good, bad or good horses and vehicles, curses or coaxings of the tourist—nothing discomposes him if his pipe only smokes and his *schnapps* is paid. Him in his monosyllabic dignity,

'Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solidâ, neque Auster,
Dux iniqui turbidus Adriæ,
Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus.'

"Nothing vexed the righteous spirit of our immortal Luther at Rome more than the rapidity of the Italian priests, who reeled off seven masses before he had finished one, and then bawled out to him, in the midst of his sacred office, *passa! passa!* With time comes help;—what waits long wears well;—Rome was not built in a day;—we have yet the evening of many days to see;—put off's not put away;—what does not come to-day will come to-morrow;—haste without hurry;—one step after another—are true German proverbs, on which basis we lift up our national symbol, *ALTMÄHRLICH* (by degrees.) We are slow to think and sure to act; and do not enviously (like the French) snap every thing by anticipation out of the mouth of posterity. Our sons also, we think, ought to have something to do, were it only to pay our debts. How truly German are these names, *Weilburg, Weilheim, Wartburg, Warthausen, Wartensfels*, and hundreds such? We manage public affairs as

outward or English sort the Germans know so little, that they do not even pretend to be able to translate the word. Campe paraphrases *gemüth*, "A longing in the depths of the soul darkly felt, but quiet, calm, and pleasurable."—*Very German!*

* German names of places, from the roots *weilen*, to tarry, and *warten*, to wait.

we do our dinners,—one good thing after another, not all at once, as our French neighbours do. And is not nature with us?—before she has brought to perfection one lime-tree, millions of daisies have bloomed and faded. We are careful to quarry our stones before we advertise our architecture.”

Then follows a paragraph on French levity and German gravity:—

“The arch failing of our neighbours is levity: ours is dullness. Foreigners can no longer charge us with a base devotion to the pleasures of the table; but are they altogether in the wrong when they reproach us with a lumbering heaviness; with rudeness, strangely associated with a certain pusillanimous humility, morbid sensibility about trifles, pedantry, and a superstitious attachment to old things, merely because they are old? In the old bass-fiddle of Europe, the thickest string is the German, with deep tones, and slow vibrations; but once set a-going, it sounds away indefatigably, as it were to sound for ever. And yet the German can *dance* as well as the Frenchman; among the very few national characteristics he has, one is that of national dances: but a German will not willingly be seen dancing after forty, while a Frenchman dances on to sixty, and longer, though he has only half the use of his legs. On whose side is nature?

“Nowhere do we find so much unmeaning gravity as in Germany. This is especially remarkable in official persons. And yet, Rochefoucault, one hundred years ago, said, with equal beauty and truth—‘*la gravité est un mystère du corps inventé pour couvrir le défaut de l’esprit.*’ The French, however, show that they have studied merely the outside of German character, when they imagine that wit, humour, and fun are altogether unknown in broad Germany; and even our own Johannes Von Müller goes too far when he says—‘To see a German joke, is to see a natural incongruity—the great Haller dancing in a domino.’ A Frenchman is more malicious when he says—‘In our attempts to be witty, we are like butterflies with heavy boots on.’ We are no poorer than others in the elegant garniture of mind, but have not yet acquired the art of setting out our rich stores in an enticing shape before the public eye. Madame De Staël, indeed, chooses to

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dispute our claims altogether to the sunny playfulness of thought: but this French lady did not know a word of German, saw every thing only through the spectacles of Schlegel, and made no acquaintance with the German people, among whom a broad humour is quite native, far richer, though not so sharp perhaps as a French *bon-mot*.”

Then follows a severe, but in some respects richly deserved, rating of German servility. We hope much of the subjoined remarks can only be considered as perfectly true, when applied to Germany as it was before the battle of Jena:—

“Our ancestors deliberated on all subjects twice—first, under the influence of wine, then sober; and after that they acted. We, again, with the most honest love of order imaginable, which with us is so instinctive that many external regulations might well be spared, lost all elasticity of soul, and sank isolated into a dull tame submissiveness, which begot our woful spirit of imitation, our pompous concern about trifles, and our wonderful low estimate of our own dignity—a very dog’s humility at times, altogether odious. This spirit of submission did not escape the quick eyes of our Gallican neighbours; and accordingly, when a policeman or a sentinel trenches upon the dignity of the citizen among them, you will hear them say in fire—‘*Est ce qu’on me prend pour un Allemand?*’ The English are familiarly represented under the type of a bull (John Bull). A bull has horns and uses them; but our personification was the German Michel, who allows himself to be kicked on the rear quietly, and then asks—‘*Was beliebt?*’ (what’s your will?) Voltaire sang of Marshal de Saxe—

‘*Et ce fier Saxon que l’on croit né parmi nous,*

just as I remember a certain innkeeper, who, when he wished particularly to flatter me, said, ‘*Vous savez, Monsieur, je vous regarde presque comme Français.*’ Here is national pride fooled to the top of its bent truly. But Voltaire said something even worse than this:—When the Prussian soldiers at Berlin, on one occasion, were not performing their Roman evolutions exactly according to his *beau-*

idéal, the French *philosophe*, in the middle of a company of German princesses, was not ashamed to say, '*F— j'ai demandé des hommes, et on me donne des Allemands!*' Do these conceited Gauls still keep up the phrase—'*Je ne suis pas assez Allemand pour croire cela?*' A tutor in Marshal Schomberg's family being rated for some fault, replied, '*Parbleu! on me prend pour un Allemand!*'—to which the Marshal retorted, '*On a tort, on devoit vous prendre pour un sot.*' The answer may serve for other occasions.

"Our language mirrors our mind; and, in the 'respectful' phrases which Germans use in addressing titled personages, I see a sign of very great moral debasement. An Englishman sets his *I* in the front of the sentence: a German does not even dare to tag it behind, lest it should appear obtrusive: '*Ew: habe die Ehre zu melden!*'—(to your Excellency have the honour to intimate.) *Ich* seems to be excluded from our polite conversation altogether, that it may appear so much the oftener in the Kantian philosophy. And these phrases are used, not by the lower classes only and by courtiers, but by men of talent, who should know what self-respect is. A collection of German dedications—even in these days—is enough to make a man ooze at every pore with indignation; our authors lay themselves at the feet of their patrons—and lower if they could. Of a truth, the honest German is more skilled in the art of deserving praise than of dispensing it. I can tolerate the constant taking-off of the hat—but let a man not take his head off with it. To our want of self-respect I must attribute our deficiency in the literature of memoirs—a sort of books, when well written, among the very best and most instructive that are. Our biographies are as formal as funeral orations—mere *castra doloris*, which squeeze out the sigh—*aneo to sono*—a GERMAN!"

To relieve this too true picture of the effects of the political degradation of the Germans on their national character, we are willing to cast a glance with our author on the historic grandeur of the Teutonic race, of which ourselves (English and Lowland Scots) are a branch:—

"After the fall of the mighty Roman empire, Germans took their place in leading the civilisation of the

world. Our hoary forefathers, according to the most ancient accounts we have, were acquainted with the use of gold, iron, and letters, considerably advanced beyond North American savages. German manners and German character prevailed through the whole of the so-called middle ages. The Pope and the Emperor were the heads of the new civilisation. The Emperor was German; and notwithstanding his political battles with the Pope, the humanizing spirit of Christianity in those times was nowhere more powerful, and was received nowhere with a deeper sympathy, than in Germany. Then came the Crusades, in which our Hohenstauffen took so distinguished a part; and they were to us what the Trojan war was to the Greeks. True, we had no Homer to sing our triumphs; but there was something better already—the Bible. The Germans are arithmetically the 'great nation' of Europe; for, properly speaking, the Dutch, the Flemish, the Swiss, the Danes, the Swedes, all are Germans; and thus we may count sixty millions. Why, then, are we not great politically? A mighty, a great, a venerable, a valiant, accomplished people is politically a nullity—for want of unity. Want of unity destroyed in the bud the growing feeling of collective power; and as this power failed to be exercised, the faith in its existence came at last to be altogether doubted. History might have taught us something better—there had been moments, nay, eras in our history, when we seemed to act in concert, and force the respect of Europe: but history, the best of all teachers, has generally the worst of all scholars; and so, between one mischance and another, as Herder said, we found ourselves after the struggles of centuries an *unmade Nation*, (*eine ungepordene nation.*)

'Zeus Kronion destroyed us, for it was his pleasure thus.'

"Brave as Romans, but not like them conquerors, we have never been conquered: our uncorrupted mother-tongue bears the best testimony to this. Europe owes every thing to the Germans; from their horrid woods they emerged in native vigour, and sent fresh blood into the effeminate and torpid Roman world. The Roman soldiers had their tears ready, so soon as they

beheld the cerulean-eyed, golden-locked giants: the whole camp made their testaments. The Marcomanns struck down the lions sent against them by the Romans, thinking them 'large dogs.' Germans subdued Italy, Gaul, Spain, Britain, and Northern Africa; stopped the course of the Huns, the Tartars, and the Turks, and gave civilisation to the furthest north. Germans metamorphosed Gauls into Franks, and Britons into Englishmen. With instinctive sympathy, Europe followed the captainship of German men, when, from the mountains of Bohemia, the banners of spiritual liberty first waved, and in Saxony Luther first used the great GERMAN weapon, the printing-press, to fight the battles of Christian freedom against ecclesiastical tyranny. Europe owes to us gunpowder—the art of killing bodies with saltpetre—as we have also invented the art of killing souls with metaphysics and dogmatical theology. And not only did we invent the printing-press, but we use it manfully: we make books for the whole world.

"Germany has been the battle-field in almost all great wars. We suffered from this; but we were also taught to 'endure hardness,' and escaped from the enervating corruptions of unbroken prosperity. No nation can boast such enlightened and benevolent princes, so many brave warriors, so many profound thinkers and far-seeing statesmen, so many educational institutions, so laborious artists and artificers, so much substantial (not paper) riches, so little debt, and, what is better than all, so much honesty, and such pure and simple manners. The morals of the common people at least are purer than in any other country—witness the steady increase of our population, notwithstanding the continued desolation of the most bloody wars. I am content that we have no metropolis, no monarch, no states, no colonies. We have less centralization, but more distribution; less luxuriance of wealth, but more purity and simplicity. In the equality and universality of intellectual culture, neither France nor England can compete with us."

In these last sentences our author

has touched on a favourite topic with the laudators of things German. The Norwegians, and we Scotch, may feel disposed to question the claims of superior moral purity set forth with so much self-complacency; but the Germans are certain that, intellectually, they are the most cultivated people in Europe; and to their general information, profound habits of thought, extensive erudition, and scientific accuracy, their varied and valuable literature bears the most satisfactory testimony. On the state of science, art, and religion in Germany, Weber discourses at great length, and with much justifiable vanity, as follows:—

"The main boast of Germany, however, is SCIENCE and ART. Here we are merchants on the great scale; and though we had the disadvantage of beginning later than the other cultivated European nations, we have outstripped our masters so far that Madame de Staël could justly say, Germany is '*la patrie de la pensée*.' I do not require, in confirmation of this, to appeal to the immense number of our authors, calculated by Menzel at 12,500—(I shall think myself uncommonly liberal if to 500 of this number I assign the crown of honour)—as little do I appeal to our Universities, of which we reckon 38 (now only 23)—or to our great bookselling establishments, of which there were 200 fifty years ago, and now at least 800; but I build my assertion on the thorough searching character that distinguishes the productions of German intellect, and on the dispersion and free distribution of really learned men throughout society. In other countries much more time is devoted to mere social recreation; we court solitude, and cultivate reflection: there, the men of letters are to be found almost exclusively in the large cities, or in the metropolis only; here, they are met with abundantly every where, and not mere ERUDITI, (as we are calumniated,) but thinking men, scientifically cultivated, and practically active.

"In theology we have made the greatest advances; and some of our philosophers have advanced even to the happy conclusion that no theology is possible.* Our jurists have long been famous; in law, Roman, canon, and

* A humorous allusion to Kant, who taught that theology is impossible as a science of pure reason, but is nevertheless a necessary postulate of practical reason.

German, numberless folio and quarto dissertations *de eo quod justum est circa*—attest their invincible laboriosity. They have accumulated so many precedents, that one has only to turn up the index at the proper place, and, without any labour of thinking, you straightway find the proper decision *in terminis*; and this went to such a length with many of our famous old jurists, that they unlearned the art of thinking altogether, and proceeded in all things as Aristotle did in the matter of slavery, never doubting for a moment that such a thing must be, and beginning only with the causes whence it springs. Our law was such an artificial structure of intricacy and complexity, that for a stranger it was utterly hopeless to attempt the study of it. It is much simplified now, indeed, but enveloped in as much professional obscurity as ever.* For medicine, I think our Stahls, Hoffmanns, and Hallers, may be set against any foreign names; and in natural science, so closely allied to medicine—as botany, mineralogy, chemistry—we excel all other nations. In philosophy we have Leibnitz, Wolf, Kant, Fichte, Schelling; and, God be praised, we are also descended from those heights of high-flying unreason whither our transcendental magisterial desk-philosophers had transported us, and are content to boast such intellectual functions only as are not ashamed to look an every-day sun in the face. It is certain, however, that Lichtenberg's Swabian traveller found seven doctors in a madhouse, who all owed their confinement to the Kantian philosophy. *Quæ supra nos, nil ad nos!*—But, once for all, we must confess it, our mania for systematizing is as characteristically natural as our foolish reverence for titles; and as literature with us is no matter of public luxury, but a domestic, chamber affair, our authors, to compensate for the want of brilliant parade in the present, fix their eye on posterity, and dream of immortality. So secluded, indeed, do our philosophers spin out

their strange-phrased systems, that a foreigner, let him know German never so well, will not understand them; nay, some Germans often require special dictionaries for every author they read; and for Englishmen and Frenchmen—who shall blame them, if, in such cases, they quietly, or even with a sneer, ignore our whole philosophy, and look upon our 'striving after the ideal' as fantastic dreamery and sublime drivel?

"In philology we have great names—Heyne, Wolf, Voss, Schutz, Schneider, [Welcker, Boeckh, Müller, Thiersch, stand in the highest rank. So Kästner, Bode, Karsten, &c., in mathematics. In history we may set Schlötzer, Müller, Spittler, Heeren, [Niebuhr, Schneller, Neander, Menzel,] against any equal number of foreigners: with romances and works of imagination we literally swarm; but in political science we are sadly deficient—unless, indeed, we choose to confound jurisprudence with politics. As little do we know of navigation; and our political constitution and geographical situation explain the deficiency. I much doubt whether the representative constitutions we have made so much talk of since the peace, will do much for our advancement in political knowledge. It seems easier for us Germans in the 19th century to balloon in the air, and ramble in speculation through the universe, than to remain on vulgar earth, and attend in detail to the necessities of the day. It is *safer* also to write sermons and hymn-books and cookery books, than political pamphlets. We run the risk in politics now, as our religious reformers did in the 16th century, of being hunted down with the cry of heresy; and there seems no salvation for us in this department, but in reviving the old Pythagorean distinction of esoteric and exoteric. We are, in truth, such freshmen in public life, that we can carry on no political controversy without rubbing the raw of a thousand irritating personalities; and even gentlemen

* The reader will recollect here that Weber was himself a lawyer, and knew practically the evils of which he was talking. It appears that not English law alone is cankered with technicalities. We must notice, however, that our author appears to refer mainly to the ancient law of the empire—German law proper. In Prussia, there is much, both in the theory and practice of jurisprudence, from which an English legislator might derive useful hints.

of the bureaucracy are driven out of their self-possession by ephemeral criticisms, which an Englishman would hear only to forget. With this morbid sensibility, nothing great can be done; for to influence the public mind a man must speak out boldly; but speaking out is dangerous, and makes enemies. And if, on the other hand, politics should be brought back to the old definition, *ars fullendi homines*, in this case it can never be a science in which honest Germans can make great proficiency. There is one other branch of literature in which we Germans are far behind our polished neighbours—a deficiency, however, that is our highest praise—the literature of obscenity. Here the Italians, the French, and, in one branch of their literature, the English have far outstripped us.*

"In the fine arts, in painting, sculpture, and architecture, perhaps, we must plead an inferiority; but in the art of engraving, in music, and poetry, we will stand comparison. Goethe, Schiller, Wieland, what names! As to oratory, our young parliaments, belike, after they have done something, may show us specimens of the art of public speaking. In the mean time, we must content ourselves with the pulpit, where I am afraid we can show no rivals to the Bossuets and Massillons; to compensate for this, however, our stage can exhibit specimens of dramatic excellence, from which a London and Parisian audience might condescend to gather lessons. Neither must I forget to mention a notable art, which owes its existence to the inventive genius of our countrymen—Lithography.

"And what have we not done, to

crown all, in the great art of EDUCATION? No country can boast better or more numerous educational institutions. We count twenty-three universities: the colossal empire of Russia has only seven; and all Asia, the mother of our arts and sciences, only two, Benares and Samarcand. Not in number only, but in character, are our universities pre-eminent. *We begin where others end*—so a Parisian said to Schlötzer; and he said right. This is the good side of our universities; and as to darker shades, the Burschen extravagancies, of which foreigners make so much talk—I shall content myself with the dictum, '*Jugend will vertobt haben*'—a young man must get out his nonsense in one shape or another. Jean Paul was of opinion, that something of the nature of the middle ages might belong to individual development; a Gothic barbarism, not without its use in steeling the character against the effeminacy and over-refinement of modern life; and in this view, I can look on our academical nonsensicalities and monstrosities with a smile of easy toleration. Our universities may be regarded as a sort of established institutions in which our enthusiastic German youths pass through the necessary period of spiritual fermentation with the greatest possible profit to themselves, and the least possible danger to the commonwealth. When the fermentation is over, they are delivered over to the state as peaceable, manageable, and profitable subjects. I will not deny, however, that out of the many, there are some, who, being once in these fermenting-houses, never come out again.

"Besides the universities, we have academical gymnasia, gymnasia plain, Ritter-academies, military academies,

* "Such care is taken of the morals of the people, that in no instance since I left my own shores, do I recollect seeing for sale any obscene book or print. If any things of the sort exist in Germany, the public eye at least is respected. Such a degraded pander as the publisher of Harriet Wilson would be quashed at once by the universal scorn of all ranks."—*Visit to Germany by Sir Arthur Brooke Faulkner*, vol. 1. p. 111. On the whole these remarks are right. In Goethe and Wieland, indeed, there is here and there a want of high moral tone; but taking German literature in the mass, it is not only sound and healthy in this respect, but bracing and ennobling. As to ourselves, Weber very properly qualifies his censure, and, so qualified, the honest Englishman, while he subscribes with pain to past folly, can point with pleasure to present reformation. The truth of the matter is, that immorality in literature is a disease any where; but in "the nations of the moral North," English or German, it is a degradation.

Cameral academies;* forest, mining, chirurgical, and agricultural schools; schools of art and industry, veterinary and Sunday schools, literary institutions, and scientific academies of all sorts; Jewish academies at Prague, Breslaw, Fürth, Frankfurt; an academy of Herrnhüters at Barby; polytechnic institutions, deaf and dumb, and blind asylums, &c. &c. We have even regimental libraries: formerly every regiment had its corps of *friseurs*; and, if Gall's craniology prospers as it promises, we shall no doubt be in a condition to arrange all education in the true German fashion systematically with each model of humanity *ab ovo*. We shall then complete our department of public instruction by adding a GENERAL SKULL-VISITATION-TRIBUNAL.

"Of the state of religion in Germany I shall only say that I think it could not be better. Here we have maintained genuine liberty; and, if foreigners taunt us with being slaves in civil matters, surely they cannot say the same of our theology. Catholicism prevails in the south, Protestantism in the north, of Germany. Our Catholicism is not the intolerant and blind Catholicism of the south of Europe;† and our Protestantism is no more *felo de se*, by making Luther a Pope. The terrors of the thirty years' war cured us of this folly; and, by dear-bought experience, we at length learned that though the first Reformers were no doubt intolerant enough in many things, reformation without toleration is a *phrase* only. We are now neither Lutherans nor Calvinists,

but are content to be EVANGELICALS‡ —God be praised! And the State, too, has not been slow to come half-way to meet the kindly conciliating feelings of the different religious denominations. In Protestant as well as Catholic countries, Waldenses, Menonites, Greeks, united and not united, Turks, Moravians, Herrnhüters, Pietists, Separatists, &c., worship in peace together, asking and being asked no questions. Synods, consistories, church-councillors, superintendents, and prelates, leave all the business of the age to be performed by—diplomats!

So much for German art, science, literature, religion, and what not. It is easy to discourse *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis* at any length; but not so easy to write a commentary on such discourse. However, our main wish on the present occasion has been, that our readers shall have before them a complete specimen of the Daguerrotype-system, as applied to intellectual portraiture. In one or two places we have supplied names within brackets, fully more deserving of mention, in our opinion, than those which Weber has singled out as Coryphæi in their particular departments. From further commentary our limits command us to abstain. If the reader relishes the discourse of this intelligent old sexagenarian, we shall take an early opportunity of bringing him again before the British public, quite in an easy way, with night-cap and dressing-gown, according to the German fashion.

* Academies for training young statesmen and bureaucrats.

† "Notwithstanding the reverence usually manifested for all religious observances in this country, it is obvious to every one who has had an opportunity of observing the manners of the people, and enquiring into their sentiments, that the more superstitious points of discipline are falling into disuse among the educated classes, and are now as exclusively the portion of the poor and ignorant as their black bread and home-spun jackets."—*Mrs Trollope's Vienna and the Austrians*, i. 166. All very true: only M. Weber must recollect that a change of a similar nature, though not perhaps to the same extent, has been going on also in Spain and Italy.

‡ Alluding to the recent union of the Lutheran and Calvinistic churches, effected in many places spontaneously, and in a very laudable spirit of Christian charity, but in other places latterly by force—a foul blot upon the mild and paternal character which the Prussian Government, by its general policy, had so nobly gained.

LORD STANLEY'S IRISH REGISTRATION BILL.

THERE are questions, showy and specious by their titles, which in virtue are far below the promise of their names. There are questions which, under obscure forms, mask a world of potential value. To this latter class belongs the case before us. And whatever interest it might otherwise have excited, supposing it left to the natural effect of its dry technical designation, simply through one accident of its Parliamentary progress it has already gathered about itself a large body of notice and anxiety, viz. through the quality of resistance which it has provoked. This resistance, in every stage, has been tumultuous and, in a parliamentary sense, disorderly. It has trampled on the usages of Parliament where they impeded—it has clung to the mere letter of those usages where they happened to assist. Such a zealotry, such a contagion of partisanship, drawing into one vortex of rabid animosity the courteous and the discourteous—the most considerate temperance equally with the blindest malignity—has had at least one useful result; it has thoroughly awakened the public to a sense of some deeper interest at stake than is notified by the mere verbal descriptions of the measure in the daily records of public business. The pulse at the surface, running at so headlong a pace of fever, indicates some deep-seated disturbance in the system. These bacchanalian movements of faction argue some vital interest in the background which is either disturbed, or is threatened with disturbance, by Lord Stanley's measure of reform. By this time the public mind is sufficiently enlightened as to the nature of that interest. Two points, long since ascertained by those who were open to conviction, have been forced into relief and prominent notoriety by the frenzy of the opposition to Lord Stanley—1. That the present Administration substantially hold their official power by an Irish tenure: thrown upon English and Scottish resources, they would be turned out, and they would be kept out.

2. That even this limited tenure of power, this merely Irish tenure, is itself dependent for its present operation upon its present disorders. The very Irish basis of the Ministry would not suffice without an Irish derangement. The condition is itself subject to a condition. It is only as a channel through which Mr O'Connell is able to propagate an influence, that an Irish constituency is more available to the Government than a British constituency. It is only through its present state of disorder that Mr O'Connell can throw the requisite influence upon the electoral body. Were the electoral functions brought into a healthy condition, whether for the act of voting or the acts constituting the right to vote, from that moment would cease the O'Connell power to counterwork the Conservative tendencies of Irish property. Obstructions or non-conductors to an O'Connell influence would come into play along the whole line of the electoral machinery, were those abuses once removed which at present give a large preponderance to priestly influence by multiplying the class of voters who are fitted to be its dupes.

Only by the disorder of the elective franchise, an O'Connell influence: only by an O'Connell influence, a Melbourne cabinet. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ!* Hence the dithyrambic frenzy of resistance. It was no longer a diffusive struggle maintained over the total field of politics, where progress for either side is gradual, and lost in one part balanced often by gain in another. The very key of the position was assailed; organs of life were menaced. The Ministers and Mr O'Connell clung to each other with the instincts that connect systems of power reciprocally dependent. A fatal sympathy, like that which the great poet represents as binding together Sin and Death, pervaded their separate tenures of authority. It was little in itself to each party as a separate interest that the other should be extinguished. But it was too evident that the extinction of either must carry with it the ex-

junction of the other; must presuppose it in the one case as a cause, or produce it in the other as an effect.

Motive, therefore, there was, enough, and more than enough, to sustain that bitter resistance to Lord Stanley which we have witnessed. In that, there is nothing to surprise us. Every man who has watched human nature in states of conflict, must know that no anger is so deadly as that which is the reaction of fear. Men are never so thoroughly vindictive as when they have been heartily frightened; and in this case there was the wrath of panic and of deliberate foresight. In the agitation, therefore, of the Ministerial party, we see nothing but what is natural. Even the participation in this frenzy of persons as temperate as Lord John Russell, does not surprise us: but one thing has perplexed us from the first, viz., what colourable pretext the Government would ultimately put forward, after technical delays should fail, as the ground of their opposition. The true ground nobody could mistake. All the world, when once put upon the inquiry by the desperate energies of the resistance, had learned what scrow was getting loose in the government; but then *that* was not of a nature to be pleaded. True it was, that one Irish faction kept the Whig faction in power: true it was, that this Irish faction was kept afloat only by a monstrous machinery of fraud: true it was, that this joint life had been maintained by no other cause whatever than those disorders affecting the elective franchise, which it was the object of this bill to destroy. To maintain this disorder was a *sine quâ non* of existence to the compound party. But then disorder, as disorder, never could be urged with decency as a fit object of Parliamentary protection. That was out of the question. Could it then be denied? could it be palliated? That course might have been open, and undoubtedly would have been adopted, at an earlier period of the Melbourne Cabinet. With the same interest at issue, and not yet committed by any public declaration upon the question, it is certain that Lord John Russell would have attempted an easy deliverance by roundly affirming that the Irish elec-

toral abuses had no existence: or (like some Irish members at present,) he would have depressed them to a level with those local irregularities in England which have now and then vitiated an election. But, unfortunately, this evasion had been foreclosed to a Melbourne Cabinet by its own acts. Already, from the year 1835, and by direct co-operation with three distinct measures of reform, this Cabinet had recorded its acknowledgment of the abuse. The reform, it is true, had been in every case mere matter of moonshine; and had been meant for such. Means were taken effectually to prevent any substantial change from coming to maturity: and the outward show of reform had been pursued merely with the purpose, 1. of saving appearances; 2. of keeping other more effectual labourers out of this vineyard: so long as a Government measure was before the house, an excuse was always at hand for discouraging all other more serious reformers. These were the true motives for countenancing simulated reforms; but still, under what motives soever, a measure of reform, even when it is a counterfeit measure, must proceed from the first upon the admission of an abuse. Plans of redress, though hollow in every thing else, at the least were valid arguments of that particular derangement to which they pointed their remedies. If there were nothing to redress in the franchise as generally held, or generally exercised in Ireland, then what had been the meaning of their own repeated schemes for amending it? The special remedy had varied at least three times; but the general abuse had been recognized alike in all: too late and penitentially the Melbourne Cabinet discovered their own precipitancy. The best arrow in the sheaf had been shot away to no purpose; and in an unhappy flourish of theatrical virtue, whilst affecting to disclaim O'Connellism, they had thrown away—not indeed that excellent resource, but the means of maintaining it against all future reformers; viz., by point-blank denial that it existed, or (if that should happen to be the better course,) by treating it as a *bagatelle* too minute for legislation. Losing this plea, which they wilfully threw away by too adventurous hypo-

crisy, it did and does appear to us, that the present Administration had forfeited every plausible artifice or evasion by which they could have confronted Lord Stanley's present bill. Accordingly, what is it they allege against that bill? What is left open for them to allege, after having so thoroughly cut away the ground from under their own feet? Why, simply this—that, in narrowing the present excessive facilities for establishing fraudulent claims, Lord Stanley has proportionately fettered the establishment of just claims. But this objection applied equally to their own schemes of reform: and, secondly, it is an objection growing out of the mere necessities besetting the case, and one which must inevitably apply to any and to every scheme of reform, supposing it sincere. Previously to examination, all claims must in fairness be presumed equally doubtful;—those who are involved in one common suspicion, the innocent equally with the guilty, must abide the hardships of suspicion and the anxieties of trial. The distinctions of good and bad, of sound and fraudulent, apply only *after* the examination. That particular trouble, therefore, which arises from the process of investigation, it is an utter impossibility so to modify, as that it should proportion itself to the justice of the pretension; for that justice can be known only *after* the trouble has been endured. Human infirmity it is which makes any investigation necessary; and it is that same infirmity which proportions the trouble and vexation, not to the soundness and unsoundness by which one claim differs from another, but to the condition of doubt which affects all claims alike. There is, besides, a local argument applying to any Irish measure of reform, which too reasonably founds itself on the excess of the Irish abuse. It is idle to suppose that any man, having the chances of his bill staked upon the reasonableness of its details, would do so childish an act as to volunteer an argument against himself, by introducing one single vexatious or superfluous restraint. It is presumable that the machinery will be only so far elaborate and troublesome, as to qualify it for contending with the elaborate artifices and the trouble-

some evasions which it contemplates. The tricks being complex by which the law is defeated, no man ought to make it an objection to the reform, that it is commensurately complex so as to measure itself against the abuse. In all this there is no hardship beyond what every one of us suffers in turn under given circumstances. For instance, in crossing a frontier peculiarly exposed to smuggling, what honourable man but submits cheerfully to have his baggage searched, under a general regulation, however much he would resent a suspicion pointed specially and unequally at himself. The abuses affecting the elective privilege in Ireland having matured themselves into something of a systematic form, now require something of a systematic remedy. To him who applies this remedy, and to him who suffers its application, there is naturally something more of trouble and of circuitous forms presented than where simple or more uniform modes of attack on this species of right have imposed less cumbrous modes of defence. Every just claimant should consider himself aggrieved and injured by every spurious claimant. And he should view any means of upholding his own right as a call upon him not only for the patience required in co-operating with public justice, but also for the gratitude due on account of a private benefit. In the legislative remedy for redressing this wrong, there are two separate subjects of consideration—the thing and the person—the thing imposed, the person imposing. As to the *thing*, (the new trouble imposed,) any fair claimant should view it as his own private contribution or tax towards a new mode of defence established on behalf of his property. As to the *person* in whom this new defence originates, he must be blind, indeed, if he fail to see—that this person, as regards the efficacy of the defence, is the legislator—that this person, as regards its violation, is the fraudulent offender who had experimentally demonstrated the insufficiency of simpler means.

Were the sole purpose, therefore, before us to defend Lord Stanley, by defending his measure now pending for the reform of the Irish registra-

tion, we should hold that we had said enough; that not one word more was required; and for this reason—that any objections to the bill must apply themselves either to the general object of that measure, or to some of its special provisions. Now, as to the general object, that is undisputed: nobody denies the abuse which the bill deals with; least of all can the opponents of the bill deny it; that abuse having been denounced and attacked *pro forma* in every session of Parliament except one since they came into office. This being so, and the general purpose of the bill being admitted as a reasonable purpose on all sides, it is in its special provisions that we are to look for any thing evil. But, if so, the *onus* of producing this provision lies upon the opponents. It is no duty of ours to imagine all that might be said under a misconception or a wilful misrepresentation of particular clauses. It is for those who quarrel with the bill to cite and verify the article by which any man's rights could be abridged, or any interest resting upon a foundation of reality could be damaged. The burden of proof clearly lies where we place it, that is, with the objectors; since it must be easy for them to substantiate any real grievance; whilst on our part, to anticipate all imaginary grievances would be a work of impossibility. But with this *onus* resting upon them, the opponents of the measure have been able to put their finger upon no one specific clause as tangibly vicious. The objection taken by Lord Morpeth, and upon which he divided the House, was not even by pretence an allegation of wrong done or *to be done*: it was such a blank “grab,” (to borrow a low word for a low act,) such a mere snatch at a *bonus* for his party, as we do not remember to have read of in all the records of Parliament. *That* we may notice elsewhere. But beyond *that*, which did not profess to touch any principle whatever, there has been no indication for good or for ill of any one specific clause or provision in Lord Stanley's bill. The general principle of appeals has indeed been denounced; but that, though indispensable to a searching trial of false claims, is not peculiarly connected with Lord Stanley's reform:

public justice is more interested in that provision than the particular bill. A general objection, again, to the probable working of the bill has been started by the Irish solicitor, Mr Pigot. But this, when examined, proves to be nothing more than a lively sketch, or fictitious case, so imagined, as to embody the various possible extremities to which an imaginary voter might be reduced under circumstances uniformly the most adverse; that is, not as in real life, where excess in one direction is compensated in the long run by an opposite excess in another; but where all these excesses run constantly in one direction. His distance, for example, from the several places of registration, of appeal, &c., is supposed always the very outside of what the law tolerates: his luck is never the average mixture of good and bad which this world furnishes, but always the very worst: the opposition to his claim is never such as reasonable probabilities promise, but such as novelists imagine for effect. In short, the whole of Mr Pigot's case is the very outside case of all extremities. And when he asks—Now what do you say to that? our answer is—that his imaginary client must have been the very first-born of calamity, a condemned subject, an *enfant perdu* from his birth. And, seriously, the entire objection is nothing more than a circumstantial repetition of the old original and sole objection which we have already noticed so fully—that in redressing the injury of false claims, Lord Stanley has circumscribed the privilege of the just claimant. And the short answer to that is, generally, a denial of the fact: all rights, all privileges, in proportion to their value, require efforts and personal appearances for their assertion and their continued exercise. The privilege of voting for a representative in Parliament is, after all, in the *worst case*, not so much encumbered with exertion as it was under the old modes of election, where only one polling place existed for a whole county. Secondly, that this “worst case” can rarely occur, because the objector to a vote comes forward at his own risk, in the contingency of his either making a false objection or of his inability to sustain a true one: that at any rate he rouses a spirit of deep resentment: and that

few men will choose to face this concurrence of risk and of vindictive feeling without strong grounds to go upon. Thirdly, were all this otherwise, and the evil as heavy as it is represented, still that the disease has dictated the remedy; and that at a less cost, the restoration of a sound state could not have been had. Grant that the cost *were* really a high one, still it is better at a high cost to have a perfect relief, than at a low cost to purchase such a palliation as leaves a constant opening to relapse.

We repeat, therefore, that, so far as Lord Stanley and his bill are separately concerned, there is scarcely a call to say one word more. It would be really to suggest arguments against the measure if we were to give hypothetical answers to possible cavils. Such objections as malice and ingenuity have been able to suggest, all resolve into the one general charge of a tendency to narrow the franchise, or at least practically to narrow its exercise, at an era when the spirit of legislation moves in the very opposite direction. That is the one objection. And the one sufficient answer is—that an artificial abuse of a privilege cannot but react under all good government by an artificial contraction of that privilege. An excessive license must eventually issue in some legal limitation that would not else have been required. But these limitations will seldom affect the equitable claim; and, in any case where they should happen to do so, the blame recoils, to the last fraction, upon the original wrong-doer, who has furnished the necessity for the restriction.

But it is not as a subject of defence or apology, or within those narrow negative limits, that this Stanley measure of amendment calls for notice. It is by positive powers, by large comprehensive indications of its author and its author's party, by large differences which it expounds broadly, as separating party from party, principle from principle, tendency from tendency, that this bill speaks loudly, plainly, and instructively, to all who would understand what are Conservative politics.

Let us preface what we are going to say, by drawing into notice a very general habit of thought applying to

party distinctions, which expresses what is at once true and not true, but for want of one important distinction, misleads great numbers of people; and those people amongst the most thoughtful and upright in the land. No sentiment is oftener heard amongst us than that which professes the most entire indifference for all parties, no matter how denominated—Whigs or Tories, Conservatives or Liberals,—in the very same breath with some earnest expression of interest as to a particular measure, or a particular line of policy. Constantly we hear people professing for themselves this total recklessness of party, and adding at the same time such words as these—"We do sincerely believe that the vast majority of thinking people in this nation, who have neither great landed estates nor great aristocratic connexions, nor powerful journals to force them into politics, care not one straw for this party or that party—but simply for the national welfare wherever they can discover it, for the preservation of peace so far as it is consistent with honour, and for the fulfilment of the many duties which belong to the varied powers of so great a nation as ours." Something like this is continually said: and it is said by people of sense and education beyond all others: and it does certainly wear the appearance of truth. For nothing is less common than determinate party connexions amongst professional people, or generally amongst people in the retired walks of life. Meantime, though there is an apparent truth in all this, there is also much falsehood.

For it is certain that this remoteness from party is in no other or higher sense true at present, than as it has always been true. But so far is any such indifference to party from being historically true of the middle classes in past times, that since the very origin of parties, always the mass of the people have had a party bias, and always this bias has been towards one party by preference to the other. The aristocracy for separate reasons may have divided themselves between the two great leading parties; but the people have always been attached exclusively to one. Thus, about the times of William III., can there be a doubt that the affections of the people were

given to that party who excluded the Stuarts and Popery? At the era of the French Revolution, who doubts that the bias of the people was most powerfully against Jacobinism, and to such an excess that even a democratic leaning could hardly command a toleration? During the career of Napoleon, is it possible to deny that the people at large supported and favoured the party whose voice was for war; or that the adverse party, who seemed ready to prostrate the country at the feet of Napoleon, but at all events augured ill for our military struggle in Spain, were thoroughly unpopular?

These instances are sufficient to show, that, so far from being indifferent to parties, the great body of the nation generally attach themselves to some one party by open preference, and even with intemperate fervour. How comes it, then, that this popular delusion prevails, and always *has* prevailed, with respect to the general indifference to parties? The solution lies here. A party has two senses: it expresses a certain known body of principles—that is one sense; and it expresses a certain known body of personal interests. In this latter sense, according to which the Whig party expressed a certain great personal or family league of Cavendishes, Hamiltons, Russells, &c., in permanent opposition to a certain other great personal league of Gordons, Lowthers, Wyndhams, &c., it is very true that parties have always been too narrow and exclusive in their principles of union—too aristocratic (whether Whig or Tory) in their bearing, to command or to seek more of the national sympathy than at any rate belonged to them in right of their great landed estates, and the consequent pledges by which they were connected with the general welfare of the country. In this sense it is that the current notion prevails of a national indifference to parties. But that notion is delusively extended to the other sense of parties as depositories of great leading principles, and as known patrons of characteristic differences in respect to the possible systems of internal policy. In this sense, to say of the middle and thoughtful classes in this enlightened country, that

they are, or that they could be indifferent to party differences, or that they ever have been indifferent since our representative form of legislation came into powerful operation, is absurd—libellous—and almost contradictory. Indifference, under that sense of party, would be consistent only with the basest degeneracy, or with the existence of an iron despotism. In Persia, where none but a military chieftain or a prince with an armed force can react with the slightest effect on the sovereign, naturally and reasonably for his own comfort, a mere citizen will concern himself in the least possible degree with the plans or the past acts of the state. Powerless as a new-born infant for good and for evil, why should any man agitate himself by watching one monotonous succession of violent and self-willed acts, interrupted only by brief convulsions and conflicts? But in a land where private individuals, through manifold forms, are often able even as separate agents, much more by uniting with other individuals, to carry a powerful impression into the public counsels of the empire, it would express a most unprincipled *inertia* to avow any systematic indifference to the merits or the momentary predominance of a party.

In reality, at this moment, party, and the interest of party, can be so little described as indifferent to the national mind, that this interest exercises a mere tyranny over the feelings of every town, village, and hamlet, in the island. Else, wherefore our innumerable newspapers, our innumerable petitions to parliament, our innumerable public meetings—all of which point to public and party objects as pre-occupying and monopolizing every avenue to the national heart? Indifferent to party! Why, the nation is always in one vast fermentation of party ideas. Speaking peculiarly of the men, we may say that all the reading, all the studying, all the haranguing, almost all the talking, is thrown into that vast hurrying channel of conflict and of union. Parliament forms the heart or central organ of circulation for this enormous and multiform interest. Some who have leisure to pursue the debates, form an honourable interest by degrees in the persons of those from whose lips they hear their own strong

opinions as to things or men, as to events or principles, explained and defended. For them there exists a separate and distinct value for party in the narrower sense of a personal and connected interest: they, for instance, are not only anxious for the support and for the powerful expression of Conservative principles, but they are separately anxious that these principles should speak through the mouths of Sir Robert Peel and others in both Houses, feeling that the men and the principles reflect mutual support, interchanging strength, lending and borrowing lustre. But vast multitudes even of the educated and professional have no leisure, or no certain periodical opportunities, for cultivating a personal knowledge of that sort. Consequently, to them the sympathies with party as a personal organization, and as a federation of certain known minds, tempers, talents, cemented by vast estates, or by connexions with the ancient heraldries of the land, are in a manner unknown. Their feelings have not gathered and crystallized about the great actors and protagonists of political life; and they are pardonably careless in that sense of party distinctions, though still (we must be allowed to say) with some loss to themselves. But for these men, as for all, party in its larger sense, as representing the dominant principles, the interests, the modes of policy, favoured by the times or adopted by the state, is the object of their aspirations, even where it cannot be the centre of their occupations. It may be a luxury for some, and a business for others; but it is now become very much of a necessity for all.

Under favour of this distinction, we laugh at the idea that, to a nation in our condition of political progress, there can ever again revolve the state of indifference as to party. That is a state possible only for Oriental and Mahomedan nations; all alike buried in the sleep of sensuality, and incapable of generating a public interest, (the *sensus communis* of Juvenal.) We go further. As this nation has for centuries possessed such a public interest, and as it is the necessity of such an interest gradually to bisect itself, and thus to radiate into antagonist parties, —and as we have historical evidence

that through the two last centuries, during which it is that parties have existed among us, always the public mind has had a strong bias towards one of these parties by preference to the other—so at this moment we affirm that it has such a bias; and that bias, we say, is strongly and determinately towards Conservative principles. And we say further, that even for so much of the movement party as we now see operative in our public councils, were it not for the strong sentries of Conservatives every where posted to watch it and to control it, a large majority of the nation would hardly find it possible to sleep quietly in their beds. It is by no means a just inference that the public mind is tolerant of pseudo-liberal principles, because so large a body of such principles has crept into our senate, or stole into other stations of influence; for even thus far it is probable that this proportion would *not* have been tolerated; the public energies would have been stimulated to abate that proportion, were it not for the confidence reposed in the guardianship applied to all great interests by Conservative jealousy. A party that carries a false promise of liberalism on its banners, as if the first duty were to concede every thing, and to stipulate for nothing—a party that represents the most sacred functions of a state by the symbol of movement, as if to innovate universally were the burden upon a national conscience, and there were no higher call for preserving—a faction that carries on in all weather under a press of sail, but keeps no anchors in readiness, never was or will be the favourite party in Great Britain. Under the stern *surveillance* of Conservative police, Liberalism has been allowed an ampler license than would else have been granted to such an interest in such a country. But, after all, it is undeniable that Conservatism has long been recovering ground from the hostile cause. There never was a doubt that, with Conservative views and doctrines, and with those only, the graver, sterner, and more conscientious principles of the nation have always found a natural alliance. And having thus explained the sense in which we hold that party distinctions, and principles pointing to such distinctions, must for ever remain operative upon the vast popular masses

of the nation, we now return to the immediate question of Lord Stanley's bill, by way of drawing attention, in a very few words, to that contrast between the two great parties, so unhappily and so painfully undignified for the Whigs, which even this single case exposes.

1. The first remark, forced even upon a neutral spectator, is the unfortunate—sad, therefore, but yet ludicrous—effect from counterfeit passion. The Tories are at liberty, after the old proverb, to “call a spade a spade;” perjury with them is downright perjury—neither more nor less. Even Mr O'Connell stands in his own shoes. Not but he plays the actor at times; yet still, and even as an actor, he is in character. It is certainly lugubrious, yet still pleasant, to hear that long wintry howl which he sets up when the House of Commons accuses Pat of perjury; so like a pulk of famished wolves. And it is droll to hear him protest that the idea of an Irish witness as any thing peculiar or indigenuous to Ireland, is what he never heard speak of. Yet in all this, whatever simulation there may be, it is all unprompted, and at first hand. But now for poor Lord John Russell;—how painful is the difference! Even his opponents feel humbled on his account, in seeing him reduced to the necessity of assuming a second-hand frosty indignation on behalf of those whom, seventy times in an hour, he must secretly consign to the fiend. Except for a little Devonshire matter, which only proves that his *forte* does not lie in the sterner virtues—such as veracity, we have a sincere respect for Lord John, and believe him to be a very amiable man. The more is our sympathy with this ill-used gentleman, when we find him obliged to howl a second to Mr O'Connell's long wintry howl; to make sad attempts at sudden transports of indignation, over matters that must have been duller to him than ditch-water; to propound an elaborate effort at an extempore bounce of fury, like an elderly beau rather stiff in the hams practising a hornpipe; and all these bottled, impromptus so painfully executed; whilst Mr O'Connell, the taskmaster himself, was looking on *subridens*, or with an *incredulus odi* upon every

feature, to what end or purpose? Simply because, having married, as it were, into this Irish political family, he must now adopt all sorts of Irish feelings at second-hand; though formerly he must have read the same things in Joe Miller a thousand times over as capital jests. And, what makes the vexation so much worse, Pat is still allowed to treat his own perjuries as a jest. Yet such is the pitiable servility exacted of British gentlemen as a sort of quit rent or feudal memorial of vassalage. They must act scenically a pretended horror, as of so many awful calumnies, upon hearing mere ordinary facts reported for what they are and what they steadfastly believe them to be. 2. It is alleged, that, if Lord John Russell's party have a merely personal interest at stake in adopting the Irish cause, [and doubly so, 1st, on a principle of gratitude for past favours; 2dly, on a selfish principle, since, in a reformed state, this Irish constituency will no longer be available in the same way,] yet on the other side, there is the same sort of private interest for the Tories in getting rid of a constituency which has so effectually served their opponents. Grant this: suppose the interest alike and equal in both cases. Then mark the difference in what follows. Both parties seek to benefit in their own persons; one by serving a friend, the other by supplanting an enemy:—so far there is no wrong proved against either. But it happens that the benefit sought by the Conservatives flows concurrently with a public service. They cannot so remodel the constituency as to annihilate an important service rendered to their antagonists, without simultaneously annihilating an extensive system of fraud and perjury. Their own interests could no otherwise be aided than through an aid to the national character, by removing a standing motive to a great public wrong; whereas the Whigs cling to that very private interest—tenable confessedly only by sustaining that very system with its many frauds, and its permanent temptations to fraud. Besides that, the coincidence between what is good for the Tory service, and what is good for the public service, is no accident. It will be found in many more cases

that the two interests flow through the same channels.

3. Meantime, as the howl of denial has risen in so long and so steady a column from Mr O'Connell, with regard to the frauds and the perjuries of Irish registration, or (as it might happen) of Irish voting—allow us to illustrate the little pleasantries of the subject by one or two ingenious varieties. Personation is one device in this new *vade-mecum* of electors. a voter dies, and the tenure or the distribution of his land is so thoroughly disturbed that no person in broad Ireland succeeds to his franchise. In these circumstances, distressing to all parties, you will surely not object to some relative, inheriting decent principles and a correct coat, from supplying the empty place of his late esteemed relative. Upon this principle a man has stood in all possible degrees of relationship to himself: he has personated his uncle, his grandfather: he has been his own father, his own dutiful son: in fact, according to the vast variety of possible combinations, men have piously discharged the duties of so many departed kinsmen, that at last they have found themselves unable to say in what precise degree of relationship they might stand to themselves. Cognates or agnates—affinity or consanguinity—all varieties came alike to them. Again, you'll not hinder a worthy voter from being transported now and then, or sometimes hanged. But why should that interrupt public business? Like the king, the Irish voter is at times immortal. The same voter re-emerges to the upper air, like the Sicilian river after passing underground from Greece; but often through every conceivable metamorphosis as to person and age.

But even these personations were far from being the masterpieces of Irish skill. Running variations upon one original and archetypal voter, deathless and ever blooming, were kept up by a "series" of "dacent boys" in various counties. But Tipperary, that "iligant" county, has produced a set of artists that ran variations—each upon himself. They renewed the mystery of the Latin Janus. Every man to his own share sported two separate faces. As qualified voters,

they were of course ten-pounders. A real surplus of ten-pounds, after all possible deductions, they had received or had refused (as might happen) for their beneficial interest. So far so good. But next came a rating as a scale for some county assessment. Forthwith, as the lady's eyes in Christabelle, "each shrank up to a pigmy size." Every man contracted below five pounds. There were five hundred of these dacent boys in this one county of Tipperary, whose present constituency (says Mr Shiel) does not exceed twenty-four hundred. All the five hundred wasted away in estate, by the annual sum of £6 each, in one morning. What a dispensation of Providence to settle upon Tipperary alone! Three thousand pounds of annual income melting like snow under too hot a rating! However, it is consolatory to add, that all were as suddenly restored to health by a county election. Yet, again, it is distressing to record that all of "the boys" had a relapse soon after. And thus, like Castor and Pollux, who kept up a constant process of ascending and descending between Hades and the upper heavens, the poor youths never perfectly recovered. Like a pair of bellows, each of the Tipperary five hundred contracted and expanded, swelled to a tympany, or collapsed into a pitiable flatness, according to the purpose for which he was wanted. It points the moral, however, if it does not much adorn the tale, to mention, that by the latest accounts received, they have continued to maintain that amphibious life which they so ingeniously devised: have kept up unimpaired those relations of expansion and exhaustion which so enrich the natural history of the county; and have persevered to the end in defrauding pretty impartially the county rates and the county register, by moulting according to the season, and according to the character in which they happen to come forward.

4. We had intended to pursue this system of Irish registration and Irish voting through the large variety of artifices by which each has been made to play collusively into the service of the other. But we find that it would transcend our space, and would disproportion the paper; we will notice,

therefore, for the closing article, as a proper crest for such a mountainous scale—such a Pelion upon Ossa—of frauds, the closing words by which Mr Shiel thinks fit to bully the House of Commons into rejecting Lord Stanley's bill. "Pass it," says he, "and that agitation which, in its simplest form, overthrew you in 1829, you shall meet in a triple form to consume you." To appreciate this, to give the force which is intended to the words, let it be observed that Mr Shiel does not speak of some mere *futurition*, as metaphysicians love to speak, some event in futurity not subject to human will, and which simply he is able to foresee. No ; it is of a voluntary—it is of a deliberate agency which he speaks, ap-

proaching not calamitously but vindictively ; this agency belongs to a party, of which the denouncer is a member, and as representing whom it is that he speaks. The prophet is a bully—the prophecy is a menace ; and if no other fragment survived of that influence which Mr O'Connell has organized against (and instead of) the very elementary force by which the legislature ordains the creation of a legislative body, by which the senate renews the senate, this would serve to express and to measure the enormity of that system which Lord Stanley has first fully exposed, and which it will be the fault of Parliament if Lord Stanley does not fully destroy.

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TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR.

PART X.

"FORTUNA sevo lata negotio, et
Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,
Transmutat incertos honores,
Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.
Laudo manentem: si CELEBRES QUATIT
PENNAS, RESIGNO QUEM DEDIT, ET MEA
VIRTUTE ME INVOLVO, PROBAMQUE
PAUPERIUM SINE DOTE QUERO."
Hor. Carm. Lib. iii. 49.

THE result of a very long consultation between Mr Runnington and his partners, held on the day after his last interview with Mr Aubrey, was, that he drew up the following draft of a letter, addressed to Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap.

"*Lincoln's Inn, 26th April, 18—*

"GENTLEMEN,

DOE d. TITMOUSE v. JOLTER.

"In answer to your letter of yesterday, (the 25th inst.) we beg to inform you, that after the judgment in this cause pronounced yesterday in the Court of King's Bench, our client, Mr Aubrey, does not intend to resist the claim of Mr Titmouse to the residue of the Yatton property. We now, therefore, beg to give you notice, that on the 17th of next month you will be at liberty, on behalf of your client, Mr Titmouse, to take possession of all the property at Yatton, at present in the possession of Mr Aubrey. The whole of the last quarter's rents, due at Ladyday, have been paid into the bank of Messrs Harley, at Grilston, and will, on the 17th of May, be placed at the disposal of your client.

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"We are also instructed to request the delivery of your bill at as early a period as may suit your convenience, with a view to its immediate examination and settlement.

"We cannot forbear adding, while thus implicitly following the instructions of our client, our very great surprise and regret at the course which he has thought fit to adopt; since we have the strongest reasons for believing, that had he been disposed to contest your claim further, in accordance with advice received from a high quarter, his case would have been materially strengthened, and your difficulties greatly increased. We feel confident that the magnanimity displayed by our client, will be duly appreciated by yours.

We are, Gentlemen,

Your obedient servants,
RUNNINGTON & Co.

MESSRS QUIRK, GAMMON, }
AND SNAP. }

"Really," said Mr Runnington, when he had read over the above to his partners, "I *must* throw in a word or two about those infernal mesne profits—yet it's a very ticklish sub-

K

ject, especially with such people as these."

One partner shook his head, and the other looked very thoughtful.

"We must not compromise Mr Aubrey," said the former.

"We have had no instructions on that point," said the latter,—"on the contrary, you told us yourself that your instructions were to announce an unconditional surrender."

"That may be; but in so desperate a business as this, I do think we have a discretion to exercise on behalf of himself and family, which, I must say, he seems quite incapable of exercising himself. Nay, upon my honour, I think we are bound not to forego the slightest opportunity of securing an advantage for our client."

His partners seemed struck with this observation; and Mr Runnington, after a few moment's consideration, added the following postscript.

"P.S.—As to the *mesne profits*, by the way, of course we anticipate no difficulty in effecting an amicable arrangement satisfactory to both parties, due consideration being had for the critical position in which our client finds himself so suddenly and unexpectedly placed. Indeed, it is not difficult to conceive that Mr Aubrey, in taking the step of which we have above advised you, must have contemplated—" (here Mr Runnington paused for a considerable time,) "being met in a similar frank, liberal, and equitable spirit."

It was agreed, at length, that the whole amount and effect of the above postscript was a spontaneous suggestion of Messrs Runnington's, not in any way implicating, or calculated in any event to annoy, Mr Aubrey; and a fair copy of the letter and postscript having been made, it was signed by the head of the firm, and forthwith dispatched to Saffron Hill.

"Struck, by Jove, Gammon!" exclaimed Mr Quirk, as, with the above letter open in his hands, he hurried, the instant that he had read it, into the room of his wily partner, and put the letter into his hands. Gammon read it with apparent calmness, but a slight flush overspread his cheek; and as he finished the perusal, a subdued smile of excitement and triumph stole over his countenance.

"Lord, Gammon! isn't it glorious?" quoth Mr Quirk, heatedly,

rubbing his hands together; "give us your hand, Gammon! We've fought a precious hard battle together"—and he shook his partner's hand with vehement cordiality. "This fellow Aubrey is a trump—is 'nt he?—Egad, if I'd been in his shoes one way or another, I'd have stuck at Yatton for a dozen years to come—ah, ha!"

"Yes, I am sure you would if you had been able," replied Gammon, drily, and with a smile.

"Ay, that I would," replied Mr Quirk, with a triumphant chuckle; "but now to come to business. By next quarter-day Titmouse will have £5000 in hard cash,—half of it on the 17th of next month.—Lord! what have we done for him!" he added, with a sort of sigh.

"We've put an ape into possession of Paradise—that's all—" said Gammon, absently and half aloud, and bitterly and contemptuously.

"By the way, Gammon, you see what's said about our Bill—eh? The sooner it's made out the better, I should say—and—ahem! hem!—while Mr Aubrey's on the tight rope he won't think of looking down at the particular items, will he? I should say, now's our time, and strike while the iron's hot! I've got *rather* a full entry, I can assure you. I must say, Snap's done his duty, and I've not had my eyes shut—ahem!" here Mr Quirk winked very knowingly.

"All that, Mr Quirk, I leave, as usual, to your admirable management as to that of a first-rate man of business. You know I'm a sad hand at accounts; but you and Snap are—you'll do all that should be done."

"Ay, ay—trust us!" interrupted Quirk, quickly, with a significant nod, and fancying himself and Snap already at work, plundering the poor Aubreys. "And, by the way, Gammon, there are the *mesne profits*—that's a mighty fine postscript of theirs, isn't it?" and, replacing his spectacles, he read over the postscript aloud. "All my eye, of course!" he added, as he laid down the letter,— "but I suppose one must give 'em a little time; it is a little hard on him just at present; but then, to be sure, that's *his* look out—not our's or Titmouse's. Off-hand, I should say we ought to be content with—say—twenty thousand down, and the rest in two

years' time, so as to give him time to look about him a little"——

"That will be quite an after consideration," said Mr Gammon, who, for the last few minutes, had appeared lost in thought.

"Egad—an *after* consideration? Hang me if I think so, Gammon! There's a certain *bond*—eh? you recollect"——

"I assure you, Mr Quirk, that my eye is fixed quite as steadily and anxiously on that point as yours," said Gammon, gravely.

"Thank you—thank you, Gammon!" replied Quirk, with rather a relieved air—"it couldn't possibly be in better hands. Lud—to go wrong *there*! It would send me to my grave at a hand gallop—it would, so help me Heaven, Gammon!—Titmouse is a queer hand to deal with—isn't he? Wasn't he strange and bumptious the other day? Egad, it made me quake! Need we tell him, just yet," he dropped his voice, "of the letter we've got? Couldn't we safely say only they have sent us word that we shall have Yatton by the 17th?"

"Very great caution is necessary, Mr Quirk, just now"——

"You *don't* think the young scamp's going to turn round on us, and snap his fingers in our face, eh?" enquired Mr Quirk, apprehensively, violently twirling about his watch-key.

"If you leave him implicitly to me, you shall get all you want," replied Gammon, very gravely, and very pointedly. Quirk's colour changed a little, as he felt the keen grey eye of Gammon fixed upon him, and he involuntarily shrunk under it.

"You'll excuse me, Gammon," at length commenced Quirk, with rather a disturbed air; "but there's no fathoming you, when you get into one of your mysterious humours; and you always look so particularly strange whenever we get on this subject! What can you know that I don't—or ought not?"

"Nothing—nothing, I assure you," replied Gammon, with a gay smile.

"Well, I should have *thought* not. But, coming back to the main point, if one could but *touch* some part of that same ten thousand pounds, I *should* be a happy man!—Consider, Gammon, what a draw there has been on my purse for this last sixteen months."

"Well, can you doubt being soon richly repaid, my dear sir? Only don't be too hasty."

"I take it, Gammon, we've a lien on the rents now in the banker's hands, and to become due next quarter-day; and on the first instalment of the mesne profits, both for our bill of costs, and in respect of that same bond?"

"Mesne profits, Mr Quirk?" echoed Gammon, rather quickly; "you seem to take it for granted that they are all ready to be paid over! Even supposing Titmouse not to grow restive, do you suppose it probable that Mr Aubrey, after so vast and sudden a sacrifice, can have more than a very few thousands—probably hundreds—to keep him from immediate want, since we have reason to believe he has got no other resources than Yatton?"

"Not got 'em—not got 'em? D—n him! then he must look sharp and *get* 'em, that's all! You know we can't be trifled with; we must look after the interests of—Titmouse. And what's he to start with, if there's no mesne profits forthcoming? But, hang it! they must: I should say, a gentle pressure, by and by, as soon as he's fairly out of Yatton, must produce money, or *security*—he must know quantities of people of rank and substance that would rush forward, if they once heard him squeal!"

"Ah, you're for putting the thumb-screws on at once—eh?" enquired Gammon, with subdued energy, and a glance of anger and horror.

"Ay—capital—that's *just* what I meant."

"Heartless old scoundrell!" thought Gammon, almost expressing as much; but his momentary excitement passed off unobserved by Mr Quirk. "And, I must say, I agree with you," he added; "we ought in justice to see you first reimbursed your very heavy outlays, Mr Quirk."

"Well, that's honourable, Gammon.—Oh, Gammon, how I *wish* you would let me make a friend of you," suddenly added Mr Quirk, eyeing wistfully his surprised companion.

"If you have one sincere, disinterested friend in the world, Mr Quirk, he is to be found in Oily Gammon," said that gentleman, throwing great warmth into his manner, perceiving that Mr Quirk was labouring with

some communication of which he wished to deliver himself.

"Gammon, Gammon! how I wish I could think so!" replied Quirk, looking earnestly, yet half distrustingly, at Gammon, and fumbling about his hands in his pockets. The mild and friendly expression of Gammon's countenance, however, invited communicativeness; and after softly opening and shutting the two doors, to ascertain that no one was trying to overhear what might be passing, he returned to his chair, which he drew closer to Gammon, who noticed this air of preparation with not a little curiosity.

"I may be wrong, Gammon," commenced Mr Quirk, in a low tone; "but I do believe you've always felt a kind of personal friendship towards me; and there ought to be no secrets among friends. *Friends*, indeed? Perhaps its premature to mention so small a matter; but at a certain silversmith's, not a thousand miles from the Strand, there's at this moment in hand, as a present from me to you"—[Oh dear, dear! Mr Quirk! what a shocking untruth! and at your advanced period of life, too!]"—"as elegant a gold snuff-box as can be made, with a small inscription on the lid. I hope you won't value it the less for its being the gift of old Caleb Quirk!"—he paused, and looked earnestly at Mr Gammon.

"My dear Mr Quirk, you have taken me," said he, "quite by surprise. Value it? I will preserve it to the latest moment of my life, as a memorial of one whom the more I know of, the more I respect and admire!"

"You, Gammon, are in your prime—scarce even that—but I am growing old"—tears appeared to glisten in the old gentleman's eyes; Gammon, much moved, shook him cordially by the hand in silence, wondering what upon earth was coming next. "Yes;—old Caleb Quirk's day is drawing to a close—I feel it, Gammon, I feel it! But I shall leave behind me—a—a—child—an only daughter, Gammon;" that gentleman gazed at the speaker with an expression of respectful sympathy;—"Dora! I don't think you can have known Dora so long, Gammon, without feeling a *little* interest in her." Here Gammon's colour mounted rapidly, and he looked with feelings of a novel

description at his senior partner. Could it be possible that old Quirk wished to bring about a match between his daughter and Gammon? His thoughts were for a moment confused. All he could do was to bow with an earnest—an anxious—a deprecating air; and Mr Quirk, rather hurriedly, proceeded,—"and when I assure you, Gammon, that it is in your power to make an old friend and his only daughter happy and proud,"—Gammon began to draw very long breaths, and to look more and more apprehensively at his senior partner,—"in short, my dear friend, Gammon, let me out with it at once—my daughter's in love with Titmouse."

"Whew!" thought Gammon, suddenly and infinitely relieved.]

"Ah, my dear Mr Quirk, is that all?" he exclaimed, and shook Mr Quirk cordially by the hand,—"at length you have made a friend of me indeed. But, to tell you the truth, I have long, long suspected as much; I have indeed!"

"Have you really? Well! there is no accounting for tastes, is there—especially among the women? Poor Dora's over head and ears—quite!—she is, so help me Heaven!" continued Quirk, energetically.

"Well, my dear sir, and why this surprise? I consider Titmouse to be a very handsome young fellow; and that he is already rapidly acquiring very gentlemanly manners; and as to his *fortune*—really, it would be most desirable to bring it about. Indeed, the sooner his heart's fixed, and his word's pledged, the better—for you must of course be aware that there will be many schemers on the look-out to entrap his frank and inexperienced nature,—look, for instance, at Tag-rag."

"Eugh!" exclaimed Mr Quirk, with a sudden motion of sickening disgust—"the old scoundrel!—I smoked him long ago! Now, *that* I call villany, Gammon; infernal villany! Don't you?"

"Indeed, indeed, Mr Quirk, I do; I quite agree with you! Upon my honour, I think it is a part of even *my* duty towards our client, if possible, to protect him against such infamous designs."

"Right—right, Gammon; by Jove, you're quite right—I *quite* agree with

you!" replied Quirk earnestly, not observing the lambent smile upon the features of his calm, crafty, and sarcastic companion.

"You see," said Gammon, "we've a very delicate and difficult game to play with old Tag-rag. He's certainly a toad, ugly and venomous—but then he's got a jewel in his head—he's got money, you know, and to get at it, we must really give him some hopes about his daughter and Titmouse."

"Faugh! eugh! feugh! Nasty wretch! a little trollop! It makes one sick to hear of her! And, by the way, now we're on that subject, Gammon, what do we want of this wretch Tag-rag, now that Titmouse has actually got the property?"

"Want of him? Money—money."

"But, curse me! (excuse me, Gammon,) why go to Tag-rag? *That's* what I can't understand! Surely any one will advance almost any amount of money to Titmouse, with such security as he can give."

"Very possibly—probably"—

"Possibly? Why, I myself don't mind advancing him five thousand—nay, ten thousand pounds—when we've once got hold of the title-deeds."

"My dear sir," interrupted Gammon, calmly, but with a very serious air, and a slight change of colour which did not happen to attract the notice of his eager companion, "there are reasons why I should dissuade you from doing so; upon my word, there are; further than that I do not think it necessary to go; but I have gone far enough, I know well, to do you a real service." Mr Quirk listened to all this with an air of the utmost amazement—even open-mouthed amazement. "What reason, Gammon, can there be against my advancing money on a security worth more than a hundred times the sum borrowed?" he enquired, with visible distrust of his companion.

"I can but assure you, that were I called upon to say whether I would advance a serious sum of money to Titmouse, on the security of the Yatton estates, I should at all events require a most substantial *collateral* security."

"Mystery again!" exclaimed Mr Quirk, a sigh of vexation escaping him. "You'll excuse me, Gammon, but you'd puzzle an angel, to say nothing of the devil. May I presume,

for one moment, so far on our personal and professional relationship, as to ask what the reason is on which your advice rests?"

"Mere caution—excessive caution—anxiety to place you out of the way of all risk. Surely, is your borrower so soon to be pronounced firm in the saddle?"

"If you know any thing, Gammon, that I don't, it's your bounden duty to communicate it; look at our articles."

"It is; but do I? Prove that, Mr Quirk, and you need trouble yourself no more. But, in the mean while, (without saying how much I feel hurt at your evident distrust,) I have but a word or two further to add on this point."

When Mr Gammon chose, he could assume an expression of feature, a tone of voice, and a manner which indicated to the person he was addressing, that he was announcing a matured opinion, an inflexible determination—and this, moreover, in the calmest, quietest way imaginable. Thus it was that he now said to Mr Quirk, "My opinion is, that you should get *some third party* or parties to advance any required sum, and prevail upon Tag-rag to join in a collateral security, without—if possible—making him aware of the extent of liability he is incurring. By exciting him with the ridiculous notion of an attachment between his daughter and Titmouse, he may be induced to give his signature, as to some complimentary matter of form only.—Now, that's my opinion, Mr Quirk; not lightly or hastily formed; and it rests upon a deep feeling of personal regard towards you, and also our common interests."

Mr Quirk had listened to this communication in perturbed silence, eyeing the speaker with a ludicrous expression of mingled chagrin, apprehension, and bewilderment. "Gammon," at length said he, affecting a smile, "do you remember when you, and I, and Dora, went to the play to see some German thing or other—Foss was the name, wasn't it?"

"Faust—Faust," interrupted Gammon.

"Well; and now, what was the name of that fellow that was always—Meth—Meph—what was it?"

"Mephistophiles," replied Gammon, unable to repress a smile.

"Ah—yes! so it was. That's all; I only wanted to think of his name—I'd forgotten it. I beg your pardon, Gammon."

This was poor Mr Quirk's way of being very sarcastic with his friend. He thought that he had now cut him to the very quick.

"If it hadn't been for what's passed between us to-day, Gammon, I should almost begin to think that you were not sincere in your friendship!"

"Did I ever deceive you? Did I ever attempt to over-reach you in any thing, Mr Quirk?"

"N—o—o—," replied Mr Quirk—but not in the readiest manner, or most confident tone in the world,—“I certainly can't say I ever found you out—but I'll tell you what, we both keep a precious sharp look-out after each other, too—don't we?” he enquired, with a faint smile, which seemed for a moment reflected upon the face of Gammon.

"How long," said he, "I am to be the subject of such unkind suspicions, I do not know; but your nature is suspicious; and as every one has his fault, that is the alloy in the otherwise pure gold of your manly, kind, and straightforward character. Time may show how you have wronged me. My anxious wish is, Mr Quirk, to see your daughter occupy a position in which we may all be proud to see her." Here a smile shot across Quirk's anxious countenance, like evening sunshine on troubled waters.

"I do really believe, Gammon," said he, eagerly, "that Dora's just the kind of girl to suit Titmouse!"

"So do I. There's a mingled softness and spirit in Miss Quirk!"

"She's a good girl, a good girl, Gammon! I hope he'll use her well if he gets her." His voice trembled. "She's got very much attached to him! Gad, she's quite altered lately; and my sister tells me that she's always playing dismal music when he's not there. But we can talk over these matters at another time. Gad, Gammon, you can't think how it's relieved me, to open my mind to you on this matter! We quite understand one another now, Gammon—eh?"

"Quite," replied Gammon, pointedly; and Mr Quirk having quitted the room, the former prepared to answer Messrs Runnington's letter. But first he leaned back, and reflect-

ed on several points of their late conversation. Of course, he had resolved that Miss Quirk should never become Mrs Titmouse. And what struck him as not a little singular, was this, viz., that Mr Quirk should have made no observation on the circumstance that Gammon allowed him to risk his daughter, and her all, upon chances which he pronounced too frail to warrant advancing a thousand or two of money! Yet so it was.

This was the answer he presently wrote to the letter of Messrs Runnington:—

"Saffron Hill.

"GENTLEMEN,

"DOE, *d.* TITMOUSE *v.* JOLTER.

"We are favoured with your letter of this day's date; and beg to assure you how very highly we appreciate the prompt and honourable course which has been taken by your client, under circumstances calculated to excite the greatest possible commiseration. Every expression of respectful sympathy, on our parts, and on that of our client, Mr Titmouse, that you may think fit to convey to your distinguished client, is his.

"We shall be prepared to receive possession of the Yatton estates on the day you mention—namely, the 17th May next, on behalf of our client, Mr Titmouse; on whose behalf, also, we beg to thank you for your communication concerning the last quarter's rents.

"With reference to the question of the mesne profits, we cannot doubt that your client will pursue the same prompt and honourable line of conduct which he has hitherto adopted, and sincerely trust that a good understanding in this matter will speedily exist between our respective clients.

"As you have intimated a wish upon the subject, we beg to inform you that we have given instructions for making out and delivering our bill herein.

We are, Gentlemen,

Your humble servants,

QUIRK, GAMMON, & SNAP."

Messrs RUNNINGTON
& Co.

Having finished writing the above letter, Gammon sat back in his chair, with folded arms, and entered upon a

long train of thought—revolving many matters which were worthy of the profound consideration they then received.

When Gammon and Titmouse returned to town from York, they were fortunate in having the inside of the coach to themselves for nearly the whole of the way—an opportunity which Gammon improved to the utmost, by deepening the impression he had already made in the mind of Titmouse, of the truth of one great fact—namely, that he and his fortunes would quickly part company, if Gammon should at any time so will—which never would, however, come to pass, so long as Titmouse recognised and deferred to the authority of Gammon in all things. In vain did Titmouse enquire how this could be. Gammon was impenetrable, mysterious, authoritative; and at length enjoined Titmouse to absolute secrecy concerning the existence of the fact in question, on pain of the infliction of those consequences to which I have already alluded. Gammon assured him that there were many plans and plots hatching against him (Titmouse); but that it was in his (Gammon's) power to protect him from them all. Gammon particularly enjoined him, moreover, to consult the feelings, and attend to the suggestions of Mr Quirk, wherein Mr Gammon did not intimate to the contrary, and wound up all by telling him, that as he, Gammon, was the only person on earth—and this he really believed to be the case, as the reader may hereafter see—who knew the exact position of Titmouse, so he had devoted himself for his life to the advancing and securing the interests of Titmouse.

For about a fortnight after their return, Titmouse, at Gammon's instance, resumed his former lodgings; but at length complained so earnestly of their dismal quietude, and of their being out of the way of life, that Gammon yielded to his wishes, and, together with Mr Quirk, consented to his removing to a central spot—in fact, to the CABBAGE-STALK HOTEL, Covent Garden—a green enough name, to be sure; but it was the family name of a great wholesale green-grocer, who owned most of the property thereabouts. It was not without considerable uneasiness and anxiety that Messrs Quirk and Snap beheld this change

effected, apprehensive that it might have the effect of estranging Titmouse from them; but since Gammon assented to it, they had nothing for it but to acquiesce, considering Titmouse's proximity to his splendid independence. They resolved, however, as far as in each of them lay, not to let themselves be forgotten by Titmouse. Pending the rule for the new trial, Mr Quirk was so confident concerning the issue, that he greatly increased the allowance of Titmouse; to an extent, indeed, which admitted of his entering into almost all the gaieties that his as yet scarce initiated heart could desire. In the first place, he constantly added to his wardrobe. Then he took lessons, every other day, in "the noble art of self-defence;" which gave him an opportunity of forming with great ease, at once, an extensive and brilliant circle of acquaintance. Fencing-rooms, wrestling-rooms, shooting-galleries, places for pigeon-shooting, cock-fighting, dog-fighting, and billiard-rooms; the water and boat-racing—these were the dazzling scenes which occupied the chief portion of each day. Then, in the evenings, there were theatres, great and small, the various taverns, and other places of nocturnal resort, which are the pride and glory of the metropolis. In addition to this, at an advanced period of the night, or rather a very early hour in the morning, he sedulously strove to perfect himself in those higher arts and accomplishments, excelled in by the more eminent of the youthful aristocracy, viz., breaking windows, pulling bells, wrenching off knockers, extinguishing lamps, tripping up old women, watchmen, and children, and spoiling their clothes;—ah, how often in his bumbler days, had his heart panted in noble rivalry of such feats as these, and emulation of the notoriety they earned for the glittering miscreants who excelled in them! Ah, Titmouse, Titmouse! *Macte novâ virtute, puer!*

That he could long frequent such scenes as these without forming an extensive and varied acquaintance, would be a very unlikely thing to suppose; and there was one who would fain have joined him in his new adventures—one who, as I have already intimated, had initiated him into the scenes with which he was

now becoming so familiar; I mean Snap, who had been at once his

"Guide, philosopher, and friend;"

but who now had fewer and fewer opportunities of associating with him, inasmuch as his (Snap's) nose was continually "kept at the grindstone" in Saffron Hill, to compensate for the lack of attention to the business of the office of his senior partners, owing to their incessant occupation with the affairs of Titmouse. Still, however, he now and then contrived to remind Titmouse of his (Snap's) existence, by sending him intimations of interesting trials at the Old Bailey and elsewhere, and securing him a good seat to view both the criminal and the spectators—of the persons of the greatest rank, fashion, and beauty; for so it happens that in this country, the more hideous the crime, the more intense the curiosity of the upper classes of both sexes to witness the miscreant perpetrator; the more disgusting the details, the greater the avidity with which they are listened to by the distinguished auditors;—the reason being plain, that, as they have exhausted the pleasures and excitements afforded by their own sphere, their palled and sated appetites require novel and more powerful stimulants. Hence, at length, we see "fashionables" peopling even the condemned cell,—rushing, in excited groups, after the shuddering malefactor, staggering, half palsied, and with horror-laden eye, on his way to the gallows! As soon as old Quirk had obtained an inkling of Titmouse's taste in these matters, he afforded Titmouse many opportunities of gratifying it. Once or twice the old gentleman succeeded even in enabling Titmouse (severe trial, however, for his exquisite sensibilities!) to shake the cold and pinioned hands of wretches within a few minutes' time of being led out for execution!

This is a brief and general account of the way in which Titmouse passed his time, and laid the groundwork of that solid, extensive, and practical acquaintance with men and things, which was requisite to enable him to occupy with dignity and advantage the splendid station to which he was on the point of being elevated.

But let us not lose sight of our early and interesting friends, the Tag-rags—a thing which both Quirk and Gam-

mon resolved should not happen to Titmouse: for, on the very first Sunday after his arrival in town from York, a handsome glass coach might have been seen, about two o'clock in the afternoon, drawing up opposite to the gates of *Satin Lodge*; from which said coach, the door having been opened, presently descended Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Titmouse. Now, the Tag-rags always dined at about two o'clock on Sundays; and, on the present occasion, Mr, Mrs, and Miss Tag-rag, together with a pretty constant visiter, the Reverend Mr Dismal Horror, were sitting at their dinner-table discussing as nice a savoury leg of roast pork, with apple sauce, as could at once have tempted and satisfied the most fastidious and the most indiscriminating appetite.

"Oh, ma!" exclaimed Miss Tag-rag faintly, changing colour as she caught sight, through the blinds, of the approaching visitors—"if there isn't Mr Titmouse!" and almost dropping on the table her plate, in which, with an air of tender gallantry, Mr Horror was in the act of depositing some greens, she flew out of the room, darted up stairs, and in a trice was standing, with beating heart, before her glass, hastily twirling her ringlets round her trembling fingers, and making one or two slight alterations in her dress. Her papa and mamma started up at the same moment, hastily wiping their mouths on the corners of the table cloths; and, after a hurried apology to their reverend guest, whom they begged "to go on eating till they came back"—they bounced into the drawing-room, just time enough to appear as if they had been seated for some time; but they were both rather red in the face, and flustered in their manner. Yet, how abortive was their attempt to disguise the disgraceful fact of their having been at dinner when their distinguished visitors arrived! For, firstly, the house was redolent of the odours of roast-pork, sage and onion-stuffing, and greens; secondly, the red-faced servant girl was peering round the corner of the kitchen stairs, as if watching an opportunity to whip off a small dinner-tray that stood between the dining-room and drawing-room; and thirdly, they caught a glimpse of the countenance of the reverend guest, who was holding open the dining-

room door just wide enough to enable him to see who passed on to the drawing-room; for, in truth, the name which had escaped from the lips of Miss Tag-rag, was one that always excited unpleasant feelings in the breast of her spiritual friend.

"Ah! Mr and Mrs Tag-rag! 'Pon my soul—glad to see you—and—hope you're all well?" commenced Titmouse, with an air of easy confidence and grace. Mr Gammon calmly introduced himself and Mr Quirk. Just at that moment neither Mr nor Mrs Tag-rag were sure whether they stood upon their heads or their feet.

"We were just going to sit down to—lunch," said Mr Tag-rag, hurriedly.

"You won't take a little, will you, gentlemen?" enquired Mrs Tag-rag, faintly, and both the worthy couple felt infinite relief on being assured that their distinguished visitors had already lunched. Neither of them could take their eyes off Mr Titmouse, whose easy nonchalance convinced them that he must have been keeping the society of lords. He was just enquiring, as he ran his hand through his hair, and gently smacked his slight ebony cane against his leg,—after Miss Tag-rag, when, pale and agitated, and holding in her hand a pocket-handkerchief suffused with musk and bergamot, designed to overcome so much of the vulgar odour of dinner as might be lingering about *her*,—that interesting young lady entered. Titmouse rose and received her in a familiar, forward, manner; she turning white and red by turns. She looked such a shrivelled little ugly formal creature, that Titmouse conceived quite a hatred of her, through recollecting that he had once thought such an inferior piece of goods superfine. Old Quirk and Tag-rag, every now and then, cast distrustful glances at each other; but Gammon kept all in a calm flow of small talk, which at length restored those whom they had come to see, to something like self-possession. As for Mr Quirk, the more he looked at Miss Tag-rag, the more pride and satisfaction he felt in reflecting upon the unfavourable contrast she must present, in Titmouse's eyes, to Miss Quirk. After a little further conversation, principally concerning the brilliant success of Titmouse, Mr Quirk came to the business

of the day, and invited Mr, Mrs, and Miss Tag-rag to dinner at Alibi House, on the ensuing Sunday, at six o'clock—apologising for the absence of Miss Quirk, on the score of indisposition—she being at the time in the highest possible state of health. Mrs Tag-rag was on the point of saying something deprecatory of their dining out on Sunday, as contrary to their rule; but a sudden recollection of the earthly interests she might peril by so doing, aided by a fearfully significant glance from Mr Tag-rag, restrained her. The invitation was, therefore, accepted in a very obsequious manner; and soon afterwards their great visitors took their departure, leaving Mr and Mrs and Miss Tag-rag in a state of considerable excitement. Goodness! could there be a doubt that there must be some very potent attraction at Satin Lodge to bring thither Titmouse, after all that had occurred? And where could reside the point of that attraction, but in Miss Tag-rag?

As soon as their visitors' glass-coach had driven off—it's inmates laughing heartily at the people they had just quitted—Mr, Mrs, and Miss Tag-rag returned to the dining-table, like suddenly disturbed fowl returning to their roost, when the disturbance has ceased. Profuse were their apologies to Mr Horror: not aware, however, that he had improved the opportunity afforded by their absence, to recruit his exhausted energies with a couple of glasses of port wine from a decanter which stood on the sideboard—a circumstance which he did not deem important enough to mention. Vehemently suspecting as he did, what was the state of things with reference to Mr Titmouse and Miss Tag-rag, it was somewhat of a trial of temper to the exemplary young pastor, to have to listen, for the remainder of the afternoon, to the praises of Titmouse, and speculations concerning the immensity of his fortune. In vain did the worthy minister strive, every now and then, to divert the current of conversation into a more profitable channel—i.e. towards himself; all he said was evidently lost upon her for whose ear it was intended. She was in a reverie, and often sighed. The principal figures before her mind's eye were—TITMUSE, ESQUIRE, and THE REV. DISMAL HORROR. The latter was about twenty-six, (he had

been called to the work of the ministry in his sixteenth year;) short; his face slightly pitted with small-pox; his forehead narrow; his eyes cold and watery; no eye-brows or whiskers; high cheek-bones; his short sand-coloured hair combed primly forward over each temple, and twisted into a sort of topknot in front; he wore no shirt-collars, but had a white neck-handkerchief tied very formally, and was dressed in an ill-made suit of black. He spoke in a drawling canting tone; and his countenance was overspread with a demure expression of cunning, trying to look religious. Then he was always talking about himself, and the devil, and his chapel, and the bottomless pit, and the number of souls which he had saved, and the number of those whom he knew were damned, and many more who certainly would be damned. All this might be very well in its way, began to think Miss Tag-rag—but it was possible to choke a dog with pudding. Poor girl, can you wonder at her dwelling fondly upon the image of Titmouse? So splendidly dressed—so handsome—such a fashionable air—and with—ten thousand a-year! When she put all these things together, it almost looked like a dream; such good fortune could never be in store for a poor simple girl like herself. Yet there was such a thing as—love at first sight! After tea they all walked down to Mr Horror's meeting-house. It was very crowded; and it was remarked that the eloquent young preacher had never delivered a more impassioned sermon from that pulpit: it was sublime. Oh how bitterly he denounced "worldly-mindedness!" What a vivid picture he drew of the flourishing green bay-tree of the wicked, suddenly blasted in the moment of its pride and strength; while the righteous should shine like stars in the firmament for ever and ever! Who could not see here shadowed out the characters of Titmouse and of Horror respectively?—who could hesitate between the two? And when at length, the sermon over, he sat down in his pulpit, (the congregation also sitting, and singing,) and drew gracefully across his damp forehead his white pocket-handkerchief, which had been given him by Miss Tag-rag; and looked with an air of most interesting languor and exhaus-

tion towards Mr Tag-rag's pew, where sat Miss Tag-rag—her father the wealthiest man in the congregation, and she his only child—he felt a lively and tender interest in her welfare—her spiritual welfare, and resolved to call the next morning; entertaining an humble hope that his zealous labours had not been in vain! Was one fruit of them to have been looked for in the benignant temper which Tag-rag, to the amazement of his shopmen, evinced the next morning, for at least an hour? Would that the like good effects had been visible in Mrs and Miss Tag-rag; but—alas that I should have to record it!—it was so far otherwise, that they laid aside their fancy-fair work for the whole week, which they devoted to the preparation of those dresses with which they purposed the profanation of the ensuing Sunday.

That day at length arrived, and precisely at six o'clock a genteel fly deposited the visitants from Satin Lodge at the splendid entrance to Alibi House. There was the big footman—shoulderknot, red breeches, and all. Tag-rag felt a *little* nervous. Before they had entered the gates, the fond proud parents had kissed their trembling daughter, and entreated her "to keep her spirits up!" The exhortation was needful; for when she saw the sort of style that awaited them, she became not a little agitated. When she entered the hall—ah! on a chair lay a glossy new hat, and a delicate ebony walking-stick; so he had come—was then up stairs!—Miss Tag-rag trembled in every limb.

"I don't know, my dear," whispered Mrs Tag-rag to her husband, with a subdued sigh, as they followed the splendid footman up stairs,—“it may be all uncommon grand; but somehow I'm afraid we're doing wrong—it's the Lord's Day—see if any good comes of it.”

"Tut—hold your tongue! Let's have no nonsense," sternly whispered Mr Tag-rag to his submissive wife.

"Your name, sir?" quoth the footman, in a gentlemanly way.

"Mr, Mrs, and Miss Tag-rag," replied Mr Tag-rag, after clearing his throat; and so they were announced, Miss Quirk coming forward to receive the ladies with the most charming affability. There stood Titmouse, in an easy attitude, with

his hands stuck into his coat pockets, and resting on his hips, in a very delicate and elegant fashion. How completely he seemed at his ease!

"Oh Lord!" thought Tag-rag, "that's the young fellow I used to go on so to!"

In due time dinner was announced; and who can describe the rapture that thrilled through the bosoms of the three Tag-rags, when Mr Quirk requested Mr Titmouse to take down—Miss Tag-rag!! Her father took down Mrs Alias; Mr Quirk, Mrs Tag-rag; and Gammon, Miss Quirk. She really might have been proud of her partner. Gammon was about thirty-eight years old; of average height; with a particularly gentlemanly appearance and address, and an intellectual and even handsome countenance, though occasionally it wore, to a keen observer, a sinister expression. He had a blue coat, a plain white waistcoat, not disfigured by any glistening fiddle-faddle of pins, chains, or quizzing-glasses, black trousers, and silk stockings. There was at once an appearance of neatness and carelessness; and there was such a ready smile—such a bland ease and self-possession about him—as communicated itself to those whom he addressed. I hardly know, Mr Gammon, why I have thus noticed so particularly your outward appearance: it certainly, on the occasion I am describing, struck me much; but there are such things as *whited walls* and *painted sepulchres*. Dinner went off very pleasantly, the wines soon communicating a little confidence to the flustered guests. Mrs Tag-rag had drunk so much champagne—an unusual beverage for her—that almost as soon as she had returned to the drawing-room, she sat down on the sofa and fell asleep, leaving the two young ladies to amuse each other as best they might; for Mrs Alias was very deaf, and moreover very stiff and distant, and sat looking at them in silence. To return to the dining-room for a moment. 'Twas quite delightful to see the sort of friendship that seemed to grow up between Quirk and Tag-rag, as their heads got filled with wine: at the same time each of them drawing closer and closer to Titmouse, who sat between them—volubility itself. They soon dropped all disguise—each plainly under the

impression that the other could not, or did not, observe him; and altogether, impelled by their overmastering motives, they became so barefaced in their sycophancy—evidently forgetting that Gammon was present—that he could several times, with only the utmost difficulty, refrain from bursting into laughter at the earnest devotion with which these two worshippers of the little golden calf strove to attract the attention of their divinity, and recommend themselves to its favour.

At length the four gentlemen repaired to the drawing-room, whence issued the sounds of music; and on entering they beheld the two lovely performers seated at the piano, engaged upon a duet. The plump flaxen-haired Miss Quirk, in her flowing white muslin dress, her thick gold chain, and massive bracelets, formed rather a strong contrast to her sallow skinny little companion, in a span-new slate-coloured silk dress, with staring scarlet sash; her long cork-screw ringlets glistening in bear's grease: and as for their performance, Miss Quirk played boldly and well through her part, a smile of contempt now and then beaming over her countenance at the ridiculous incapacity of her companion. As soon as the gentlemen made their appearance the ladies ceased, and withdrew from the piano; Miss Tag-rag, with a sweet air of simplicity and conscious embarrassment, gliding towards the sofa, where sat her mamma asleep, but whom she at once awoke. Mr Quirk exclaimed, as, evidently elevated with wine, he slapped his daughter on her fat back, "Ah, Dora, my dove!" while Tag-rag kissed his daughter's cheek, and squeezed her hand, and then glanced with a proud and delighted air at Titmouse, who was loolling at full length upon the other sofa, picking his teeth. While Miss Quirk was making tea, Gammon gaily conversing with her, and in an under tone satirizing Miss Tag-rag; the latter young lady was gazing, with a timid air, at the various elegant nick-nacks scattered upon the tables and slabs. One of these consisted of a pretty little box, about a foot square, with a glass lid, through which she saw the contents; and they not a little surprised her. They were pieces of cord; and on looking at one of the sides of the box, she read, with a

sudden shudder,—“*With these cords were tied the hands of Arthur Grizzlegut, executed for high treason, 19th November, 18—.* Presented, as a mark of respect, to Caleb Quirk, Esq., by John Ketch.” Poor Miss Tag-rag recoiled from the box as if she had seen it filled with writhing adders. She took an early opportunity, however, of calling her father’s attention to it; and he pronounced it a “most interesting object,” and fetched Mrs Tag-rag to see it. She agreed first with her daughter, and then with her husband. Quietly pushing her investigations, Miss Tag-rag by and by beheld a large and splendidly bound volume—in fact, Miss Quirk’s album; and, after turning over most of the leaves, and glancing over the “poetical effusions” and “prose sentiments,” which few fools can abstain from depositing upon the embossed pages, when solicited by the lovely proprietresses of such works, beheld—her heart fluttered—poor Miss Tag-rag almost dropped the magnificent volume; for there was the idolized name of Mr Titmouse—no doubt his own handwriting and composition. She read it over eagerly again and again,—

“Titmouse is my name,
England is my nation;
London is my dwelling place,
And Christ is my salvation.”

It was very—very beautiful—beautiful in its simplicity! She looked anxiously about for writing implements; but not seeing any, was at length obliged to trust to her memory; on which, indeed, the exquisite composition was already inscribed in indelible characters. Miss Quirk, who was watching her motions, guessed the true cause of her excitement; and a smile of mingled scorn and pity for her infatuated delusion shone upon her face: in which, however, there appeared a little anxiety when she beheld Titmouse—not, however, perceiving that he did so in consequence of a motion from Gammon, whose eye governed his movements as a man’s those of his spaniel—walk up to her, and converse with a great appearance of interest. At length Mr Tag-rag’s “carriage” was announced. Mr Quirk gave his arm to Mrs Tag-rag, and Mr Titmouse to the daughter; who endeavoured, as she went

down the stairs, to direct melting glances at her handsome and distinguished companion. They evidently told, for she could not be mistaken; he certainly once or twice squeezed her arm—and the last fond words he uttered to her were, “‘Pon my soul—it’s early: devilish sorry you’re going!” As the Tag-rags drove home, they were all loud in the praises of those whom they had just quitted, particularly of those whose splendid hospitality they had been enjoying. With a daughter, with whom Mr Quirk must naturally have wished to make so splendid a match as that with Titmouse,—but who was plainly engaged to Mr Gammon—how kind and disinterested was Mr Quirk, in affording every encouragement in his power to the passion which Titmouse had so plainly conceived for Miss Tag-rag! And was there ever so delightful a person as Gammon? How cordially he had shaken the hands of each of them at parting! As for Miss Tag-rag, she almost felt that, if her heart had not been so deeply engaged to Titmouse, she could have loved Mr Gammon!

“I hope, Tabby,” said Mrs Tag-rag, “that when you’re Mrs Titmouse, you’ll bring your dear husband to hear Mr Horror? You know, we ought to be grateful to the Lord—for He has done it.”

“La, ma, how can I tell?” quoth Miss Tag-rag, petulantly. “I must go where Mr Titmouse chooses, of course; and no doubt he’ll take sittings in one of the West End churches: you know, *you* go where *pa* goes—I go where Titmouse goes! But *I will* come sometimes, too—if its only to show that I’m not above it, you know. La, what a stir there will be! The three Miss Knipps—I do so hope they’ll be there! I’ll have your pew, ma, lined with red velvet; it will look so genteel.”

“I’m not quite so sure, Tabby, though,” interrupted her father, with a certain swell of manner, “that we shall, after a certain event, continue to live in these parts. There’s such a thing as retiring from business, Tabby; besides, we shall nat’rally wish to be near you.”

“He’s a *love* of a man, *pa*, isn’t he?” interrupted Miss Tag-rag, with irrepressible excitement. Her father folded her in his arms. They could hardly believe that they had reached

Satin Lodge. That respectable structure, somehow or other, now looked to the eyes of all of them shrunk into most contemptible dimensions. What was it to the spacious and splendid residence which they had quitted? And what, in all probability could that be to the mansion—or perhaps several mansions—to which Mr Titmouse would be presently entitled, and—in his right—some one else?

Whilst the brilliant success of Titmouse was exciting so great a sensation amongst the inmates of Satin Lodge and Alibi House, there were also certain quarters in the upper regions of society, in which it produced a considerable commotion, and where it was contemplated with feelings of intense interest; nor without reason. For indeed to you, reflective reader, much pondering men and manners, and observing the influence of great wealth, especially suddenly and unexpectedly acquired, upon all classes of mankind—it would appear passing strange that so prodigious an event as that of an accession to a fortune of ten thousand a-year, and a large accumulation of money besides, could be looked on with indifference in those regions where MONEY

“Is like the air they breathe—if they have it not, they die;”

in its absence, all their “honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,” disappear like snow under sunshine; the edifice of pomp, luxury, and magnificence that “rose like an exhalation,” so disappears,—

“And, like an unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leaves not a rack behind.”

Take away money, and that which raised its delicate and pampered possessors above the common condition of mankind—that of privation and incessant labour, and anxiety—into one entirely artificial, engendering totally new wants and desires, is gone, all gone; and its occupants suddenly fall, as it were, through a highly rarefied atmosphere, breathless and dismayed, into contact with the chilling exigencies of life, of which, till then, they had only heard and read, sometimes with a kind of morbid sympathy, as we do hear and read of a foreign country, not stirring the while from our snug homes, by whose comfortable and luxurious firesides we read of the

frightful palsy of the polar regions, and for a moment sigh over the condition of their miserable inhabitants, as vividly pictured to us by adventurous travellers.

If the reader had reverently cast his eye over the pages of that glittering centre of aristocratic literature, and inexhaustible solace against the ennui of a wet day—I mean *Debrett's Peerage*, his attention could not have failed to be riveted, amongst a galaxy of brilliant but minor stars, by the radiance of one transcendent constellation. Behold; hush; tremble!—“**AUGUSTUS MORTIMER PLANTAGENET FITZ-URSE, EARL OF DREDDLINGTON, VISCOUNT FITZ-URSE, and BARON DREDCOURT; KNIGHT OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE; K.G., G.C.B., D.C.L., F.R.S., &c., &c.;** Lieutenant-General in the army, Colonel of the 37th regiment of light dragoons; Lord-Lieutenant of —shire; elder brother of the Trinity House; formerly Lord Steward of the Household; succeeded his father PERCY CONSTANTINE FITZ-URSE as fifth Earl, and twentieth in the Barony, January 10th, 1795; married, April 1, 1789, the Right Hon. Lady Philippa Emmeline Blanche Macspleuchan, daughter of Archibald, ninth Duke of Tantaloon, K.T., and has issue an only child,

“**CECILIA PHILIPPA LEOPOLDINA PLANTAGENET,** born June 10, 1790.

“Town residence, Grosvenor Square.

“Seats, Gruneaghoolaghan Castle, Galway; Tre-ardevoraveor Manor, Cornwall; Llmryllwerwpllgly Abbey, N. Wales; Tullyclachnach Palace, N. Britain; Poppleton Hall, Hertfordshire.

“Earldom, by patent, 1667; — Barony, by writ of summons, Hen. II.”

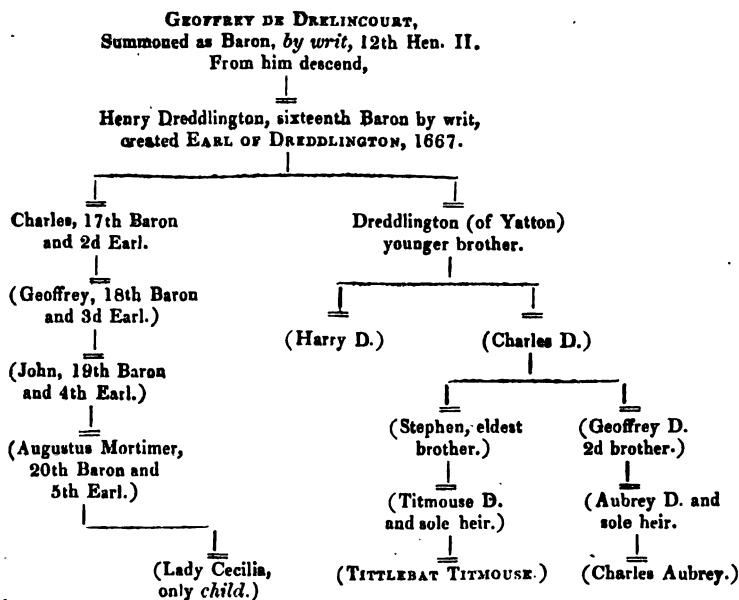
Now, as to the above tremendous list of seats and residences, be it observed that the existence of two of them, viz., Grosvenor Square and Poppleton Hall, was tolerably well ascertained by the residence of the august proprietor of them, and the expenditure therein of his princely revenue of L.5000 a-year. The existence of the remaining ones, however, the names of which the diligent chronicler has preserved with such scrupulous accuracy, had become somewhat problematical since the era of the civil wars, and the physical derangement

of the surface of the earth in those parts, which one may conceive to have taken place* consequent upon those events; those imposing feudal residences having been originally erected in positions so carefully selected with a view to their security against aggression, as to have become totally inaccessible; and, indeed, unknown, to the present inglorious and degenerate race, no longer animated by the spirit of chivalry and adventure.

[I have now recovered my breath, after my bold flight into the resplendent regions of aristocracy; but my eyes are still dazzled.]

The reader may by this time have

got an intimation that Tittlebat Titmouse, in a madder freak of fortune than any which her incomprehensible ladyship hath hitherto exhibited in the pages of this history, is far on his way towards a dizzy pitch of greatness,—viz., that he has now, owing to the verdict of the Yorkshire jury, taken the place of Mr Aubrey, and become heir-expectant to the oldest barony in the kingdom—between it and him only one old peer, and his sole child—an unmarried daughter intervening. Behold the thing demonstrated to your very eye, in the following pedigree, which is only our former one† a little extended.



From the above, I think it will appear, that on the death of the fifth earl and twentieth baron, the earldom would be extinct, and the barony would descend upon the Lady Cecilia; and that, in the event of her dying without issue in the lifetime of her father, Tittlebat Titmouse would become LORD DRELINCOURT, (twenty-first in the barony;) and in the event of her dying without issue, after her father's death, TITTLEBAT TITMOUSE

would become the twenty-second LORD DRELINCOURT; one or other of which two splendid positions, but for the enterprising agency of Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, would have been occupied by CHARLES AUBREY, Esq.; on considering which, one cannot but remember a saying of an ancient poet, who seems to have kept as keen an eye upon the unaccountable frolics of the goddess Fortune, as this history shows that I have. 'Tis a

* See Dr Bubble's "Account of the Late Landslips, and of the Remains of Subterranean Castles."—Quarto edition, pp. 1000—2000.

† Ante, No. CCXCVI. p. 820.

passage which any little schoolboy will translate to his mother or his sisters—

—“*Hinc apicem rapax*

Fortuna cum stridore acuto
Sustulit, hic possuisse gaudet.” *

At the time of which I am writing, the Earl of Dreddlington was about sixty-seven years old; and he would realize the idea of an incarnation of the sublimest PRIDE. He was of rather a slight make, and, though of a tolerably advanced age, stood as straight as an arrow. His hair was glossy, and white as snow; his features were of an aristocratic cast; their expression was severe and haughty; and there was not the slightest trace of intellect perceptible in them. His manner and demeanour were calm, cold, imperturbable, inaccessible; wherever he went—so to speak—he radiated cold. Poverty embittered his spirit, as his lofty birth and ancient descent generated the pride I have spoken of. With what calm and supreme self-satisfaction did he look down upon all lower in the peerage than himself! and as for a newly-created peer, he looked at him with ineffable disdain. Amongst his few equals he was affable enough; amongst his inferiors he exhibited an insupportable appearance of condescension—one which excited a wise man's smile of pity and contempt, and a fool's anger—both, however, equally naught to the Earl of Dreddlington. If any one could have ventured upon a *post-mortem* examination of so august a structure as the Earl's carcass, his heart would probably have been found to be of the size of a pea, and his brain very soft and flabby; both, however, equal to the small occasions which, from time to time, called for the exercise of their functions. The former was occupied almost exclusively by two feelings—love of himself and of his daughter, (because upon her would descend his barony;) the latter exhibited its powers (supposing the brain to be the seat of the mind) in mastering the military details requisite for nominal soldiership; the game of whist; the routine of petty business in the House of Lords; and the etiquette of the court. One branch of

useful knowledge he had, however, completely mastered—that which is so ably condensed in Debrett; and he became a sort of oracle in such matters. As for his politics, he professed Whig principles—and was, indeed, a blind and bitter partisan. In attendance to his senatorial duties, he practised an exemplary punctuality; was always to be found in the House at its sitting and rising; and never once, on any occasion, great or small, voted against his party. He had never been heard to speak in a full House; first, because he never could muster nerve enough for the purpose; secondly, because he never had any thing to say; and lastly, lest he should compromise his dignity, and destroy the *prestige* of his position, by not speaking better than any one present. His services were not, however, entirely overlooked; for, on his party coming into office for a few weeks, (they knew it could be for no longer a time,) they made him Lord Steward of the Household; which was thenceforward an epoch to which he referred every event of his life, great and small. The great object of his ambition, ever since he had been of an age to form large and comprehensive views of action and conduct, and conceive superior designs, and achieve distinction amongst mankind—was, to obtain a step in the peerage; for considering the antiquity of his family, and his ample, nay *superfluous* pecuniary means—so much more than adequate to support his present double dignity of earl and baron—he thought it but a reasonable return for his eminent political services to obtain the step which he coveted. But his anxiety on this point had been recently increased a thousand-fold by one circumstance. A gentleman who held an honourable and lucrative official situation in the House, and who never had treated the Earl of Dreddlington with that profound obsequiousness which the Earl conceived to be his due—but, on the contrary, had presumed to consider himself a man and an Englishman equally with the Earl—had, a short time before, succeeded in establishing his title to an earldom that had long been dormant, and was of creation earlier than that of Dreddlington. The Earl of Dred-

* Hor. Carm. l. 34, *ad finem*.

dlington took this untoward circumstance so much to heart, that for some months afterwards he appeared to be in a decline; always experiencing a dreadful inward spasm whenever the Earl of Fitzwarren made his appearance in the House. For this lamentable state of things there was plainly but one remedy—a MARQUISATE—at which the earl gazed with all the intense desire of an old and feeble ape at a cocoa-nut, just above his reach, and which he beholds at length grasped and carried off by some nimbler and younger rival. Amongst all the weighty cares and anxieties of this life, I must do the Earl of Dreddlington the justice to say, that he did not neglect the concerns of hereafter—the solemn realities—that future revealed to us in the Scriptures. To his enlightened and comprehensive view of the state of things around him, it was evident that the Author of the world had decreed the existence of regular gradations of society.

The following lines, quoted one night in the House by the leader of his party, had infinitely delighted the earl—

“ Oh, where DEGREES is shaken,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprise is sick!
Take but DEGREES away, — untune that string,
And, hark! what discord follows! each thing meets,
In mere appugnancy!” *

When the earl discovered that this was the production of Shakspeare, he conceived a great respect for him, and purchased a copy of his works, and had them splendidly bound; never to be opened, however, except at that one place where the famous passage in question was to be found. Since, thought the earl, such is clearly the order of Providence in this world, why should it not be so in the next? He felt certain that then there would be found corresponding differences and degrees, in analogy to the differences and degrees existing upon earth; and with this view had read and endeavoured to comprehend a very dry but learned book—Butler’s *Analogy*, lent him by his brother, a bishop. This consolatory conclusion of the earl’s was greatly strengthened by a passage of

scripture, from which he had once heard his brother preach—“*In my Father’s house are MANY MANSIONS; if it had not been so, I would have told you.*” On grounds such as these, after much conversation with several old brother peers of his own rank, he and they—those wise and good men—came to the conclusion that there was no real ground for apprehending so grievous a misfortune as the huddling together hereafter of the great and small into one miscellaneous and ill-assorted assemblage; but that the rules of precedence, in all their strictness, as being founded in the nature of things, would meet with an exact observance, so that every one should be ultimately and eternally happy in the company of his equals. The Earl of Dreddlington would have, in fact, as soon supposed, with the deluded Indian, that in his voyage to the next world—

“ His faithful dog should bear him company;”

as that his lordship should be doomed to participate the same regions of heaven with any of his domestics: unless, indeed, by some, in his view, not improbable dispensation, it should form an ingredient in their cup of happiness in the next world, there to perform those offices—or analogous ones—for their old masters, which they had performed upon earth. As the Earl grew older, these just, and rational, and Scriptural views, became clearer, and his faith firmer. Indeed, it might be said that he was in a manner ripening for immortality—for which his noble and lofty nature, he felt, was fitter, and more likely to be in its element, than it could possibly be in this dull, degraded, and confused world. He knew that there his sufferings in this inferior stage of existence would be richly recompensed; for sufferings indeed he had, though secret, arising from the scanty means which had been allotted to him for the purpose of maintaining the exalted rank to which it had pleased God to call him. The long series of exquisite mortifications and pinching privations arising from this inadequacy of means, had, however, the Earl doubted not, been designed by Providence as a

* *Troilus and Cressida*, I. iii.

trial of his constancy, and from which he would, in due time, issue like thrice-refined gold. Then also would doubtless be remembered in his favour the innumerable instances of his condescension in mingling in the most open manner with those who were unquestionably his inferiors, sacrificing his own feelings of lofty and fastidious exclusiveness, and endeavouring to advance the interests, and, as far as influence and example went, polish and refine the manners of the lower orders of society. Such is an outline—alas, how faint and imperfect!—of this great and good man, the Earl of Dredlington. As for his domestic and family circumstances, he had been a widower for some fifteen years, his Countess having brought him but one child, Lady Cecilia Philippa Leopoldina Plantagenet, who was, in almost all respects, the counterpart of her illustrious father. She resembled him not a little in feature, only that she partook of the plainness of her mother. Her complexion was delicately fair; but her features had no other expression than that of a languid hauteur. Her upper eyelids drooped as if she could hardly keep them open; the upper jaw projected considerably over the under one; and her front teeth were prominent and exposed. She seemed to take but little interest in any thing on earth, so frigid was she, and inanimate. In person, she was of average height, of slender and well-proportioned figure, and an erect and graceful carriage, only that she had a habit of throwing her head a little backward, that gave her a singularly disdainful appearance. She had reached her twenty-seventh year without having had an eligible offer of marriage, though she would be the possessor of a barony in her own right, and L.5000 a-year; a circumstance which, it may be believed, not a little embittered her. She inherited her father's pride in all its plenitude. You should have seen the haughty couple sitting silently side by side in the old-fashioned yellow family carriage, as they drove round the crowded park, returning the salutations of those they met in the slightest manner possible. A glimpse of them at such a moment, would have given you a far more just and lively notion of their real character, than the most anxious and laboured description of mine.

Ever since the first Earl of Dredlington had, through a bitter pique conceived against his eldest son, the second earl, diverted the principle family revenues to the younger branch, leaving the title to be supported by only L.5000 a-year, there had been a complete estrangement between the elder and the younger—the titled and the monied—branches of the family. On Mr Aubrey's attaining his majority, however, the present earl sanctioned overtures being made towards a reconciliation, being of opinion that Mr Aubrey and Lady Cecilia might, by intermarriage, effect a happy re-union of family interests; an object, this, that had long lain nearer his heart than any other upon earth, till, in fact, it became a kind of passion. Actuated by such considerations, he had done more to conciliate Mr Aubrey than he had ever done towards any one on earth. It was, however, in vain. Mr Aubrey's first delinquency was, an unqualified and enthusiastic adoption of Tory principles. Now, all the Dredlingtons, from time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, had been firm unflinching Tories, till the father of the present earl quietly walked over one day to the other side of the House of Lords, completely fascinated by a bit of ribbon and which the minister held up before him: and before he had sat in that wonder-working region, the ministerial side of the House, twenty-four hours, he discovered that the true signification of Tory, was *bigot*—and of Whig, *patriot*: and he stuck to that version till it transformed him into a gold stick, in which capacity he died, having repeatedly and solemnly impressed upon his son the necessity and advantage of taking the same view of public affairs, with a view to arrive at similar results. And in the way in which he had been *trained up*, most religiously had gone the earl; and see the result: he, also, attained to eminent and responsible office—to wit, that of Lord Steward of the Household. Now, things standing thus—how could the earl so compromise his principles, and indirectly injure his party, by suffering his daughter to marry a Tory? Great grief and vexation of spirit did *this* matter, therefore, occasion to that excellent nobleman. But, secondly, Aubrey

not only declined to marry his cousin, but clenched his refusal, and sealed his final exclusion from the dawning good opinion and affections of the earl, by marrying some one else—Miss St Clair. Thenceforth there was a great gulf between the earl of Dreddlington and the Aubreys. Whenever they happened to meet, the earl greeted him with an elaborate bow, and a petrifying smile; but for the last seven years, not one syllable had passed between them. As for Mr Aubrey, he had never been otherwise than amused at the eccentric airs of his magnificent kinsman. Now, was it not a hard thing for the earl to bear—namely, the prospect there was that his barony and estates might devolve upon this same Aubrey, or his issue? for Lady Cecilia, alas! enjoyed but precarious health, and her chances of marrying seemed daily diminishing. This was a thorn in the poor earl's flesh; a source of constant worry to him, sleeping and waking: and proud as he was, and with such good reason, he would have gone down on his knees and prayed to heaven to avert so direful a calamity—to see his daughter married.

Such being the relative position of Mr Aubrey and the Earl of Dreddlington at the time when this history opens, it is easy for the reader to imagine the lively interest with which the earl first heard of the tidings that a stranger had set up a title to the whole of the Yatton estates; and the silent but profound anxiety with which he continued to regard the progress of the affair. He obtained, from time to time, by means of confidential enquiries instituted by his solicitor, a general notion of the nature of the new claimant's pretensions; but, with a due degree of delicacy towards his unfortunate kinsman, he studiously concealed the interest he felt in so important a family question as the succession to the Yatton property. The earl and his daughter were exceedingly anxious to see the claimant; and when he heard that that claimant was a gentleman of "decided Whig principles"—the earl was very near setting it down as a sort of special interference of Providence in his favour; and one that, in the natural order of things, would lead to the accomplishment of the other wishes of the earl. Who knew but that, be-

fore a twelvemonth had passed over, the two branches of the family might not be in a fair way of being re-united—and thus, amongst other incidents, invest the earl with the virtual patronage of the borough of Yatton, and, in the event of their return to power, strengthen his claim upon his party for his long-coveted marquissate? Urgent business had carried him to the continent a few days before the trial of the ejectment at York; and he did not return till a day or two after the Court of King's Bench had solemnly declared the validity of the plaintiff's title to the Yatton property, and consequently established his right of succession to the barony of Drelincourt. Of this event a lengthened account was given in one of the Yorkshire papers which fell under the earl's eye the day after his arrival from abroad; and to the report of the decision of the question of law, was appended the following paragraph:—

"In consequence of the above decision, Mr Aubrey, we are able to state on the best authority, has given formal notice of his intention to surrender the entire of the Yatton property without further litigation; thus making the promptest amends in his power to those whom he has—we cannot doubt unwittingly—injured. He has also accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, and has consequently retired from Parliament; so that the borough of Yatton is now vacant. We sincerely hope that the new proprietor of Yatton will either himself sit for the borough, and announce immediately his intention of doing so, or give his prompt and decisive support to some gentleman of decided Whig principles. We say *prompt*—for the enemy is vigilant and crafty. Men of Yatton! To the rescue!!—Mr Titmouse is now, we believe, in London. This fortunate gentleman is not only now in possession of the fine property at Yatton, with an unincumbered rent-roll of from twelve to fifteen thousand a-year, and a vast accumulation of rents to be handed over by the late possessor, but is now next but one in succession to the earldom of Dreddlington and barony of Drelincourt, with the large family estates annexed thereto. We believe this is the oldest barony in the kingdom. It must be a source of great gratification to

the present earl to know that his probable successor professes the same liberal and enlightened political opinions, of which his lordship has, during his long and distinguished political life, been so able and consistent a supporter."

The Earl of Dreddlington was slightly flustered on reading the above paragraph. He perused it several times with increasing satisfaction. The time had at length arrived for him to take decisive steps; nay, duty to his newly-discovered kinsman required it.

Messrs Titmouse and Gammon were walking arm-in-arm down Oxford Street, on their return from some liveries, where they had been looking at a horse which Titmouse was thinking of purchasing, when an incident occurred which ruffled him not a little. He had been recognised and publicly accosted by a vulgar fellow, with a yard-measure in his hand, and a large parcel of drapery under his arm—in fact, by our old friend Mr Huckaback. In vain did Mr Titmouse affect, for some time, not to see his old acquaintance, and to be earnestly engaged in conversation with Mr Gammon.

"Ah, Titty!—Titmouse! Well, *Mister* Titmouse—how are you?—Devilish long time since we met!" Titmouse directed a look at him that he wished could have blighted him, and quickened his pace without taking any farther notice of the presumptuous intruder. Huckaback's blood was up, however,—roused by this ungrateful and insolent treatment from one who had been under such great obligations to him; and quickening *his* pace, also, he kept alongside with Titmouse.

"Ah," continued Huckaback, "why do you cut me in this way, Titty? You *aren't* ashamed of me, surely? Many's the time you've tramped up and down Oxford Street with your bundle and yard-measure!"

"Fellow!" at length exclaimed Titmouse indignantly, "'Pon my life I'll give you in charge if you go on so! Be off, you low fellow!" "Dem vulgar brute!" he subjoined in a lower tone, bursting into perspiration, for he had not forgotten the insolent pertinacity of Huckaback's disposition.

"My eyes! Give me in charge? Come, I like that, rather—You vagabond! Pay me what you owe me!

You're a swindler! You owe me fifty pounds, you do! You sent a man to rob me!"

"Will any one get a constable?" enquired Titmouse, who had grown as white as death. The little crowd that was collecting round them began to suspect, from Titmouse's agitated appearance, that there must be some foundation for the charges made against him.

"Oh, go, get a constable! Nothing I should like better! Ah, very fine gentleman—what's the time of day, when chaps like you are wound up so high?"

Gammon's interference was in vain. Huckaback got more abusive and noisy; no constable was at hand; so, to escape the intolerable interruption and nuisance, he beckoned a coach off the stand, which was close by; and, Titmouse and he stepping into it, they were soon out of sight and hearing of Mr Huckaback. Having taken a shilling drive, they alighted, and walked towards Covent Garden. As they approached the hotel, they observed a yellow chariot, at once elegant and somewhat old-fashioned, rolling away from the door.

"I wonder who that is," said Gammon; "it's an earl's coronet on the panel; and an old gentleman was sitting low down in the corner!"

"Ah—it's no doubt a fine thing to be a lord, and all that—but I'll answer for it, some of 'em's as poor as a church mouse," replied Titmouse as they entered the hotel. At that moment the waiter, with a most profound bow, presented him with a letter and a card, which had only the moment before been left for him. The card was

THE EARL OF DREDDLINGTON'S,

and there was written on it, in pencil, in rather a feeble and hurried character—"For Mr Titmouse."

"My stars, Mr Gammon!" exclaimed Titmouse excitedly, addressing Mr Gammon, who also seemed greatly interested by the occurrence. They both repaired to a vacant table at the extremity of the room; and Titmouse, with not a little trepidation, hastily breaking a large seal which contained the earl's family arms, with their crowded quarterings and grim supporters—better appreciated by Gammon, however, than by Tit-

mouse—opened the ample envelope, and, unfolding its thick gilt-edged enclosure, read as follows :—

“The Earl of Dreddlington has the honour of waiting upon Mr Titmouse, in whom he is very happy to have, so unexpectedly, discovered so near a kinsman. On the event which has brought this to pass, the Earl congratulates himself not less than Mr Titmouse, and hopes for the earliest opportunity of a personal introduction.

“The Earl leaves town to-day, and will not return till Monday next, on which day he begs the favour of Mr Titmouse's company to dinner. He may depend upon its being strictly a family *re-union*; the only person present, besides Mr Titmouse and the Earl, being the Lady Cecilia.

“Grosvenor Square,

“Thursday.

“Tittlebat Titmouse, Esq. &c. &c.”

As soon as Titmouse had read the above, still holding it in his hand, he gazed at Gammon with mute apprehension and delight. Of the existence, indeed, of the magnificent personage who had just introduced himself, Titmouse, had certainly heard, from time to time, since the commencement of the proceedings which had just been so successfully terminated. He had seen it, to be sure; but, as a sort of remote splendour, like that of a fixed star which gleamed brightly, but at too vast a distance to have any sensible influence, or even to arrest his attention. After a little while, Titmouse began to chatter very volubly; but Gammon, after reading over the note once or twice, seemed not much inclined for conversation; and, had Titmouse been accustomed to observation, he might have gathered, from the eye and brow of Gammon, that that gentleman's mind was very deeply occupied by some matter or other, probably suggested by the incident which had just taken place. Titmouse, by and by, called for pens, ink, and paper,—“the very best gilt-edged paper, mind,”—and prepared to reply to Lord Dreddlington's note. Gammon, however, who knew the peculiarities of his friend's style of correspondence, suggested that *he* should draw up, and Titmouse copy the following note. This was presently done; but when Gammon

observed how thickly studded it was with capital letters, the numerous flourishes with which it was garnished, and its more than questionable orthography, he prevailed on Titmouse, after some little difficulty, to allow him to transcribe the note which was to be sent to Lord Dreddlington. Here it is.

“Mr Titmouse begs to present his compliments to the Earl of Dreddlington, and to express the high sense he entertains of the kind consideration evinced by his Lordship in his call and note of to-day.

“One of the most gratifying circumstances connected with Mr Titmouse's recent success, is the distinguished alliance which his lordship has been so prompt and courteous in recognising. Mr Titmouse will feel the greatest pleasure in availing himself of the Earl of Dreddlington's invitation to dinner for Monday next.

“Cabbage-Stalk Hotel,

“Thursday.

“The Right Honble. the Earl of Dreddlington, &c. &c.

“Have you a ‘Peerage’ here, waiter?” inquired Gammon, as the waiter brought him a lighted taper. *Debrett* was shortly laid before him; and, turning to the name of Dreddlington, he read over what has been already laid before the reader. “Humph—‘*Lady Cecilia*’—here she is—his daughter—I thought as much,—I see!” This was what passed through his mind, as—having left Titmouse, who set off to deposit a card and the above “Answer” at Lord Dreddlington's—he made his way towards the delectable regions in which their office was situated—Saffron Hill.—“‘Tis curious—amusing—interesting, to observe his progress”—continued Gammon, to himself—

“*Tag-rag*—and his daughter,

“*Quirk*—and his daughter,

“*The Earl of Dreddlington*—and his daughter. How many more? Happy! happy! happy Titmouse!”

The sun that was rising upon Titmouse was setting upon the Aubreys. Dear, delightful—now too dear, now too delightful—Yatton! the shades of evening are descending upon thee, and thy virtuous but afflicted occupants, who, early on the morrow, quit thee for ever. Approach silently yon conservatory. Behold in the midst of

it the dark slight figure of a lady, solitary, motionless, in melancholy attitude—her hands clasped before her; it is Miss Aubrey. Her face is beautiful, but grief is in her eye; and her bosom heaves with sighs, which, gentle as they are, are yet the only sounds audible. Yes, that is the sweet and once joyous Kate Aubrey!

'Twas she, indeed; and this was her last visit to her conservatory. Many rare, delicate, and beautiful flowers were there; the air was laden with the fragrant odours which they exhaled, as it were in sighs, on account of the dreaded departure of their lovely mistress. At length she stooped down, and in stooping, a tear fell right upon the small sprig of geranium which she gently detached from its stem, and placed in her bosom. "Sweet flowers," thought she, "who will tend you as I have tended you, when I am gone? Why do you look now more beautiful than ever you did before?" Her eye fell upon the spot on which, till the day before, had stood her aviary. Poor Kate had sent it, as a present, to Lady De la Zouch, and it was then at Fotheringham Castle.

What a flutter there used to be among the beautiful little creatures when they perceived Kate's approach! She turned her head away. She felt oppressed, and attributed it to the closeness of the conservatory—the strength of the odours given out by the numerous flowers; but it was sorrow that oppressed her; and she was in a state at once of mental excitement and physical exhaustion. The last few weeks had been an interval of exquisite suffering. She could not be happy alone, and yet could not bear the company of her brother and her sister-in-law, nor that of their innocent children. Quitting the conservatory with a look of lingering fondness, she passed along into the house with a hurried step, and escaped, unobserved, to her chamber—the very chamber in which the reader obtained his first glimpse of her; and in which, now entering it silently and suddenly, the door being only closed, not shut, she observed her faithful little maid Harriet, sitting in tears before a melancholy heap of packages prepared for travelling on the morrow. She rose as Miss Aubrey entered, and presently exclaimed passionately, bursting afresh into tears, "Ma'am, I *can't* leave you—

indeed I *can't*! I know all your ways; I won't go to any one else! I shall hate service! and I know they'll hate *me* too; for I shall cry myself to death!"

"Come, come, Harriet, this is very foolish; nay, it is unkind to distress me in this manner at the last moment."

"Oh, ma'am, if you *did* but know how I love you! How I'd go on my knees to serve you all the rest of the days of my life."

"Don't talk in that way, Harriet; that's a good girl," said Miss Aubrey rather faintly, and, sinking into the chair, she buried her face in her handkerchief; "you know I've had a great deal to go through, Harriet, and am in very poor spirits."

"I know it, ma'am, I do; and that's why I can't *bear* to leave you!" She sunk on her knees beside Miss Aubrey. "Oh, Ma'am, if you would but let me stay with you! I've been trying, ever since you first told me, to make up my mind to part with you; and, now it's coming to the time, I can't, ma'am—indeed, I can't! If you did but know, ma'am, what my thoughts have been while I've been folding and packing up your dresses here; to think that I sha'n't be with you to unpack them; it's very hard, ma'am, that madam's maid is to go with her, and I'm not to go with you."

"We must have made a choice, Harriet," said Miss Aubrey, with forced calmness.

"Yes, ma'am; but why did you not choose us both? Because we've both always done our best; and, as for me, you've never spoke an unkind word to me in your life!"

"Harriet, Harriet," said Miss Aubrey, tremulously, "I've several times explained to you that we cannot any longer afford each to have our own maid; and Mrs Aubrey's maid is older than you, and knows how to manage children!"

"What signifies *affording*, ma'am? Neither she nor I will ever take a shilling of wages; I'd really rather serve you for nothing, ma'am, than any other lady for a hundred pounds a-year! Oh, so happy as I've been in your service, ma'am!" she added bitterly.

"Don't, Harriet—you would not, if you knew the pain you give me," said

Miss Aubrey faintly. Harriet got up, poured out a glass of water, and forced her pale mistress to swallow a little, which presently revived her.

"Harriet, said she, "you have never once disobeyed me, and now I am certain that you won't. I assure you that we have made all our arrangements, and cannot alter them. I have been very fortunate in obtaining for you so kind a mistress as Lady Stratton. Remember, Harriet, she was the oldest bosom friend of my"—— Miss Aubrey's voice trembled, and she ceased speaking for a minute or two, during which she struggled against her feelings with momentary success. "Here's the prayer-book," she presently resumed, opening a drawer in her dressing table, and taking out a small volume—"Here's the prayer-book I promised you; it is very prettily bound, and I have written your name in it, Harriet, as you desired. Take it, and keep it for my sake. Will you?"

"Oh, ma'am," replied the girl bitterly, "I shall never bear to look at it, but I'll never part with it till I die."

"Now leave me, Harriet, for a short time—I wish to be alone," said Miss Aubrey; and she was obeyed. She presently rose and bolted the door; and then, secure from interruption, walked slowly to and fro for sometime; and a long and deep current of melancholy thoughts and feelings flowed through her mind and her heart. She had, but a short time before, seen her sister's sweet children put into their little beds for the last time at Yatton; and, together with their mother, had hung fondly over them, kissing and embracing them—their little fellow-wanderers—till her feelings compelled her to leave them. One by one all the dear innumerable ties that had attached her to Yatton, and every thing connected with it, ever since her birth, had been severed and broken—ties, not only the strength, but very existence of which, she had scarce been aware of till then. She had bade—ashed all of them—repeated and agonizing farewells to dear and old friends. Her very heart within her trembled as she gazed at the objects familiar to her eye, and pregnant with innumerable little softening associations, ever since her infancy. Nothing around them now belonged to *them*—but to a stranger—to one who—she shuddered

with disgust. She thought of the fearful position in which her brother was placed—entirely at the mercy of, it might be, selfish and rapacious men—what indeed was to become of all of them? At length she threw herself into the large old easy chair which stood near the window, and with a fluttering heart and hasty tremulous hand, drew an open letter from her bosom. She held it for some moments, as if dreading again to peruse it—but at length she unfolded it, and read—

"No, my own Kate! I neither can nor will forget you—nor shall you forget me. I care not about offending you in this point. Say what you like, do what you like, go whithersoever you choose—you shall never escape Geoffry Delaware. How should it be so? Why, my sweet Kate, you are become a part of my very being, and you know it; we both know it. Without my own darling Kate, the future is an utter blank to me; come, my own love, may I not hope that it is, in a measure, the same with you? Can you possibly think of or name a sacrifice I would not make for you? Kate, Kate, in the plain language of a fond and honest heart, let me tell you that I believe you love me." Here Miss Aubrey's hand dropped with the letter upon her lap, and she burst into a passionate flood of tears. After an interval of several minutes, she again took up the letter.

"Because you know how I love you. And yet I sometimes doubt it—I sometimes tremble to think that possibly there may be other reasons than those which you assign, for resisting not only my passionate entreaties, but those of my mother; the often-expressed and anxious wishes of my father, (as he himself over and over again told your brother,) of all my family; of your family, and friends. Heavens, it alarms me to recapitulate in this way! Why, whom else is there, dear, dearest Kate, to consult? Yield, yield, to the impulse of your own pure, and gentle, and generous heart, and throw to the winds the absurd fancies—the doubts and fears—with which you torment both yourself and me! How I wish, if I am to suffer in this grievous way, that you were a shade—ay, even so, a shade less delicate—not quite so high-minded! You are so to a pitch that, really—really is morbid! It makes my very heart bleed

(and you ought not willingly to give me pain) to hear you talk of your being portionless—a beggar. I have scarce patience to write the words. Why, if it were even so, what would money signify to me? Have I not more, far more, than enough? Oh, Catharine, be but mine, and I am the happiest, the richest, the proudest man in the country. But what am I saying? Perhaps Miss Aubrey is reading that which I scarcely know how I am writing, with a cold and angry look. If so, I had better conclude; I have exhausted all the language at my command, and if it has been only to offend you, what a cruel condition is mine!" Here Miss Aubrey again laid down the letter, and again burst into tears, and wept long and bitterly. Once more she resumed:—"It may seem cruel of me to write thus at a moment when your heart is bleeding for your brother—your noble, high-minded brother; but in remembering him, do not forget me; and if remembering me should in any way injure the interests of your brother, forget me, if you will. O Kate! God knows what sleepless nights and days of anxiety your brother's cruel misfortunes have cost us! Why, oh why, cannot I persuade you, that this Castle is large enough for all of us? I am writing on—and on—and on—as if she I love were setting off to a distant country, never to return. O Kate, think you could but see the agony of grief and love in which I took up, and now lay down, my pen!

"G. D."

Miss Aubrey, quite overcome by her feelings, hastily folded up the letter, replaced it whence she had taken it, and sobbed bitterly. Alas, what additional poignancy did this give to the agonies of her last evening at Yatton! She had, however, become somewhat calmer by the time that she heard the door hastily, but gently tapped at, and then attempted to be opened. Miss Aubrey rose and unbolted it, and Mrs Aubrey entered, her beautiful countenance as pale and sad as that of her sister-in-law. She, however, was both wife and mother; and the various cares which these relations entailed upon her at a bitter moment like the present, served, in some measure, to occupy her thoughts, and prevent her from being absorbed

by the heart-breaking circumstances which surrounded her. Suffering had; however, a little impaired her beauty; her cheek was very pale, and her eye and brow laden with trouble.

"Kate, dear Kate," said she, rather quickly, closing the door after her, "what is to be done? Did you hear carriage-wheels a few moments ago? Who do you think have arrived? As I fancied would be the case, the De la Zouches." Miss Aubrey trembled and turned pale. "You must see—you must see—Lady De la Zouch, Kate—they have driven from Fotheringham on purpose to take a last farewell! 'Tis very painful, but what can be done? You know what dear good friends they are."

"Is Lord De la Zouch come, also?" enquired Miss Aubrey, apprehensively.

"I will not deceive you, dearest Kate, they are *all* come; but she only is in the house: they are gone out to look for Charles, who is walking in the park." Miss Aubrey gave a sudden shudder; and after evidently a violent struggle with her feelings, the colour having entirely deserted her face, and left it of an ashy whiteness, "I cannot muster up resolution enough, Agnes," she whispered. "I know their errand."

"Care not about their errand, love! You shall not be troubled—you shall not be persecuted." Miss Aubrey shook her head, and grasped Mrs Aubrey's hand.

"They do not, they cannot persecute me. It is a cruel and harsh—and!—consider how noble, how disinterested is their conduct; it is that which subdues me."

Mrs Aubrey threw her arms round her agitated sister-in-law, and tenderly kissed her forehead.

"Oh, Agnes!" faltered Miss Aubrey, pressing her hand upon her heart, to relieve the intolerable oppression she suffered "would to Heaven that I had never seen—never thought of him."

"Don't fear that he will attempt to see you on so sad an occasion as this. Delamere is a man of the utmost delicacy and generosity."

"I know he is, I know he is," gasped Miss Aubrey.

"Stay, I'll tell you what to do; I'll go down and return with Lady De la Zouch: we can see her here, undisturbed and alone, for a few moments;

and then, nothing painful *can* occur. Shall I bring her?" she enquired, rising. Miss Aubrey did not dissent; and within a very few minutes' time, Mrs Aubrey returned, accompanied by Lady De la Zouch, rather an elderly woman, her countenance still handsome; of very dignified carriage, of an extremely mild disposition, and passionately fond of Miss Aubrey. Hastily drawing aside her veil as she entered the room, she stepped quickly up to Miss Aubrey, and for a few moments grasped her hands in silence.

"This is very sad work, Miss Aubrey," said she at length, hurriedly glancing at the luggage lying piled up at the other end of the room. Miss Aubrey made no answer, but shook her head. "It was useless attempting it, we could not stay at home; we have risked being charged with cruel intrusion; forgive me, dearest, will you? *They* will not come near you!" Miss Aubrey trembled. "I feel as if I were parting with a daughter, Kate," said Lady De la Zouch with sudden emotion. "How your mamma and I loved one another!"

"For mercy's sake, open the window; I feel suffocated," faltered Miss Aubrey. Mrs Aubrey threw up the window, and the cool refreshing breeze of evening quickly diffused itself through the apartment, and revived the drooping spirits of Miss Aubrey, who walked gently to and fro about the room, supported by Lady De la Zouch and Mrs Aubrey, and soon recovered a tolerable degree of composure. The three ladies presently stood, arm in arm, gazing through the deep bay window at the fine and extensive prospect which it commanded. The gloom of evening was beginning to steal over the landscape.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed Miss Aubrey, with a deep sigh.

"The window in the northern tower of the castle commands a still more extensive view," said Lady De la Zouch. Miss Aubrey suddenly looked at her, and burst into tears. After standing gazing through the window for some time longer, they stepped down into the room, and were soon engaged in deep and earnest conversation.

For the last three weeks Mr Aubrey

had addressed himself with calmness and energy to the painful duties which had devolved upon him, of *settling his house in order*. Immediately after quitting the dinner-table that day—a mere nominal meal to himself, his wife, and sister—he had retired to the library, to complete the extensive and important arrangements consequent upon his abandonment of Yatton; and after about an hour thus occupied, he walked out to take a solitary—a melancholy—a last walk about the property. It was a moment that severely tried his fortitude; but that fortitude stood the trial. He was a man of lively sensibilities, and appreciated, to its utmost extent, the melancholy and alarming change that had come over his fortunes. Surely even the bluntest and coarsest feelings that ever tried to disguise and dignify themselves under the name of *STOICISM*—to convert into bravery and fortitude a stupid sullen insensibility—must have been not a little shaken by such scenes as Mr Aubrey had had to pass through during the last few weeks—scenes which I do not choose to distress the reader's feelings by dwelling upon in detail. Mr Aubrey had no mean pretensions to real philosophy; but he had still juster pretensions to an infinitely higher character—that of a *CHRISTIAN*. He had a firm unwavering conviction that whatever befell him, either of good or evil, was the ordination of the Almighty—infinite wise, infinitely good;—and this was the source of his fortitude and resignation. He felt himself here standing upon ground that was immovable.

To avert the misfortune which menaced him, he had neglected no rational and conscientious means. To retain the advantages of fortune and station to which he had believed himself born, he had made the most strenuous exertions consistent with a rigid sense of honour. What, indeed, could he have done that he had not done? He had caused the claims of his opponent to be subjected to as severe and skilful a scrutiny as the wit of man could suggest; and *they had stood the test*. Those claims, and his own, had been each of them placed in the scales of justice; those scales had been held up and poised by the pure and firm hands to which the laws of God, and of the country, had committed the adminis-

tration of justice : on what ground could a just and reasonable man quarrel with or repine at the issue ? And supposing that a perverse and subtle ingenuity in his legal advisers could have devised means for delaying his surrender of the property, to him who had been solemnly declared its true owner, what real and ultimate advantage could he have obtained by such a dishonourable line of conduct ? Could the spirit of the Christian religion tolerate the bare idea of it ? Could such purposes or intentions consist for one instant with the consciousness that the awful eye of God was always upon every thought of his mind, every feeling of his heart, every purpose of his will ? A thorough and lively conviction of God's moral government of the world secured him a happy composure—a glorious and immovable resolution ; it enabled him to form a true estimate of things ; it extracted the sting from grief and regret ; it dispelled the gloom that would otherwise have settled portentously upon the future. Thus he had not forgotten the exhortation which spoke unto him, as unto a child: *My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of Him.* And if, indeed, religion had not done this for Mr Aubrey, what could it have done, what would it have been worth ? It would have been that indeed which dull fools suppose it—a mere name, a melancholy delusion. What hopeless and lamentable imbecility would it not have argued, to have acknowledged the reality and influence of religion in the hour of prosperity—and to have doubted, distrusted, or denied it in the hour of adversity ? When a child beholds the sun obscured by the dark clouds, he may think, in his simplicity, that it is gone for ever ; but a MAN knows that behind is the sun, glorious as ever, and the next moment, the clouds having rolled away, its glorious warmth and light are again upon the earth. Thus is it, thought Aubrey with humble but cheerful confidence, with the Almighty—who hath declared himself the *Father of the spirits of all flesh*—

“ Behind a frowning Providence,
He hides a smiling face !
Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his works in vain :
God is his own Interpreter,
And He will make it plain ! ”

“ Therefore, O my God ! ” thought Aubrey, as he gazed upon the lovely scenes familiar to him from his birth, and from which a few short hours were to separate him for ever. “ I do acknowledge Thy hand in what hath befallen me, and Thy mercy which makes me to bear it, as from Thee.” The scene around him was tranquil and beautiful—inexpressibly beautiful. He stood under the shadow of a mighty elm-tree, the last of a long and noble avenue, which he had been pacing in deep thought for upwards of an hour. The ground was considerably elevated above the level of the rest of the park. No sound disturbed the serene repose of the approaching evening, except the distant and gradually diminishing sounds issuing from an old rookery, and the faint low bubbling of a clear streamlet that flowed not far from where he stood. Here and there, under the deepening shadows cast by the lofty trees, might be seen the glancing forms of deer, the only live things visible. “ Life,” said Aubrey, with a sigh, as he leaned against the trunk of the grand old tree under which he stood, and gazed with a fond and anxious eye on the lovely scenes stretching before him, to which the subdued radiance of the departing sunlight communicated a tender pensive air ; “ life is, in truth, what the Scriptures—what the voice of nature—represents it—a long journey, during which the traveller stops at many resting-places. Some of them are more, others less beautiful ; from some he parts with more, from others with less regret ; but part he must, and pursue his journey, though he may often turn back to gaze with lingering fondness and admiration at the scene he has last quitted. The next stage may be—as all his journey might have been—bleak and desolate ; but through that he is only passing : he will not be condemned to stay in it, as he was not permitted to dwell in the other ; he is still journeying on, along a route which he cannot mistake, to the point of his destination, his journey's end—the shores of the vast ocean of eternity—*HIS HOME !* ”

Such were the thoughts passing through the mind of Aubrey.

And what, MEN OF THE WORLD, as—knowing not how significantly—you call yourselves—what would be your thoughts, what would you have done,

if upon you had suddenly descended the stroke which has fallen upon this CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN—surely, at least, your *equal* in intellect, in accomplishment, in refinement, in personal honour, in station, and in fortune? What would become of many of you, unable any longer to indulge, some in the refined, others in the coarse profligacy, which hath at last become essential to your characters and existence? And of you, frivolous followers of fashion? Glittering insects! struck to the earth out of your artificial elevation, as the sudden shower beats down the butterfly—what can you, but lie there, and be crushed? How can you exist without—what can console or compensate you for the want of—the clubs, the opera, the gaming-table, the betting-stand—your French cooks and mistress, your gay dress and equipage, the brilliant ball-room, the sparkling wines, the splendid dinner-table? Alas! these gone, what and where are you? What is to become of you? What is left you upon earth—emasculate both in mind and body? Are you fit for conflict with your gaunt and dismaying opponent—ADVERSITY? Those of you who can think and reflect, be it ever so little, what is there to console you in the view of the past? Is it not steeped in sensuality, disfigured with debauchery? And what have you to hope for from the future? Where are now your old friends and companions? Vain and presumptuous wretch, are you any longer in a condition to be recognised by them? Remember, *you have had your day*, and the night cometh!

Not thus was it with Aubrey!

The deepening shadows of evening warned him to retrace his steps to the hall. Before quitting the spot upon which he had been so long standing, he turned his head a little towards the right, to take a last view of an object which called forth tender and painful feeling—it was the old sycamore which his sister's intercession had saved from the axe. There it stood, feeble and venerable object! its leafless silvery-grey branches becoming dim and indistinct, yet contrasting touchingly with the verdant strength of those by its side. A neat strong fence had been placed around it; but how much longer would it receive such care and attention? Aubrey thought

of the comparison which had been made by his sister, and sighed as he looked his last at the old tree, and then slowly walked on towards the hall. When about half-way down the avenue, he beheld two figures apparently approaching him, but undistinguishable in the gloom and the distance. As they neared him, he recognised Lord De la Zouch, and Mr Delamere. Suspecting the object of their visit, which a little surprised him, since they had taken a final leave, and a very affecting one, the day before, he felt a little anxiety and embarrassment. Nor was he entirely mistaken. Lord De la Zouch, who advanced alone towards Aubrey,—Mr Delamere turning back—most seriously pressed his son's suit for the hand of Miss Aubrey, as he had often done before; declaring, that though he wished a year or two first to elapse, during which his son might complete his studies at Oxford, there was no object dearer to the heart of Lady De la Zouch and himself, than to see Miss Aubrey become their daughter-in-law. "Where," said Lord De la Zouch, with much energy, "is he to look elsewhere for such a union of beauty, of accomplishments, of amiability, of high-mindedness?" After a great deal of animated conversation on this subject, during which Mr Aubrey assured Lord De la Zouch that *he* would say everything which he honourably could to induce his sister to entertain, or at all events, not to discard the suit of Delamere; at the same time reminding him of the firmness of her character, and the hopelessness of attempting to change any determination to which she had been led by her sense of delicacy and honour,—Lord De la Zouch addressed himself in a very earnest manner to matters more immediately relating to the personal interests of Mr Aubrey; entered with lively anxiety into all his future plans and purposes; and once more pressed upon him the acceptance of most munificent offers of pecuniary assistance, which, with many fervent expressions of gratitude, Aubrey again declined. But he pledged himself to communicate freely with Lord De la Zouch, in the event of an occasion arising for such assistance as his lordship had already so generously volunteered. By this time Mr Delamere had joined them, regarding

Mr Aubrey with infinite earnestness and apprehension. All, however, he said, was—and in a hurried manner to his father—“My mother has sent me to say that she is waiting for you in the carriage, and wishes that we should immediately return.” Lord De la Zouch and his son again took leave of Mr Aubrey. “Remember, my dear Aubrey, remember the pledges you have repeated this evening,” said the former. “I do, I will!” replied Mr Aubrey, as they each wrung his hands; and then, having grasped those of Lady De la Zouch, who sat within the carriage powerfully affected, the door was shut; and they were quickly borne away from the presence and the residence of their afflicted friends. While Mr Aubrey stood gazing after them, with folded arms, in an attitude of melancholy abstraction, at the hall door, he was accosted by Dr Tatham, who had come to him from the library, where he had been, till a short time before, busily engaged reducing into writing various matters which had been the subject of conversation between himself and Mr Aubrey during the day.

“I am afraid, my dear friend,” said the doctor, “that there is a painful but interesting scene awaiting you. You will not, I am sure, forbear to gratify, by your momentary presence in the servants’ hall, a body of your tenantry, who are there assembled, having come to pay you their parting respects.”

“I would really rather be spared the painful scene,” said Mr Aubrey, with emotion, “I am unnerved as it is! Cannot you bid them adieu, in my name, and say, God bless them!”

“You must come, my dear friend! It will be but for a moment. If it be painful, it will be but for a moment; and the recollection of their hearty and humble expressions of affection and respect will be pleasant hereafter. Poor souls!” he added, with not a little emotion; “you should see how crowded is Mr Griffith’s room with the presents they have each brought you, and which would surely keep your whole establishment for months!—Cheeses, tongues, hams, bacon, and I know not what beside!”

“Come, Doctor,” said Mr Aubrey, quickly, “I will see them, my humble and worthy friends, if it be for but a moment; but I would rather have been spared the scene.” He followed

Dr Tatham into the large servants’ hall, which he found nearly filled by some forty or fifty of his late tenantry, who, as he entered, rose in troubled silence to receive him. There were lights, by which a hurried glance sufficed to shew him the deep sorrow visible in their countenances. “Well, Sir,” commenced one of them after a moment’s hesitation—he seemed to have been chosen the spokesman of those present—“we’ve come to tak’ our leave; and a sad time it be for all of us, and it may be, Sir, for you.” He paused—“I thought I could have said a word or two, Sir, in the name of all of us, but I’ve clean forgotten all; and I wish we could all forget that we were come to part with you, Sir;—but we shant—no, never!—we shall never see your like again, Sir! God help you, Sir!” Again he paused, and struggled hard to conceal his emotions. Then he tried to say something farther, but his voice failed him.

“Squire, it may be law; but it be not justice, we all do think, that hath taken Yatton from you, that was born to it,” said one, who stood next to him that had first spoke. “Who ever heard o’ a scratch in a bit of paper signifying the loss o’ so much? It never were heard of afore, Sir, an’ cannot be right.”

“Forgive me, Squire,” said another, “but we shall never take to t’ new one that’s coming after you!”

“My worthy—my dear friends,” commenced Mr Aubrey, with melancholy composure, as he stood beside Dr Tatham, “this is a sad scene—one which I had not expected. I am quite unprepared for it. I have had lately to go through many very painful scenes; few more so than the present. My dear friends, I can only say from my heart, God bless you all! I shall never forget you, whom I have always respected, and indeed been very proud of, as my tenantry, and whom I now look at as my friends only. We shall never forget you.”

“Lord Almighty bless you, Sir, and Madam, and Miss, and the little squire!” said a voice, in a vehement manner, from amidst the little throng, in tones that went to Mr Aubrey’s heart. His lips quivered, and he ceased speaking for some moments. At length he resumed.

“You see my feelings are a little

shaken by the sufferings I have gone through. I have only a word more to say to you. Providence has seen fit, my friends, to deprive me of that which I had deemed to be my birthright. God is good and wise; and I bow, as we must all bow, to His will, with reverence and resignation. And also, my dear friends, let us always submit cheerfully to the laws under which we live. We must not quarrel with their decision, merely because it happens to be adverse to our own wishes. I, from my heart—and so must you, from yours—acknowledge a firm, unshaken allegiance to the laws; they are ordained by God, and He demands our obedience to them!" He paused. "I have to thank you," he presently added, in a subdued tone, "my worthy friends, for many substantial tokens of your goodwill which you have brought with you this evening. I assure you sincerely, that I value them far more"—he paused, and it was some moments before he could proceed—"than if they had been of the most costly kind."

"Lord, only hearken to t' Squire!" called out a voice, as if on an impulse of eager affection, which its rough, honest speaker could not resist. This seemed entirely to deprive Mr Aubrey of the power of utterance, and he turned suddenly towards Dr Tatham with an overflowing eye and a convulsive quivering of the lips, that showed the powerful emotions with which he was contending. The next moment he stepped forwards and shook hands with those nearest. He was quickly surrounded, and every one present grasped his hands, scarcely any of them able to utter more than a brief but ardent "God bless you, Sir!"

"I am sure, my friends," said Dr Tatham, almost as much affected as any of them, "that you cannot wish to prolong so affecting, so distressing a scene. Mr Aubrey is much exhausted, and has a long journey to take early in the morning—and you had better now leave."

"Farewell! farewell, my kind and dear friends, farewell! May God bless you all, and all your families!" said Mr Aubrey, and, most powerfully affected, withdrew from a scene which he was not likely ever to forget. He retired, accompanied by Dr Tatham, to his library, where Mr Griffiths, his steward, was in readiness to receive

his signature to various documents. This done, the steward, after a few hurried expressions of affection and respect, withdrew; and Mr Aubrey had completed all the arrangements, and transacted all the business which had required his attention before quitting Yatton, which, at an early hour in the morning, he was going to leave, and go direct to London, instead of accepting any of the numerous offers which he had received from his friends in the neighbourhood to take up with them his abode for, at all events, some considerable period. That, however, would have been entirely inconsistent with the plans for his future life, which he had formed and matured. He left the whole estate in admirable order and condition. There was not a farm vacant, not a tenant dissatisfied with the terms under which he held. Every document, all the accounts connected with the estate, after having been carefully examined by Mr Parkinson, and Mr Aubrey, and Mr Griffiths, was in readiness for the most scrupulous and searching investigation on the part of Mr Aubrey's successor and his agents.

Mr Aubrey's library was already carefully packed up, and was to follow him, on the ensuing day, to London, by water; as also were several portions of the furniture—the residue of which was to be sold off within a day or two's time. How difficult—how very difficult had it been for them to choose which articles they would part with, and which retain! The favourite old high-backed easy chair, which had been worked by Miss Aubrey herself; the beautiful ebony cabinet, which had been given by her father to her mother, who had given it to Kate; the little chairs of Charles and Agnes—and in which Mr Aubrey and Kate, and all their brothers and sisters, had sate when children; Mrs Aubrey's piano; these, and a few other articles, had been successfully pleaded for by Mrs Aubrey and Kate, and were to accompany, or rather follow, them to London, instead of passing, by the auctioneer's hammer, into the hands of strangers. The two old carriage-horses, which had drawn old Mrs Aubrey in the family coach for many years, were to be turned to grass for the rest of their days at Lady Stratton's. Poor old Pogy was, in like manner, to have to herself a little field

belonging to Dr Tatham. Little Charles's pony, a beautiful animal, and most reluctantly parted with, was sent as a present, in his name, to Sir Harry Oldfield, one of his play-fellows. Hector, the magnificent Newfoundland dog, was, at the vehement instance of Pumpkin, the gardener, who almost went on his knees to beg for the animal, and declared that he loved the creature like a son—as I verily believe he did, for they were inseparable, and their attachment was mutual—given up to him, on his solemn promise to take great care of him. Then there was a fine animal that they hardly knew how to dispose of. It was a fine old favourite stag-hound, stone-blind, quite grey about the head, and so very feeble, that it could but just crawl in and out of its commodious kennel, and lie basking in the genial sunshine; wagging its tail when any one spoke to it, and affectionately licking the hand that patted it. Thus had it treated Mr Aubrey that very morning as he stood by, and stooped down to caress it for the last time. It was, at his earnest request, assigned to Dr Tatham, kennel and all; indeed the worthy little Doctor would have filled his premises in a similar way, by way of having "keepsakes" and "memorials" of his friends. Miss Aubrey's beautiful little Marlborough spaniel, with its brilliant black eyes, and long glossy graceful ears, was to accompany her to London.

As for the servants—the house-keeper and the butler were going to marry, and quit service; as for the rest, Mr Parkinson had, at Mr Aubrey's desire, written about them to Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap; and Mr Gammon had sent word that such of the establishment as chose might continue at Yatton, at all events till the pleasure of Mr Titmouse, upon the subject, should have been known. All the servants had received a quarter's wages that morning from Mr Griffiths, in the presence of Mr Aubrey, who spoke kindly to each, and earnestly recommended them to conduct themselves respectfully towards his successor. Scarce any of them could answer him, otherwise than by a humble bow or curtsy, accompanied by sobs and tears. One of them did contrive to speak, and passionately expressed a wish that the first morsel

Mr Titmouse eat in the house might choke him—a sally which received so very grave and stern a rebuke from Mr Aubrey, as brought the hasty offender to her knees begging forgiveness, which, I need hardly say, she received, with a very kind admonition. Many of them most vehemently entreated to be allowed to accompany Mr Aubrey and his family to London, and continue in their service, but in vain. Mr Aubrey had made his selection, having taken only his own valet, and Mrs Aubrey's maid, and one of the nursery-maids, and declaring that on no consideration would he think of being accompanied by any other of the servants.

There were some twenty or thirty poor old infirm cottagers, men and women, who had been for years weekly pensioners on the bounty of Yatton, and respecting whom Mr Aubrey felt a painful anxiety. What could he do? He gave the sum of £100 to Dr Tatham for their use; and requested him to press their claims earnestly upon the new proprietor of Yatton. He also wrote almost as many letters as there were of these poor people, on their behalf, to his friends and neighbours. Oh, it was a moving scene that occurred at each of their little cottages, when their benefactors, Mr Aubrey, his wife, and sister, severally called to bid them farewell, and receive their humble and tearful blessings! But it was the parting with her school, which neither she nor her brother saw any probability of being kept up longer than for a month or two after their departure, that occasioned Kate the greatest distress. There were several reasons why no application should be made about the matter from her, or on her account, to Mr Titmouse, even if she had not had reason to anticipate, from what she had heard of his character, that he was not a person to feel any interest in such an institution. Nor had she liked to trouble or burden the friends she left behind her, with the responsibility of supporting and superintending her little establishment. She had nothing for it, therefore, but to prepare the mistress and her scholars for the breaking up of the school, within a month of her departure from Yatton. She gave the worthy woman, the mistress, a present of a five-pound note, and five

shillings a-piece to each of the children. She felt quite unequal to the task of personally taking leave of them, as she had intended, and several times attempted. She therefore, with many tears, wrote the following lines, and gave them to Doctor Tatham, to read aloud in the school, when their good and beautiful writer should be far on her way towards London. The little Doctor paused a good many times while he read it, and complained of his glasses.

"My dear little girls—You know that I have already bid each of you good-by; and though I tried to say something to all of you at once, I was not able, because I was so sorry to part with you, and tell you that my little school must be given up. So I have written these few lines, to tell you that I love you all, and have tried to be a good friend to you. Be sure not to forget your spelling and reading, and your needle. Your mothers have promised to hear you say your catechisms; you must also be sure to say your prayers, and to read your Bibles, and to behave very seriously at church, and to be always dutiful to your parents. Then God will bless you all. I hope you will not forget us, for we shall often think of you when we are a great way off; and Dr Tatham will now and then write and tell us how you are going on. Farewell, my dear little girls; and may God bless and preserve you all! This is the prayer of both of us—Mrs Aubrey and

CATHARINE AUBREY."

Yatton, 15th May, 18—.

The above was not written in the uniform and beautiful hand usual with Miss Aubrey; it was, on the contrary, rather irregular, and evidently written hastily; but Dr Tatham preserved it to the day of his death, and always thought it beautiful.

On the ensuing morning, at a very early hour, Dr Tatham left the vicarage, to pay his last visit to friends whom it almost broke his heart to part with, in all human probability, for ever. He started, but on a moment's reflection ceased to be surprised, at the sight of Mr Aubrey approaching him, from the direction of the little churchyard. He was calm, but his countenance bore the traces of very recent emotion. They greeted each

other in silence, and so walked on for some time, arm in arm, slowly towards the hall. It was a dull heavy morning, almost threatening rain. The air seemed full of oppression. The only sounds audible were the hoarse clamorous sounds issuing from the old rookery, at some distance on their left. They interchanged but few words as they walked along the winding pathway to the hall. The first thing that attracted their eyes on passing under the gateway, was the large old family carriage standing opposite the hall-door, where stood some luggage, sufficient for the journey, ready to be placed upon it; the remainder having been sent on the day before to London. They were all up and dressed. The children were taking their last breakfast in the nursery; Charles making many inquiries of the weeping servants, which they could answer only by tears and kisses. In vain was the breakfast-table spread for the senior travellers. There sat poor Kate, in travelling trim, before the antique silver urn, attempting to perform, with tremulous hand, her accustomed office; but neither she nor Mrs Aubrey were equal to the task; which, summoning the housekeeper into the room, they devolved upon her, and which she performed in perturbed silence. Mr Aubrey and Dr Tatham were standing there; but neither of them spoke. A short time before, Mr Aubrey had requested the servants to be summoned, as usual, to morning prayer, in the accustomed room, and requested Dr Tatham to officiate. As soon, however, as the sorrowful little assemblage was collected before him, he whispered to Mr Aubrey that he felt unequal to go through the duty with the composure it required; and after a pause, he said, "Let us kneel down;" and in a low voice, often interrupted by his own emotions, and the sobs of those around him, he read, with touching simplicity and solemnity, the ninety-first psalm; adding the Lord's prayer, and a benediction.

The bitter preparations for starting at an early hour, seven o'clock, were soon afterwards completed. Half smothered with the kisses and caresses of the affectionate servants, little Charles and Agnes were already seated in the carriage, on the laps of their two attendants, exclaiming, "Come, papa! come, mamma! the horses are ready

to start!" Just then, poor Pumpkin the gardener, scarce able to speak, made his appearance, his arms full of nosegays, which he had been culling for the last two hours—having one a-piece for every one of the travellers, servants, and children, and all. The loud angry bark of Hector was heard from time to time, little Charles calling loudly for him; but Pumpkin had fastened him up, for fear of his starting off after the carriage. At length, scarce having tasted breakfast, the travellers made their appearance at the hall door. Kate and Mrs Aubrey were utterly overcome at the sight of the carriage, and wept bitterly. They threw their arms passionately around, and kissed their amiable friend and pastor, Dr Tatham, who was but little less agitated than themselves. Then they tore themselves from him, and hastily got into the carriage. As he stood alone, bareheaded, on their quitting him, he lifted his hands, but could scarce utter a parting benediction. Mr Aubrey, with a flushed cheek and quivering lip, then grasped his hand, whispering, "Farewell, my dear and venerable friend! Farewell!"

"The Lord God of thy fathers bless thee!" murmured Dr Tatham, clasping Mr Aubrey's hand in both of his own, and looking solemnly upward. Mr Aubrey, taking off his hat, turned towards him an unutterable look, then waving his hand to the group of agitated servants that stood within and without the door, he stepped into the carriage; the door was shut; and they rolled slowly away. Outside the park gates were collected more than a hundred people, to bid them farewell—all the men, when the carriage came in sight, taking off their hats. The carriage stopped for a moment. "God bless you all! God bless you!" exclaimed Mr Aubrey, waving his hand, whilst from each window was extended the white hand of Kate and Mrs Aubrey, which was fervently kissed and shaken by those who were nearest. Again the carriage moved on; and, quickening their speed, the horses soon bore them out of the village. Within less than half an hour afterwards, the tearful eyes of the travellers, as they passed a familiar turning of the road, had looked their last on Yatton!

TO A WOUNDED PTARMIGAN.

BY DELTA.

I.

Haunter of the herbless peak,
Habitant 'twixt earth and sky,
Snow-white bird of bloodless beak,
Rushing wing, and rapid eye,
Hath the Fowler's fatal aim
Of thy freeborn rights bereft thee,
And, 'mid natures curb'd or tame,
Thus encaged, a captive left thee?—
Thou who, Earth's low valleys scorn-
ing,
From thy cloud-embattled nest,
Wont to catch the earliest morning
Sunbeam on thy breast!

II.

Where did first the light of day
See thee bursting from thy shell?
Was it where Ben-Nevis grey
Towers aloft o'er flood and fell?
Or where down upon the storm
Plaided shepherds gaze in wonder,
Round thy rocky sides, Cairngorm,
Rolling with its clouds and thunder?

Or with summit, heaven-directed,
Where Benvoirlich views, in pride,
All his skiey groves reflected
In Loch Ketturin's tide?

III.

Boots it not—but this we know,
That a wild free life was thine,
Whether on the peak of snow,
Or amid the clumps of pine;
Now on high begirt with heath,
Now, decoy'd by cloudless weather,
To the golden broom beneath,
Happy with thy mates together;
Yours were every cliff and cranny
Of your birth's majestic hill;
Tameless flock! and ye were many,
Ere the spoiler came to kill!

IV.

Gazing, wintry bird, at thee,
Thou dost bring the wandering mind
Visions of the Polar Sea—
Where, impell'd by wave and wind,

Drift the icebergs to and fro,
 Crashing oft in fierce commotion,
 While the snorting whale below,
 In its anger tumults ocean ;—
 Naked treeless shores, where howling
 Tempests vex the brumal air,
 And the famish'd wolf-cub prowling
 Shuns the fiercer bear.

V.

And far north the daylight dies—
 And the twinkling stars alone
 Glitter through the icy skies,
 Down from mid-day's ghastly
 throne ;—
 And the moon is in her cave ;—
 And no living sound intruding,
 Save the howling wind and wave,
 'Mid that darkness ever brooding ;
 Morn as 'twere in anger blotted
 From creation's wistful sight,
 And time's progress only noted
 By the northern light.

VI.

Sure 'twas sweet for thee, in spring,
 Nature's earliest green to hail,
 As the cuckoo's slumberous wing
 Dreamt along the sunny vale ;
 As the blackbird from the brake
 Hymn'd the Morning-Star serenely ;
 And the wild swan o'er the lake,
 Ice-unfetter'd, oar'd it queenly ;
 Brightest which?—the concave o'er
 thee
 Deepening to its summer hue,
 Or the boundless moors before thee,
 With their bells of blue ?

VII.

Then from larchen grove to grove,
 And from wild-flower glen to glen,
 Thine it was in bliss to rove,
 High o'er hills, and far from men ;
 Wilds Elysian ! not a sound
 Heard except the torrents booming ;
 Nought beheld for leagues around,
 Save the heath in purple blooming :
 Why that startle ? From their shealing
 On the hazel-girded mount,
 'Tis the doe and fawn down stealing
 To the silvery fount.

VIII.

Sweet to all the summer time—
 But how sweeter far to thee,
 Sitting in thy home sublime,
 High o'er cloud-land's soundless sea ;

Or if morn, by July drest,
 Steep'd the hill-tops in vermilion,
 Or the sunset made the west,
 Even like Glory's own pavilion ;
 While were fix'd thine ardent eyes on
 Realms, outspread in blooming
 mirth,
 Bounded but by the horizon
 Belting Heaven to Earth.

IX.

Did the Genius of the place,
 Which of living things but you
 Had for long beheld no trace,
 That unhallow'd visit rue ?
 Did the gather'd snow of years
 Which begirt that mountain's fore-
 head,
 Thawing, melt as 'twere in tears,
 O'er that natural outrage horrid ?
 Did the lady-fern hang drooping,
 And the quivering pine-trees sigh,
 As, to cheer his game-dogs whooping,
 Pass'd the spoiler by ?

X.

None may know—the dream is o'er—
 Bliss and beauty cannot last ;
 To that haunt, for evermore,
 Ye are creatures of the past !
 And for you it mourns in vain,
 While the dirgeful night-breeze
 only
 Sings, and falls the fitful rain,
 'Mid your homes forlorn and lonely.
 Ye have pass'd—the bonds enral you
 Of supine and wakeless death ;
 Never more shall spring recall you
 To the scented heath !

XI.

Such their fate—but unto thee,
 Blood-soil'd plume, protracted
 breath,
 Hopeless, drear captivity,
 Life which in itself is death.
 Yet alike the fate of him
 Who, when all his views are
 thwarted,
 Finds earth but a desert dim,
 Relatives and race departed ;
 Soon are fancy's realms Elysian
 Peopled by the brood of care ;
 And truth finds hope's gilded vision
 Painted but—in air.

A SECOND CHAPTER OF TURKISH HISTORY. ABAZA.

At the conclusion of our narrative of the career of Cicala, we noticed the execution by his orders of the Koordish leader Jan-poulad, whom he had, a short time previous, made Pasha of Aleppo, and the consequent revolts in Northern Syria of the brothers and partisans of the slaughtered chief—a revolt of which the remote effects extended far beyond the actual period of civil warfare, and contributed permanently to weaken the control exercised by the Porte over her Syrian dominions. When the Mamluke empire was overthrown in 1517 by the arms of the Ottomans, Sultan Selim had found the family of Jan-poulad (a name implying *soul of steel*) in possession of the mountain-castle of Klis, and the hereditary chieftainship of their tribe; and, on their voluntarily tendering their allegiance to the Porte, had not only left them undisturbed, but conferred the Turkish rank of *sandjak** on the head of the house; which, thus powerfully protected, continued to flourish, and had become so widely connected by alliances, either of friendship or consanguinity, that the example of rebellion was followed by all the Koordish and Arab tribes of the surrounding region. Encouraged by the numbers and warlike character of his adherents, Ali Jan-poulad, the elder of the two brothers, whose views had at first been limited to taking vengeance for the death of his relative, conceived the design of erecting in Syria a kingdom independent of the Porte, and reviving the ascendancy in Western Asia; to which, in bygone times, Salah-ed-deen, or Saladin, himself by birth a Koord of the tribe of Revandoz, had raised his family and nation. With this object, he not only coined money, and caused prayers to be read in his own name, (the two especial privileges which are considered in the East to be attached exclusively to independent sovereignty,) but sent envoys, in concert with the celebrated prince of the Druses, Fakhr-ed-deen† Maan-Oghlu, to se-

veral of the maritime powers of Europe, soliciting their assistance in shaking off the yoke of the Sultan. The grand duke of Tuscany, Ferdinand de Medici, actually concluded a treaty with the two leaders of the Syrian insurrection, in October 1607; and the Divan, alarmed by the prospect of communication between their enemies in Europe and in Asia, lost no time in employing against Jan-poulad the troops which had been withdrawn from Hungary on the conclusion of peace with Austria in the preceding year. The grand vizir Mourad, who, at the age of nearly ninety, retained all the energy and ferocity of his youth, was appointed to the command; and having temporarily dispersed, partly by address and partly by arms, the rebels who infested Anatolia under Kalender-Oghlu, the successor of Kara-Yazidji, marched straight to encounter the most formidable of his opponents. Jan-poulad and Fakhr-ed-deen had intrenched themselves at the head of 20,000 infantry, and an equal number of cavalry, in the defiles of the mountains which separate Anatolia and Syria, near the spot where the Turks had sustained a signal defeat from the Mamlukes in the time of Bayezid II.; but this position was turned by the military skill of the vizir, and the battle was fought in the plains, where full scope was afforded for the evolutions of the janissaries, and the overwhelming artillery of the imperial army. The confederates were completely defeated: Fakhr-ed-deen took refuge in the inaccessible fastnesses of Mount Libanus, where he defied present pursuit; and Jan-poulad Ali, after in vain attempting to maintain himself in Aleppo, where the lawless exactions of the Koords, during their brief ascendancy, had made them detested by the inhabitants, took the desperate resolution of flying direct to Constantinople, and imploring in person the clemency of the Sultan. He succeeded in reaching the Bosphorus with

* The dignity of *sandjak-bey* (literally flag-officer) is immediately below that of pasha, and entitles the bearer to use a standard with one horse-tail.

† The Facardino of Italian writers.

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only four followers, and was admitted to the presence of Ahmed, who, struck by the frank and dauntless bearing of the Koordish leader, not only granted his life, but took pleasure in listening, at repeated interviews, to his recital of the vicissitudes which had marked his adventurous career. He was eventually appointed to the distant government of Temeswar in Hungary, where he perished, some years later, in a revolt of the inhabitants.*

In the mean time, the extermination of the vanquished insurgents went on in Syria with ruthless severity. The troops who had been concerned in the revolt, exclusive of the Arabs and Koords, consisted almost wholly of spahis, and *seghbans* or *seimens*, (a description of infantry holding land like the spahis by military tenure;) and the ancient jealousy which had subsisted between these proud feudatories and the janissaries, whom they were in the habit of reviling as "slaves who received their daily food from the bounty of the Porte," gave a character of inveteracy to the vengeance of the latter, which was destined ere long to be retaliated on themselves. After the decisive victory above related, a number of executioners were constantly employed in decapitating indiscriminately the prisoners brought in; and 20,000 heads were piled before the tent of the Grand Vizir Mourad, who, long popularly known by the *sobriquet* of Kouyouddji, or "*of the pit*," from his having fallen into a pit with his horse in a battle against the Persians, now derived a new and more enduring claim to that surname, from the immense pits which were dug by his orders to receive the headless bodies of his victims; of whom, in this and the campaign which ensued against Kalender-Oghlu, not less than 100,000 are said to have fallen in this manner. He is even reported by the Turkish historians to have strangled with his own hands the youthful son of one of the rebels, whose tender age and entreaties had moved the compassion of the men of death themselves; exclaim-

ing with fury, "That the other insurgents had not come into the world mounted and armed, and that the evil could only be crushed by nipping it in the bud!"—and his name, under the appropriate title conferred on him for his services, of *Seif-ed-dowla*, or "sword of the state," was long remembered with terror in the theatre of his exploits.

Among the prisoners who were brought before Mourad after the battle, was a Circassian Mamluke, named Mohammed-Abaza,† who had held in the service of Jan-poulad the office of *khaznadar*, or treasurer of the household. He was on the point of sharing the fate of the others, when Khalil, the aga of the janissaries, whose admiration was attracted by his noble features and martial carriage, interceded with the grand vizir for his life, and carried him with him on his return to Constantinople. On the removal, not long after (1608,) of Hafez-pasha from the command of the fleet, Khalil, who had taken a distinguished part in the glories of the Syrian campaign, was raised to the vacant post of capitan-pasha—an apparently singular appointment for an officer who had commenced his career as one of the Sultan's falconers, and whose subsequent services had been wholly on land:—but similar transitions were in that age common among ourselves and the other nations of Europe, as well as the Turks; and the capitan-pashalik of Khalil, who was accompanied by Abaza as patrona-bey or flag-captain, was signalized by an important advantage gained near the coast of Cyprus over the Maltese squadron, in which six galleys, together with a famous galley mounting ninety guns, and noticed by the Turkish writers under the strange name of Kara-Jehannen or "Black Hell," fell into the hands of the victors, and were triumphantly carried into the harbour of Constantinople. How long the maritime career of Abaza continued does not appear; but when Khalil some years later held the command in Asia against the

* His younger brother Mustapha, who was enrolled among the pages of the seraglio, became at a later period a distinguished favourite of Mourad IV., and at one time held the rank of capitan-pasha; but he at length incurred the anger of that sanguinary tyrant, and was decapitated in 1636. With him ended the family of Jan-poulad.

† Abaza is the name by which he is almost universally mentioned; but it merely implies that he was of the Circassian tribe of the Abazces.

Persians, he was again attended by his *protégé*, whom he appointed to the government of Marash: and to this province, on the accession of Sultan Osman II. in 1618, was added that of Erzroom, with the rank of pasha of three tails.

Such was the rapid rise to eminence of a man who was destined to act an important part in the stormy epoch of Turkish history under consideration, as the first who, by openly avowing himself the "Enemy of the Janissaries," (an epithet often appended to his name by Oriental writers,) dared to brave the resentment of a force, of which the power and audacity had been suffered to rise to an almost uncontrollable height. The depression, by the event of the late civil war, of the feudatory troops, and particularly of the *seghbans*, (who esteemed themselves, in opposition to the more recently instituted janissaries, as the ancient and legitimate national soldiery,) had removed all adequate check on a turbulent spirit, which even before this was rapidly breaking through the rigid bonds of discipline maintained by Soliman and his predecessors; and the youthful and impetuous Osman, whose projects of Polish conquest had been frustrated by their mutinous insubordination, formed the daring design of annihilating these arrogant prætorians, and forming a new standing army from the *Seghbans* and *Odjaklus*,* or provincial troops of Egypt. The prospect of thus delivering himself from the thralldom in which he was held by his insolent slaves, took full possession of the mind of the Sultan, who opened a private correspondence on the subject with several of the Asiatic pashas, and particularly with Abaza, whose residence at Erzroom, from the facilities

which it afforded him for communicating with his former comrades in Kurdistan and Northern Syria, gave him an extensive influence over the surrounding districts; while his reckless gallantry and unscrupulous resolution, with the bitter hostility which he was well known to retain against the destroyers of his old master Jan-poulad, pointed him out as a fit instrument in the hazardous enterprise contemplated. But before we proceed to narrate the events, which ultimately terminated in the ruin and death of nearly all the parties concerned in the scheme, we must endeavour to recount the causes owing to which, in the lapse of scarce half a century from the death of Soliman, the order and discipline, which had hitherto rendered the janissaries invincible, had given place to the scenes of sedition and lawless excess which are henceforward inseparably connected with their appearance in history.

It may appear superfluous to give any account of the origin and constitution of a corps so popularly known, and concerning which so much has been written, as the janissaries; but so inaccurate, in point of fact, are many of the details which pass current relative to this famous soldiery, that even the era of their institution is incorrectly stated by European writers, who unanimously ascribe it to Mourad I., the third prince of the line of Othman. This error, into which Gibbon himself has fallen, originated with Cantemir: but the concurrent testimony of every Turkish historian fixes the epoch of their formation and consecration by the Dervish Hadji-Bek-tash,† to the reign of Orkhan the father of Mourad, who in 1328 enrolled a body of Christian youths as soldiers under this name,‡ by the advice of his

* This name, literally implying "householders," or "men of the hearth," was given to a particular local force established in Egypt by Selim I., after the subversion of the sovereignty of the Mamlukes, whom they were intended to keep in check. But in the middle of the last century, the Mamlukes under Ibrahim and Roduan, the predecessors of the famous Ali Bey, took advantage of the degeneracy and corruption of the *Odjaklus* to re-establish the ascendancy of their own corps, which continued till their destruction by the present pasha.

† The long piece of cloth which the janissaries wore hanging from the back of their dress-caps in memorial of the *sleeve* extended over them by their patron, was copied by the Hungarians, and thus remotely was the original of the *bag* formerly appended to the caps of our hussars, and now on the point of revival.

‡ The Turkish term *Yeni-Tcheri*, which we call *janissary*, corresponds exactly with the Arabic appellation *Nizam-Jedeed*, conferred by Mahmoud II. on the troops destined to replace them: both phrases mean "the new regulars."

cousin Tchenderli, to whose counsels the wise and simple regulations of the infant empire are chiefly attributed. Their number was at first only a thousand; but it was greatly augmented when Mourad, in 1361, appropriated to this service by an edict the imperial fifth of the European captives taken in war—a measure which has been generally confounded with the first enrolment of the corps. At the accession of Soliman the Magnificent, their effective strength had reached 20,000; and under Mahommed IV., in the middle of the 17th century, that number was doubled. But though the original composition of the janissaries is related by every writer who has treated of them, it has not been so generally noticed, that for more than two centuries and a half not a single native Turk was admitted into their ranks, which were recruited, like those of the Mamlukes, solely by the continual supply of Christian slaves, at first captives of tender age taken in war, and afterwards, when this source proved inadequate to the increased demand, by an annual levy among the children of the lower orders of Christians throughout the empire—a dreadful tax, frequently alluded to by Busbequius,* and which did not finally cease till the reign of Mahommed IV. At a later period, when the Krim Tartars became vassals of the Porte, the yearly inroads of the fierce cavalry of that nation into the southern provinces of Russia, were principally instrumental in replenishing this nursery of soldiers; and Fletcher, who was ambassador from Queen Elizabeth to Ivan the Terrible, describes, in his quaint language, the method pursued in these depredations:—"The chief booty the Tartars seek for in all their warres, is to get store of captives, specially young boyes and girles, whom they sell to the Turkes, or other, their neighbours. To this purpose they take with them great baskets made like bakers' panniers, to carrie them tenderly, and if any of them happens to tyre, or bee sicke on the way, they dash him against the ground, or some

tree, and so leave him dead." (*Purchas's Pilgrims*, iii. 441.)

The boys, thus procured from various quarters, were assembled at Constantinople, where, after a general inspection, those whose personal advantages or indications of superior talent distinguished them from the crowd, were set aside as pages of the seraglio (*ich-oghlauns*;) or Mamlukes in the households of the pashas and other officers, whence in due time they were promoted to military commands or other appointments: but the remaining multitude were given severally in charge to peasants or artisans of Turkish race, principally in Anatolia, by whom they were trained up, till they approached the age of manhood, in the tenets of the Moslem faith, and inured to all the privations and toils of a hardy and laborious life. After this severe probation, they were again transferred to the capital, and enrolled in the different *odas* or regiments; and here their military education commenced. Each *takhum* or squad consisted of ten men, who were messed and lodged together; and at first the recruit acted as the servant of the veterans in the *takhum* to which he was attached, receiving only a nominal rate of pay, and subjected to assiduous drill; till by increased proficiency he was released from the performance of menial duties, and placed on an equality with his comrades in regard to pay and allowances. From this time his advancement through the various ranks was proportioned to his merit; but it was rare that any janissary quitted the oda in which he had been at first registered, and the peculiar emblem of which was customarily branded or stamped on his arm as a token of confraternity.† The abundant rations with which these favoured troops were exclusively provided by the Sultan, gave rise to a variety of singular appellations and customs, which, probably originating in jest, were at length adopted by themselves as familiar titles: thus the colonel, or commandant of an oda, bore in common parlance the name of *tchorbadji*,

* Mittit quotannis Turcorum princeps certos homines in diversas provincias, qui de pueris e Christianis hominibus natis tertium aut quartum quemque legant.

† At the proscription of the corps, many of the affiliated janissaries, who had procured enrolment merely for the sake of the privileges thus acquired, cut out the piece of flesh which bore the fatal symbol, in the hope of escaping the general doom.

(distributor of soup;) the two next in command were styled *ashtchi-bashi*, (head-cook,) and *sakka-bashi*, (chief water-carrier;) and from the spoon of wood or metal which they wore in their caps, the nickname of "men of the spoon" was habitually applied to the whole janissary body. From a similar reference to culinary matters, their review-ground was termed the *at-meidan*, or "place of food;" and the regimental point of honour centred in the great soup-kettles, (*tchen-dereh*), the loss of one of which in action* was considered an indelible disgrace to the *oda* to which it had belonged. Round these important caldrons the different divisions assembled in council, when any public or private grievance was considered to require redress. And in the later ages of the empire, the announcement "that the janissaries had refused to eat their soup,"† and the sound of their kettles, beaten like drums through the streets, to summon the men of the spoon to the general rendezvous in the *at-meidan*, struck terror to the hearts of the inhabitants of Constantinople, as the well-known sign of *tchorbalik*, (literally, "affair of soup,") or janissary revolt, with its usual accompaniments of conflagration and plunder.

But as long as the primitive restrictions remained in full vigour, these military insurrections were far from being as frequent as in the more recent history of the Osmanlis. Unconnected by the ties of birth and relationship with the bulk of the population, the janissaries felt not the evils which oppressed the other classes, and watched with implicit loyalty the will of the Sultan, on whose favour their only dependence was placed. The dethronement of the weak and unwarlike Bayerid II., though chiefly effected by their instrumentality, scarcely forms an exception, as the rebellion did not originate with them, but with his martial son Selim, to whom their allegiance had already been virtually transferred; but the great increase of their numbers during the reign of Selim, gave them the consciousness of

their own strength: and, at the very commencement of the rule of Soliman the Magnificent, the institution of a corps of body-guards, under the unobtrusive title of Bostandjis, or Gardeners, shows that apprehensions were already entertained of their turbulence. Few tumults, however, disturbed the reign of Soliman; and the orderly demeanour and exact submission to discipline of these troops—then the terror of Europe—is often favourably contrasted by Busbequius, when ambassador from Ferdinand to Soliman, with the intolerable insolence and lawless manners of the German mercenaries. "If," says he, "I had not been previously informed who they were, I should have supposed them some sort of Turkish monks, or members of a collegiate body!" and on another occasion:—"The most remarkable part of the sight, in my opinion, was the spectacle of several thousand janissaries, who stood, drawn up in long ranks, so mute and motionless, that, being at some distance, I was uncertain whether they were men or statues, till, being informed that it was customary to salute them, I saw them all, as if acting from a simultaneous impulse, bow their heads in acknowledgment of my courtesy." And one of his treatises is especially devoted to the object of enforcing on the emperor, and the princes of the empire, the paramount necessity for constituting a national force on the model of the Turkish armies; from the docility, temperance, and discipline of which, contrasted with the absence of those qualities in their own troops, he otherwise anticipates the speedy and inevitable ruin of Germany and Christendom.

Under the reign of Mourad III., the grandson of Soliman, a vital change was introduced into the constitution of the janissaries, which speedily effected a complete revolution in the character and interests of the whole body. Hitherto, the old system of recruiting only from Christian slaves had been rigidly adhered to; as a reward for long and merito-

* An amusing anecdote relative to this trait, is given in the inimitable Oriental romance of Anastasius, ch. xv.

† Another watchword of disaffection was the *wain of hay*: when disappointed of any expected donative, they barred the return of the Sultan to the palace, when he visited the mosque on Friday, alleging that a wain of hay was overturned in the passage.

rious services, a janissary was frequently removed to the rank of a spahi, and received a fief or *timar*, which might descend by tenure of military service to his son; but an inviolable rule prevented the enlistment of the son of a janissary in the ranks of his father's comrades, and, if not provided for otherwise in the public service, he merged among the mass of citizens; and thus the growth of any organized spirit of mutiny was repressed by the constant influx of fresh and untainted neophytes to fill the vacancies which never-ceasing wars made amongst the turbulent veterans. But the permission which they extorted from the timid and indolent Mourad, to enrol their sons in their own odas, on their attaining the age of twenty, at once transformed them from an isolated body of soldiery, like the Mamlukes of Egypt, into a component part of the Osmanli population, to the other classes of which the privilege of incorporation was ere long extended; and the right, which they soon after arrogated to themselves on most occasions, of choosing their own aga, instead of receiving him at the hands of the Sultan, consummated the downfall of their primitive regulations. From this time the janissaries, connected by alliances and consanguinity with the body of the people, and supported by ramifications throughout the empire, appear rather as armed representatives of the popular will, than as instruments of the despotism of the sovereign, who was more frequently compelled to yield to the tempest, than able to direct it. Still the decay of discipline was gradual; and during the reign of Mourad, the janissaries appear less frequently in the character of disturbers of the public peace, than its guardians in the tumults and seditions continually excited by the spahis quartered in Constantinople, whose precedence in rank and superior privileges were a constant source of jealousy to the children of Hadji-Bekdash. But when the strength of their formidable rivals had been broken by the civil wars of Asia, which was the principal seat of their body, the janissaries assumed the preponderance in the capital, where their uncontrolled will gave law during the latter years of the voluptuous Ahmed: his fiery son Osman, however, who, placed on the throne at the age of

fourteen, had immediately shaken off the tutelage of his ministers, and personally assumed the direction of government, was unable to brook the domination which virtually converted the monarchy into a military democracy; and in an evil hour for himself, he concerted with Abaza, and the other leaders of the parties opposed to the janissaries, the scheme for their extinction; with the account of which we commenced this long digression.

In May 1622, the transportation of the imperial horsetails to the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus, announced to the inhabitants of the capital the approaching departure of the Sultan, who had declared his intention of visiting in person, attended by the grand vizir and great officers of the court, the holy cities of Mecca and Medina, and performing the devotions prescribed to pilgrims at the shrine of the Prophet. But, though every care had been taken to divert attention from the real objects of the journey, dark rumours began to be circulated that it was the intention of the young monarch to abandon for ever his rebellious capital, and transfer the abode of government to one of the ancient seats of the caliphate, Cairo or Damascus; a measure which would, at once, have degraded the janissaries to the rank of provincial militia. The troops assembled at their barracks in gloomy consultation on the impending danger, when the mufti—whom a personal affront received from Osman had rendered the enemy of his sovereign—promulgated a *fatwa*, in which he declared that the performance of the hadji in person was not incumbent on princes, whose duty was rather to remain at home, and administer justice to their subjects! This formidable edict was presented to the Sultan, who tore the paper with disdain; but it had already sufficed to kindle into a flame the smouldering disaffection of the janissaries; and the mutineers, crowding into the outer-courts of the seraglio, demanded with furious outcries, in virtue of a second *fatwa* which they had obtained, the heads of the grand vizir and the *khoja* or tutor of the sultan, to whose counsels they attributed his unpopularity. The refusal of Osman to deliver his ministers to death was the signal of his own ruin: an entrance was forced into the interior of the palace: and while the vizir and the

khoja, dragged from their concealment, were dispatched by the blows of numberless weapons, the accidental discovery in a secluded chamber of Mustapha, the uncle of Osman, gave a new impulse to the passions of the infuriated soldiers. This prince had been placed on the throne at the death of Ahmed, in consequence of the youth of his nephew; but the weakness of his mind, which almost amounted to idiocy, had necessitated his deposition after a few weeks: his restoration was now, however, proclaimed by the unanimous and irresistible voice of the odas; and the unfortunate Osman, who had taken refuge in the mosque founded by his father, after vainly attempting to negotiate with the rebels, was seized and carried in triumph on a wretched horse, overwhelmed with insults and indignities, to the Seven Towers, where, on the following day, his existence was terminated with a bowstring, before he had completed his eighteenth year, by the orders and in the presence of Daood-pasha, the brother-in-law and grand vizir of the new sultan.

The murder of a sultan had never yet stained the Ottoman annals: and the horror with which the intelligence of the untimely fate of Osman was received in the provinces, was augmented by the part which the janissaries had taken in the tragedy. From the nature of their establishment, they were regarded as the household retainers and personal Mamlukes of their sovereign, whom they were thus bound, by the sacred tie of bread and salt, to obey and defend: and the violation of these duties drew execration on their name in every quarter of the empire. These indications of popular feeling were openly fomented by Abaza, who hoped to find in them the means of revenge, both for the ruin of his early patron and the murder of his late imperial benefactor: and it was at Aintab, in the district of Marsh, that the first outbreak took place. Abdul-Baki, the cadi of this town, publicly denounced the janissaries from the seat of judgment as murderers of the sultan, and unworthy of the name of true believers: a tumult ensued between the inhabitants and the resident members of the obnoxious corps, and the latter, after losing several of their number, were compelled to fly. A considerable division of janissaries, who

were stationed in Erzroom as a garrison force, had not only openly manifested their exultation at the fall of Osman, but proceeded to plunder the shops and warehouses, and insulted the authority of the pasha by bringing vessels of wine to the divan, and carousing in his presence. The pretext was eagerly seized by Abaza, who attacked the janissaries at the head of his guards, and drove them into the citadel, where they surrendered after a few days, on condition of being allowed to depart unmolested; and the intervention of Hussein-pasha, who had formerly been governor of the city, procured them an uninterrupted retreat to Constantinople.

Abaza now openly threw off his allegiance to the imbecile Mustapha: and erecting the standard of revolt, summoned all the malecontents of Anatolia, and the remaining partisans of the former rebel leaders, to range themselves under his orders. The pasha of Diarbekir, who had been ordered to supersede him in his government, was repulsed from Erzroom: and the neighbouring timariots flocked in such numbers to his camp, that he speedily found himself at the head of 15,000 men, with whom he invaded Anatolia, every where proclaiming death to the janissaries, and inflicting cruel tortures on all the members of the proscribed corps who fell into his hands. At Siwas, three superior officers of the janissaries were led through the rebel ranks, by order of Jaafar, the *kehaya* or lieutenant of Abaza, with lighted matches stuck in their flesh, while the criers made proclamation, "Behold the fate of those apostates who betray their Sultan!" Those of inferior rank who had escaped the first fury of the massacre, were exposed to perish in spots remote from succour, after being disabled by having horse-shoes nailed to their hands and feet: the wives and children of the janissaries were involved in the general destruction: and even the wearing garments of the peculiar fashion adopted by the men of the spoon, was sufficient to consign the victim to the executioner. The enterprise was sanctified in the eyes of the insurgent troops by the benediction of the sheikh of Kaisariyeh, who publicly hailed Abaza as the favourite of God, and the destined instrument for the extermination of the oppressors: and the segh-

bans, who saw themselves at length enabled to glut their vengeance on their hated adversaries, joined him wherever he directed his march. His ancient patron Khalil, whose friendship for him had drawn on himself the suspicion of being implicated in his designs, exhorted him by letter to lay down his arms: but his admonitions produced no more effect than did the arms of Mahmood-pasha, son of the famous Cicala,* who advanced as far as Brousa to encounter him, at the head of 8000 janissaries and an equal number of spahis; but retraced his march on learning that Morteza, pasha of Kara-Hissar, on whose co-operation he had reckoned, had surrendered his fortress after a siege of ten days, and passed with all his followers into the insurgent ranks. On the retreat of Mahmood, Abaza boldly advanced on Brousa, and entered the ancient capital and cradle of the Ottoman empire at the head of 40,000 men: the citadel, however, still held out, being well provided with artillery, in which the rebels were deficient; and after an ineffectual attempt to reduce it by a blockade, which lasted three months, he withdrew into the districts about Iconium, and distributed his army into winter quarters.

In the mean time, confusion and anarchy had risen in Constantinople to a pitch which appeared to threaten all the institutions of the empire with subversion. The vizir Daood, who had been the principal agent in the murder of Osman, had been soon overtaken by the vengeance of popular retribution; and Oriental authors, with their usual fondness for noting coincidences, have remarked, that on his way to meet his death at the Seven Towers, he drank at the same fountain where the thirst of Osman had been quenched, and was conducted to the same chamber in the fortress where he had witnessed the death of his ill-fated sovereign. Four successive

grand vizirs were elevated and deposed within a few months by the Sultana-Walidah and the Kialar-Aga, who, in combination with the janissary leaders, ruled the empire; Mustapha being utterly incapable of taking any share in the management of affairs. The capital was devastated by incendiary fires and daily conflicts between the different orders of troops; and a general massacre of the *Oulemah*, or men of the law, by the janissaries, on suspicion of disaffection, increased the horror in which that corps had been held since the catastrophe of Osman. The pashas of Budah, Temeswar, and Egypt, refused obedience to the firmans addressed to them in the name of Mustapha; and while the banners of Abaza were approaching the Asiatic shores of the Bosphorus, the Shah of Persia seized the opportunity which presented itself to recommence hostilities; and, after reducing in a few months nearly all the fortresses on the Asiatic frontier, crowned his triumphs by the occupation of Bagdad, which, after a four months' siege, was surrendered to him by the treachery of Mohammed Bey, son of the governor Behir-Pasha.

The empire appeared to be on the verge of dissolution; but even before the loss of Bagdad, the alarming state of affairs had made apparent to the chiefs of the janissaries themselves the imperative necessity of a change; and in August 1623, Mustapha had been superseded on the throne by Mourad IV., brother of the murdered Osman—a prince who, though only twelve years old at the time of his elevation, already gave ample indications of the qualities which afterwards marked him as, at once, one of the most sanguinary and energetic of the Ottoman rulers, as a characteristic anecdote related by Evliya proves. "When Sultan Mourad entered the treasury after his accession, my father Dervish Mohammed was with him.

* The name of this Mahmood-pasha was afterwards assumed by an impostor, a Wallachian by birth, who appeared at Paris in 1670, and afterwards visited England and most parts of Europe, and was received at Rome with high distinction by the Pope. He claimed the honours of a prince of the Ottoman imperial family in virtue of the marriage of the famous Taghala-Zadeh to a sultana, and asserted himself to have fled from Turkey, and embraced the Christian faith in Warsaw; but his age, in default of all other evidence, would have disproved his story wherever the facts were known, and the imposition was ultimately detected. *Roccolxs, Imposteurs Insignes.*—MORERI.—PICART.

There were no gold or silver vessels remaining—only 30,000 piastres in money, and some coral and porcelain in chests!—"Inshallah!" (please God) said the Sultan, after prostrating himself in prayer, "I will replenish this treasury fifty-fold with the property of those who have plundered it!"

The exertions of the young monarch, aided by his ministers and his mother, the Sultana-Walidah Kioseme, a princess of extraordinary address and talents, succeeded in restoring some degree of order to the shattered fabric of the government; but it was not till the spring of 1824 that the Porte found itself in a condition to take active measures for the reduction of Abaza, who, during all the preceding year, had reigned almost supreme over Kramania and the inland districts of Anatolia, appointing his own officers to the government of the sandjaks, and continuing with unrelenting vigour his proscription of the janissaries, of whom (in a letter of defiance which he addressed to their aga, on hearing the preparations against him at Constantinople*) he declared his intention to immolate, even to the number of 70,000, as a satisfaction to the shade of the slaughtered Osman, with their families and dependants—"even as 70,000 Israelites were slain by Nebuchadnezzar, (?) in revenge for their shedding the innocent blood of a prophet." But though brave in battle as a paladin of romance, the insurgent chief still retained much of the simplicity of his native mountains, and suffered himself to be implicitly guided by the counsels of Tayyar, governor of Siwas, who, though apparently one of his warmest partisans, was in fact an emissary of the Divan. By the assassination, at a feast, of Kalaoon-Yusef Pasha, one of his ablest adherents, whom the suggestions of this perfidious chief had induced him to suspect of treason to the cause, Abaza lost many of his followers. And a still more imminent danger arose from the mutual jealousies of the spahis and the seghbans in his camp, which more

than once broke out into an open rupture; till at a grand field-day, held for the exercise of the jereed near Karowa, the mortification of the seghbans at the superiority shown by the spahis, brought on an appeal to arms. By the personal energy of Abaza, the tumult was, however, quelled; and to reconcile these important sections of his force, he exacted from their leaders an oath of future concord. The reference of the form of the compact to the ancient customs of the East, deserves commemoration;—a circle of wood was raised in the midst of the camp, with a Koran and a sabre suspended between the bread and salt; the chiefs of the two parties, approaching on opposite sides, swore on the Koran to maintain perpetual amity; while the engagement was ratified by an invocation, that, to the violator of the oath, the symbols of hospitality might be turned into poison, and his life be cut short by the edge of the sabre; and to conclude the ceremony, the spahis, to satisfy by self-humiliation the offended pride of the seghbans, bent their heads, and passed under the circle of wood.

The grand vizir Mohammed (sur-named Cherkess, or the Circassian) had by this time set out from Constantinople, at the head of all the troops which could be spared; and Abaza, in opposition to the advice of most of his lieutenants, determined to give him battle. The engagement took place in August 1824, on the great plains near Kaisariyeh, and was fiercely contested on both sides; the janissaries gave way before the furious onset of the rebels, but were rallied by the voice and example of their aga, Khosroo; the desertion of Tayyar and Morteza from the other side, was followed by the flight of the Turkmans, whose chiefs had been previously gained over by the offers of the vizir, and the defection of these powerful auxiliaries spread panic and confusion through the ranks of the insurgents. Their leader strove to animate and sustain them; but as he

* In this strange manifesto, which Von Hammer gives entire from the Turkish annalists, Abaza asserts his sole motive for taking arms to be the punishment of the crimes of the janissaries: "for as the mother of the Sultan Mustapha was of my own tribe, and my near relative, I had, in other respects, every reason to rejoice at the accession of her son."

mounted a fresh horse for the purpose of leading a final charge, the sight of the one from which he had dismounted, escaped from the hands of the equerry, and flying riderless through the field, completed their dismay, and the rout became general and irretrievable.* Abaza fled from the field with his cavalry and the military chest straight to Erzroom, leaving the infantry, which consisted principally of seghbans, to the mercy of the victors, who exacted from them unsparing vengeance for the massacres in which they had been the actors. All the wounded and prisoners were decapitated by the janissaries, and their heads, the usual hideous trophies of an Oriental victory, piled in heaps before the tent of Cherkess Mohammed, who illuminated his camp and the town of Kaisariyeh, and celebrated with salvos of artillery, and all the pomp of military rejoicing, the blow which had fallen on the hitherto invincible Abaza.

But Abaza, though defeated in the field, was still far from being overpowered: his partisans throughout Anatolia adhered to him with desperate fidelity, as the only leader by whom they could hope to see the overbearing predominance of the janissaries reduced; his fortress of Erzroom also was well fortified and provisioned for a siege; his family had, however, fallen into the hands of the vizir after the battle of Kaisariyeh; and he offered terms of accommodation, which were readily accepted from the fear that, if driven to bay, he might deliver Erzroom to the Persians, whose progress demanded the undivided attention of the Ottoman commanders. On the simple stipulation that he should resume his allegiance to the Porte, and admit into Erzroom ten companies of janissaries as part of the garrison, Abaza received a firman confirming him in his pashalik, and granting a full amnesty to himself and his followers for the events of the civil war;—conditions so favourable as to excite the murmurs of the janissaries, who thirsted for the downfall of their

mortal enemy, and loudly accused Cherkess Mohammed of being secretly inclined to his interests; but the exigency of the times left no alternative, and, for the first time, the Turkish empire saw an example of successful and pardoned rebellion.

The sword was sheathed for the time, and the majesty of the Commander of the Faithful was vindicated by the apparent submission of his refractory vassal; but the favourable terms granted to Abaza, and the partial restitution at the same time of the privileges of the seghbans, kept alive the spirits of the party opposed to the janissaries; and both sides looked forward to a speedy renewal of the struggle, which would decide the ascendancy of one or other of these military factions. Abaza was universally regarded as the head of the popular party, and his active emissaries traversed the empire in all directions; while the young Sultan himself, though as yet too much in the power of the janissaries to give open expression to his sentiments, was currently believed to cherish in secret a deep and deadly longing for vengeance against the audacious troops who had, by the dethronement and murder of his brother, not only degraded the sanctity of the imperial line, but revealed to themselves and to the world the existence of a power independent of and superior to both the sovereign and the nation. For more than two years, however, after the convention with Abaza, the peace of the empire remained undisturbed, at least by overt civil war; the generals of the Porte, occupied in fruitless efforts to recover Bagdad from the Persians, cautiously abstained from provoking a revolt in flank, which would in an instant have cut them off from their supplies; and, on the other hand, the remembrance of recent discomfiture restrained the Anatolian malecontents from hazarding any demonstration. But at the end of the year 1626, (a year memorable in Constantinople for the triple scourge of famine, plague, and sedition,) the janissary tumults

* The sceptre of the East and the West was transferred from the Ommyades to the Abbassides in consequence of Merwan, the last caliph of the former house, alighting from his horse at the battle of the Zab; and instances of fields similarly lost, from the panic produced by the supposed fall of the prince or leader, abound in the pages of Oriental history.

broke out with fresh violence, both in the capital and the camp. Sultan Mourad, menaced with the fate of his brother, only saved himself and the Sultana-Walidah by delivering to the fury of the troops the Kaimakam-Gourdji-Mohammed Pasha, an ancient and faithful servant of the state; and the grand vizir Hafez, after being compelled by an outrageous mutiny to retreat from before Bagdad when on the eve of success, was made, in the camp of Aleppo, the hopeless spectator of the massacre by the janissaries of their secretary and numerous other officers, to whom they attributed the ill success of the last campaign. The seghbans, taking courage from the disunion of their enemies, appeared afresh in arms in several parts of Anatolia; and a firman of the Porte, directing Abaza to repress these disorders, was disobeyed or evaded. He still, however, continued to profess himself the devoted slave of the Sultan; and the government, conscious of its own weakness, endeavoured to confirm his wavering fidelity by depriving Hafez of the great seal, and conferring it, for the second time, on Khalil, who still maintained friendly communications with his quondam *protégé*.

The Persians had opened the campaign of 1627 by the siege of Akhiska—an important fortress in the vicinity of Erzurum: and Dshleng-Hussein Pasha, the Anadoli-Valesy, or viceroy of Anatolia, was detached by Khalil to its relief, at the head of 5000 of the *élite* of the janissaries, and a powerful force of provincial troops, commanded by four pashas of three tails, with their dependent pashas and beys. With this *corps d'armée* the pasha of Erzurum was summoned to co-operate; but Abaza, who had received information that the grand vizir held private orders to send his head to Constantinople at the end of the campaign, and who had been still further put on his guard by the recent execution of the governor of Adana, one of his most devoted adherents, evasively replied, that “the mutual distrust which prevailed between the seghbans and the janissaries precluded all hope of their acting in concert with effect; but that, if the latter were recalled to the main army in Diarbekir, he would himself assume the command-in-chief of the timariot contingents, and march at

their head upon Akhiska.” This insolent proposition was answered by a peremptory mandaté from the vizir for his instant appearance in camp; and the Anadoli-Valesy, whose haughty impetuosity could ill brook opposition to his authority, fiercely exclaimed in the presence of the courier who brought the dispatch, “Who is this Abaza, a slave bought by Janpoulad for seventy piastres, that he dares to defer his obedience to the lieutenants of the Padishah? Go; and announce to your master, that the fate of former rebels will speedily be renewed in his own, if he hesitate to march wherever the service of the Sultan requires his presence!” These indications could leave no doubt in the mind of Abaza of the destruction which was prepared for him: but he still retained the semblance of submission, and, marching at the head of a large body of troops entirely devoted to him, established his camp at a short distance from Erzurum, but apart from that of Dshleng-Hussein, while the gates and bazars of the town were thrown open by his order to the odas of janissaries quartered near the walls.

The vigilance of the Anadoli-Valesy was lulled by the apparent want of security shown by his intended victim, and he only awaited a favourable opportunity to possess himself of the person of Abaza; when, in the middle of a dark and stormy night, the sentinels of his camp were hailed by a horseman in the Koordish garb, who demanded instant admission to the tent of the serasker. The attendants hesitated to disturb the slumbers of their master; but the intruder, throwing off the Koordish cap and cloak which he had assumed in the place of his uniform, displayed the features of a well-known janissary officer, who had escaped by favour of this disguise from the general slaughter of his comrades in the city and its environs. Abaza had decamped under cover of the night, and falling with his faithful seghbans on the astonished janissaries, had cut them off almost to a man, and was now rapidly returning to surprise the camp of the seraskier, before the events of the night became known to him! An instant retreat was proclaimed, in the hope of effecting a junction with the main army under Khalil: the pasha of Marash, flying precipitately with the cavalry, escaped through the de-

files of the mountains: but the march of the main body was retarded by the paternal solicitude of the serasker, whose son was at the point of death: and, while the jaded and dispirited column halted at daybreak at the entrance of the passes, the rebel squadrons, flushed with previous carnage, poured upon them. An instant panic and rout was followed by indiscriminate and unsparing massacre. Dishleng-Hussein himself, in the act of remounting his horse, was transfixed by the lance of Abaza's treasurer, and fell mortally wounded:* and, of all the pashas and superior officers, the aga of the janissaries alone escaped, by the fleetness of his horse, from death or capture on the fatal field. The triumphant return of the victors to Erzurum was celebrated by the execution of all the prisoners, a series of whose severed heads and limbs decorated the battlements and ramparts of the town: even the captive pashas were not saved by their rank from the general doom: a single janissary only was left alive, and sent to Constantinople to announce to his comrades that the avenger of the blood of Osman was again in arms.

In the mean time the tidings of this fresh explosion had been carried by the fugitives to the camp of the grand vizir, and scarcely a week had elapsed from the death of the Anadolli-Valessy, when Abaza saw the grand army, commanded by his former master, covering the heights opposite the town. His refusal to surrender was followed by an instant investment, and the trenches were regularly opened: but the Ottomans, prepared only for a campaign against the Persians in the rugged country of Armenia, were unprovided with artillery of the calibre necessary for battering the strong walls of Erzurum, which defied the light field-pieces brought to bear on them. The furious sallies of the garrison, frequently directed by Abaza in person, occasioned heavy loss to the attacking army; and their hardships were augmented by the approach of

winter, which set in with unusual severity. The siege was, nevertheless, persevered in for ten weeks; till, at the end of November, a furious snow storm, which almost overwhelmed the camp, made a speedy retreat inevitable: but the mountain passes between Erzurum and Tokat were choked with snow: numbers of the soldiers perished with cold, and many were buried beneath the avalanches, which the concussion produced in the air by the noise attendant on a marching army, detached from the impending peaks. The partisans of Abaza† cut off the stragglers in all directions; and it was not till after twenty-five days of incessant suffering, that the shattered army of the vizir reached the sheltering walls of Tokat.

The disastrous issue of this campaign was attributed by the divan to the infirmities of Khalil; and the last days of that aged and meritorious minister were embittered by the loss of office. He died at Scutari in the spring of the following year, and was mourned by the people as the most upright and equitable of those who had held the helm of the state during the distracted period in which he lived. His successor, the Bosniaque Khosroo, had, four years previously, when aga of the janissaries, turned by his personal intrepidity the scale of victory at the battle of Kaisariyeh; and to him was intrusted the task of again humbling the pride of the triumphant rebel, whose agents during the past winter had penetrated even to Constantinople, where two of them, detected in exciting the populace to rise against the janissaries, were put to death by torture. The intelligence that Abaza had actually concluded a convention with the Shah, and that a Persian force, under Shamsi-Khan, was on its march to his aid, imparted additional activity to the operations of the vizir. The mutinous spirit of the troops was repressed by numerous executions, while a battering train was disembarked at Samsoun on the north coast of Anatolia, and the general rendez-

* Evliya erroneously says that Abaza slew the serasker in the citadel of Erzurum. The narrative of Naima, which has been here followed, was taken from the lips of an eyewitness.

† "They overtook them at Habe and Mamakhatun, where they cut off the hands and feet of many of the Ottomans, and threw them into a well, called to this day, from that circumstance, the 'Well of Hands and Feet.'"—*Evliya*.

vous appointed at Arzinjan. But the enterprise was facilitated by the inconsiderate rashness of Abaza himself, who, instead of concentrating his forces for resistance, continued to press the siege of the fortress of Hassan-Kalaat, the governor of which, aware that Abaza was ignorant of the close vicinity of the Ottoman army, contrived to convey to the vizir intelligence of his unguarded state. Khosroo instantly quitted his camp with the cavalry and light troops, and accomplishing in forty-eight hours a march which usually consumed five days, appeared before Erzroom (September 1628) before the news of his departure from Arzinjan had reached the garrison. The siege artillery, the commandant of which had been stimulated to exertion by the threat of decapitation, arrived three days later; and a vigorous cannonade was commenced against the walls from seven batteries of heavy guns.

The rapidity of the vizir's movements had anticipated Abaza, who, unable to throw himself into the beleaguered city, hovered with his cavalry about the camp of the assailants; but the defenders, taken by surprise and destitute of provisions, were unable to maintain a protracted resistance; and on the fourteenth day of the siege the sheikh of Kaisariyeh, (who had continued to be Abaza's most trusted adviser,) issuing from the town, enveloped in a shroud in token of submission, repaired to the tent of the vizir to implore his clemency; "and the oulema and all the inhabitants came out soon after, and besought Khosroo to spare them, saying, 'Pardon is the choicest flower of victory.'"—(*Evliya*.) Pardon was granted accordingly; and Abaza, whose last hopes of maintaining himself in the field were destroyed by a victory which the pasha of Kars gained over the Persian corps of Shamsi-Khan, made overtures for negotiation. The facility with which this was accorded, seems to imply that

the vizir acted in pursuance of secret instructions from the Sultan, who was well disposed to regard with lenity transgressions which had the abasement of the janissaries for their object. Abaza,* on repairing to the Ottoman camp, was received with high honours, invested with a robe of honour by the vizir, and suffered to retain his family and treasures; while six hundred of the *élite* of his troops, enrolled in the ranks of the army as *djebedjis* or armourers, were suffered to remain about his person as a guard.

"When the news of these brilliant advantages," says *Evliya*, "reached the Sultan's ear, orders were given to bring Abaza before the imperial stirrup;† and the vizir, repairing to Constantinople, presented his formidable captive to Mourad in grand divan. Of the scene which ensued, *Evliya* was probably an eyewitness, and his account is so curious as to deserve some notice. The Sultan, assuming a tone of severity, called on him for a defence of his manifold acts of insurrection, and the blood which he had shed without warrant or authority; "whereupon Abaza kissed the ground thrice, and said, 'My Emperor, for the sake of the holy prophet, and by the souls of thy illustrious ancestors, I beseech thee to show favour to me, and spare me while I lay before thee the grief of my heart.'" In the presence of the whole court, and of the janissary officers who stood ranked on each side of the throne, he proceeded to recapitulate, in a strain of bitter invective, the atrocious offences of which that corps had been guilty, attributing to their misconduct alone the distracted and enfeebled state of the empire, and painting in vivid colours the indignities which had been heaped by this licentious and unbridled soldiery on the sacred person of the Sultan Osman, to whose ultimate fate he alluded in terms which "drew tears from the emperor, and from all present! 'It was then,' continued he, 'that a zeal

* Several Turkish historians speak of Abaza himself as coming out of the city on its surrender, though it had been previously stated in express terms that he had not been able to enter it before the siege.

† The ancient equestrian habits of the Turks are strongly marked by this phrase, which pervades the whole etiquette of the court:—"To this day the imperial decrees are dated from the tent or the stirrup of the sultan."

to show that I was worthy of the bread and salt, took possession of your *lala** Abaza, and I resolved to avenge the innocent blood of my Padishah.' He related and justified the measures which he had taken for the extermination of the janissaries; and concluded this extraordinary address by saying, 'Whatever I have done has been from pure zeal for the interests of the true faith and the Sublime Porte; and now the sword hangs over my neck, and I have come from Erzroom to suffer as a victim, if such be the will of my sultan: so saying he knelt down with his face towards the *kiblah* (Mekka,) and began to recite his profession of faith;" but at this juncture the grand vizir Khosroo, and the other great officers of state, interceded, as had been probably arranged beforehand, for the life of the penitent. Mourad, appearing to yield to their solicitations, ratified the pardon which Khosroo had granted in the camp of Erzroom; and the janissaries, with fruitless rage, saw their indomitable enemy issue from the presence of the Sultan in safety and honour.

During the stay of Abaza in Constantinople, he resorted daily to the At-meidan or Hippodrome, where his matchless horsemanship and dexterity in the use of the bow and the jereed attracted the admiration of the Sultan, who was himself equalled by few of his subjects in personal strength or skill in martial exercises; but in a short time (according to the policy then usual with the Porte, of conferring on pardoned rebels the government of districts remote from the scenes of their former career) he received the pashalik of Bosnia—an appointment fully justified on the principle above referred to, by his utter ignorance of even the geographical position of his new sandjak, if credit is to be given to a story related by the imperial ambassador Kufstein, who describes Abaza as gravely enquiring of him whether Bohemia and Vienna

were not two fortresses on the confines of Bosnia and Hungary!† Even in this remote province, however, the mutual hatred of the janissaries and the avenger of Osman was not stilled; and the severity of the governor towards those quartered on the frontier provoked an attempt to assassinate him while hunting; but two of the assailants fell beneath the scimitar of the valiant pasha, and the third was transpierced in his flight by an arrow from his bow. The traitorous attempt was punished by the decimation of the oda to which the culprits belonged, and the execution of the chiefs of the family of Lob-oghlu, who were accused of connivance in the plot; and the Sultan applauded the rigid justice of his lieutenant.

The sway of Abaza in Bosnia continued nearly four years, and an autograph letter from his hand, addressed during this period to the imperial government on the subject of the frontier regulations, is still preserved in the archives of Vienna; but the complaints of the Venetians, whose territory he had attacked in the midst of peace, at length caused his removal; and after residing for some time at Belgrade, and in vain soliciting the important pashalik of Buda, he was transferred to Widdin, and invested with the command of the troops assembled, in the prospect of a rupture with Poland, in the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia. The Poles, threatened at the same time by the Swedes, the Russians, and the disaffected Cossacks, were anxious to avoid incurring the hostility of the Porte, and Alexander Trzebinski was directed to proceed to Constantinople for the purpose of conciliating the sultan; but Abaza, eager to acquire glory in a new field of action, detained the envoy on the borders of Moldavia, and, crossing the Dniester with his troops, effected a junction near Kamniak with the Tartar Khan, and attacked, at the head of this combined

* *Lala*, or preceptor, was the customary appellation of the pashas when addressing, or addressed by, a youthful sovereign.—See GIBSON, ch. lxviii. note.

† De Tott relates a somewhat similar conversation between an Anatolian pasha and the Venetian envoy at the Porte. The pasha enquired whether the Venetian and Muscovite territories were not contiguous? "Nearly so," replied the Venetian, "there is only the Ottoman empire between them!" Since that period the progress of the Russians has, in a great measure, deprived the retort of its point.

force, the intrenched camp of the Grand-Marshal Koniekpolski, (October 1633.) But the strength of the position defied the efforts of the assailants. An attempt to surprise a *pala-anka*, or fortified post on one of the isles of the river, was equally unsuccessful; and though the country was laid waste, far and wide, by the Tartars, and a number of Polish prisoners of both sexes sent to Constantinople as the trophies of a pretended victory, the representations of Trzebinski, (who had succeeded in reaching the presence of the Sultan,) at length procured a ratification of the previously existing treaty; and Abaza, recalled from his post in satisfaction of his precipitate commencement of war, was retained at Constantinople near the person of the Emperor.

Mourad had now attained the full maturity of manhood; and the sanguinary determination of his character, to which fear and mercy were alike strangers, developed itself in acts which inspired with terror even the lawless troops whose arbitrary caprice had reigned uncontrolled and irresistible since his accession. The year 1632 had been signalized by a tumult of more than ordinary violence. The refusal of the Sultan to pronounce the death of Hafez-Pasha endangered his throne; and the noble self-devotion of the aged general, who voluntarily gave himself up to his murderers, only partially appeased the fury of the revolters, who dragged from the palace and publicly gibbeted three of the favourite associates of Mourad; and, pressing into the inner court of the seraglio, refused to retire till they had been satisfied by ocular proof that the four brothers of the Sultan were still in existence, if the deposition or death of the present occupant should create a vacancy in the succession! But scarcely had the janissaries returned to their barracks, when they were astounded by the intelligence that the grand-vizir, Rajeb, the secret instigator of the late commotions, had, on repairing to the palace, been instantly beheaded in the presence of the Sultan; and this act of vigour was speedily fol-

lowed by the secret seizure and punishment of numerous ringleaders of the mutineers, who thus felt the first outbreak of that ferocity which marked with blood all the subsequent years of the reign of Mourad. The execution of the mufti, Akhi-Zadah, on New-Year's Day, 1634, gave a fresh proof of the terrible inflexibility of the Sultan, as the life of that sacred functionary had hitherto been held inviolate; and the consternation of the janissaries was augmented by the arrival, on the same day, of their deadly foe, Abaza, who was invested with the new title of *seghban-bashi*, or general of the seghbans, and became a distinguished favourite of the sovereign. Attended by his new confidant, and surrounded by an armed guard, Mourad traversed the streets of his capital by night, and in disguise: the smallest infraction of the police regulations, the use of tobacco, or of wine, or even of coffee,* was sufficient to consign the culprit to instant death; and the dead bodies of janissaries and spahis, who had taken a share in the late disturbances, found daily in the outskirts of the city, or floating in the Bosphorus, verified the Oriental adage, that "the blade of the Sultan's sabre grows till it overtakes the offender, even on the further side of the mountain of Kaf." A tumult, which was preceded by the well-known sign of janissary discontent, the refusal of their soup, was announced to the Sultan; but Abaza, with his usual fearlessness, interrupted the dismayed messenger by undertaking to quell the rising storm by his personal authority. Attended by his guards, he rode into the midst of the crowd assembled at the At-meidan, and demanded of the malecontents, "Wherefore do ye thus reject the bounty of your Padishah, O sons of Hadji-Bek-tash?" The fiercest of the janissaries quailed before the aspect of the Circassian, who, after devastating half Anatolia, and shedding the blood of so many thousands of their brethren, had stood a vanquished rebel before the presence of the terrible Mourad, and had issued from his presence invested with a robe of honour. "A sup-

* The legality of the use of coffee was long a disputed point among Moslem divines, who doubted whether it should be classed with intoxicating liquors. A controversial tract on this point is published in De Sacy's *Chrestomathie Arabe*.

pressed murmur was heard from their ranks, and they began to eat their soup as if they would have swallowed the dishes—such was the awe his appearance and name excited among them!"—*Evliya*.

Every day saw the influence of Abaza over the Sultan increase; and his gallant deportment and chivalrous frankness of manner maintained and justified his popularity both with the prince and the people. Though he possessed no vote in the Divan, every measure of state policy was submitted to his approbation; and his supremacy over the modes of dress and equipment, (as far as the little-varying customs of the East admit of the power of example,) was not less unequivocal: the peculiar fold in which the shawl was wound round the cap of his turban, and his method of attaching the scimitar to his side, were copied by the monarch and his whole train, and still bear at Constantinople the name of their originator. But the sombre and cruel temperament of Mourad was incapable of permanent friendship or attachment: his jealousy, once roused, was sated only by the blood of the victim; and the fall and ruin of Abaza was as precipitate as his rise to imperial favour, a few months previously, had been sudden. The details of his disgrace and death are variously stated by different authors. *Evliya* asserts that the refusal of the janissaries to march on the Persian expedition,* as long as the counsels of their enemy were in the ascendant, compelled the Sultan to yield a reluctant assent to the death of his unpopular adviser. But the closing scene of the career of Abaza, preceded by more than eight months the display of the imperial standards in Asia; and it is possible that *Evliya*, who had been one of the chosen companions of Mourad in his social hours, may have been willing, by this tale, to screen from further obloquy the memory of his master. According to the narrative followed by Von Hammer, Abaza, alarmed by the change in the demeanour of the Sultan, had already prepared horses at Scutari to facilitate his flight into Asia, when he was summoned to the Divan to answer

a charge of having received 20,000 piastres from the Armenians as the price of his support in their dispute with the Greeks for the possession of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. Abaza confessed that he had received 12,000, and was immediately ordered into custody in the garden of the seraglio, while the grand vizir was directed to decapitate all the Armenians who presented themselves at his levee, as a punishment for their attempt to pervert the course of justice! This sanguinary order was only partially executed; but the intervention of a day produced no change in the deadly purpose of the Sultan, who on the following morning, before daybreak, delivered, with his own hand, to the Bostandji-Bashi, a firman for the death of Abaza. The destined victim heard his doom with the same undaunted courage which had characterised every action of his life. He calmly performed the prayers and ablutions prescribed to Moslems in the hour of their fate, and, delivering himself to the Bostandji, was executed in the kiosk of the palace, (August 24, 1634.) His body was honoured with a public funeral. The vizirs and officers of state followed the bier in procession to the mosque of Sultan Bayerid, where the customary prayers were read by the mufti; and the corpse was at length deposited in the same vault where reposed the remains of Abaza's ancient enemy, Mourad-Kouyouddji, from whose mandate of death he had been saved at the outset of his public career by the interposition of Khalil. "Thus" (says *Evliya*) "did Abaza finally receive according to his actions.—May God have mercy on him!"

In ordinary cases a narrative of personal adventures terminates with the death of the subject; but the career of Abaza, if we may give credit to an anecdote related by *Evliya*, forms an exception even to this generally received rule. In 1646, (twelve years after his supposed death,) a person arrived by the route of Persia at Erzroom, where *Evliya* was then resident as part of the suite of the governor Soliman-pasha, and announced

* "If the Sultan," said they, "wishes to march to Erzroom, let him do so with Abaza only."

himself to his old partisans as the long lost Abaza. According to the account which he gave, Sultan Mourad, though compelled (as Evliya's version of the fate of Abaza, quoted above, states him to have been) to yield an apparent acquiescence to the demands of the janissaries, had, nevertheless, determined to save his life, and had caused a criminal to be put to death under his name, while the real Abaza was privately conveyed in a galley to Gallipoli, and placed on board an Algerine corsair, of which he shortly after obtained the command. In this capacity he cruised for seven years against the Christians in the Mediterranean, till on the very day of Mourad's death his vessel was captured by a Danish ship. He now became a slave, and apparently was sent to the Danish settlements in the East Indies, as it is said that, after seven years' captivity among the Danes, he was transferred to the Portuguese, and made his escape, three years after this exchange, by the wreck in the Indian seas of the ship to which he belonged. He now determined to return to the scenes of his former life, and after passing from India, by Bokhara and Khorassan, into Persia, at last reached Erzroom from Ispahan; and "soon after his arrival," says Evliya, "began to find out his old acquaintances, and was the chief of a party, to whom he related all his remarkable adventures," while Soliman-Pasha assigned him an allowance, and reported the case to the Porte. The functionary to whom the execution of Abaza had been intrusted, was summoned before the reigning Sultan Ibrahim, and examined; but as he could only depose that he had executed a person who was said to be Abaza, but whose features he had not seen from the shroud in which he was enveloped, the affair was still involved in mystery; and at length a capidji-bashi was dispatched to Erzroom, who seized and decapitated the real or pretended Abaza, and carried his head to Constantinople.

Such is the romantic story which Evliya narrates, immediately after his account of the supposed execution of Abaza under the reign of Mourad. It is obvious that the number of years assigned to the wanderings of the hero, do not correspond with the true time which had elapsed between the presumed death of Abaza in 1634, and

the appearance of the claimant to his name in 1646; and Von Hammer, with most other historians, unceremoniously dismisses the latter as an impostor. The features, indeed, of the head which was sent to the capital, were so disfigured by death, that even the mol-lah, Mohammed Sandjari, who had been khoja or chaplain to Abaza, professed himself unable to decide whether or not they were those of his former patron; but there must unquestionably have been many in Erzroom by whom the person of their quondam pasha was too well remembered, to admit of an adventurer personating him without detection; and Evliya himself, though he cautiously abstains from giving an opinion on the point, must, from his former intimacy with Mourad, have known Abaza well enough to be able to pronounce on his identity. The entrance of Abaza on the scene of history is marked by his narrow escape from the doom pronounced against him by the relentless Mourad-Kouyouddji; and it would certainly be a consistent close to his checkered story, if it could be proved that, on his disappearance from public life, his existence was, in truth, preserved by an isolated exertion of humanity on the part of the most cruel of the Osmanli sultans!

With the death or disappearance of Abaza, the party of which he had for so many years formed the head was speedily dissolved; the seditious spirit of the janissaries had been curbed for the time by the severities exercised towards them, and the reduction of their strength in domestic and foreign contests; and Mourad, who had conceived the atrocious design of extirpating the imperial line by the execution of all his brothers, threw aside the weapon which he had used to ensure the tranquillity of his own sway. During his memorable march to Bagdad in 1639, most of the old followers of Abaza, who had been suffered to remain unmolested after the removal of their leader from Asia, were seized and delivered to the executioner; and the same fate was shared by the sheikh of Kaisariyeh, (who had been pensioned and permitted to retire to Siavas,) on his recommencing at a later period his accustomed denunciations of the janissaries. Under the reign of Mourad, the men of the spoon conti-

nued to be curbed and awed by his ferocity ; but when his weak and detached brother Ibrahim (who had narrowly escaped the bowstring by the disobedience of the officers of the court, who assured the dying Sultan of his execution) ascended the throne, they resumed their ancient audacity and predominance ; and the design of suppressing this corps, which had originated with Osman, and which Mourad was supposed never to have abandoned, though his death at the age of twenty-eight anticipated its accomplishment, passed away ; till after a lapse of nearly two centuries it was revived and carried into effect by Mahmoud II. But at this later period the existence of the haughty stipendiaries, who had so long exercised an uncon-

trolled *veto* over the direction of the empire, had become so intimately connected and interwoven with every institution of the monarchy, that its destruction could not be effected without a total disruption of the bonds which sustained the union of the whole fabric ; and the events which have followed in rapid succession from the era of 1826 have postponed, to an almost hopeless distance of time, the reconstruction of the edifice. The vigorous and scarcely-shaken trunk might have survived, under the rule of the sons of Ahmed, the amputation of a peccant limb ; but when the gangrene had reached the heart, the extinction of the disease inevitably involved the cessation of vitality throughout the system.

A FEW PASSAGES CONCERNING OMENS, DREAMS, ETC.

You know, my dear Eusebius, some of the peculiar ways of nervousness of our mutual friend, Eugene — ; but I think you are unacquainted with their cause. He has very recently been upon a visit with me. Our discourse, the other day, turning upon lucky and unlucky times, on dreams, omens, and all such idle but interesting speculations—phenomena of nature, as he called them—I was much surprised when he told me that something akin to a belief in such matters was a weakness against reason, perhaps worse than a weakness, to which he had to plead guilty. I remembered that I had once myself intended to write some remarks on a lucky and an unlucky year, which were remarkable in my own life—the lucky immediately succeeding to the unlucky. I was, not very long ago, conversing with one who was in the habit of making a mock at the credulity of mankind. He was not aware that he was himself gifted with his full share. I found he attached great importance to the particular number *nine*, and said he dreaded the coming of every year terminating in nine, for that every such year had been disastrous to him ; and he ran over a great number of events, unpleasant indeed enough, all which had occurred in years whose last figure was nine. I know a gentlemen of high attainments and natural strong sense, who

always takes off his hat to a magpie. Innumerable are the little superstitions that affect strong minds : perhaps it may be even asserted, that the stronger the mind, the more certain is it to enjoy some such small safety-valve of the imagination, that the general current of thought may be the more free from vagrant fancies. The doubt which often perplexes, is gladly converted into a belief. But I wished to give you, my dear Eusebius, an account of the origin of the nervousness of our friend Eugene. He told me that it came upon him thirty years ago, and in the following sudden manner :—He had been then, he said, remarkably free from those practical reminiscences of our mortal nature which occur in most families. He had never witnessed a deathbed. It was to his imagination an awful thing ; but poetically so, if the expression may be allowed ; that is, it was a feeling to indulge in when his fancy so willed. It was a part of the drama : a scene to sit and weep over, as over a Juliet in her tomb, and then to return to the world of life, and in a moment know it not—feel it not. The conception was one of high-wrought pleasure to sport with—and to discard. He was the child playing at the cockatrice's den ; so that this indulgence of his, like most intellectual indulgences in the buoyancy of youth, was but rare—and he was completely

master over it. He knew just enough of death, by this sort of speculation, to make the real presence of it (come to him when or where it might) the more terrific. He was then living in the little village of —, and very near the residence of a beloved sister. He had passed an evening with her and her interesting daughter, then rather an invalid, with more than usual cheerfulness. In the night he was suddenly awakened out of a sweet sleep, the sweeter from the cheerfulness he had enjoyed, and told that she (his sister) was dying. He reached her house in time to support her in his arms, and in them she died. The shock, he said, stupefied him, so that at first he scarcely knew the power of the blow which had struck him. It was like the fatal battle-wound, for a moment not felt, and the stricken knows not whence comes the small blood-stream in which his life is passing away. Within a few days he was again summoned, and again at night, to receive the latest breath of her dying daughter: she, too, expired in his arms. He saw them both deposited in one grave. The week of wretchedness was not yet concluded. The day following the funeral, a letter announced to him the death of a very dear friend. At the same time a near neighbour, wishing to divert his mind from brooding over these melancholy occurrences, called upon him. They walked out for some time, and would have proceeded together to the town of B—; but our friend had letters to write, and engaged within an hour to meet his friend in the town. Thither, at the time agreed upon, he went. He saw his friend on the opposite side of the street—ere he could reach him, he saw him suddenly fall back—there was an immediate rush of those about him—Eugene reached him, and was one that supported him—he was dead. This was very awful—was very dreadful. He was haunted, he said, with images of death. It made him, as he described it, see through the covering of fleshly beauty with which Nature had concealed the intricate mechanism of life, and through the more various clothing which the arts of life had super-added, and behold nothing but the bare deformity of death—the deformity of death, yet more hideous to him, for it was yet gifted with life: man, woman, and child, were to his mind's

eye, that thus in fact superseded other vision, but walking, sitting, or running skeletons. He felt the necessity of at once resisting this horrid delusion. He immediately determined upon an excursion. Where shall I go? said he: nothing interests me; but I must fly. He found an advertisement in a newspaper, announcing a sale of curiosities at the town of S—, about fifty miles distant. He took his place by the coach *instantly*, and arrived the same night. Somewhat fatigued, he went early to bed. In the middle of the night he was awakened by unusual noises; at one time groans, at another roaring laughter; then was a momentary stillness, which was succeeded by vehement ejaculations. Whence did they come? From the very next room to his own. Soon there were many voices; and, louder than all, were the blasphemies of a maniac. A stillness again succeeded; but it was death again. The man had died raving.

And this was the recreation our friend Eugene sought?—this was the escape from thoughts of death—from the terrors his presence had engendered in him? He doubted himself—his actual waking existence. Was he himself under the spell of a hideous dream? Then he felt as if a great effort were necessary to keep his *reason* in her seat. Perhaps this exertion kept off an immediate and dangerous illness. His health did not give way, but his nerves were shaken; and never from that awful week have they recovered their strength. Any distressing, any vexatious circumstance, instantly affects him powerfully even now; but less so than at first. His palpitations of the heart were, for a year or two, frightful. He assured me that, during two years, he did not think there was one hour in any day in which he had not powerfully pictured to his mind scenes of death, either of his own, or of those he loved. During those two years his existence was miserable. One curious effect was, that his favourite pursuit, which was in no manner connected by any association he could trace, became odious to him. He had indulged a taste for pictures, and had acquired a considerable knowledge of the arts, theoretically and practically. He had been a collector; but for nearly two years he could not abide the sight of

what he had so fondly cherished. If the subject was mentioned, he felt uncomfortable; and he declared, that he verily believed that if it had been proposed to him, by walking into a room, or even by drawing a curtain, to see the finest work of art that had ever been executed, he would have shunned the sight with a feeling of loathing. This is the picture of a mind warped—a little astray. And where, in the wanderings, the errors that beset the paths of our minds, shall we set up our mark and say, “so far are the limits of sound reason?” It is a hard riddle, Eusebius, and we must leave it where we find it.

I mentioned to you my own unfortunate and fortunate year. I will not detail either the disasters of the one, or the recompenses of the other; but the termination of the unfortunate year, even to the very last moment, was very remarkable, as was the instantaneous change from imminent peril to perfect safety, even at the very moment that ushered in the new and successful year. It was thus:—The last day of the year—I was obliged to go to the city of—upon very distressing business that had long harassed me—one of the evil occurrences of that evil year. We were travelling at night by coach: I had an outside place. One of the passengers remarked, “We are within two minutes of the new year.” He had scarcely spoken these words, when we observed the coach to sway very much, and not to keep its place in the road; the coachman cried out, “jump off all of you as quick as you can, for we shall be upset.” I could just see that the off-leader had, somehow or other, disencumbered his head of his headgear;—the bit was out of his mouth, and the reins had no power over him. All scrambled off as they could: I was not so quick, having on a thick greatcoat; and when I did get off the coach, I swung, holding by the irons, the coach moving on the while in most irregular motion; at length my right leg and thigh fell in between the spokes of the wheel on the inside. At that very instant the coach, as if by a merciful Providence, stopped;—some one had, at the very nick of time, contrived to get to the head of the leader, and held him, yet not knowing the precarious situation in which I was; nor could I immedi-

ately extricate myself. Had this person been the minutest point of time later, had the horses advanced one single step, either before they could be held or after, my leg and thigh must have been torn from my body, and in all probability I must have been killed upon the spot. I was, in truth, in a most awful situation; so it was, not one single move did the coach make from the instant I was thus, with my limb between the spokes of the wheel till I was perfectly extricated; and none of this was effected by any human means with the intention of saving me, for no one was aware of my situation. I never could think it other than a providential escape; and I trust I was then, and am still, thankful for that and the many other mercies I have experienced. But I well remember being struck with this circumstance, that the moment of my utmost peril must have been the last moment of the unfortunate year, and the moment the coach stopped must have been the first of the new year; and I recollect the thought passing through my mind, that it was a merciful, a happy beginning, and I accepted it, in my thankfulness, as an omen that that year would be as happy to me as the last had been otherwise. I found, when I arrived at—, letters which put the disagreeable business, the cause of my journey, in a better train. I succeeded to my utmost wishes; and I may say that, from the moment of the commencement of that year to its termination, it gave me as much success as the last had brought disasters. Does not the mind feel at times something very like a conviction, upon which it does not reason—will not reason—that it is under the influence of evil spirits that thwart all its resolves, all its actions? And how could I avoid a feeling that the evil demon, the Alastor, that had persecuted me, had been subdued? A sparrow falleth not to the ground without permission. Evil is permitted to work, and it is stayed by an Omnipotent hand—so that, be it how it may, by whatever agency the evil is prevented, and the good brought to pass, we have still reason to be thankful: and I trust here is no superstition. And if there were, is it not a certain necessity of our condition that there should be some in us all? And could we divest

ourselves of that portion, it might be a question how far we should be the better. Superstition implies a fear of a power superior to ourselves: and it has at least a tendency to get the conceit out of us, strutting, crowing creatures, that exalt ourselves in our pride of science and knowledge. The wisest of mankind have been under its influence, as well as the weakest. It is curious to see Rousseau speculating upon his future condition in another world by throwing stones at trees—and being quite sure of his happiness because he hit what he could hardly miss. His own account of the matter is curious. He says—"Je voudrais savoir s'il passe quelquefois dans les cœurs des autres hommes des puerilités pareilles à celles qui passent quelquefois dans le mien, au milieu de mes études et d'une vie innocente, autant qu'on la puisse mener, et malgré tout ce qu'on m'avoit pu dire, la peur de l'enfer m'agitoit encore souvent. Toujours craintif et flottant dans cette cruelle incertitude, j'avois recours pour en sortir aux expédiens les plus risibles et pour lesquels je ferois volontier enfermer un homme, si je lui en voyois faire autant. Un jour rêvant à ce triste sujet, je m'exerçois machinalement, à lancer des pierres contre les troncs des arbres, et cela avec mon adresse ordinaire, c'est à dire sans presque en toucher aucun. Tout au milieu de ce bel exercice je m'avisais de m'en faire une espèce de pronostic pour calmer mon inquiétude. Je me dis je m'en vais jeter cette pierre contre l'arbre qui est vis à vis de moi: si je le touche—signe de salut; si je le manque—signe de damnation. Tout en disant ainsi, je jette ma pierre d'une main tremblante, et avec un horrible battement de cœur; mais si heureusement qu'elle va frapper au beau milieu de l'arbre: ce qui véritablement n'étoit pas difficile; car j'avois en soin de le choisir fort gros et fort près, depuis lors je n'ai plus doute de mon salut. Je ne sais en me rappelant ce trait si je dois rire ou gémir sur moi-même. Vous autres grands hommes qui riez sûrement, félicitez vous, mais n'insultez pas à ma misère, car je vous jure que je la sens bien."—(*Confessions*, liv. 6, p. 145-6. vol. xx.) Now the phenomenon is, that those delusions shall take possession of a man, while in other respects his understanding and

genius shall be in full vigour. Was the good, the religious Pascal more reasonable than the whimsical philosopher, when he practised the most severe mortifications, even ordering a wall to be built before a window of his study, from which he thought he had too agreeable a prospect; or his sister, a woman of sound judgment and piety, when she actually died of thirst, as she thought, to the glory of God? What are we to say to the curious case of Brown, author of the "Defence of the Religion of Nature," and of the "Christian Revelation," in answer to "Tindal's Christianity, as old as the Creation," which he dedicated to Queen Caroline—a man of exemplary life, and great intellectual abilities; yet he thought that his rational soul was gradually perishing, and there was nothing left to him but animal life in common with brutes; and thus he informs her Majesty, "That by the immediate hand of an avenging God, his very thinking substance has, for more than seven years, been continually wasting away, till it is wholly perished out of him, if it be not utterly come to nothing?" Such is the disease of an overwrought mind; and this one refuge or escape for the unsound part, may leave the other judgment and faculties whole, and thus superstition is, in that sense, Nature's physician—and, perhaps, in such cases the best. In a similar case, poor M. Count de Gibelin, author of nine very learned volumes, "Le Monde primitif analysé et comparé avec le Monde Moderne, ou Recherches sur L'Antiquité du Monde," applied to the celebrated magnetic doctor, Mesmer, whose vagaries are again offering a safety-valve to the eccentricities of mankind. His death, in Mesmer's house, gave occasion to the following lines:—

"Cy git ce pauvre Gibelin,
Qui parloit Grec, Hébreu, Latin;
Admirez tous son heroïsme
Il fût martyr de Magnétisme!"

Mesmerism!—the very word is of conjuration. What is there to prevent believers in it from believing witchcraft?—the power of spirits, seen and unseen? I read (I think in the *Lancet*) a few months ago, a grave account of a lady magnetized, without knowing the operation was going on, at her own house, while the operator was in his, at a considerable distance;

and by signs and volition merely, on the part of the operator, conversations were elicited—the person was under a spell. We read and hear of so many cases of this kind now-a-days, with strange and incredible circumstances, that it is, perhaps, idle to mention the above: yet, a believer in Mesmerism is a philosopher—a believer in witchcraft a fool; though there is, perhaps, more argument in favour of the latter than the former.

The physician who, when called upon to cure the Indian prince of an incurable ulcer in his nose, declared his ability to do so, but insinuated that there existed a connexion between the disease and the sovereignty, and therefore recommended the letting it remain, did not, as it seems to me, propose a greater absurdity, or appeal to a stronger superstition, than would the man who would persuade me that he, being at the time in London, by merely the antics of his own body, and the volition of his own mind, would set me, in Edinburgh, asleep, awake, or talking, and seeing with my eyes shut, at his pleasure. The old necromancer was but a tame performer, in comparison with modern Mesmerian practitioners,—and yet we say the world has lost its credulity! It has but changed its objects. It is in human nature, has an insatiable appetite, takes a surfeit with one kind of food, and becomes voracious for another; while the public, that were wont to see it feed, finding the old provisions remain on hand, think the monster is dying of inanition, while he is gorged with what they furnish him in another line. There does not exist a really, and in all things, incredulous man. I have said, Eusebius, that we might not be much the better could we at once get rid of our superstition. You are shocked; it may be, that I should even seem to encourage it; and would conjure up in array against me the degrading superstitions that, in countries Christian or unchristian, sanctify, as it were, atrocities. But are we quite sure these are owing to superstition? Mankind are cruel, and seek a palliation for their cruelty in superstition. The superstition does not give, but takes the character of the man. Such a monster as Louis the Eleventh of France, would never have given up his cruelty, though you had stripped him of the superstition

with which he covered it. He would still have made no conscience of any villany, if he had not gone as he did, covered with relics, and wearing a leaden image of the Virgin Mary in his hat, of which, it is said, he asked pardon for his murders before they were committed. He made a deed of the earldom of *Bulloigne* to the Virgin Mary. But the priest who absolves for a murder, before committed—what of him? He is the devil's servant, and does his work; he is a hypocrite, and the only incredulous of the party.

Superstition takes its colour from the mind: it may exhibit an awful phantasmagoria; but the pictures are made for it, and people choose those they like best: superstition only makes them conspicuous. The villain who commits a murder, and seems to quiet his conscience by absolution, would commit it though he believed neither in God nor devil. His nature is evil, and he gives way to it. I may then be permitted, Eusebius, to doubt that we should be the better could we eradicate from our minds that propensity to credulity in mysterious things, which we name superstition; and something *may* be said of the good, as well as evil, it may be thought to produce. The superstitious feeling, for some will call that a superstitious feeling, that there is ever present a persecuting witness of murder, that will in his own time bring it to light, may be a set-off against the absolution; and so strong is this feeling, that the murderer himself sometimes cannot bear it, but gives himself up to justice, rather than endure his misery. Then the touching the body, as a test of guilt or innocence, whether Providence choose to mark the criminal by miraculous change, if that change in the bleeding body be not some natural sympathy, we know not how elicited, but called miraculous because we understand not the operation; or whether the illusion is only in the mind's eye of the guilty, who sees gushing the blood that he has once shed, (as Shakspeare finely conceives in Lady Macbeth in vain washing that little hand,) and confesses the deed, the ordeal may have prevented many a murder, by the notoriety of the discovery. Take an example from the *State Trials*.

“On the trial of Philip Standfield

for the murder of his father, is the following extraordinary evidence, (in Scotland, Edinburgh.) Deposition of Humphrey Spurway, viz. :—

“ When the churgeons had caused the body of Sir James to be, by their servants, sewen up again, and his grave-clothes put on, a speech was made to this purpose.—‘ It is requisite now, that those of Sir James Standfield’s relations and nearest friends should take him off from the place where he now lies, and lift him into his coffin.’ So I saw Mr James Rowe at the left side of Sir James’ head and shoulder, and Mr Philip Standfield at the right side of his head and shoulder ; and, going to lift off the body, I saw Mr Philip drop the head of his father upon the form, and much blood in hand, and himself flying off from the body, crying ‘ Lord have mercy upon me,’ or ‘ upon us,’ wiping off the blood on his clothes, and so laying himself over a seat in the church ; some, supposing that he would awaiff or swoon away, called for a bottle of water for him.”

Sir George M’Kenzie takes this notice of the above evidence in his speech to the inquest. “ But they, fully persuaded that Sir James was murdered by his own son, sent out some churgeons and friends, who, having raised the body, did see it bleed miraculously upon his touching it. In which God Almighty himself was pleased to bear a share in the testimonies which we produce : that Divine Power which makes the blood circulate during life, has oft times, in all nations, opened a passage to it after death upon such occasions, but most in this case.”

Now, if we fairly consider the matter, such a discovery of a murder is not a whit more wonderful, nor more to be accounted as from Divine purpose, than is the discovery of a murder by dreams ; and there are so many of the kind in every one’s mouth, that it is difficult to know where to choose ; and some are so authenticated, that it seems to me to be but a presumptuous boldness altogether to set them aside. There are, however, two instances of such extraordinary dreams having occurred within these few years. It was stated at the time, and, if I mistake not, appeared in the course of the trial, that Corder’s murder of his wife was found out by a dream,

in which the very place where the body was deposited was seen. The other is the most extraordinary, because the object of it does not appear. You must recollect the whole vision, in a dream, of the murder of Mr Perceval, at the distance of more than a hundred and fifty miles from the scene, and a week or more before it was perpetrated, in which the faces of Bellingham and his victim were most distinctly portrayed. I remember a somewhat detailed account was given of this in *Maga* a year or two ago, if I mistake not in one of those able papers, “ The world we live in.” Who will say that Homer was not justified when he said that “ Dreams are from Jove, *ὄναρ ἐκ Διὸς* ?” There are many curious examples in the tale of the “ Cook and the Fox.” I suppose they are Chaucer’s—I only remember them through a Dryden. They are probably from a common stock, and well known, or well believed, at the time. I will tell you a discovery, though not of a murder, that was told me by the dreamer, a very intelligent person, and upon whose veracity I had great reliance. He has been dead many years. It occurred to him when a young man. He was engaged in a china manufactory at Swansea. He dreamed that he saw a man drowning in one of their pools. He dreamed the same a second time and a third time, and then could not resist making an effort to rise and satisfy himself that it was not so. He did rise, went to the spot, and found the man drowned. But have we not authority for dreams that we cannot question ? There is the significant dream of Jacob ; there is Joseph, the pious, the favoured dreamer, and the interpreter of dreams ; there is Pharaoh’s dream of the fat and lean kine ; the dream of Pilate’s wife, and consequent admonition,—“ Have thou nothing to do with that just man ; for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him.” And if it be said that dreams which have no consequent action are not likely to be divinely significant, we may point to this dream of Pilate’s wife. It did not save. What shall we say of the precautionary dream of Caesar’s wife ? And of the dreamlike vision—Caesar appearing to Brutus, and the famous “ meet me at Philippi ?” Then comes the question, Are “ appearances ” dreams, im-

aginary visions? or are they, however inexplicable the mode, the actual spiritual presence of the persons whose images they bear? "It is wonderful," said Dr Johnson, "that five thousand years have now elapsed since the creation of the world, and still it is undecided whether or not there has ever been an instance of the spirit of any person appearing after death. All argument is against it, but all belief is for it." Is not *all* belief at least one argument? I cannot but think it much less a matter of astonishment that the spirits of those who have existed should assume form and appearance, than that, as in dreams and the like, "coming events (should) cast their shadows before." I once knew a gentleman, who held high rank in the army, who made several attempts at suicide; but was always prevented, as he himself asserted, by the apparition of his father—that once he was going to throw himself into the sea, and his father appeared to him out of the water, directly in his way, so as to impede the act. It may be said this was the effect of imagination. It may have been, and it may not. We are too apt to think things impossible, because we cannot account for the manner in which they are done; but we may as well at once deny all the secrets of nature. Reason is continually thrown off her wise guard, and made to own the existence of thousands of her impossibilities. We cannot conceive of time and of eternity together; nor of space and infinity, pretty much the same as eternity. We contradict ourselves every day in our conceptions; and, great as we think ourselves in science, we but discover the molecules upon the shell of it, and these again fall into our maze of impossible possibilities; and in such bewilderment we are, as it appears to me, when we attempt to reason upon apparitions? How little, in fact, do we know of the material world; and how much less of the spiritual, and nothing of the connexion between them? In such a state of actual ignorance, I would set the "all belief" against the reasoning of any. I wish there was a committee to examine into facts. It is strange: are there none established? I want to have the sign and seal of the wisest and truest to attest facts. Is the well-known tale of Lord Littleton's death

a mere story, a fiction, that they put back the clock to deceive him, and that he said, "I shall bilk the ghost yet?" but he did not. I had rather make discoveries here, in this "terra incognita," the world of spirits, and their connexion with us, than all that has been, or ever will be, discovered in Arctic and Antarctic seas. One fact established upon authority, would be inestimable. Some must be worth sifting;—all cannot arise from the law of chances—of singular coincidences. Here is a story that seems to rest upon the most undoubted evidence; for acts have followed it. It may be ascertained, and I believe *the* person for whose benefit the appearance was made, is still living. I will not, therefore, give the name at full length; but I will say, had such an occurrence happened to myself, I would have published the whole transaction. We gossip and relate trifles from our biography; and matters deep and grave as this we omit, from a fear, perhaps, of being laughed at for credulity, or a fear of too much questioning.

Colonel B——, with two other officers of the names of D—— and S——, were stationed in America some years before the American war. Colonel B—— was sent up the country to quell an insurrection of the natives; the other two remained behind. A very short time after the Colonel's departure, D—— and S—— were sleeping in the same apartment in two separate beds, when Colonel B—— entered the room some hours after the gentlemen had been in bed. S—— (a light burning in the room) perceived him enter, and expressed much surprise to see him return so soon; the Colonel told him that he was now *no more*, having been killed by the natives early in the action; that his reason for appearing was to request S—— to find his infant son, who was then in England; and directed him where to find his will. He then left the room; S—— asked his friend D—— if he had seen or heard any thing, to which D—— replied, that he had seen the apparition, and had heard every syllable of what had passed. Returning to England, they found every circumstance exactly coinciding with the apparition's account, and the affair was represented to her Majesty, (Queen Charlotte,) who, in consequence, kindly adopted the infant.

I find the following letter among some family papers—you will see it is from the principal in the strange occurrence. The letter, of which this is a copy, is addressed to the Duke of C——; it was given to one of my family by the brother, who calls it his late brother B——'s letter. I can vouch for its being authentic. It runs thus:—

“The Hawk being on her passage from the Cape of Good Hope towards the Island of Java, and myself having the charge of the middle watch, between one and two in the morning I was taken suddenly ill, which obliged me to send for the officer next in turn; I then went down on the gun-deck, and sent my boy for a light. In the meanwhile, I sat down on a chest in the steerage under the after-grating, when I felt a gentle squeeze by a very cold hand: I started, and saw a figure in white: stepping back, I said, ‘God is my life, who is that?’ It stood and gazed at me a short time, stooped its head to get a more perfect view, sighed aloud, repeated the exclamation ‘Oh!’ three times, and instantly vanished. The night was fine, though the moon afforded through the gratings but a weak light, so that little of feature could be seen; only a figure rather tall than otherwise, and white-clad. My boy returning now with a light, I sent him to the cabins of all the officers, when he brought me word that not one of them had been stirring. Coming afterwards to St Helena, homeward bound, hearing of my sister’s death, and finding the time so nearly coinciding, it added much to my painful concern; and I have only to thank God that, when I saw what I now verily believe to have been her apparition, (my sister Ann,) I did not then know the melancholy occasion of it.”

There is something remarkably affecting in that passage of “Walton’s Life of Dr John Donne,” wherein there is the foreboding of ill in the mind of Donne’s wife—and the account of the vision which appeared to him. I am sure, Eusebius, you will prefer reading that passage again, to my barely reminding you of it. “At this time of Mr Donne’s and his wife’s living in Sir Robert’s house, (Sir R. Drewry,) the Lord Hay was, by King James, sent upon a glorious embassy to the French king, Henry IV.; and Sir Robert put on a sudden resolution

to subject Mr Donne to be his companion in that journey. And this desire was suddenly made known to his wife, who was then with child, and otherwise under so dangerous a habit of body as to her health, that she professed an unwillingness to allow him any absence from her, saying, ‘*Her divining soul boded her some ill in his absence*’; and therefore desired him not to leave her. This made Mr Donne lay aside all thoughts of the journey, and really to resolve against it. But Sir Robert became restless in his persuasions for it, and Mr Donne was so generous as to think he had sold his liberty when he received so many charitable kindnesses from him: and told his wife so, who did, therefore, with an unwilling willingness, give a faint consent to the journey, which was proposed to be but for two months; for about that time they determined their return. Within a few days after this resolve, the ambassador, Sir Robert, and Mr Donne, left London, and were, the twelfth day, got all safe to Paris. Two days after their arrival there, Mr Donne was left alone in that room in which Sir Robert and he, and some other friends, had dined together. To this place Sir Robert returned within half-an-hour, and as he left so he found Mr Donne alone, but in such an ecstasy, and so altered as to his looks, as amazed Sir Robert to behold him; inasmuch that he earnestly desired Mr Donne to declare what had befallen him in the short time of his absence, to which Mr Donne was not able to make a present answer; but, after a long and perplexed pause, did at last say—‘I have seen a dreadful vision since I saw you: I have seen my dear wife pass twice by me through this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms: this I have seen since I saw you.’ To which Sir Robert replied, ‘Sure, sir, you have slept since I saw you: and this is the result of some melancholy dream, which I desire you to forget, for you are now awake.’ To which Mr Donne replied, ‘I cannot be surer that I now live, than that I have not slept since I saw you; and I am as sure that, at her second appearing, she stopped and looked me in the face and vanished.’”

Rest and sleep had not altered Mr Donne’s opinion the next day; for he

then affirmed this vision with a more deliberate and so confirmed a confidence, that he inclined Sir Robert to a faint belief that the vision was true. It is truly said that desire and doubt have no rest, and it proved so with Sir Robert; for he immediately sent a servant to Drewry House, with a charge to hasten back, and bring him word whether Mrs Donne were alive, and if alive, in what condition she was as to her health. The twelfth day, the messenger returned with this account:—"That he found and left Mrs Donne very sad and sick in her bed; and that, after a long and dangerous labour, she had been delivered of a dead child. And, upon examination, the abortion proved to be the same day and about the very hour that Mr Donne affirmed he saw her pass by him in his chamber."

There is so much good sense and true feeling in the observations of good Isaac Walton upon this case, and so delightful is the quaint style, which is to my mind the good plain dress of truth, and they bear so much upon the point of this discussion, that I cannot forbear from quoting them. "This," he adds, "is a relation that will beget some wonder, and it well may, for most of our world are at present possessed with an opinion that visions and miracles are ceased. And though it is most certain that two lutes, being both strung and tuned to an equal pitch, and then one played upon, the other that is not touched, being laid upon a table, will (like an echo to a trumpet) warble a faint audible harmony in answer to the same tune; yet many will not believe there is any such thing as a sympathy of souls; and I am well pleased that every reader do enjoy his own opinion. But if the unbelieving will not allow the believing reader of this story a liberty to believe that it may be true, then I wish him to consider, many wise men have believed that the ghost of Julius Cæsar did appear to Brutus, and that both St Austin and Monica his mother had visions in order to his conversion. And though these and many others (too many to name) have but the authority of human story; yet the incredible reader may find in the sacred story, that Samuel did appear to Saul even after his death, (whether really or not I undertake not to determine,) and Bildad in the book of Job

says these words:—"A spirit passed before my face: the hair of my head stood up: fear and trembling came upon me, and made all my bones to shake." Upon which words I will make no comment, but leave them to be considered by the incredulous reader, to whom I will also commend this following consideration. 'That there be many pious and learned men, that believe our merciful God hath assigned to every one a particular guardian angel to be his constant monitor, and to attend him in all his dangers, both of body and soul. And the opinion that every man hath his particular angel, may gain some authority by the relation of St Peter's miraculous deliverance out of prison, not by many but by one angel. And this belief may yet gain more credit by the reader's considering, that when Peter, after his enlargement, knocked at the door of Mary, the mother of John, and Rhoda the maid-servant being surprised with joy that Peter was there, did not let him in, but ran in haste and told the disciples (who were then and there met together) that Peter was at the door; and they, not believing it, said she was mad; yet, when she again affirmed it, though they then believed it not, yet they concluded and said, 'It is his angel.' More observations of this nature, and inferences from them, might be made to gain the relation a firmer belief; but I forbear, lest I, that intended to be but a relater, may be thought an engaged person for the proving what was related to me; and yet I think myself bound to declare that, though it was not told me by Mr Donne himself, it was told me (now long since) by a person of honour, and of such intimacy with him, that he knew more of the secrets of his soul than any person then living; and I think he told me the truth; for it was told with such circumstances and such asseveration, that (to say nothing of my own thoughts) I verily believe he that told it me did himself believe it to be true."

Some have considered that apparitions are nothing more than the pictures of the imagination, without denying their direct purpose; and, indeed, admit it to be the "*modus operandi*;" and it is at first view plausible enough that fancy should be sufficient, and that there can be no need

for such a violation of nature's laws as to create a personality of apparition, if the term personality may be allowed. But we know too little of nature to determine; for what we after all term miracle may be as perfectly within the scope of nature, whose ways are only partially discovered to us, as any of the things of which we are daily cognizant; and we speak of violations of nature as a work of labour, forgetting that an omnipotent mind works by will. But it may be shown that the ground of the potency of imagination is scarcely tenable by those who admit that there have been apparitions, or they must believe that the imaginations of many have been similarly affected at the same time, as in the case of the appearance of Colonel B——, and this is to make many "new things" for one. It is probable that, with this view of the case, critics have condemned the personal presence of Banquo's ghost upon the stage, as if it were but the imagined ghost; but I do not think such was the intention of Shakspeare: for surely he did not mean the vision of the descendants of the murdered Banquo to be merely the products of a guilty conscience; for they are prophetic. I must, however, leave poetry; and I only introduced this of Banquo's ghost to illustrate the sense in which critics have been disposed to view the matter. But surely the recorded appearances of angels were not the effects of imagination; for were they not, as persons, entertained—visible agents—yet at other times invisible? And was not the angel, though present, invisible at first to Balaam, yet seen by his beast? So that there would seem to be a power in spiritual beings of making themselves recognised at pleasure, and at the same time of being visible to some and invisible to others. And it may be observed, that where there can be no occasion for exercising this power of invisibility, it might not be exercised; as would be the case with the whole animal creation excepting man. And hence, perhaps, has arisen the vulgar belief that dogs and horses are sensible of the presence of supernatural beings. And I need not tell you, Eusebius, what use the poets have made of this. The disguised goddess is discovered to be a divinity by the dogs of the swineherd in the *Odyssey*; and I will only advert to

the advantage your favourite Coleridge has taken of this notion in his *Christabel*. But that Homer, in those days of simplicity, should have entertained a notion so coincident with the story of Balaam is curious, if he did not derive it from a better than a heathen mythology.

But it is not for us, Eusebius, because we are favoured with a mere glimpse of things, and that only through the dark glass of human reason, to set down rules for, and map the limits of the operations of power above us. They may be, with regard to any particular occurrence, simple or multifarious. Every method is in the choice of an all-potent will. And it seems to me, that if, by any record, I admit that there ever was a permitted, a given vision, dream, or apparition—all of which I take to be but different methods of the same thing, I shut the door at once against incredulity—I am bound to think that such may happen again. The infrequency is no argument against the possibility of the recurrence of what has been; so that, with this view of the subject, and referring it as belonging to a power above us, we may almost say, "*Credo quia impossibile*." There are some cases so extraordinary, that this superstitution in those acted upon may greatly aid the agent; yet this in no way accounts for the agent's first movement. Take the well-known instance of "*Joan of Arc*." That a poor girl, the daughter of a peasant, servant at a low inn, should at once, in the midst of menial occupations, be endowed with a high heroic courage, and assume the dignity of a superior mind, is of itself extraordinary enough. But when to this assumption of greatness of character, is added the declaration on her part of visions commanding her to do certain acts—acts of wondrous enterprise, of immense import—we, in after times, feel disposed to judge of the visions by the events. And here it is extraordinary that she did the very things she was thus directed to do, and no other; and when, though reluctantly, she was yet induced to go beyond her mission, she fell, and wretchedly perished for her presumption. We choose, indeed, to question some of the particulars relating to her; but upon no grounds. Did she, or did she not, boldly promise to fulfil two objects of her mis-

sion; and demand to be armed with a consecrated sword kept in the church of St Catharine of Fierbois, the marks of which she described, though she had never seen it? Did she, or did she not, at once know Charles VII., though undistinguished by any mark, among his nobles? Having completed her work—her promised work—the natural result of mere enthusiasm or insanity would have been a continuance in the delusion; but she was desirous of retiring. Her farther interference was not her own act, and formed no part of her vision, and she fell! At least, Eusebius, I would say here is matter for reflection; and I do not look upon that man as wise who is too ready with his incredulity, and makes his gibes at this passage of history. And so it is, that with too great a flippancy we dismiss other incidents of profane history, at which with a better discretion we should pause; and reflect and consider whether Divine Power, in the development of a great scheme, may not have permitted a foreknowledge of some events, even to the ignorance and blindness of a heathen and idolatrous people.

I might here at some length notice the "*Sortes*" of antiquity—for they are curious enough. They were of ancient use among the Jews; they passed, too, from Paganism into Christianity, and were only condemned by the Council of Agda in 506; and even now, though we think we have discarded them, in fact we have not; and we verily believe that there are few pious persons who do not in their

afflictions take comfort from some ready but unlooked-for passage of Scripture—and what is this but the "*Sortes Sanctorum*?" The "*Sortes Prænestinæ*" are well known. The "*Sortes Virgilianæ*" have, even in later ages, gained a celebrity from the prophetic warning to our unfortunate Charles I.—of whose countenance, by the by, it is somewhat remarkable that Bernini should have pronounced that it was that of an unfortunate man.

The discovery, within these few years, that the celebrated ghost-story of Mrs Veal was written by De Foe, and attached as a preface to "*Drelincourt on Death*," to make it sell, and that it was, in fact, a sort of forgery, and trial of his power of writing circumstantially, has thrown great discredit upon all other accounts. And, doubtless, innumerable have been the forgeries and fancies which have amused or terrified the world with narratives of apparitions and the like; but it is not reasonable, therefore, to condemn all. I should wish to see select narratives examined, and reported upon by wise and judicious men. I might greatly enlarge upon this subject, were I to follow it where it branches off into many directions. The omens of the ancients present a wide field; but I would rather leave these for your speculation, and revert merely to that with which I commenced—that superstition is not always and necessarily evil; that it is natural, has its uses, and (divesting the word of its bad import) may have its own truth.

My dear Eusebius, ever yours.

THE TOBIAS CORRESPONDENCE.

No. II.

FROM NESTOR GOOSEQUILL, ESQ., TO TOBIAS FLIMSY.

DEAR TOBIAS,—I have received your letter of the 6th, in which you acknowledge the receipt of mine of the 1st ult. I am happy to find that you approve of all the arrangements I have made on your behalf, and can truly appreciate your good nature, when you say that you will not again put me to any trouble with respect to your pecuniary affairs. Do not, however, spare me, for I shall be always ready to perform the same services in the same style. I have nothing remarkable of a private nature to communicate. I am going on pretty much as usual, and have not felt any ill effects from the failure of the Manchester Bank. Take my advice, never invest your money in any joint-stock concern; but I believe it is needless to give you the caution, as I rather think that you are altogether adverse to the system of employing bankers at all, preferring to keep your capital ready at hand, which is prudent. As to speculations, I can only say at present that steam seems going down, and that we may expect a blow-up on the railroads. This atmospheric pressure, they say, is to succeed; and it probably will be the means of raising the wind. Speaking as a matter of business, it would appear as if not only the carriages, but the project itself, is to get on by puffing, which is all as it should be. But I shall not meddle with such matters here.

Still, Tobias, you keep an unaccountable silence as to your locality, or the politics of your journal. I have gone to Peel's every week, and read all the provincials with as much care as if they were so many epistles of Pascal; but I do not see a trace of your hand. In several papers, indeed, I recognised something of your usual style, as—"The Paris papers of the 15th have been received, but their contents are of no importance. Interesting extracts will be found in another column;" or, "Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon our estimable fellow-citizen, Timothy Wiggins, Esq., for his illustrious exertions in the cause

of anti-snufftaking. It has met with its reward in the unanimous approbation of a highly respectable meeting of tobacco-chewers, who have presented him with a quid pouch.—See advertisement in first page;" or, "The rains of last week, having succeeded in wetting the ground, have been followed by much fair weather, which has dried it again—a circumstance never recollected by the oldest inhabitant," &c. &c. But these are not distinctive marks; for as I am *not* the oldest inhabitant, and therefore, unlike that often cited individual, can recollect something, (*he never does*),—I have a strong remembrance of having read many specimens of this style of composition written by various hands, and scattered through many quarters. Of yourself, I repeat it with Sir Walter Scott, "nought distinct I see."

The only question you beg me to attend to is, that of the persecution of the Jews in Damascus. I must reiterate my complaint, viz.—I do not know on which side you are to write. I hardly think it can be in favour of persecuting; at least openly, for that is against what people call "the spirit of the age." I see, however, in the *Times*, that a gentleman who signs himself "an Egyptian," does boldly take the bull by the horns, as if he were one of the magi garlanding Apis. He thinks the Damascus authorities right, and that torture is a very proper and authentic manner of coming at the truth. This may, perhaps, arise out of the old feud between the Egyptians and the Israelites; and the correspondent of the *Times* may follow the politics of his ancestor Pharaoh, who loved not Joseph: but between you and me, Tobias, this dweller of the land of Nilus is an out-and-out kind of writer, who looks at a thing in the face. He'd make an inestimable editor of a thorough-going newspaper in rough times, and I think ought to emigrate to the model republic, there to start a *Lynch Gazette*. But *here* it will hardly do. There may be some particular spot in England where it

would fit, but I do not know of any. The *thing* persecution we know flourishes, but the *word* persecution must not be mentioned; and as your business is not with things, but words, you of course are wholly against persecuting any body in general, however correct your party may deem it to be when employed against their opponents in particular.

The obvious side to take is in favour of the Jews. I must not affront you, Tobias, by suggesting what is to be said in this case. All the old and venerable battery of rhetoric and argumentation are there ready at hand, piled up like so many bombshells or balls in a besieged battery ready to explode. Two or three have been perhaps damaged by over-use; but it takes a great deal to ruin an originally well-constructed projectile of force. I mean—

1. March of mind.
2. Nineteenth century.
3. Ignorance of past ages.
4. Intelligence of the present—

with a few more of these long-known raw materials for leading articles. You cannot exactly do without them; but use them sparingly. There is an old saying, that you must not spur a free horse to death—and these high-mettled racers have been sadly ridden. But then there remain,

5. Antiquated prejudice.
6. Want of knowledge of the law of evidence.
7. Waste of material in oppression.
8. Unphilosophy of fortune.
9. Nuisance of the bastinado.
10. Inconvenience of fasting.
11. Teasing of the thumbikins.
12. Wretchedness of the rack.
13. Code Napoleon.
14. Code Justinian.
15. Code Theodosian.
16. Code ———

Code any-thing, in short—for on them you may flourish away with indiscriminate impunity. Observe, it is always liberal to praise the Code Napoleon, because he was the enemy of the country, and had about as much to do with the making of the code as you had. You may quote the celebrated saying, that Napoleon will descend to posterity with his *cinq codes* in his hand—and as for Justinian or Theodosius, why, Tobias, in referring to them, you display a very inordinate degree of learning, that cannot fail to

raise you in the eyes of your readers, who will rashly take it for granted that you know something beyond the names of legislators to whose labours you so confidently refer. Believe me, it is a fetch of warrant.

The other side requires more cleverness and caution—yet it is not so hard to do after all. As I have already suggested, you must abuse persecution. But then, being Chartist, you may say—“Pretty humbug to talk of compassionating the Jews of Damascus, when we have, in our own native land, Feargus O'Connor, obliged to lie on an iron bed too short and too narrow for him, in a fireless cell of stone—a John Crabtree, in sad pickle, (not Peregrine Pickle,) under the superintendence of a governor harder than oak-tree, obliged to sit, from six in the morning until six in the evening, on a bench with visage erect, so as to afford to the steeled jailers perpetual power of contemplating his countenance, thereby vilely, and, to the confusion of prosody, parodying the line of Ovid;—

“Os homini sublime dedit, turnkeyosque videre.”

If a Tory, you can exclaim against the horrors of the New Poor-Law, enacted not against murdering Jews, but hungry Christians, who, because they *are* hungry, are sentenced to starve—(quote John Walter;—if a Whig, there is Mr Shiel ready for you with a cargo of cruelties exerted upon unhappy Ireland; and, as a case somewhat in point, he can cite that of Father Nicholas Sheehy, hanged in his own country some seventy or eighty years ago for murder. Hanged against all evidence, for there were a dozen credible witnesses; men who, if they were alive now, would be subjected to the persecution of the scorpion bill against perjury—ready to swear to any alibi (or as the elder Mr Weller, who very justly esteemed this plea the most valuable species of defence, would call it, a *alleybi*) that was required—and, in fact, two or three of them did swear that his reverence was sleeping at the same moment in two or three different parts of the country. Mr Shiel will not forget to illustrate this case in the manner of all liberal Irish historians, by stating how heavenly vengeance failed not to visit this crime with exemplary

wrath—most of the jury, and all of the witnesses who displayed so shameless a regard for the obligation of an oath, having been murdered in the course of the next twelve months, a circumstance so difficult to be accounted for in such a county as Tipperary, that we are obliged to call in divine aid as the only *dignus vindex* that can explain so singular an occurrence.

For my part, Tobias, I have long since ceased to have any opinions at all; and I don't care a farthing for Count Ratti-Menton, only that I rather like his name. (I was thinking the other day, as I passed *Chin-Grant* in Bond Street, if he ever quitted his party, that *Ratti-Menton* would not make a bad nickname for him, and I place it accordingly at the service of Theodore Hook;) but still I am not so sure that the Jews do not eat us Christians. I know they have had many a nibble at some friends of ours, Tobias, who shall be nameless. And when I reflect upon some matters, I cannot help being of opinion that those lawyers who date the commencement of legal memory from the first year of Richard I., have selected a year honourably and usefully distinguished by a great act of justice, worthy of affording a grand epoch in the history of law and equity; and I feel there is one act of his brother King John, that should procure for him more favour than he generally enjoys in history. When I think of it, I almost half forgive him for signing *Magna Charta*. I shall not allude to it more particularly; but may remark that Frank Baring would be excessively delighted, if he were allowed to subject Rothschild to the same sort of dental surgery that contributed so much to the replenishment of the exchequer of John. If we had him, Tobias, would we leave him a grinder? I rather think not. So much for this. I should not have written on the subject at all but for your request—I mean, not written upon it especially, but left it as a casual paragraph to come under the grand general head of humbug. When we see Moses Montefiore going out as ambassador, and Hodges of Alexandria acting as mediator, we may be pretty sure that it does come under that capacious category. But do not say this by any means; for, in the first

place, it will get you a name for illiberality without any corresponding profit—a thing always to be avoided; and, in the next place, it may hinder you from having a bill done at “she-venty-foive per shent” by an indignant Israelite—to say nothing of its consequences to you at the hands of those to whom it is probable you will be consigned, when the bill, if disallowed, will be in due course dishonoured.

Let me resume my dictionary. By referring to my last, which I suppose you have had framed and glazed, and hung over the mantel-shelf of your office; or, if that process be too expensive, duly wafered thereunto—you will find that I broke off at the interesting topic of

VII. FINANCE.—Here, Tobias, it is only to be expected that your knowledge is extremely limited. I do not say that it is not a subject which has occasioned you considerable thought at innumerable periods of your life; but you have looked at it, I suspect, in somewhat personal a light, and, in point of date, principally connected it with considerations of Saturday. Write upon it, however, you must, in spite of that lack of knowledge—but be not downcast. You are not in a worse predicament than nine out of ten chancellors of the exchequer. The most flashy among them all of our time—his name was George Canning—took the office with a candid declaration that he never could master a sum in long division. He did not live long enough to give us an opportunity of judging of his financial merits; but I have no doubt that the conclusion of his career would have verified all the hopes that might have been anticipated from this opening declaration. The last of the party, we see, has been rewarded by a peerage and a pension for leaving the exchequer bankrupt, and keeping the money market in a perpetual state of fever and fluctuation. There is no need, therefore, of your being afraid. Who knows but that, if the French system of rewarding literary men with titles and decorations, as the *Quarterly Review* recommends, were to be introduced among us, that your exertions in this line might be rewarded as well as those of Rice—that as he is called Lord Mounteagle, in honour perhaps

of his illustrious countryman Daniel O'Rourke; so might you be styled and titled Lord Mountgander, in honour of that illustrious instrument supplied to you from the pinion of the guardian bird of Rome, wherewith your tribe enlightens the nations?

It is hard to make finance what the young ladies call "interesting;" but for a good solid plumpudding article, few things do better. It is a plain question of *IN* and *OUT*—nothing more. I know there are people who pretend to treat it impartially; but that is only pretence. Good pretence, I admit, and occasionally practised by all parties. It is very well to begin an article by saying,—"The finances of this great empire should never be suffered to become a party question. It is a question which concerns all, no matter what may be the denominations of party, or the nicknames of faction, which they may assume. The figures of arithmetic can have nothing to do with our political dissensions. Looking upon the financial state of the country in this impartial light, and feeling upon this point at least no trace of party bias, it gives us"—Now, all this looks as calm as the summing up of a judge, but be not deceived; for the very next words show whether the writer is catering for the *ins* or the *outs*. Let me continue—"feeling upon this point, at least, no trace of party bias, it gives us great pleasure to announce, that the returns of the quarter's revenue, just published, are highly satisfactory." This is for the *ins*: for the *outs*—"feeling upon this point, at least, no trace of party bias, it gives us no pleasure to announce that the returns of the quarter's revenue, just published, are highly unsatisfactory." This, be it remarked, may be said of the self-same returns, without the slightest want of veracity. For to the man who is in, no matter how unprosperous the general return may be, as his own peculiar salary is safe, his satisfaction is sincere; and no matter how cheering in its universal aspect, yet, as the revenue yields nothing to him who is out, there is equal sincerity in his expression of discontent.

Thus considered, the matter is as easy as A, B, C. The official writer has nothing to do but to insist on the general wealth of the country, and it

must be an unlucky return indeed, which does not afford him some details of gratification. If short on the year, it may have a surplus on the quarter. If deficient in both, why, it can hardly be deficient in every item. Customs have gone back—but look at Excise. Both have diminished—but then observe stamps; and so forth. At all events, in the most desperate case you can compare it with some other year in the past twenty—taking of course the worst—and, assigning the safest reasons for the choice. Then there can be always a palliating cause. The crop was bad—the weather was wet—any thing of that kind—or else the judicious measures of the ministry in reducing taxation had occasioned a temporary depression, from which, however, the energies of the country, now that they have been relieved of the load so iniquitously laid upon them by the late administration, will speedily recover—or the relations with China, or Tombuctoo, or the Man-in-the-Moon, having been interrupted, had occasioned a diminished importation of rhubarb, or niggers, or moonshine, which had, of course, affected the revenue in a serious degree—or, in fact, any thing you like. Next year you may always promise will be better—if it be, you can triumphantly quote your prediction when the due time comes; if otherwise, as nobody will remember any thing about it, you may just go on as if you had said quite the contrary. As to the other case—if the returns be really favourable, there need be no end of your vapouring. You must boldly swear that the happy result was altogether attributable to the superhuman wisdom and the incredible integrity of the First Lord of the Treasury, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and their admirable colleagues,—even though these ever-to-be-honoured functionaries had no more to do with it than a potentate whom I have just mentioned, viz., the Man-in-the-Moon.

Equally easy is the other side, and far more popular. You can have no difficulty here whatever. In good years, or bad years, or middling years, it is all the same. Disguise themselves as they will, still, Tobias, taxes are bitter things! There is here an endless diversity of grumbling in store. Is the revenue prosperous? Good

God! you will exclaim, what a subject of exultation that nearly fifty millions of money have been mercilessly extracted from the industry of an oppressed people! Is it unprosperous? Why, there you have the game all before you. Mismanagement, corruption, ignorance, iniquity, on the part of the government—poverty, ruin, distress, on the part of the people. Be always especially pathetic when there is a deficiency in the Excise. You can say, “Does not that little line, *Excise*—deficiency on the year, £764,843 : 9 : 11½—that little row of technical figures—speak volumes of misery? How many firesides does it not denote rendered desolate—how many comforts abridged—how many small luxuries utterly denied?—the widow and the orphan,” and so forth. Shiel used to be a very good hand at this kind of work until he got a place; of course, now that he is Vice-President of the Board of Trade, it would be improper for him to indulge in such language. I have long observed that we all like to be told that we are going to destruction. It suits the national taste and habit of growling. Then, as for details, you never can be at a loss. Admit at once candidly—*candidly*, for it will not cost you any thing—that taxation is necessary in general; and that being done, you can fire away at every item. Customs are contrary to principle, as tending to banish commerce from our shores. Excise, iniquitous in itself, as directly pressing upon the inheritance and necessities of the people, is rendered still more detestable by its inquisitorial mode of collection. Who can say that an Englishman's house is his castle, when it is liable to be invaded night and day by the domiciliary visits of the hireling gauger? Taxes, cruel, oppressive, weighing on the humbler classes with unequal pressure—imposed in war, continued, contrary to promise, in peace—*the very light of heaven, &c.* [You can be always particularly strong upon the window-tax; draw a picture of “a widowed mother watching in maternal agony over the sick-bed of her lovely boy, gasping in the agonies of typhus in a hot room, where the merciless hand of the tax-gatherer has closed the only avenue of air”—if I do not mistake, O'Connell had something of this kind once.] Stamps, a shameful clog on transactions of pri-

vate business, and shamefully disproportioned. Why should a poor man be called upon to pay a shilling upon his bill for £10, while the rich man has only to pay a pound upon his bill for £5000?—the tax, in the case of the poor, being the two-hundredth part of the sum, and in the case of the rich only the five-thousandth. Cobbett, I think, it was who first discovered this argument; and Lord Althorp, (then Chancellor of the Exchequer,) looking as sagacious as one of his own prize-oxen, assured the honourable member for Oldham that he did not know what reply to make. There is encouragement for you, Tobias, to write. You see that ignorance is no clog upon financial argument. Post-office—but read Rowland Hill—and as for the rest, they are too paltry and insignificant to be allowed for a moment to become impediments in the revenue of a mighty empire.

To this your ministerial antagonists may reply,—“How, then, in the name of Mammon, Lord High Treasurer of the Court of Pandemonium, is the revenue to be raised? You say that there should be taxation, but you object to every source by which it can possibly be raised.” Your answer is at hand. You have your enemy on the hip. “It is no business of ours to assist the degraded and imbecile cabinet, which has brought the country into so much misery and ruin, by devising new modes of fiscal oppression for the farther harassing of this unfortunate and deluded nation. It will be full time to ask us this question when we enjoy the rank and pocket the salary of chancellor of the exchequer;” and as the chances of your attaining that office, Tobias, are of the slenderest order, you, by this means, will baffle the enquiry of your opponents till the coming of the Cocklicranes, and the consequent re-establishment of King Picrockle on the throne of the Dipsodes, lost to him by his listening to the vainglorious counsels of his three rash captains, and the indomitable valour of Frere Jehan des Entomeures, which some interpret “Friar John of the Chopping Knives,” and others “Friar John of the Funnels.”

So far for finance. I have omitted all mention of the national debt, for that is a plain case. On one side it is an incubus on the country. It was

contracted to support unholy wars against liberty ; it weighs down all our energies ; it exposes us to enormous taxation, and so on until you come to "Huzza for the sponge." [Quote from Johnson :—

"And grandsons now their grandsires' wrath reject,

From age to age in everlasting debt."]

On the other side, it is a stimulus to national exertion—a security against war. It was contracted principally to save us from becoming a province of France: its proceeds are all spent in the country: it affords a convenient security for investing money; and so on, until you come to "Huzza for faith to the public creditors?" [When people tell you that it will destroy the country at last, fail not to remind them of that great philosopher, David Hume, who predicted the same result whenever it amounted to a hundred millions.] This I have omitted for the same reason that I declined giving you any instruction on the subject of pro-Popery and no-Popery, (see in my former letter, Art. CATHOLICS;) viz. because if you cannot wish *that*, you have chosen a wrong trade. As Maxwell's Cockney was, in many particulars, an excellent man, but "he would never do for Galway;" so you may be a man of the most astonishing abilities in all other species of literature, but in this case "you will never do for a newspaper." Besides, I did not wish to hurt your feelings, and I have observed, Tobias, that the word *debt* is very unpalatable to literary men in general; and from some singular associations is apt to produce a considerable effect upon their nervous system.

VIII. FOREIGN AFFAIRS.—I must drop the pen for a moment and weep! My heart is sad, and I must mix a tumbler of brandy and water, *calidum cum*. I am like Ossian, the son of Fingal, begotten by Jemmy Macpherson, dominie of Ruthven, and member of Parliament for the Nabob of Arcot. "The murmur of thy streams, O Lora, brings back the memory of the past. The sound of thy words, Garmallar, is lovely in mine ear." Like him, "I stretch my hand to the spear as in the days of other years. I stretch my hand, but it is feeble; and the sigh of my bosom grows;" and like him, too, I remember with sorrow never ending, "A tale of the times of

old! The deeds of the days of other years."

But the stern work of the world must be done in spite of our griefs. I empty, therefore, my tumbler to get forward with a sigh.

Methinks I hear you, Tobias, asking what affects me in this unusual manner. Perhaps you may, in the simplicity of your soul, imagine that, like Lord Byron's lady of a noble line, I weep over the realm's decay, and have some notion of *slating*—excuse me from borrowing a word from the vocabulary of the now ministerial and courtly party of Ribandism—Lord Palmerston, and contrasting his government with

— "The glories of England of old,
Ere the faithless Whigs betray'd her,
When Wellington's men won lashings of gold,

Ere Evans to lickings was leader."

(The last rhyme, be it observed, being Hibernian, in honour of that distinguished commander, and knight of the blushing riband and unblushing countenance.) Not I. I have a great esteem for Lord Palmerston. He writes a very good leading article himself, which, if he could put a little sense or truth into the matter, and some slight dash of grammar into the language, would be admirable specimens of the art upon which I am lecturing you. And then every party man, no matter to what side he is attached, must regard consistency; and of statesmen Lord Palmerston is, among living men, the most consistent.

"True as the dial to the sun,
Whenever it is shined upon."

He has consistently, through good report and evil report, stuck to place.

1. Mr Pitt was prime minister, and Lord Palmerston had a place.

2. Mr Fox was prime minister, and Lord Palmerston had a place.

3. Lord Grenville was prime minister, and Lord Palmerston had a place.

4. Mr Perceval was prime minister, and Lord Palmerston had a place.

5. Lord Liverpool was prime minister, and Lord Palmerston had a place.

6. Mr Canning was prime minister, and Lord Palmerston had a place.

7. Lord Goderich was prime minister, and Lord Palmerston had a place.

8. Lord Lansdowne was prime minister, and Lord Palmerston had a place.

9. The Duke of Wellington was prime minister, and Lord Palmerston had a place.

Here breaks the series—but not for long. The Duke, having resolved that there should be no mistake, flung Palmerston out of office as unceremoniously as angry Jove, in *Paradise Lost*, flings Mulciber sheer o'er the crystal battlements. The fall of poor Vulcan lasted

"From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve—
A summer's day."

His lordship's tumble was not of much longer duration;—he was out about six months, during which time he played the part of a flaming patriot, and then—

10. Earl Grey was prime minister, and Lord Palmerston had a place.

11. Lord Melbourne was prime minister, and Lord Palmerston had a place.

Peel came in for three or four months, and then Palmerston had no place; but soon returned—

12. Lord Melbourne, purged of Brougham, as prime minister, and Lord Palmerston had a place.

Had a place, do I say? has a place. What's that Terence says, Filium habeo, Menedeme; ah! quid dixi habeo? I am not at all sure that the quotation is correct, Tobias, because the last copy of Terence I had, is gone the way of all Terence's *ad avunculos*. You understand Latin; namely, that of principal secretary of state for the foreign department.

Albany Fonblanque has published a book called "England under seven Administrations." What is that to the work which the noble viscount might publish—"Palmerston under twelve Administrations?" Such an example of consistency, I maintain, is scarcely to be matched in history.

Therefore, shall Lord Palmerston receive no marks of contumely from me; and as for the ruin of England, I am aware that, like a female friend of the late Duke of Queensberry, Britannia takes a great deal of ruining. No, Tobias, my sorrows are much more practical. For the peace of the general world, perhaps, but for the plague and annoyance of the news-

paper world beyond question, it pleased the Fates to bring the war to an end in 1815. And what are newspapers now, to what they were then? Treadmills, sir, compared with the former pleasure gardens. Why, when the war raged—*raged*, do I say?—when the war *sported*, newspapers wrote themselves. What had an editor to do, but to slip his scissors into the Gazette—and Extraordinary Gazettes were in those days as plenty as blackberries—and whip out of it whole pages of matter at a time. And what matter, Tobias! God help your head! do not think that what you now read in gazettes is to be compared with what was the reading in similar works when I was

—"Calidus juvenis,
Consule Planco,"

or, as Lord Byron chooses to translate it,

"In my hot youth, when George the Third was king,"

or better still, in MS. *penes me*,

"In my hot youth, when on the ocean drench
Lord Nelson thunder'd—and in the field or trench
The Duke of Wellington squabash'd the French."

What have we in the gazettes now but a small handful of promotions in the army or navy, putting, us perversely in mind of better times; a grudging and beggarly brevet; lots of dissolutions of partnerships, bankruptcies, dividends, certificates, sequestrations, declarations of insolvency, [by the way, if you are writing on the Opposition side, keep your eye sharp upon these departments of the Gazette, for you can always, if they happen to swell considerably, bring them up as proofs of the desperate state of the country, which it is unnecessary for me, at this period of our correspondence, to say, must be always attributed to the direct and infernal agency of the existing Administration. Observe, in passing, that you are always to describe bankrupts as ill-used individuals, men of the utmost solvency, the most prudent conduct, and the most undeniable principles, just as the police reporters designate all ladies of that "certain" kind, which, in conversation, we are content to leave "uncertain," as

"interesting, though unfortunate, females;"] announcements of promotions, or choppings and changings of robbing statesmen and jobbing lawyers; now and then a peer by the virtue and for the cause of the pitchfork; Ebenezer Snooks, or Joshua Pelew-islands, or Snufflebag Six-and-eightpence, of Manchester, Liverpool, or Birmingham, turned into a knight, —Sir Ebenezer, Sir Joshua, Sir Snufflebag; a license granted to the no-soap-and-water primitive sand-the-sugar-pick-a-pocket body of believers, to allow persons to commit fornication by Act of Parliament, and other things of that kind. Excellent all in their way—excellent all; the last particularly, for it has contributed to put various shillings into the hands of various worthy and pious men, to whom that ceremony—not of marriage, but payment—was peculiarly refreshing.

But, Tobias, where is the *fighting*? You will tell me it is in India. Heaven forefend that I should undervalue India; —if this letter of mine by any accident falls into the hands of Scotchmen, I should be ruined for ever, were I to do so.

"All Caledonia waste and wild,
Fit nurse for many a writer child,"

would be in arms against me. Here let me diverge for a moment. [We must decline publishing the remarks of this writer concerning Scotland, as they are exceedingly illiberal. We fall back on the national motto, "*Nemo me* (or we should perhaps, in editorial phrase, say *nos*,) *impune lacessit*," which signifies, "Nobody shall insult Scotland in Blackwood's Magazine." Besides, we sell 8500 copies in India. We therefore cut out the immediately succeeding sentences. The letter proceeds to say,] Cabul, good—Herat, excellent—Khelat, famous. All the march of the army, splendid. Who denies it? At least I cannot find any one who does; nor, with all my experience, can I conceive why any body should have any reason whatever for saying one word against the Indian, or, as you call it when you wish to make a long word towards filling up a line, the Indo-British army. I think on the whole that they should be praised; but that is nothing to the purpose. There is nobody to abuse them, and therefore, not being matter of controversy, they

are of no use to us of the broadsheet. I know that among Indians, Mulligatawnys, Quihis, or other remarkable castes in Brahminical history, you cannot sit down a moment without being told that India is lost—that the direction—

No—here I am wrong, because the gentlemen in the direction are a remarkable exception to this matter of communicability as to the consummation of Indian combustibility—excuse the alliteration, for they never say a word about it at all. Odd as it must appear to you, Tobias, I dined with a director the other day, and when I asked him what was the progress of affairs in China, he answered with much dignity, "Sir, I am not aware, officially, that such a place as China exists."

But to supply my broken sentence. I was proceeding to observe, that all Indians, especially those who call themselves Old Indians, declare that India is lost, and that the directors have lost it. In every new war in the East, the natives of the Oriental club, situate by the refreshing margin of the streams of Shepherd Street, hold out that we are done. Every body, Mahometan, Brahmin, Burman, Pindaree, Affghan, Thug, Hill Cooley, whoever may turn up, is to beat us. Observe with what exactitude every "correspondent from India" remarks that nobody but himself knows what India is.

I do not deny the value of this, in a certain sense, and I am well aware that it passes current at Ibbotson's Hotel as vast philosophy; but it hardly interests that noble community called the reading public. What can you make of Hindoo affairs? I know that in places where Indians do congregate, we hear a vast clamour about personages of various names of Oriental sound, terrific to the waiters. We listen astounded to the three-faced doings of the Great Ram-bam-jerry-go-dam-berry-ho-tom-too-tun-hoo-flam-bang, when a Rajah or Nawaab, (in my youth they used to call these chaps Nabob,) or Shah or Kamram, (I think that is a word of new importation,) or Ameer, or Mirza, or Lama, or Tharawaddie, or Mandarin, is to chop us off as if we were no better than grass prepared for the *déjeuner* of Nebuchadnezzar, many years ago King of Babylon. But I do not see

where you are to write leading articles on this peculiar tack, and that you know, Tobias, is the only point on which I am at present lecturing.

I suppose Lord Keane and Dost Mohammed, Shah Soojah and Sir William Macnaughton, Captain Thomson and Runjeet Sing, and all persons concerned, have done their duty. So I take it that General Perowski, in his march upon Khiva, has made a demonstration worthy of regard. With respect to Circassia, it is to be imagined that the war is going on there satisfactorily. Whether Mehemet Ali and the Sultan have settled their differences, I am not aware—nor do I exactly recollect if Khosrew Pacha has been hanged, like the late Mons. Courvoisier, valet of Lord William Russell. I read, two or three days ago, that Lisbon had been swallowed up in an earthquake; but what the date was, whether it was the earthquake of 1759, or one that occurred last week, I did not stop to enquire. Of Spain, I perceive that occasional mention is made, accompanied with some anxiety on the Stock Exchange; but, on enquiry in other quarters, I do not find any trace of its existence. There's a boundary question, I believe, going on between us and the Yankees, and we occasionally hear of such places as Mexico, Peru, the Equator, Chili, and all that sort of thing.

Well! they are, I suppose, all right in their way—but they cannot be made *permanent* stuff for articles. There are only two points on which I have to advise you. There are, first, Louis Philippe, and the other is the Emperor Nicholas—difficult—difficult—but

This is altogether a different matter. I must go back to my original ground of lament. What is all this to the days bygone? You have something now to write upon—else your occupation is gone; but you *must* write—you, even you, Tobias, otherwise the paper looks naked and disarmed. God be with the days when we could print in letters as tall as the monument,

GLORIOUS VICTORY!

What had *we* to say then? What, but "It is with feelings not to be described that we call the attention—but that indeed is not needed—of our readers, to the glorious intelligence

which will be found below. Feeling that any preface of ours would only impatiently detain the impatient public from the glorious intelligence, which it is our glorious lot to lay before them, we shall not add another word."

Then followed four columns of some such stuff as the Nile, or Copenhagen, or Trafalgar, or Talavera, or Salamanca, or Badajoz, or Ciudad Rodrigo, or San Sebastian, or Thoulouse, or Waterloo, or the march upon Moscow, or the occupation of France—or——

But no matter—see the *Annual Register*. Now, when these things were going forward in the world, who cared a farthing what else a newspaper contained, if it gave *them*? I repeat it, in those glorious days a newspaper wrote itself. May I not then be sad of soul, when I find that, instead of filling papers with deeds of others, we are obliged to stuff them with words of our own. China, you will say, may do something—no—it is only a tempest in a tea-cup. Not that China is not a fine thing to write about—there's the Opium question—elegant on both sides; read Warren—he floors the humbug that opium has any thing to do with the quarrel. There you have every thing that can be said on that side; read piety, morals, poison, corruption of innocent empire—all excellent. But fighting there will be none. That Lin, the Chief Commissioner, writes well, and in a capital style, cannot be denied. I wish that we had more of the Lin style among ourselves; but between ourselves, Tobias, I fear that our most eminent political authors imitate more the swagger than the energy of that most original of writers. If he be obliged to fly from China, I hope he'll come to London, for he would be well worth ten guineas a-week to the —, or any other comatose and moribund journal.

I am about to——

*. Here the handwriting of the venerable senior begins to be so indistinct, that it cannot be deciphered by any average compositor. We suppose that, like all "*laudatores temporis acti*," he was led away by his antiquated feelings. Whether we shall publish any more of this correspondence, which has by the merest accident fallen into our hands, is a matter of consideration. But as our readers may perhaps be

anxious to find how Mr Flimsy appreciated the favours of his ancient correspondent, we subjoin the following letter:—

TOBIAS FLIMSY, Esq., to Miss SARAH FULLPOINT.

"No-matter-where, June 18, 1840.

"SARAH,

"This is the anniversary of — the battle of Waterloo—the battle which decided the fate of — the fate of nations. I am distracted to think that this renowned day—this renowned day—is to be the day—the day—that decides my fate—my fate—as well—or rather as ill—as that of the late

Napoleon Buonaparte, or Bonaparte—for it is spelt both ways. I am distracted—distracted. I do not know what I am writing—indeed, many persons have said the same of my printed compositions—but—Sarah—Sally—Sal—Sal! Is this the conduct—is this the—the—the—I have not got a word. And is she then false?—but I will not, or shall not, or whatever is the best grammar, for I do not think it is decided—whatever it is, will not, or shall not—it is no use to go on. Of all the old ruffians I ever knew—RUFFIANS—I underline it. No matter. What he says is true—but * * *

TEA-TOTALISM AND TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

DEAR CHRISTOPHER,—Having been lately invited to become vice-patron of a Total Abstinence Society, by some well-meaning people whose knowledge of my habits, and my peculiar fitness for that office, must have been derived from sources highly flattering to myself, and the authenticity of which was probably never questioned, I have been induced to turn over in my mind the great question of totalism—by which I mean totality in all its branches, whether of abstinence or of tea. In order to ascertain the effects of undiluted water, taken inwardly, upon such constitutions as mine, I have even made myself the subject of a series of experiments. As the object I had in view was to benefit society at the least possible inconvenience to myself, it occurred to me that the virtue of the pure element (as it used to be called before it was analysed by philosophers and microscopes) might be well enough tested on the *omœopathic* principle, that is, by being taken in infinitesimally small doses; and I am bound to admit, so far as my own case is concerned, that water is at least a perfectly harmless fluid, and not very unpleasant; provided that, immediately after imbibing it, the mouth and throat be rinsed with a little cognac; and perhaps *other* people may be able to refrain from swallowing their gargle. Of course, this is only a step towards qualifying one's-self for going the entire hog, and taking the

pledge of Father Matthew; but my own maxim is *pedentim tamen*. A very sudden conversion is always likely to be followed by a relapse; and I am determined that nobody shall be able to reproach me with precipitation in the matter. I shall much meditate this thing, I promise you, and read many tracts and hear many fathers upon the subject, before I become a thorough proselyte. Great, indeed, would be my satisfaction, Mr North, to have the benefit of your advice, and more especially of your example. To learn that you had at length repudiated those maxims of "wise old Phocylides," and become a tea-totaller in your old days, would have greater influence with me than a dozen Pindaric odes on the surpassing excellency of water. But, perhaps, it is too much to expect a man at your time of life to renounce inveterate habits of tippling. In the mean time, having unfortunately not taken the precaution to confine my reading and investigations to one side of the question only, I am agitated by a sea of doubts; and such of my friends as watch me narrowly are able to detect little inconsistencies in my conduct, which are entirely owing to the impartiality with which I balance the conflicting arguments upon this intricate subject. It is alleged, for instance, that I am a tea-totaller in theory but not in practice—that the thin potations which I am in the occasional habit of prescribing for others, do not, by.

any means, constitute my own ordinary beverage; and that my most energetic remarks and aptest quotations in favour of "the cup that cheers but not inebriates," are generally made under the influence of another cup which does both. The fact is as I have told you. Endowed by nature with that candid and insatiable spirit of enquiry, and that entire openness to conviction, which in politics are the characteristic of the respectable section called waverers, and never having been able to make up my mind thoroughly, conclusively, and inexorably on any subject whatever, I claim the justice of not having my fluctuations ascribed to any dereliction of principle.

In truth, Mr North, there is in this question, as in every other that ever I examined, an infinite deal to be said on both sides. First, let us consider the matter in a chemical point of view. Listen to the animated and urgent remonstrance of a learned hydropobist addressing himself to those whom he styles the Antichristian Sect, vulgarly and illiterately calling themselves tea-totalers. "You say that ale and porter, wines and spirits, are stimulating poisons! What is the atmosphere—the air we breathe? It is composed of four-fifths of nitrogen gas, (the most deadly poison if breathed by itself,) mixed with about one-fifth of oxygen gas, which is also a stimulating poison; for, if taken undiluted with nitrogen, it would produce great excitement, inflammation, and death; into which gas, if it pleased Heaven suddenly and entirely to convert the atmosphere, it would consume the world to its foundation in one universal blaze; yet, if diluted with the ether gas, it gives vigour, vivacity, health, beauty, and existence to man, and the whole natural world. The oxygen, applied a few moments in a concentrated form, increases the pulse, and produces an excitement bordering on inebriation. When you say we should take no stimulus, must we therefore abstain from inhaling the stimulus of the atmosphere? A stimulating poison, too, it may be called, from being compounded of ingredients which, taken separately, would instantly kill." Here is manifestly the true ground of the comparison instituted by a distinguished orator between the air we breathe and the liberty of the press. Each may be

said to be compounded of inflammatory and destructive elements, the evil properties of which are neutralized by combination. What is nitrogen gas to a letter from Brutus, or a leading article to the gross personality, the rude invective, the wilful misrepresentation, the malicious hint, and the daring libel? Yet, if we have our newspaper not, we die; and, indeed, it appears that such a thing as a deleterious compound is a physical impossibility—a mere chimera; since if, from the combination of even noxious elements, a salutary whole is formed, it follows, *a fortiori*, that when the ingredients are themselves innocent, or it may be beneficial, the resulting compound must necessarily be wholesome; and this is the great argument in favour of the salubrious properties of punch, bishop, whisky-toddy, and the like. No one is more thoroughly familiar than yourself, Mr North, with the component parts of punch. Your practical knowledge on the subject, where, or at what early period of precocious youth originally acquired I know not, has been matured in innumerable symposia; and, so far as theory is concerned, the source of your learning is probably Johnson's dictionary, which would inform you that punch is a liquor made by mixing spirit with water, sugar, and the juice of lemon, and formerly with spice; and is so called from an Indian word signifying five, that being the number of ingredients. The Greek equivalent for punch, or more properly pounce, is *δια πέντε*; but the spice is now admissible only in bishop; wherefore in the universities, and in convocations of the clergy, and in other assemblages of learned men, punch is more correctly called *δια τετρακύν*, signifying a combination of four. Thus it appears that, in this liquid, the purifying and nutritious principle of composition is carried at least twice as far as in common atmospheric air, which labours under the disadvantage of being a mixture of the elements only. Of course, however, many will be prepared to contend that punch is not, by any means, as important and vital an agent in the economy of nature as air; so that, without its regular supply as a stimulus, men would "dwindle and die." Indeed, there are some people of my acquaintance, and

those members of no society for abstaining either totally or partially from any thing whatsoever, who, if they should happen to be afflicted with a sick headach in the morning, are apt to break out into abrupt and passionate exclamations, damnatory of the "flowing bowl," as if that had some connexion with their malady. But what says the poet, in one of those inspired strains, by which the gifted sons of song, flinging the touch of genius around them, and therewith illuminating and revealing the sudden mysteries of nature, occasionally announce sublime truths to the world?

"Punch cures the gout, the colic, and the phthisic;

And it is, of all things, the very best of physic."

This is truly an oracle of Apollo, in his double capacity of god of poesy and of medicine. However, like most other oracles, it is not entirely unobscure;—but there is the merit of the revelation. Had there been no ambiguity—no room for speculation and controversy—grateful mortals, having in the first instance received the precious truth with all due reverence, would have proceeded forthwith to consign it to the bottom of that well where other truths lie hid, in order that, having thus disposed of it, they might address themselves the more entirely and exclusively to the consideration of such questions as, being altogether incapable of solution, supply everlasting matter of dispute, and, consequently, of interest. Doubt, inquiry, agitation, discussion, are absolutely necessary for thoroughly awakening the attention, and keeping it in a due state of vitality and alertness. We are told (in the oracle) that a particular beverage is a certain cure for three specific complaints; and that it is, moreover, the very best of physic. Physic for what? For these three complaints only? If it be a panacea, like the "universal medicine"—if it be a cure for all the ills that flesh is heir to, why should three only be enumerated as those for which it is a remedy peculiarly appropriate? In the state of hesitation and uncertainty in which I have found myself, after fully considering the matter, I take punch on the slightest attack of every thing that appears to render a course of medical treatment necessary or advisable;

and also when I have no attack of any thing at all, with the view of testing the prescription in every possible case. If I can prevail on any of my friends to adopt the opposite system, we will compare notes from time to time, and I will be sure, Christopher, to acquaint you with the result.

In the mean time, hear again the tea-totaler-mastix:—"Do you know that the very *water* you drink is compounded of two *stimulating poisons*, of the most destructive nature, viz.,—

88½ per cent of oxygen gas,

11½ per cent of hydrogen gas?

That hydrogen, in certain quantities with oxygen, explodes with a violence surpassing gunpowder? That it is the chief ingredient in the fearful colliery explosions, and also the gas that illuminates your shops and streets? Yet this inflammatory stimulant and poison forms one-ninth of the water you drink." If I were to expatiate ever so much at large upon the excessive unpleasantness and risk which I am encountering by my *omœopathic* and *antopathic* experiments, I could not set my public spirit and self-devotedness in a stronger light than by this bare specification of the elements of water, in which, by-the-by, trochylites, water-tigers, water-devils, and other animalculæ are overlooked; or, perhaps, they are themselves considered as resolved into their component parts of oxygen and hydrogen. For, good heavens! to what am I exposing myself? I am undergoing a course of infusoria, combined with that inflammatory stimulant, hydrogen; the poisonous properties of which, like an adder in a brake, are struggling to develop themselves through an antagonist element which barely suffices to keep them in subjection. The inflammable gas in my own system might possibly combine with the oxygen of the fluid in such proportions as to cause me to explode with a violence surpassing that of gunpowder! It is to be hoped that my conduct will be appreciated by the masses, and that amidst the present genial shower of tributes and testimonials of all kinds, from a snuff-box or a pocket-patina up to an enviable, and I fear by me unattainable *rint* of many thousands per annum, the only fleece remaining dry and unrefreshed will not be my own. If I were to be allowed a choice in the matter, the

"small tribute of affection and esteem" should consist of a silver tankard, of course with an appropriate inscription; and I would willingly take either pledge (for it appears that abstinence pledges are twofold, consisting, like quantities in prosody, of long and short) never to apply the testimonial to my lips, except for the purpose of imbibing the contents medicinally. This I might safely undertake; for it is well known to such as drink porter on philosophic principles, that the metal and the liquor together, with the interior oval fleshy membranes with which they come in contact, form a perfect voltaic circle; and to me the galvanic action produced thereby is so peculiarly refreshing, that I defy all the drugs in the pharmacopœia to do me so much good. But if it should be considered inconsistent with the principles of a society established for the propagation of total abstinence to connive at the existence of tankards with any qualification whatsoever, then I am sure I should not object to a purse, or even a tea-pot, under the circumstances. I have occasionally seen advertisements of trips to Richmond, and excursions to the Nore, for the benefit of evangelical preachers and other meritorious individuals, who have given satisfaction to their respective admirers. I am unwilling to believe that this hint will be thrown away. Try the sincerity and the deserts of the majority of those who profess many things by any practical test; call upon an English patriot or an Irish tail as the condition of the enormous tributes which are poured into their capacious maws, to desist altogether from heavy-wet potations, and it will be seen how much easier it is to spout sedition than to relinquish one of the necessities of life. This is an illustration of the wide difference between preaching and practice: it is scarcely necessary to call attention to the fact that my own claim is founded on the latter.

When I consider tea-totalism with reference to economy, whether political or domestic, I am as much at a standstill as a prime minister irresolute, and doing nothing upon the great question of Non-Intrusion. In the treatise of our Anti-pantapedist (this epithet was coined by my barber, who is the sole and original inventor of the words Rypophagon and Eukeirogeneion, and

the super-essential soaps for shaving which they are intended to designate) I cannot discover any attempt to refute the very questionable position that water is the cheapest of all beverages. I do not find it so in my own individual case; but perhaps that is owing to the trifling progress I have as yet made in the practice of Rechabitis, and the precautions which I am compelled to adopt at every step. As for my household establishment, it consists merely of one helot—viz. a maid of all work, whom, if I had ever so many children, I should object upon principle to making occasionally drunk for the edification of the young ones, both on account of the expense attending repeated successful attempts to intoxicate a sturdy domestic, and because of the immorality of such a proceeding. On the contrary, I have exerted all my eloquence to induce the girl to renounce fermented liquors; and partly, I must admit, with a view to some little pecuniary saving, which the state of my ways and means renders highly desirable, have given her many lectures on the wholesomeness of water. This I did with the most perfect goodwill and inward satisfaction; for it is a very pleasant and grateful reflection to a benevolent mind, that one is effecting a reduction, be it ever so trifling, in one's annual domestic expenditure, at the same time that one is promoting the great cause of sobriety and morality, and all that. But the artful creature, having stated that if she became a tea-totaler she should require an allowance in lieu of beer—a silver medal containing the long pledge, and an annual trifle for enabling her to join the Rechabite expedition to Hampton Court on Whitmonday, I desisted from my exhortations, and gave her warning without more ado. I cannot tell you, Christopher, how much I was disgusted with the selfish and sordid attempt of this woman to impose upon me. On what principle, I should like to know, could she require compensation for doing that, which in her own heart she must have been persuaded was the correct sort of thing, for adopting those habits of decorum and sobriety which are ever the characteristic of a well-conducted female? But, indeed, compensation seems to be the pervading principle of the present age. Every body is demanding compensa-

tion for every thing; town-clerks, bumbailiffs, and Jack Ketches. It is a principle mischievous in the highest degree—leading people into the habitual perpetration of many enormities, with the sole object of afterwards insisting on having acquired a vested interest in their very excesses, and on being accordingly entitled to compensation for desisting therefrom. I suppose that we shall soon have the members of the swell mob requiring compensation for abstaining from picking our pockets. On consideration, I retracted the warning, as I had forgotten to pay the girl her wages for the two or three last quarters, and I could not discover what had become of the portion of my trifling income which I had intended to appropriate for that purpose.

Thus much, Mr North, touching my own private concerns, to the peculiar state of which I have been led to advert with the more candour and particularity, because I felt assured that the confidence which I reposed in yourself and the public, would not be abused. With respect to the politico-economical part of the question, I can safely declare that bewilderment is a feeble term to express the utter perplexity of mind into which I have been thrown in weighing the expediency of adopting water as a universal circulating medium, more especially as many prime ministers, chancellors, and other distinguished statesmen of either house of Parliament, have given a decided preference to the circulation of the bottle. Considering totalism as a question of finance merely, it is admitted that if that fine but volatile people, the Irish, were capable of persevering in the pledge which they have taken in a fit of enthusiasm, ardent as their own Innishowen, and amounting to a species of intoxication, (which I believe to have been purely moral,) and the English nation were very generally to follow the example, there would be a considerable permanent diminution in the revenue of the country—unless, indeed, water were to be made an excisable article; which expedient I claim the merit of having been the first to suggest. But is a diminution necessarily a loss? It might, perhaps, be so considered, when the finances of a private individual were concerned. I should find it difficult to persuade

Messrs Blackwood, if—putting a tempestuously improbable case, (for there are improbabilities, as well as presumptions, so very violent as to be properly called tempestuous,)—the circulation of the Magazine were to be diminished, by even so small a proportion as a few thousands, that they should consider that event as a matter of great self-congratulation, and call their neighbours around them and rejoice accordingly. In political economy, however, different considerations prevail. I have heard the national debt, for instance, spoken of as a great public benefit. It may be so; but I do not the less regard my tailor's bill, the settlement of which I have for urgent reasons deferred from day to day, and from year to year, as a very decided nuisance. There is next the doctrine of fructification to be attended to, and applied to the particular case under consideration. It has, moreover, been lately discovered that a falling off in the customs, or the excise, so far from being a just ground for apprehension or regret, ought to be regarded with complacency, inasmuch as it represents a relief in taxation to that extent; and, undoubtedly, if I can be prevailed on to abstain from my matutinal draught of brown stout, I shall, *pro tanto*, be relieved from the beer-tax. I merely touch upon these points, in order to give you an idea of the immense difficulty of coming to any definite conclusion on this branch of the question.

No subject in the present age, whether it be the use of dog-trucks, or of small boys for sweeping chimneys, or a private inclosure bill, or the matter of a railway petition, can be properly dismissed, without saying something about the connexion between it and the morality of the people. Pray, Mr North, what may be your own idea of morality? In academic life, not the well-conducted youth who earns the prize for good behaviour by assiduous attendance on morning chapel, and strict general conformity with the regulations of college discipline; but he whose thirst for a strong drink, compounded of the two elements of malt and hops, and commonly known in universities by the name of audit, (so called, because it is professedly brewed for the purpose of being administered on audit day

to tenants, but of which the alumni of Alma Mater do not fail to secure a goodly portion for their own cheek,) is perpetually urging him to call for more ale, whenever he can get it, is therefore denominated a moralist. From this, as well as other circumstances, it is to be collected that the notion of morality entertained by under-graduates at those seminaries of sound and religious learning, is somewhat lax—of course I speak of theory only. I take genuine morality to be “obedience to—consistency with—those laws which guide or govern the mode or manner of men as SOCIAL beings.” If this definition be correct, then is the water-drinker, or the tea-totaler, not to be compared, as a moralist, with him whose practice is not that of abstinence. For under what circumstances do we yield with most entire abandonment to all the kindly and generous impulses of our nature? When are the social feelings most widely diffused, spreading out, like concentric waves, on every side from our nearest and dearest connexions—until they embrace those whose relationship to us consists merely in their being of the same species as ourselves, or even Negroes, Jews, Cockneys, and the brute creation? It is over the ruby wine, or the flowing bowl, that the yearnings of natural affection are the most expanded and irrepressible; that the good citizen speaks in the tenderest accents and the warmest terms of those respected parents, of whom he is proud to call himself the son—of his dear brothers and sisters—of his worthy cousins, and other remoter kindred—that he proposes, with the most benevolent and glowing amplification of all good qualities, and the most determined blindness to all imperfections, the respective healths of the friends of his heart, and even of his distant acquaintance. Imagine an attempt at a collection for the benefit of some orphan asylum, from a party who were

enjoying themselves over a dish of tea, or a bottle of water. The poor infants might in their clean bibs and tuckers, and with well-washed shining faces, be paraded before the company until they were foot-sore, and yet fail in extorting more than a few sympathetic and wishy-washy sighs, or the offer of a lump of sugar. It may be laid down as an axiom that in this country, charity, which is a very material part of morality, is totally incompatible with slops of all kinds.

In conclusion, it may not be improper, with reference to the question of tea-totalism, briefly to advert to the present state of our relations with China. If, in consequence of our hostilities with that whimsical people, the Linnæan system were to be persisted in, and our supply of bohea, souchong, and the Howqua mixture to be permanently stopped, what would be the position of an individual who had unreflectingly taken the tea-total pledge, under the impression that there would be no end to the importation of his favourite herb? Is a pledge of this description like a Roman Catholic oath? Can absolution from it, either total or partial, be granted by any authority, either civil or ecclesiastical? If not, the tea-totaler might possibly find himself suddenly deprived of his necessary element, like a fish from which the water has receded, and left him floundering and gasping upon the dry land. I, for one, shall certainly abstain from any pledge of the kind, until I shall have been firmly convinced that the Chinese have become a thoroughly rational, highly-educated, and commercial people, understanding their own interests, and never actuated by capricious impulses, or otherwise than by liberal, long-sighted, and honourable views. In the mean time I remain, dear Christopher, yours ever, &c.,

TOMKINS.

CAMOËNS;

A DRAMATIC SKETCH. IN ONE ACT.

BY FREDERICK HALM.

IN resuming our notices of the German drama, we shall, on this occasion, vary from our usual plan, by exhibiting entire a short dramatic sketch by a modern poet, instead of extracts from plays of greater length and higher pretensions. The name of the young author, Frederick Halm, is as yet little known in this country, though the high poetry contained both in his *Griselidis* and his later tragedy of the *Adept*, entitle him, we think, to a distinguished place among the living dramatists of Germany. In knowledge of stage effect, or ingenious development of plot, he is no doubt still deficient enough; and a certain anxiety to embody in each of his plays some philosophical idea, gives to them, in their general construction, a colder and more artificial character than is consistent with the reality and lifelike movement which is essential to dramatic interest. But the poetical enthusiasm and eloquence of individual scenes, place him far above the level of ordinary playwrights. In this dramatic sketch, which we have selected for translation, there is of course no plot, no minute display of character; it is simply a representation of the contrast between the poetical and the prosaic temperament in Camoëns and Quevedo; the love of poetry for its own sake, and the love of gain;—a cheering picture of that inward consciousness of having lived and laboured for eternity, which enables the true poet to rise superior to circumstances, and, amidst poverty, sickness, and desolation, to preserve his self-respect, and his confidence in his vocation unimpaired.

The DRAMATIS PERSONÆ are,

DON LUIS DE CAMOËNS.

DON JOSE QUEVEDO CASTEL BRANCO, *a rich merchant.*PEREZ, *his son.**The Governor of the Great Hospital in Lisbon.*

SCENE I.

A small room in the Great Hospital at Lisbon—the walls merely plastered: the plaster here and there decayed and falling off. In the portion of the stage, to the right of the spectators, a table covered with paper and books, and a few chairs; to the left, a wretched couch, on which Camoëns is asleep; a sword leans against the bed; above his head, hangs a lute covered with dust: in the background, immediately opposite to the spectators, is the entrance.

The door opens, and DON JOSEPH QUEVEDO and the MASTER OF THE HOSPITAL appear on the threshold; the latter with a bunch of keys at his girdle, and a book under his arm.

Quevedo. Three stairs already: must we mount for ever?

H. Master. No, Señor; we are at the spot.

Quev.

Thank God!—

The perspiration trickles from my forehead,

My breath is gone entirely: so! 'tis here!

H. M. (opening the book which he held beneath his arm, and showing it to QUEVEDO.)

See, Señor! here it stands enregister'd,

“Don Luis de Camoëns, Number Five.”

We are at Number Five. There's no mistake!

Quev. Indeed! And you yourself know not the man
More nearly?

H. M. No, good Señor.

Quev. Not by name?
Nor by repute?

H. M. We go by numbers only:
Here's no repute and no respect of persons.

"Don Luis de Camoëns, Number Five,"

And nothing else—so stands it in the entry.

Quev. Quite right. You are a man that keeps his books
In order. Here it is then! By St Jago!

A gloomy chamber—bars before the windows,

The bedding wretched—and the plaster bare!

H. M. We used to keep our madmen here confined:

But this man longed so sadly for repose

And solitude—the room just then stood empty,

And, as he wish'd it, why we brought him here.

Quev. The madman's room! 'Twas well. You are a man

After my own heart. Would you could cram them all,

These versemakers, at once into a madhouse!

But, hush! is that the man that slumbers there

On yonder couch?

H. M. Señor, it is. He sleeps.

I will awake him.

Quev. Nay, for heaven's sake, do not:

I'll wait beside him till he himself awake.

H. M. Then fare-you-well, and may your purpose prosper.

Quev. Thanks, friend.—And take this trifle for your trouble.

[*Exit the Master of the Hospital.*]

SCENE II.

QUEVEDO places himself in a chair near the table, keeping his eye upon Camoëns.

So here am I, and wearied to the death;
A little rest, methinks, will do me good.

Heaven knows I should not now be sitting here,

Did not some evil spirit drive this son

Of mine to scorn his father's trade, and sit

Hammering out poems, hunting after rhymes,

And counting feet, and dreaming of his laurels!

Ah, woe is me! my only son and heir

Dreaming of laurels. Geld he cares not for,

T' increase his goods, or emulate his father—

He must attain Camoëns' high renown—

There lies the man, the model he admires;

There lies he covered over with his laurels—

And in an hospital! There lies he wasted,

Shorn of an eye, all bleach'd and famine-smitten—

The mighty man that sang the *Lusiad*,

That fought by Ceuta's walls and by Oran,

Lies in the madman's chamber: his possessions,

A rusty sword, a mouldering lute, alone!

What has his life been? weariness and woe!

"Don Luis de Camoëns, Number Five,"

And nothing else—so stands it in the entry—

While I, poor I—whom once he scorn'd and scoff'd at,

Weighing out raisins, telling oranges,

But turning maravedis to crusados—

I am a wealthy, well-condition'd man:

Three houses I can call my own: for me

Four galleys, richly fraught, career the sea!

His search was all for glory—mine for gold !
 Could Perez only see him now, he must
 Choose as I chose : and so he shall, by Heaven !
 Therefore I come. See him he shall—shall hear
 From his own mouth how he has dreamt away
 His life in blindness, madness, and delusion.
 But, hush !—he moans in sleep—his eyes are opening.

Cam. (awakens.) So, then, 'twas but another broken slumber,
 That sternly wakens me anew to suffer,
 And not that long last sleep that endeth all :
 Death's shadow only, and not Death himself.
 Ha ! who stirs there ? A man—a man beside me !
 Who are you, and what marvel brings you here ?
 You must mistake, good friend.

Quev. (rising and approaching.) Not so, good Señor,
 You are the man I sought, and I have found you.

Cam. Indeed ! I scarce remember who I am.
 You come, no doubt, to buy some marriage ditty ?
 No ?—Then, perhaps, you want a serenade ?
 Look through those papers on the table there :
 Choose from them as you will—what suits your purpose.
 You'll find there poems of all sorts ; and at
 The cheapest rate—but two reals a-piece.

Quev. You do mistake—

Cam. (Who has raised himself from his couch, and with the assistance of his sword has supported himself till he has reached a chair, sits down.)

What—you would have me write

New verses upon your account ? Good sir,
 I pray you pardon me : I am exhausted,
 I scarce can raise my body from my bed ;
 My strength is gone, my very thoughts are failing.
 So please you, sir, let yonder heap content you.

Quev. I came not here to order verses of you,
 Don Luis. Look on me—look long and closely—
 You recognise me ?

Cam. Sir, I do not.

Quev. Ah !

You surely must remember me ?

Cam. No, Señor.

Quev. You were at school with me at Calvas.

Cam.

II

Quev. Even so, at Calvas. There we quarrell'd often,
 And many a beating you bestow'd upon me.
 Bethink you. Recollect. Nay, you must know me—
 Joseph Quevedo Castel Branco is
 My name—your gossip Mariquitas' son.

Cam. Joseph Quevedo !

Quev. Ay ! The same, Don Luis—
 The same Quevedo whom you have so often—

Cam. (interrupting him with a gloomy and frowning air.)
 Well then—what seek you here, Joseph Quevedo ?

Quev. I came to see how things were going with you !
 You look indifferent ill, methinks ; much wasted :
 I on the other hand grow corpulent.
 So wags the world. Let him who stands take heed
 Lest he should fall. Fortune is round.

Cam. Ay, true ;
 Fortune is round.

Quev. Here in an hospital
 You lie, oppress'd by want, bow'd down by sickness :
 You have grown old in looks, your hair is gray—
 You are poorer by an eye—

Cam. (*With a movement of impatience.*) Joseph Quevedo !
Why do you count the furrows on my brow,
And tell the scanty hairs upon my temples ?

Quev. I meant no harm, good friend : I only meant
That times are changed, and we are changed with them.
You are no more the tall and graceful stripling,
The ladies' favourite, the nobles' pride—
No longer that Camoëns which you were.

Cam. It is most true. But say my strength is broken,
Say that my life has been an idle dream—
You at the least were never made my keeper,
And no Quevedo shall be judge o'er me.

Quev. (*Aside.*) St Jago ! Fool ! were't not for Perez' sake
I'd teach that pride to bend !

(*Aloud.*) Your speech is rough :

I had expected a less stern reception,
A milder greeting. But I see you are ill :
Were it not so, you would have bid me welcome—
Would have recall'd the memory of old days,
Your father's mansion, and the times of youth—
Our dances on the turf—the ancient lime-tree.
We used to climb, where you were always highest—
Or how we play'd the huntsman and the deer,
The one before, the rest behind, with shouts
Following like hounds—you recollect ?

Cam. Well ! well !

Quev. And how in autumn we at times would break
Into the garden, pilfering fruit, and how
The surly gardener came and storm'd and scolded.

Cam. (*with a faint smile.*)

Ay, ay ! I know : we were wild youths of old !

Quev. And the steep summit of the little hill
Storm'd by one youthful squadron, and defended
Heroically by another :—swellings
Large as hen's eggs on every arm.

Cam. (*Pointing to his breast.*) This scar
Dates from that time.

Quev. O mercy ! more's the pity.
Then, too, we ventured more than legs and arms :
The river's tempting waters once allured us—
We ventured not at first, but you—

Cam. (*with emotion.*) Yes, I !

I was the first : you stood and hesitated—
I threw myself exulting in, and struggled
With the wild waves until my arm subdued them—
Till on their subject-backs far out I rode,
Far from the shore, where ye were calling loud
In fear. O fair, O fresh, O joyful time !

(*After a pause.*) Come here ! Reach me thy hand. You know our
natures

Stood ever out in hostile opposition.
You seem'd to me—and yet perhaps you are not
What you appear'd—Come here—You were of yore
My playmate. You have tasted joy beside me ;
And now, on the dark evening of my life,
You bring the glittering morning back anew.
Ah me ! I am so much alone, that were you
My deadly enemy, I must embrace you.

Quev. (*after a pause, drying his eyes.*)
How fared it with you, then, since last we met ?
You know I never saw you since my father
Removed me, ere I thought of it, from Calvas,

And brought me to Figuera. After that
No more of play—the day of labour came.

Cam. My fortune led me early to Coimbra,
The sanctuary of knowledge and of art.
The strains of Homer and the Mantuan's lay,
These sounded in mine ear. With conquering power
The charm of beauty seized upon my soul :
What formless in me lay assumed a form ;
The dull grew clear, the dead awoke to life,
Dim longings for the future stirr'd within me,
And blissful auguries flash'd across my breast.

Quev. Study, my friend, was never my department ;
My college was a merchant's counting-house.
Yet he knew something—he had learn'd to calculate !

Cam. But years roll'd on, and the restraint of schools,
The gloomy lecture-rooms grew all too narrow ;
I follow'd tremblingly my spirit's prompting.
I came to Lisbon ; saw its courtly splendour ;
Beheld the monarch glittering like the sun,
And all the stars of empire sparkling round him—
While I stood dazzled in the distance, deeming
The whole a dream, and dared not venture nigh.

Quev. Just such were my sensations, when I first
Beheld the crowded mart and wide exchange.

Cam. Then I beheld HER, and a cloud o'ercast
The glittering throne, the courtly pomp and splendour ;
And as God's breath into the weltering chaos
Infused the germ of life, the blessed light,
So shot her spring-like glance into my soul,
And from its depths another Eden sprang.
O she was fair ! so shrinks the budding rose
Before the breath of air, the kiss of light,
And blushes at its bloom, and blooms the fairer :
And what the rose conceals within its bosom,
She too, a fairer rose, conceal'd within—
For her pure soul was as a drop of dew.

Quev. I felt like you ! The merchant's only child,
A pretty gentle maiden, touch'd my heart :
Her father had enough, and she was free ;
And I was saving—not unhandsome neither—

Camœns. We loved. Our love was like a chord of music,
Such as the wind that sweeps a lute draws forth,
Meeting a passive echo from another :
It was a vision such as blessed spirits
Dream on in heaven, their earthly days recalling.
It was a gleam such as the lightning darts,
That flashes, dazzles, and dissolves in darkness.

Quev. I, for my part, obtain'd the father's favour—
He gave consent ; and I, much envied, led
The handsome merchant's daughter to the altar.

Cam. O happy he who wins the meed of love ;
Alas ! I won it not ; for we were parted.
She wither'd in a convent's dreary walls,
And died too soon the flowery death of longing.
But me the stream of life swept forth : the cry
Of war rang through the land : a knightly death
Inviting lay before me. Forth I fared.
I saw Morocco, fought at Ceuta's storm,
And left an eye behind—but not my life.

Quev. No happier lot was mine. My dear wife died ;
And long it was—for I was drown'd in grief—
Ere her succession could afford me comfort.

Cam. I, too, found comfort. As I lay within
 The gloomy lazaret—thick bandages
 Wrapp'd round a countenance that shunn'd the day,
 And night alike around me and within—
 Something came o'er me—how shall I express it?
 That, like the breath of heaven, came streaming down
 Clear as the fire, yet mild as evening's gleam;
 Warm as the glowing sun, yet moist as tears;—
 As thunder loud, yet soft as angels' harps;
 A sense within, and yet without me too;—
 And nearer yet and nearer still it drew:
 It seized on me—it bore me up on high,
 Till consciousness forsook me. When I woke
 I felt no more alone—no more forsaken.
 My earliest lay lay bathed in tears before me,
 And all grew bright amidst my night of blindness.
 Raised on the wings of song, my spirit found
 Comfort with God. I sang, and I forgot.

Quev. I found my comfort, as I said, in money;
 I laid it out on wares, lent it on pledge;
 Embark'd in many a bustling trade and venture,
 And, minding trifles, I grew rich at last.
 But whether did life's current float you, friend?

Cam. I shunn'd the land that held *her* dear remains—
 The land that had disown'd me and forgotten—
 And sought the distant shores of India.
 There, 'midst the eternal spring of that bright zone,
 Flow'd forth the lay of Portugal's renown,
 And found an echo on the banks of Tagus.
 Once more through Europe Vasco's name was heard;
 And the far distant Thule's gloomy shores
 Rang with the Lusiad's victorious lay.

Quev. And did it bring you much? They tell us here——

Cam. (*in strong agitation.*) It brought me persecution, envy,
 hate;—

The lips that praised the sires, it seem'd, must keep
 Silence, nor hint at their descendants' fall.
 They could not bear that my too faithful verse
 Had painted them as dwarfs beside the giant;—
 And so the beings whom I loved disown'd me—
 The land my strain had glorified betray'd me,
 And mine own Portugal rejected me.
 (*After a pause.*)—I am a man, and loathe all weak complaints;
 But this last wound struck through my heart too deeply;
 It will not heal; its pang is everlasting—
 As sharp and glowing now as at the hour
 When Portugal first spurn'd her poet from her.

Quev. Be calm. Forget the past. Whose speculations
 Fail not at times? We all commit mistakes;
 But what fails now succeeds another time.

Cam. Even so for me once more the sun of fortune
 Uprose, and spread around a golden dawn.
 His father's throne the great Sebastian mounted;
 The youthful hero's eagle glance descended
 Into the night and darkness of my prison;
 The chains that fetter'd me fell off; his beck
 Invited me to life and light again.
 Spring bloom'd anew within my wither'd breast.
 Then came the fatal day of Alcazar;
 And our king fell, the victim of his courage:
 Ill-omen'd day, that gave his orphan'd land—

His Portugal—into the Spaniard's hands.

O wherefore was I doom'd to overlive it!

Quev. An evil day indeed; and worse have follow'd.
For you, at least, they brought but little good.

Cam. The sun was set that cheer'd my day, and now
The dark and cheerless eve came closing in.

So praised, so honour'd once, and now forsaken,—

Once rich, now poor—desert repaid with want.

Such is the course of the world!—

One friend alone remain'd—he was a slave.

Oft had I call'd him in my wrath, black dog;

But now, when fortune's current had run dry,

It was his daily earnings that sustain'd me;

'Twas he that nursed me, sat beside my bed,

And spoke to me with thousand words of kindness.

He begg'd for me when his own strength gave way,

And died for me at last—the poor black creature.

God saw, and will reward him! Rest in peace,

Thou last of those that loved me upon earth!

O vain is fortune: life an empty knell;

Who rests within the grave alone sleeps well!

Quev. (aside.) Methinks the time is come to speak my purpose.

(Aloud.) Ah! my poor friend, ill has it fared with thee.—

Now listen to my errand—grant my prayer.

Forsake this hospital: become my inmate.

My house is furnish'd well for many guests,

And I am rich. Camoëns, come to me!

Sleep off with me the weary toil of life,

And share with me my superfluity.

Camoëns, dost thou hear me?

Cam. (hesitating.) I—thy guest!—

Thou mean'st it well, Quevedo. I believe

Thou mean'st it well. I thank thee for thy kindness.

But here I am contented. Leave me here;

Why should I cross thy threshold but to be

A burden unto thee, as to myself?

Quev. The friend a burden to the friend! Oh, no!

Nay, let me tell thee candidly, thy counsel

And thy assistance may be useful to me.

Cam. My aid? My counsel? How can I assist thee?

Quev. Friend, hear my narrative, and then decide.

I have a son, my hope and pride; he grew

To blooming youth beside me: I beheld him

In fancy adding to his father's stores,

And building up the fabric I had founded;

But suddenly, as if by madness seized,

Did he forsake the peaceful path of trade:

Despising gold, he revels among parchments,

And lives and moves in Art and Poesy!

Cam. Madness! Sheer madness!

Quev. So I told him—but

He hears no warning, no advice; he thinks

The Muses' service must be paradise.

Camoëns. So dream they all; and yet 'tis but a dream!

Quev. In vain I have besieged him with entreaties—

My words were wasted: this it is that grieves me.

His madness seems incurable; and yet

Could he but see how thou has been rewarded—

See *thee*, the model he admires—and here—

Perhaps—

Cam. He *shall* behold me. Send him hither:

He shall be cured of his insane delusion—

My fate shall be a solemn warning to him.

Quev. Thou wilt advise him :—thou wilt warn him then ?

Cam. That will I : send him hither.

Quev. He is close

At hand, and will be here anon : I trust

He will bring Camoëns back a welcome guest

Unto his father's mansion. Promise me :

Say thou wilt come ?

Cam. It may be so. Farewell.

Quev. Farewell, good friend. (*Aside.*) So that succeeded well.

SCENE III.

Cam. (*after a pause.*) I am exhausted. Frost and fever chase
Each other through me. Twilight dims my eye.
Is not this death that doth announce his coming,
Ere from my lips he kiss the breath away ?

Catharine is dead. Hassan is gone. I stand
Forlorn upon the margin of the grave.
The simple citizen, in peaceful toil,
Contented to add day to day, and walk
With modest step the path his fathers trode—
He, when the wing of Death is waved above him,
Expires amidst the circle of his own,
In his wife's arms, whom he had loved on earth ;
Amidst the children whom she bore to him ;
By all around beloved—by all lamented ;
And, when the latest breath of life departs,
Love's gentle hand is near to close his eye.
But I—O madness that hath blinded me—
I lived alone through life—alone I die !

Methought I bore a treasure, when the storm
On China's shores our quivering vessel caught,
And crack'd its haughty masts like wither'd reeds,
And dash'd its hull against the rocks—a treasure
Which high above the waves my hand upheld.
I let the tempest sweep my stores away,
And bore my *Lusiad* smiling to the land.
Unhappy strain, first offspring of my soul ;
Unhappy wreath, that bound the poet's brow !
For you I bade defiance to my fate—
For you renounced the peaceful joys of life—
Through you, by sad experience, I have learn'd
There is no real bliss,—except to dwell
In reconciliation with reality,
And live unenvied and unenvying !

(*After a pause.*) I freeze ! a shudder runs through all my bones.
Camoëns dies. Who, at this latest hour,
Stands by him to refresh or to console ?
The past is night—the future, too, is night—
The spirit broken—strength and faith declining—
The wreaths of glory withering in the dust.
What has my life been ? Madness and delusion.
And now the vision which allured me on
Fades into vapour ; and a voice proclaims
The fruit of dreaming life must be a dream !

[*Sinks back exhausted in the arm-chair.*

SCENE IV.

CAMOËNS. PEREZ QUEVEDO (*entering hastily*.)

Perez. 'Twas here, they said—'twas here that I should find him—
 And here he is. 'Tis he indeed. So floated
 His form in dreams before me—bolder only—
 His eye resplendent with a brighter fire,
 And proudly eminent that sunken head.
 No matter: It is he. If age have bent him,
 His visage bears the stamp of his high strain.
 Angels have kiss'd that mouth!
 (*Advancing towards CAMOËNS.*) Don Luis, I salute thee.

Cam.

Speak, who art thou?

Perez. Quevedo's son, and Perez is my name.*Cam.* Quevedo's son!*Perez.* Yes, gentle sir, I am.

My father sends me hither to conduct you
 Where friendship offers a more fitting shelter.
 Come I too soon?

Cam. Had you been one hour later,
 You had come too late. Come nearer. Look on me.
 Death's angel stands already by my side.
 My time is wellnigh run. But you shall hear
 A dying man's last counsel, and preserve it
 Deep in your youthful breast.

Perez. It cannot be!
 Dying!—Camoëns dying!—say not so!

Cam. The time is precious. Listen to me, boy.
 Thou wouldst devote thee to the Muses' service,
 Thy father said:—spoke he the truth?

Perez.

He did.

Cam. Pause ere you choose: the choice is one for life.
 You are young; your soul, a stranger yet to earth,
 Is drawn by natural longings to the skies.
 And because poesy is dear to thee,
 It springs, as doth thy soul itself from heaven.
 But love ensures not strength; intelligence
 Is not creation; search, discovery—

Perez. I know well to receive is not to give!*Cam.* Then since it is so, search into thy heart!

Whate'er incites thee—be it vanity;—
 The child's propensity to imitation;—
 The fever'd action of too youthful blood;—
 The irritation of excited nerves—
 Be not deceived. The player's art, the speaker's
 May be acquired; but nature doth accomplish
 The poet's soul. His greatness is inborn.
 It comes from heaven, even as it heavenward tends.

Perez. (*After a short pause.*) I know not what I am; but how I have
 Become the thing I am, I can unfold.

A quiet boy—books my delight—I grew
 Up dreaming—the soul's eye turn'd inwardly,—
 I wander'd blindly on through life. To me
 The calm of moonlight was companionship;
 The solitudes spoke to me; the loud voice
 Of busy day died on my ear; my heart
 Turn'd with aversion from my father's calling.
 I felt a longing, but it had no name—
 When all at once the *Lusiad's* strain was heard,
 And from my spirit's budding green, broke forth

The silently matured and shrinking flower.
 No more of doubt:—No room for choice. I read
 In my soul's depth these words of fire engraven:—
 "Him shalt thou follow!" Every pulse re-echo'd,
 "Him shalt thou follow!" Blindly I obey'd.
 Then tell me, am I—am I—not a poet?

Cam. By Heaven, thine eye doth flash as if thou wert!
 Perchance—Yet were it true—O yet return—
 Return unto the path which thou hast quitted.
 Fate means thee well. Follow thy calling. Trust
 To him who speaks from sad experience,
 Far from the poet's path dwells happiness.

Perez. Let me deserve, and I can bear to want it.

Cam. The phantom of renown perhaps allures thee;
 Thou would'st adorn thy brow with laurels, set
 Upon thy haughty head a starry crown;
 But garlands wither, stars become extinct:
 Will fame compensate for life thrown away?
 What is't to him who slumbers in the grave,
 That on his monument is graven, not
 That he lived happily, but that he lived!

Perez. I've seen the laurel bind unworthy brows,
 I've seen the garland of desert stript leafless,
 Young as I am. It is not glory lures me:
 My thoughts, my longings, are for higher things.

Cam. Higher than riches, happiness, renown?
 What seek'st thou? What dost covet more?

Perez. Long years
 I've borne the feeling in my breast conceal'd;
 To thee, th' initiated, I may confess
 The high and lofty wish that lives within me.
 Not happiness—not laurels; but to be
 An instrument to elevate the world—
 The dawn that heralds the victorious sun;—
 In every breast that radiant fire to kindle,
 That burns so starry clear within mine own;
 Amidst the din of factions to impart
 Strength to the cause of right, to truth a voice.
 This surely is no dream, no fantasy;
 And this my mission is, my destiny.

Cam. O youthful hope! on seraph wings upborne,
 How little reck'st thou of the course of the world!
 Thou would'st uplift men's looks to heaven, would'st kindle
 Their inspiration? Who can kindle ice,
 Or pierce with harmonies the deaf-born ear?

Perez. Thou, thou hast done it. O believe my words!
 For never did I feel as at this hour:—
 Believe me; God himself speaks from my lips—
 Thou hast inspired them; thy heroic strain,
 Even as its magic overmaster'd me,
 Has roused, inflamed, and animated thousands.
 In thousand hearts the thought of thee lives on;
 And though thine earthly part must disappear,
 Thou hast lived;—and thou wilt live for after ages;
 For the true poet's work can never die.

Cam. (with agitation.) His eye is flashing, and his cheek is flush'd.
 Prophetic are his words. I feel my heart
 Heave with triumphant consciousness of joy.
 Has Heaven directed this kind youth to me?

(After a pause—relapsing into melancholy, and addressing PEREZ.)
 Thy glance glides onward to the distant future.
 But look upon the present. Look on me—
 On me, the poet of the *Lusiad*—

The prey of want, the sport of persecution,
Expiring in an hospital. Even so—
The world rewards the poet's inspiration.
Then shun my path, O shun the poet's meed !

Perez. I shun it ! No. If poverty and scorn
Be virtue's meed, then suffering is an honour ;
The crown of thorns becomes a laurel wreath ;
And death, even in an hospital, is glory.
Let me be like Camoëns ; let me rouse
My nation from its sleep—exalt my age,
An end like his will have no terrors for me,
Had I but lived—had I but wrought like him !

Cam. (rousing himself.) By the grave's breath which dims mine eye
already ;

By all a poet's checker'd joys and griefs ;
By all the holy visions that have haunted,
The dreams of victory that heaved his breast,
Thou wilt be such. So wilt thou live—so labour.
Not selfishness, not vanity impels thee,
But God himself hath call'd thee to the task.
Thine aim is towards the highest ; and I feel
Thou wilt attain it, for thy heart is pure !

Perez. Attain it, say'st thou ? I too long—Eternal heaven !
O speak the truth ! Say—shall I be a poet ?

Cam. Thou art one.

Trust thyself. Think of this hour

When destiny deals hardly with thy life,
And poverty stands lowering in thy way.
Think that the words thy lips have breathed dispersed
The clouds before Camoëns' eye ; that dying,
And by the gloomy night of doubt surrounded,
He felt his spirit by thy spirit roused,
And in thy youthful fire revived his own.
Think of this hour ; think of the trembling hand
That consecrated thee to poesy,
And keep thy course. Life calls thee to the struggle.
Move on to thy meridian, rising sun,
For that of Camoëns drops into the grave.

Perez. Thou canst not perish ; for thy lay survives thee,
And immortality invests thy name.

Cam. It doth : I feel its consecrating power.

I was a poet, and I was so wholly.
Why do I chide my sufferings ? They were blessings :
God did implant them in my breast to teach me
The poet's heart must bleed before it ripens.
My auguries have been verified : my life
Has not like chaff been scatter'd to the wind ;
Nor dies it with this span of time,—consoled,
I can approach the eternal throne, and feel
The crop is rising which my strains have sown.
My dreams are crown'd with immortality.

Perez. What means that look—what means that flashing eye ?

Cam. Leave me alone. My spirit plumes her wings
And leaves behind earth's dark and cloudy sea.
She bears me upwards.

[*He raises himself up, supported by PEREZ. While he speaks, a cloud descends upon the stage, amidst distant music. It separates, and displays a female figure, bearing in one hand a laurel wreath, in the other, the colours of Portugal, which she waves above CAMOËNS.*

—Sphere-like music sounds,

And soft spiritual air comes breathing by me ;
 Light shines about me—light ineffable ;
 Heaven opens, and angelic hosts descend ;
 My eye beholds my long-lost Catharine's face—
 She comes to wreath the garland round my brow—
 She waves the flag of Portugal above me.
 Triumph my country, thine avenger wakes ;
 Thou'lt burst again the Spaniard's yoke, and bend
 In loyal homage to thy rightful kings.
 Long has the night been, but one hour of waking
 Shall come ; and in thy strength thou shalt arise,
 Strong in endurance, strong in unity—
 Bright in the sunshine of prosperity.

[*The vision disappears behind the closing clouds.*]

Ah ! movest thou to thy home, sweet form ? O take me—
 Take me with thee ! I hear the songs of bliss ;
 The fetters fall off from me—light—more light.

[*He sinks back lifeless on the couch ; his countenance,
 which is turned towards PEREZ, placid and tranquil.*]

VANITIES IN VERSE.

By B. SIMMONS.

I.

A VIGIL.

BYRON !—Rousseau !—and thou the youngest and
 Yet oldest in affliction—Shelley ! ye
 Whose bread was bitterness, I here command
 Your presence, Misery's immortal Three !
 For if henceforth the torn heart's agony—
 The never-resting vulture's torture fell—
 If trust betray'd—youth blighted—life lost, be
 O'er the grim portals of the past a spell,
 Come from your heaven—ay—or from the bigot's hell !

Were ye not born with love for ever rushing
 And leaping through your being's deepest blood ?
 Sought ye not vain as ceaselessly the gushing
 Of human sympathy's forbidden flood ?
 Across the music of your softest mood
 Did not the world its grating discord send ?
 Then may I claim with ye sad brotherhood—
 Unloved, I love—faithful, I find no friend—
 And life with me, as ye, wanes lonely to its end.

Then come and watch with me—for, like ye, I
 Drunken with sadness have raved forth in song—
 And if not, haply, so transcendently
 That my voice peals the universe along
 Yet can I speak your language, lonely throng !
 And see—like yours—my cheek is wan and wet—
 And my heart, too, is broken with its wrong—
 Then come with your sad smiles, and say, there yet
 Exists a shadowy land for those who would forget.

II.

TO A BEAUTIFUL GIRL,

On her exhibiting a copy she had taken of a head from Raphael's great picture
—THE TRANSFIGURATION—and asking, “Was not that painter inspired?”

INSPIRED!—could he, the Stoic cold,
The sceptred scoffer at whose word,
(To falsify the doom foretold
By sinful earth's offended Lord,
'Mid shuddering nature's threats, in vain,
The Temple stones were rear'd again ; *
Could he, fair girl, this instant see
That draft of glory sketch'd by thee
From SANZIO's awful picture, where
He flash'd the Saviour on our sight,
So all divinely grand, we dare
Not trust sensation to declare
If God or painter be more bright—

Could JULIAN—deep his master-mind
By taste and genius was refined—
Behold thee, as thou standest now,
Holding thy wondrous effort up ;
With hands upraised and lifted brow,
As Hebé holds to Jove the cup,
Thy soul so fill'd with that bright Art,
It seems prepared thy frame to part,
And struggling with the soft embrace
Of thy light figure's wavy grace,—
Thy dark eyes flashing, and thy hair
Lending its shadows to the air,
That else were all too lustrous, while
Thy rosy lips, half open, wear
Pride mix'd with Love's triumphant smile:—

If thus, O bright One! thou could'st beam
Upon that veriest sceptic's gaze,
His unbelief, like sudden dream,
Would melt to worship and amaze ;
And he would own the Faith whose power
Fills and enfolds thee in this hour
With such soft radiance, as in June
Lights up the young delicious moon—
And he whose glorious hand it fired,
The immortal Painter, were—*inspired*.

III.

BALLAD.†

If ever my wild spirit burns
Ungovernably bright,
And every human trammel spurns

As summer breezes light,
Laughs at the hollow herd it scorns,
And revels in its might—

* The Emperor Julian—called by Christian writers the Apostate—to disprove the prediction in the Gospel, he ordered the Temple at Jerusalem to be rebuilt, but, from some natural or miraculous cause, the design was defeated.

† Suggested while swimming in Bantry Bay, Ireland.

It is when casting off in mirth
The garments of man's shame—
Standing a moment on the earth
As debtless and the same
As when I owed her at my birth,
Not even that sound, my name—

I spring forth from her rocky side
Into the moaning sea;
That crash and clash of waters wide
Is music unto me!
How the bold billows that I ride
Career it gallantly!

And how my buoyant senses bound
To feel themselves abroad
Upon the waves that roll around
The mountain thrones of God,
'Mid surges that in thunder sound
Beneath his tempest rod!

O could I stem the world's dark wave
As fearlessly and free
As thus my watery way I cleave!
But it may never be—
Then give me back the billows brave!
Their wings of foam for me!

IV.

TO A LOVER OF FLOWERS.

1.
STILL, gentle Lady, cherish flowers—
True fairy friends are they,
On whom of all thy cloudless hours
Not one is thrown away,
By them, unlike man's ruder race,
No care conferr'd is spurn'd,
But all thy fond and fostering grace
A thousand-fold return'd.

2.
The Rose repays thee all thy smiles—
The stainless lily rears
Dew in the chalice of its wiles
As sparkling as thy tears.
The glances of thy gladd'ning eyes
Not thanklessly are pour'd;
In the blue Violet's tender dyes
Behold them all restored.

3.
Yon bright Carnation—once thy cheek
Bent o'er it in the bud;
And back it gives thy blushes meek
In one rejoicing flood!
That Balm has treasured all thy sigh,
That Snowdrop touch'd thy brow,
Thus, not a charm of thine shall die
Thy painted people vow.*

V.

IMPROMPTU,

ON BEING REPROACHED WITH INDIFFERENCE TO ROSSINI'S MUSIC.

1.
SING me thy simple ballad songs—
That rich Italian lay
To halls of revelry belongs
Where gladness meets the gay.
But in this pleasant moonlight hour,
While lean the roses in
Through the green lattice of thy
bower,
Bravuras were a sin!

2.
Another time that overture—
But now "the Banks of Ayr"
Best *harmonizes* with the pure
Pale jasmine in thy hair.
Yes, in this quiet cottage-room,
'Mid books and sculpture's sheen,
Fill'd with the mignonette's perfume,
Bravuras were a sin.

* "Queen Lilies and *ye painted populace*
That live in fields and lead ambrosial lives."

YOUNG.

THE METROPOLITAN STAGE.*

MEN may make professions, but there are unquestionably professions which make men. Painters are uniformly a fantastic race, jealous, capricious, and anxious, alike in and out of their painting rooms. Musicians, too, are a fantastic race, always brooding over imaginary neglects, irritated by imaginary injuries, and desperately determining once a week never to write a stave, or draw a bow, and thus punish the world for its injustice to the first of geniuses, in his own estimate. But the theatrical people, in all their grades, are the most fantastic of all. Of course there are exceptions among these classes—painters who never wish the Royal Academy at the bottom of the Thames—fiddlers who are content with their wages—and actors who think themselves lucky in getting any engagement whatever. But the most fantastical of the whole race, and of all mankind, are the lessees and managers, or by whatever other names, out of Bedlam, may be called those ultra-adventurous persons who hire theatres from that scarcely less unlucky species of mankind who have theatres to let. It is an established maxim, that there never was a theatre, however ruinous, which could not find some one mad enough to take it. Though it had made the last ten managers bankrupt, though as many hundred creditors were filling the world with outcries at their ruin; and though a Chancery suit—that last human accumulation of calamity—were in the fifth year of its progress, with no hope of a decision for fifty years to come; still, no sooner is the theatre announced to be in want of a lessee, than he is found; the man who has

"Eaten of the insane herb
That takes the reason prisoner,"

comes forward, offers ten or twenty thousand pounds a-year for an establishment which has never repaid half the money; pronounces that all the past failures were the fruits of blundering on the part of "the fools, his prede-

cessors;" that his own mode of settling affairs is the sure way to renown: expends his capital in the first three months, his credit in the next three, the patience of the public in the next; and having thus handsomely quartered the year, reserving the final portion for quarrels with the actors, suits with the creditors, and attempts to get a new term from the proprietors by new "promises to pay," he makes his exit into the Queen's Bench. There he is not long solitary; he has left his place to be occupied by a successor within the next fortnight, equally sanguine, equally mad, equally luckless, who rejoins him among her Majesty's *detenus* duly at the end of the season. Thus the wheel goes round.

But there is an end of every thing in time. The two great theatres are now likely to be without even a lessee. Mr Bunn, at least, seems to think so. And he is authority of no slight experience; for he has been a manager for years in both the islands, has alternately governed each of the theatres, we believe; has at last ruled both together, and after the "repeal of the union," has left both to what he pronounces their inevitable ruin; having had his own to occupy his attention. The prophecy seems tolerably near its completion; for Drury Lane is shut up—has ceased to be a theatre for the "Legitimate Drama," or any other, and is, at present, in the hands of a French quadrille player, or some such personage, and opens nightly as a concert room. Covent Garden has been, for the last year, in the hands of Madame Vestris, whose farewell speech to the audience declared the season to have been a "losing one," though she "hoped to have the public patronage" for another year's experiment; which will probably settle all questions with the surviving theatre. Mr Bunn has the further advantage of being a shrewd, lively, and poignant historian of his own disasters, and the absurdities of all others. He writes now and then like an angry

* "The Stage, both Before and Behind the Curtain. From Observations taken upon the spot, by Alfred Bunn, late lessee of the Theatres-Royal Drury Lane and Covent Garden." 3 vols.

man, and few men have had better reason for being angry. Hé is sometimes compelled to plunge into black-letter and talk of patents and parchments, like a lawyer; a style which would have made Democritus himself melancholy. But when he can get rid of these intolerable topics, and talk of men, women, and actors, (a third class of existence, curiously distinct from both the former,) he is alert, anecdotal, and very entertaining.

But these are odd times. An advertisement at the beginning of the volumes announces that the publisher differs with the author. The point is the merits of the Garrick club, which Mr Bunn pronounces to be a sort of "ear of Dionysius," or, to speak more profanely, a "gossip-shop" for the malecontents of the theatres, and the subscribers who are fools enough to listen to them. His publisher is startled at this plainness of speech, and enters a caveat against the consequences. He states himself a member of the club aggrieved, humbly thinks that Mr Bunn's authorship is no authority. But we would "take the ghost's word for a thousand pounds." The Garrick club is "a gossip-shop," and that is the honest truth, and not, some think, the worse of it for that reason; for what else is any club, or can any club be? except they are of that very sublime order which prescribes cold coffee, sullen looks, and profound silence, as the essentials of society. There are clubs in London where a gravity is observed, worthy of a churchyard. It must be admitted, on the other hand, that their stupidity is no necessary part of the foundation; and that if every one of them were modelled on the idea that men are actually human beings, that tongues were intended for speech, and that a slight inclination to mutual civilities is not a deadly breach of *bienséance*, they would not be an atom the less agreeable. And this absurd moroseness is not limited to the frown which the regular club-man puts on at the sight of some unlucky country gentleman or wanderer from the universities making his melancholy tour of the magnificent saloons, and desiring to have something else to talk to than the list-stuffed stool, or the softest pillowed sofa. All fare nearly alike. We remember it to have been the complaint

of Hope, the author of *Anastasius*—a man of fortune and fame—that, except when he happened to meet a personal friend, he had no more chance of conversation in one of the principal clubs (an expressly literary one which he named) than in a charnel. So, on the whole, we wish that, whatever may be the gossip of the Garrick, the custom would extend, and that the clubs of London would make it *penal* henceforth for any member to keep silence on any subject on which he had any thing to say. We recommend the Garrick, in this essential point, as a "normal school" for all clubs metropolitan.

To come to Mr Bunn's share of present celebrity. He has dashed into the whole subject of stages, actors, and management, with all the fearlessness of one who has abundance of facts at his disposal, with a good deal of pungency touching men and things which happen to have stung him at any time, and with more acuteness and pleasantry than we expected to have found in a "book of wrongs." He walks through the world with a whip in his literary hand; sometimes, like a French postillion, cracking it for the mere enjoyment of the sound; at other times sporting it over the necks of the passers-by, as if to show how dexterously he might apply it upon due occasion; but, at others, laying it on with a keenness which will make the sufferers remember him with much more sensibility than tenderness. He hates Macready, and hunts down his victim with a sort of exulting vengeance; others he involves, more or less, in his vengeance; and, as the result, supplies the world with the most unanswerable evidence that there is a little world within the walls of theatres, as busy and as bitter, as perplexing and as puzzled, as if it were managed by her Majesty's ministers, and consisted of mimics playing alternately at Windsor and Whitehall, instead of mimics rambling from Drury Lane to Covent Garden, and from Covent Garden to Drury Lane.

We have certainly no wish to talk politics in talking of theatres; and yet they come across us even in the midst of painted curtains, caged lions, and those not less hazardous and unruly appendages to the stage, called actors and actresses. For the last fifty years, Whiggism has had "a finger

in every pie," and has, of course, spoiled every one. The burning down of Drury Lane theatre, now upwards of thirty years ago, offered a new opportunity for the Whigs to show their capacity for blundering. Poor Sheridan, who hated the Whigs in his soul, who always laughed at them, and who, knowing them thoroughly, shut the gates of power on them at the first instant when they had a chance of doing the country any ministerial mischief, was yet, unluckily for himself, nominally a Whig; and when he was ruined by the fire, the Whigs took upon themselves the duty of making the ruin irreparable, by assuming the management of his theatre. Accordingly, in 1812, it was put into the hands of a Whig committee, consisting of Lord Holland and a coterie of others, equally profound and popular, equally distinguished for literature, and equally capable of managing their own concerns. But among them was one man whose name threw a light on their darkness, and relieved the committee at least of ridicule. Lord Byron condescended to take this trouble; and his sagacity saw that Whiggism had no sooner begun than it had finished all hope of succeeding. In a letter to his friend Moore, he thus describes their stage achievements:—

"I wished, and wish you were in the committee, with all my heart. It seems so hopeless a business, that the company of a friend would be quite consoling. My new fuction consists in listening to the despair of Cavendish Bradshaw, the hopes of Kinnaid, the wishes of Lord Essex, the complaints of Whitbread, and the calculations of Peter Moore, all of which and whom seem totally at variance. C. Bradshaw wants to light the theatre with gas, which may (if the vulgar be believed) poison half the audience, and all the *dramatis personæ*. Essex has endeavoured to persuade Kean *not* to get drunk; the consequence of which is, that he has never been sober since. Kinnaid, with equal success, would have convinced Raymond that he, the said Raymond, had *too much* salary. Whitbread wants us to assess the Pit another sixpence—a d——d insidious proposition—which will end in an O. P. combustion. To crown all, Robins the auctioneer has the impudence to be displeased because he has no dividend. The man is a proprietor of shares, and a long-lunged orator at the meetings."

All this represents a happy condition of things; and yet all this went on while the theatre was actually in the progress of its most fortunate period. Kean had created a theatrical mania; and John Bull had poured all his superfluous shillings into the theatrical purse—sixty-eight nights of one season (1814) having produced the extraordinary average of L.484 a night, or L.32,942 in all. Yet such was the Whig finance, that the theatre closed with an actual loss of L.20,000! And such were the vexations attendant on it, that Whitbread's melancholy suicide was attributed to his disappointment at the result of his superintendence. If this was the case—which we have never heard doubted—the management was a national evil. Whitbread was, by far, the best of the Whigs. He was, we even believe, as honest as it is possible for a Whig to be;—that is, as honest as it is possible to be, in connexion with the party whose motto is falsehood—whose principle of popularity is always to pamper the follies of the populace—and whose system of power has always been to get place by every artifice of the individual, and retain it by every hazard of the country. It is remarkable, and instructive at the same time, that Whitbread, though the brother-in-law of Lord Grey—a noble lord by no means conspicuous for too much self-denial where family patronage is concerned—never had any share in Whig office. His wealth was not the reason; for richer men took their pay with sufficient regularity. His indolence was as little the reason; for no man was fonder of labour. His want of parliamentary effect could not be assigned; for he was, beyond all comparison, the best speaker of his party, after the death of Fox. His want of hereditary rank will not solve the question; for the man to whom Lord Grey's sister was gladly given in marriage, could not be frowned down even by the grim aristocracy of Lord Grey—himself a very *new* man. No allowable reason is thus to be found, but that he was too straightforward to be entrusted with the manœuvres of the tribe. On the 6th of July 1815, he was found dead in his chamber, frightfully mutilated, and with the razor in his hand. The act was universally ascribed to a temporary insanity brought on by the inexplicable

and inextricable embarrassments of Drury Lane.

The life of theatres gives occasions of character which are sometimes amusing. Shiel, the author of several plays a few years ago, one day being present at a rehearsal, where Young was playing the hero, intending to give peculiar effect to a "situation," cried out, as Mr Bunn says, "with genuine Hibernian accent and emphasis, 'Here, Mr Young, you must draw your sword, and find you have *not got one*.'"

Why is it that, among the crowd of theatrical biographies, no busy pen has ever *biographised* the late manager, Elliston? He comes into these memoirs, chiefly as having given the stage management, in 1823, to the writer. We wish, for the sake of all oddity and pleasantry, that the *protégé* would give us a memoir of the patron. He has the additional charm to Mr Bunn of having held Macready very cheap on all occasions. To take one instance, as amusing as characteristic:—

"Elliston had the proper worship for true genius, but the proper contempt for *pseudo* genius; and he never gave a better proof of his discernment than one evening, when, on entering the green-room, he was accosted in the most supercilious manner by a performer, (Macready,) dressed for the character of *Rob Roy*, (a part which the *histrio* deemed derogatory to his reputation, though it was the making of it,) with, 'Pray, Mr Elliston, when do we act *Shakspeare*?' and he pithily replied to this very magnificent three-tailed bashaw, '*When you can!*'"

Kean, too, had his style of treading on the toes of the actor in question—to the full as expressive as Elliston's.

"I was extremely amused with a brief specimen of Shakspearian language addressed to me by both these gentlemen, after the curtain fell, on their first appearance together in the tragedy of *Othello*. Kean had a thorough contempt for Macready's acting; and the latter, affecting to be indignant at the mode in which Mr Kean had conducted himself, (in always keeping a step or two behind him, whereby the spectator had a full view of the one performer's countenance, and only a side view of the other,) bounced into my room, and at first vowed he would play with him no more. He finally wound up by saying, 'And, pray, what is the—next p-lay you expect me to appear in with that low—man.' I replied that I would send him

word. I went up into Kean's dressing-room, where I found him scraping the colour off his face, and sustaining the operation by copious draughts of cold brandy and water. On my asking him what play he would next appear in with Macready, he ejaculated, 'How the — should I know what the fellow plays in!'"

To return to Elliston. His extraordinary ease of manner seldom suffered him to have the slightest consideration of times or persons. On the proposal of erecting a monument to Shakspeare at Stratford-upon-Avon, the King, George IV., took a strong interest in the matter; and as he wished that the patentees of the theatre should be consulted, he, on one occasion, directed Sir Charles Long, Sir George Beaumont, and Sir Francis Freeling, to see Elliston. As soon as those distinguished individuals, who had come direct from, and were going direct back to the palace, had stated their object, Elliston replied, "Very well, gentlemen, leave the papers with me, and *I will talk over the business with his Majesty.*"

Another anecdote exhibits a sort of impudent ingenuity, which we suppose to be a talent much in requisition, at least amongst managers in the country.

In the Worcester theatre, Elliston had advertised for his benefit an extraordinary display of fireworks, such as Worcester had never seen; and which was to be the more extraordinary, as its only model was in his own imagination. Whether he was serious or not, whether he found the resources of Worcester unequal to such an effort, or whether he repented of his promise, the biographer has not ventured to decide. This, in other hands, might have produced an explosion of a very different character, for it is certain that no fireworks appeared on that stage; but Elliston had his expedient *in petto*. He had persuaded the landlord of the theatre, a man much respected in the town, to put his veto on the exhibition, as calculated to vitiate his insurance, and endanger the lives of the audience. The good easy man falling into the trap, went to the theatre with a party chiefly to hear the manager's explanation, when, to his horror and astonishment, Elliston threw the entire *onus* on his shoulders, and called upon him by name to verify his assertion from the box he was sitting in, at the same time lauding him

highly for his promptitude and precaution. He wound up his address in a tone of peculiar conciliation and bombast, which no other mortal could so well adopt, with, "But—(as if at least he was going to give them all their money back again)—Ladies and Gentlemen, I am happy to say, I have given directions to make up for any disappointment you may have experienced—'Band'—(looking down and pointing his finger, with an assumption of great authority, to three wretched fiddlers in the orchestra,)—'Band, play up God save the King—directly!' The old tabbies thanked him for his attention to the state of their nerves, while the younger branches of their families were disposed to believe and acquiesce in the propriety of every word he had uttered. The ignorant applauded him for the specious manner in which he had accounted for the omission of the particular amusement they had come to see, and the knowing ones roared outright at his ineffable impudence. The result was not merely exculpation, but enthusiastic approbation. There has been nothing like this since the days of Orpheus. But a hundred similar absurdities might be told of this very eccentric, yet clever personage. It probably has no right to derogate from his character for cleverness that he was finally ruined, *without* redress, after having gone through about twenty years of ruin *with* redress. The latter shows his ingenuity, as the former shows his fate. Every man who manages theatres *must* be ruined; the question of soon or late, is merely a matter of personal dexterity. Sheridan took forty years (about as many years as Mark Antony) to ruin. They were both clever fellows. Elliston took about twenty years. He was about half as clever as Sheridan. A manager was lately ruined in a month! His capacity was, of course, not above the average. Poor Miss Kelly, once really a very pleasant actress, and who, by a sort of miracle, had actually saved some money, began the management of a theatre on her own construction, a week or two since; and the theatre closed, within, as far as we know, between the Monday and the Saturday. We hope that she is not ruined. And we see some faint advertisements of her "opening the Walls of Thespis," or some such affair again, with the

additional irresistible charm of some new way of "hanging the scenes." We cordially wish she would find some way of hanging the advisers who have set her upon this most certain of all hazards. If she intends ever to live in peace, and die with a dividend in the bank, she will put all dreams of theatric finance out of her innocent head.

Elliston at length was utterly, unequivocally, returnlessly ruined. He struggled down into some minor theatres. It would not do; it was like breaking a tumble from a house on fire, by falling on a lamp-post. It was only breaking his bones half way. He might better have come to the pavement at once. It was like a rogue's volunteer jump from the scaffold, to be brought up by the noose. He had better have stayed where he was, perfectly sure that the law would do its work without his trouble.

The history of management *must* be written, if a lesson, at once moral and ludicrous, is not to be for ever lost to the world. We really recommend it to Mr Bunn's consideration, alike moral and ludicrous; but we have more of the same kind. Then came another manager, Bish, a well-known name in the Stock Exchange; who, as if the stocks had not hazard enough for his taste, prepared to try his chance of ruin with theatres. He must have a prodigious liking for adventure. It was said that Bish wanted nothing to complete his good luck, but purchasing the ownership of a "gunpowder mill." He had been in Parliament, from which he was obliged to withdraw in consequence of his being a lottery contractor. However, some protecting genius startled him in his theatrical speculations, and he escaped with some difficulty—the committee of management having at first intended to insist on his performing his covenant. This double dilemma produced an epigram:—

"With his houses, Tom Bish has had
 luck, there's no doubt of,
 A luck that will soon make his cramm'd
 pockets thin;
 When he's in for the house that he wants
 to be out of,
 And out of the house that he wants
 to be in."

Bish was at length *let off*; on condition of his paying £2000, a sum which, however reluctantly we may

suppose it to be discharged, was, we shall undertake to say, some of the best laid-out money that ever passed through his hands.

The next on the list was Price, an American dealer in theatres, in the wholesale style which Yankees love. Price had a grasp on every thing—a sort of Napoleon ambition of conquering round the world, and not suffering a theatrical drum to beat, nor a ranter to utter a groan at the Antipodes without his leave. He had been at the bar, such as it is, on the western shores of the Atlantic; and if bustling were business, and the act of attempting every thing in a fit of desperation were the art of succeeding in any, Price might have finally triumphed. But the Yankee can no more resist fate than can the Englishman. Price floundered on for a few years, and then followed the common descent. He found Drury Lane untenable, and finally acknowledged the natural law of managers; but the passion for making money with both hands, was curiously exemplified by this man of hurry. We remember an old caricature of Dutch avarice, in which Old Nick is seen carrying a Hollander on his back to his “place below,” while the Hollander offers to contract with him for *coals*. Price, as a London manager, must have felt it his interest to have as many good actors as he could, and at the least exorbitant salaries; but he had at the same time a theatre in New York, and for this theatre he was constantly employed in carrying off every actor of any value from London, and this with tempting offers; the necessary result being, that he, at once, diminished the number of actors here, and raised the salaries of those who remained.

Price, too, tried his skill in the management of Macready. Determining to dash at all kinds of performances, and engross all disposable actors in the beginning of his London career, he engaged this actor at the astounding salary of L.20 a-night. “Finding, however,” says Mr Bunn, “that he did not individually attract as many shillings, that the plays in which he was compelled to introduce him possessed no magnetic qualities except in the hands of such a genius as Mr Kean, and that putting him into new plays produced only the additional burden of authorship and outlay, he

cancelled his engagement sixteen nights before its expiration, by paying him twenty times as many pounds, L.320; a tolerable sacrifice to get rid of a bad bargain.”

That there are some very curious traits of habits and character to be gathered in the life of theatres, is known; but their oddities generally arise from a passion for doing things in a slipshod way. We have here an instance of the *contretemps* arising from the reverse. Powell, one of the Drury Lane actors, and a very respectable man, was so resolute in saying what had been set down for him, that no deviation from the dialogue in his fellow-actors would induce him to qualify a syllable, so as to meet the exigency. Whether he received a right *cue* (the last phrase of the preceding speech) or not, was to him a matter of perfect indifference. He would give the answer set down in the text, let the consequences be what they might. One night he was “playing Lord Stanley to Elliston’s Richmond, in Richard III.; Elliston was tipsy and forgot his part; but not being troubled with *mauvaise honte* he talked away. Richmond, anxious for the fate of young Stanley after the battle, rushes over to his father. The inquiry was thus worded by the ingenious and reeling actor:—

“*Elliston*. Your son, George Stanley, is he dead?

“*Powell*. He is, my lord, but safe in Leicester town.

“*Elliston*, (probably startled a little by this sort of positive assurance, now varied his question.) I mean—ah—is he missing.”

“*Powell* (again.) He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town.”

This imperturbable man seems to have given lessons to the ministry;—nothing could shake him. He played what was set down for him, and neither more nor less. The laugh of the whole audience, or of the whole world, would have been unheard or uncared for, by both alike; and if he turned the solemn into the ridiculous, and made the drama a burlesque, the likeness between the player and the premier is only the more palpable.

In these times politics will force their way into every thing; and yet it is in no gratuitous indulgence and hate of Whiggism that we persevere in the remark, that the Whigs have ruined

the great theatres. Their cry on all occasions is "Liberality,"—a cry which practically means, take rights from every one who has them, and give them to every one who will abuse them. In 1834 a Whig bill was brought in, actually proposing the erection of shabby little theatres *ad libitum* all over London, to be fixed in every district, where an application could be made for a license by a certain number of householders of whatever description. The gin-shops were in a rapture. But the House of Lords saved the nation from this desperate absurdity, as they have done from others; and the Bishop of London proved, that if the scheme were completed according to the scale of districts, the proposed number of theatres would amount to about *two hundred*!—a handsome allowance for the dramatic tastes of a single city. But though the bill was thrown out, the evil worked its way under other shapes; and the result now is, that there are not less than twenty-three theatres, in which the drama, regular and irregular, is displayed in London. Twenty-eight having been the whole number in Paris in the maddest time of its mad Revolution, we now nearly equal Monsieur in number, and will soon rival him in quality.

The Whig outcry was in the teeth of common sense and common experience, as usual. It was—Why shall a free people be condemned to go to but two theatres? Why shall actors, who are free men, be compelled to give their talents to two theatres alone, and at their own price? Why shall genius be deprived of the opportunity of going to a hundred managers instead of two? And, finally, why shall not every district of this vast metropolis—nay, every parish—nay, every street, if such be its wish, have its theatre?

To all this fine declamation the answer of those who knew better was—You will inevitably ruin the great London theatres—you will ruin all dramatic literature for the time to come—and you will ruin the actors themselves. The two great theatres will be ruined, because the income that is absolutely *necessary* to their existence, will be divided among a crowd of petty theatres. The drama will be ruined, because the theatres, great and little, will be equally unable to pay for authorship, and then you

will have nothing but melodramas, and translations of French farces, and the actors will eventually be ruined, by the general decay of the theatres, and the general disgust for a profession which has degenerated into vulgar mummery and pantomime, half horse, half man. And all this *has* happened, or *is* happening to the latter. Drury Lane is ruined as a theatre, and is now let for a concert room. Covent Garden, after going from hand to hand, and being abandoned by Macready as manager, is now, for "one year more," in the hands of Vestris, who has declared her last season to have been a losing one, and takes it for another year merely as an experiment. As to the bright influx of genius which was to have been allured into life by the minor theatres, they never produce any thing but those fine affairs, "Life in London," "Dick Turpin's," and "Jack Sheppard's"—by which it is to be presumed that the morals of the suburb spectators must be much benefited; in addition to the fact, that, by a sort of regular irregularity, all kinds of abominations gather round a suburb theatre. Gin-palaces, gaming-houses, and worse, if worse there be, are as much the natural adornment of its neighbourhood, as mushroom-rooms are the growth of a dunghill. More thieveries, profligacy, and ruin of every kind, with their consequent beggary and misery, are always to be found in a circuit of half a dozen streets round a minor theatre, than in any other limited portion of the metropolis. Not that this is to be ascribed to the direct operation of the drama, such as it is, but to the natural gathering of all idlers, and the natural provision of base and low trade for those idlers. Nor is this meant as any direct imputation on the proprietors of those theatres, for some of them are respectable persons, in their line; but merely as the natural result of planting a place of utter idleness in the midst of the lowest order of the population of a great city.

But the detail of the destruction of the great theatres is rather curious. The first blow has been the most extraordinary increase in the demands of all kinds of actors; an extravagance amounting to salaries which was never thought of in the most flourishing times of theatres, nor even before

the building of those minor theatres. In the very height of their popularity, the best comedians of the London stage, Munden, Fawcett, Quick, Edwin, Jack Johnstone, and their class, men of *real* ability and most remarkable public favouritism, had just L.14 a-week. Lewis, one of the most delightful of actors, had, as actor and manager, but L.20 a-week. And so late as 1812, Mathews, a man of genius, and one of the highest popular favourites, writes, in exultation of his proposed engagement at Covent Garden:—"Now, to my offer, which I think *stupendous* and *magnificent*, L.17 per week." John Kemble's great talents as actor and manager, and we shall "never see his like again," in this twofold capacity, were regarded as handsomely paid at L.36 a-week. Miss O'Neill's salary, after she had obtained a decided stage reputation in Ireland, was considered as high, and was L.15 a-week at Covent Garden; and, after she had fully established it, never was more than L.25 a-week. Cooke, one of the most original of tragedians, and followed by all the town, until he ruined himself by his intemperance, had L.20 a-week. Mrs Jordan, the very soul of comedy, in the height of her attraction, had L.31, 10s. a-week. Downton had L.12. and never more than L.20 a-week. Miss Stephens, the most captivating and most popular of English singers, had L.20 a-week. It is to be remembered that nearly all those actors were *first-rate*, a matter which it would be rather difficult to predicate of their successors; yet their demands seem to have risen in the most ridiculous disproportion, and the salary which twenty years ago was looked on as munificent for the week, is now almost regarded as beneath the pretensions of any tolerable actor for the *day*! For instance:—In 1822 Macready had L.20 a-week; in 1832 he obtained L.20; and in 1839 he had L.25 a-night. In 1832 Power had L.20 a-week; in 1840 he has L.120 for the same period! In 1822 Farren had L.16 a-week; in 1840 he receives L.40 a-week. In 1822 Liston had L.17 a-week; he then sprung up to L.50 and L.60 a-week; and, finally, had L.20 a-night. Miss Ellen Tree, certainly a pretty and popular actress, was engaged by the Drury Lane manager, when lessee of both theatres, to play at both for L.15 a-week. She

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then went to America, returned after two seasons, and even after this rustication, she comes, demands, and actually obtains L.25 a-night!

If this be the law of theatres, the profession is a most capital one. We know nothing equal to it for easy emolument. Why should any man toil at the bar, break his heart over verse or prose, or fill his brains with Greek and Latin, or wear out his fingers with piano-keys or fiddle-strings, or dim his eyes with portrait painting, when the simple process of covering his face in the white-lead and rouge, and his person in tawdriness and tinsel, will furnish his outer man with all equipments for fortune? As for the labour of the brain, a few of the popular plays, got by heart, would supply him with all the material. He need never have an original thought in his life; he need never utter a syllable of his own, Shakspeare and Sheridan have got over all that difficulty for him; a tongue, two legs, and two arms accomplish the professional requisites, and he has forthwith only to make his investment at the rate of L.120 a-week. And all this, too, without reckoning their scamperings into the country in all directions, benefits, and a crowd of little contributory affairs, which ought to make estates, with a rapidity astonishing to a loan contractor.

Not that in all this exorbitancy we much blame the actors. Every man has a right to set upon his faculties what price he may think proper. Though we admit that where actors *must* see a theatre running headlong into bankruptcy, and *must* know that some hundreds of unhappy work people and their families are devoted to ruin in consequence, it might not be very unsuitable to feeling or justice that they should show some moderation in their demands. But theirs is the way of the world, and the world will have its way; the generation will ask all that they can force, and force all that they can get. But why does the system go on for a moment?

No; the reason lies in the working of the Whig system. By the nonsense and knavery of the "free trade" cry, there have been established a crowd of theatrical hovels, to which the actor takes wing upon the first refusal of his most exorbitant demand. The manager of one of the great theatres

must have a certain number of tolerable players to fill up his most ordinary performances; and he must pay them all, and keep them all, or else shut up his theatre. A formidable affair to one, who thus not merely forfeits the chances of the season, but leaves himself liable to an enormous rent without a shilling of return. In the old condition of things, the mediocre actor, though he had his choice of two theatres, (and certainly no complaint could be made of salaries amounting, for such men, to fourteen and twenty pounds a-week,) he had but two, and this brought him to reason. But he now marches off to the minor theatre, which, having but one actor of any name, can pay him a large salary for a week or a month; and in the mean time the manager of Covent Garden or Drury Lane must find a substitute, which may not be easy in the emergency, or must stop the performance, often at a ruinous waste, or must pay the demand, exorbitant and ridiculous as it is. We should not so much object even to this, if it were in the course of fair dealing; if some new style of attracting the public had been suddenly discovered, and managers and theatres were amassing unexpected fortunes; even if the talents of the individual actors had exhibited some singular development, and men of mediocrity had started into men of genius. But we all know that managers are now only a remove from madmen in being managers at all—that the theatrical property is scarcely worth the parchments that transfer it—that the public income of theatres is a cipher, and that even the public taste for the theatres has been alienated and repelled by successive disgusts, until men of taste never think of it, and the higher ranks never reckon it among their customary amusements. Yet there comes an actor who, in the best days of his figure and faculties, played, and was rejoiced to play, for L.14 a-week, and says—"Unless you give me L.20 a-night I shall leave your theatre."

"Are you a better actor now than you were ten years ago?" says the manager.

"No—but unless you give me L.20 a-night I shall leave your theatre."

"Are you even a more popular actor than you were ten years ago?" says the manager."

"No—but unless you wish to shut up your theatre, I must have my demand."

"But the theatre cannot afford to pay it. It is extravagant, senseless, and insolent. If we go on at that rate we must be ruined," says the manager.

"Do as you like. I must have my L.50, my L.60, my L.120 a-week, or I go to the minor theatres, and leave you to make the best of your condition. Good morning to you."

We might disregard absurdities of this order, if they terminated only in the squabbles of managers and actors; but they are fatal to the much higher interest of the drama. The exorbitant salaries of the actors, thus sanctioned by the silly system of the day, turn the managers into beggars, and effectually and totally deprive them of all passion of encouraging true theatrical literature. The manager, stripped of every shilling by the demands of his company, must, of course, carry on his stage with the least literary expenditure that he can. He thus is driven to the trash of translations—pitiful borrowings from the German—or the still worse expedients of those deplorable and disgusting lives of thieves and harlots, which the growing vulgarity and vice of the abused press vomits out, as "reading for the people." Sheridan Knowles, and one or two others, have made some efforts; but what are one or two dramatists to sustain a national stage? When old Harris was manager of Covent Garden, he made it a rule to have at least four new comedies every year. Selecting his writers among men well known to be capable of seizing on the public taste, he made arrangements with them adequate to their labour, and even to the common risk of things so dependent on popular caprice. The actors then had salaries suited to their merits; and the manager was thus enabled to appropriate sums to authorship, which none of his successors could offer, or ever hope to pay. George Colman received for his comedy of *John Bull*, L.1000. Morton received for his comedy of *Town and Country*, L.1000. Mrs Inchbald received L.800 for *"Wives as They Were."* Reynolds received for two works, *"The Blind Bargain,"* and *"Out of Place,"* in the same season, L.1000.

All this is at an end, and must be, when an actor or actress who merely fills a character which must be filled by somebody, and who does not bring a shilling to the house by his personal presence, insists on fifteen or twenty pounds a-night, and *must* be paid it too, from the dearth of performers fitted for the great theatres—a dearth arising from their being scattered among the petty ones; yet every one knows that it is the drama which makes the stage—that one clever comedy would bring more popularity to the house than all the attractions of any one, or of all the actors now on the boards. A new “School for Scandal” would be worth, in mere pecuniary returns, all the talents of those £120 a-week people. Or, if such a work is not to be expected again, one of half its merits would be a phenomenon well worth all the zeal of managers to discover, and all the means of theatres to pay. A *great* tragedy would be invaluable—it might turn the whole theatrical tide, at once renew the public taste for the drama, kindle again the national pride in this most powerful and fertile province of literature; and, while it filled the sinking treasury of the house, change the broken character with the failing fortunes of the stage. But how is this to be done, when the manager is only the first pauper of his list, and the receipts of his performances are carried off in the pockets of the performers? We must acknowledge that, until we saw Mr Bunn’s book, we had no idea of the enormity of those salaries. There are other evils, too, less to be named, but not less prominent, arising from the managerial difficulty of meeting those demands. The population of the lobbies and upper boxes, not merely humiliates the character of the house, but repels a large portion of the public from all approach to the theatre. Yet this deplorable source of income is suffered to exist, from the mere pressure of difficulties which crush the manager to the dust, and which he thinks (however unfitly) a justification for his meeting the emergency in any way that he can. Of sources like these we cannot approve under any circumstances, and we even see in them an additional cause of the misfortunes which are now breaking down the theatres; but they are the evident result of a system which was vaunted as

a new proof of the progress of the age; a system which, whether on the great scale or the little—whether dabbling in politics or plays—whether exerting its craft in perplexing the concerns of nations or the treasury of theatres—in bringing empires to decay or managers to the Queen’s Bench,—is, in all, equally wrong-headed and unprincipled, clamorous and shallow, ridiculous and ruinous.

Mr Bunn’s experience of the life of a manager lets us into some aspects of human nature, which are as new as they are amusing. The world knows but little of actors, except as Richards and Charles Surfaces. Perhaps the more comic view would often be the actor behind the curtain.

“What is the conceit of an actor to the conceit of an author?” says he. “*A wart to Ossa.*” An author is vain but upon one point; an actor is vain upon all. You can scarcely persuade the most crooked varlet that ever presented himself at the stage door for examination, that he is not the glass of fashion and the mould of form; or many a hound, who literally yelps out his notes, that he is not a second Rubini. You can impress on the minds of very few who have once crossed the stage, that the British nation, to a man, is not thinking of them morning, noon, and night. If any one manager had the intellect of all his colleagues together, there would be no competing with such people as these. The manager’s dilemmas, in point of authorship, are at once trying and trivial. There is a vast quantity of dramatic scribbling going on among classes of mankind, whose habits would seem totally at variance with the pursuit, and whose faculties are quite as much at variance. Dramas flow in upon the unlucky Aristarehus as thick as motes in sunshine, and as useless. “Of some *hundreds* of pieces sent in,” says Mr Bunn, “sent in anonymously, while I was manager, but one was deemed fit for representation; and among those may be mentioned another, as an example, a tragedy of nearly *six hundred pages*, written by an author totally unknown. It was sent to me by one particular friend of mine, and strongly recommended by three others. The first was a moonlight scene, and in the opening soliloquy thereof, the hero, gazing on the unclouded glory of Diana, accused

her, despite her beauty and character, of intriguing (with whom, can the reader imagine?) with the *man in the moon*! I mention this little circumstance, merely to designate the difficult position of a manager in only one department of his vocation; for owing to my rejection of this pyramid, one of the friends in question has never spoken to me since."

Theatres must be anxious things. The season of 1832, at Drury Lane, saw Kean and Macready engaged to play together; Mademoiselle Duvernay, a charming dancer and handsome girl, at the head of a complete *corps de ballet*, imported from France; and Malibran, (unquestionably a theatrical genius,) appearing in her favourite character of La Somnambula. America, too, furnished all that she could in a comedian, Mr Hackett. Yet this season, *moult* as the theatre was, closed with a loss. What then could bring a gain?

But of Hackett's engagement one or two anecdotes. Hackett, with no very evident display of judgment, intending to play in Colman's comedy of *Who wants a Guinea*, substituted a character which he called Solomon Swap, for the original Solomon Gundy—a change which gave general dissatisfaction. Among other malecontents, Dowton sent the following opinion:—

"My dear Bunn,—D—— all Yankee editions of *Who wants a Guinea*. Mr Hackett seems a civil man to me, and I wish to oblige him, if I can. So I am studying three lengths of his alterations. He is the only actor, by-the-by, that designedly *cuts out all his jokes*—perhaps it is the American fashion. Now, after this nonsense, give me an order for to-night.—Yours, W. D."

But this weighty affair, laughably enough, came under another, and a more indignant eye—Colman's, the author himself, their examiner of plays. Bunn enclosed Hackett's interpolations to him for his license. The angry wit and author in one, answered him with official and lofty scorn:—"Sir,—In respect to the alterations made by Mr Hackett—a most appropriate name on the present occasion—were the established play of any living dramatist, except myself, so mutilated, I should express to the Lord Chamberlain the grossness and unfairness of the manager who en-

couraged such a proceeding; but, as the character of Solomon Gundy was originally a part of my own writing, I shall request his Grace to license 'the rubbish' as you call it, which you have sent to me.—Your obedient servant, G. COLMAN."

In 1833 the theatrical world sustained a loss which nothing within its round, then or since, could repair. Kean, exhausted by a long course of intemperance, and probably not much less wasted by remorse for his own incorrigible imprudence, died, almost on the stage. His last proceedings were characteristic of his weak and wayward career. He was under an engagement to play at Drury Lane, when, in the midst of it, he sent to ask the lessee, Captain Polhill, for a loan of L.500, which was to be worked out by subsequent performances. But his health was so broken, and his habits were so singular, that the captain did not altogether approve of this kind of security. Within two days after, Kean's name was announced "to appear at Covent Garden!" while a note was actually in the manager's hands, from his physician, stating the utter impossibility of his appearing at all, from a violent attack of gout. The opinion of counsel was taken by the aggrieved manager, as to obtaining an injunction to prohibit this breach of engagement, but legal proceedings were finally declined; and, in the mean time, unfortunate Kean, making an effort to come forward in Othello, dropped down in the second act, and was conveyed to the bed from which, we believe, he never rose.

Kean was an extraordinary actor, and an extraordinary man. Without any advantages of education, and, perhaps, with all the disadvantages that could beset a birth and youth of poverty and desertion—for he seems never to have known who his father was, and even his mother's identity was doubtful—he yet struggled through difficulties that might have destroyed a mind of less energy, until he struggled into triumphant success. Embarked in the most desperate of all professions for the unknown, and toiling for years in the lowest and most unknown grade of that profession, he yet evidently felt something of that consciousness, from the beginning, which has been so often discoverable in the lives of men destined to be remem-

bered. With no recommendation of person—a low and meagre figure, a Jewish physiognomy, and a stifled and husky voice—he seemed to be excluded by Nature from all chance of personating tragedy; the grim expression of his countenance, and the sullen sound of his voice, prohibited comedy; yet, at his first step on the London stage, he was acknowledged to be the founder of a new school—to give new meaning to some of the highest characters of Shakspeare: to refresh the feelings, and change the worship of those who had for a quarter of a century bowed down to the supremacy of the Kembles; and, finally, to pour a new and most welcome flood of wealth into the long-exhausted treasury of the theatre. This wonder was worked by the true operator of all earthly wonders—energy. The Kemble school was majestic and magnificent. Kean was his school alone, for it had neither founder nor follower but himself; and its spirit was vividness, poignancy, and intensity. If Kemble could have added ardour to his majesty, he would have been perfect. If Kean could have added dignity to his decision, he, too, would have been perfect. But the style of Kemble was fitter for the triumphs of the Greek theatre—the style of Kean was formed to carry all before it on the English stage. Intensity is every thing with the English mind. Its simple habits love reality; the strength of its feelings makes it turn away from splendid artifice; the clearness of its understanding marks where the motive is, and the conduct that ought to follow it, and gives its heart cordially to nothing but the truth. But we now speak rather of Kean's style, than of Kean. He was often a most imperfect representative of that style. Feeble health, vulgar caprice, or determined indolence, often impaired his conception. He was even a singularly unequal actor. Powerful in one scene, worthless in the next; but suddenly starting into the full development of his genius, and with eyes of fire, and tones of passion, exercising full mastery over the soul.

Even diplomacy has its share in perplexing theatres. The manager had translated M. Scribe's *Bertrand and Raton*, which he calls an admirable play—an opinion in which we by no means coincide, so far as M. Scribe is concerned. The play passed through

the formidable hands of the examiner unscathed; but, it having been at length slowly discovered by the vice-chamberlain (Paris being then some thousands of miles off) that the principal character, "Bertrand," was written at Talleyrand, and Talleyrand being at that moment ambassador in London, the license was refused; we presume, through fear of a French invasion. It might have been deemed rather strange, that the play which could not affect Talleyrand in Paris, should sting him to mortal rage in London; or that, while the original was harmless, the translation should be enough to inflame two nations into war. But so it was: the feelings of the ambassador were to be guarded against the wit of his countryman for the safety of the British empire, and the play was forbidden. The manager, however, having the double interest of translator and manager, fought out the affair; and after an exchange of bullets, in which, happily, no injury was done on either side, the seconds having declared the honour of both parties to be perfectly unstained, the principals made their bow to each other, and the matter was amicably arranged. It was finally agreed that the dress of Farren, in Count Bertrand, was to be submitted to the Vice-Chamberlain; who, on conferring with the Foreign Office, and ascertaining that there was nothing directly hostile in the cut of the coat and breeches, and that the wig was not shaped like a manifesto, and dressed with gunpowder, was to issue his license accordingly. A drawing of the coat and breeches, or the vestures themselves, in due season appeared before the proper authorities, and the permission was given. But Lord Chamberlains—clever fellows as they always are—are not always a match for actors. On the night of the play, Lords Grey and Palmerston, the heads of the Ministry and the Foreign Office, with probably all the tails that could squeeze themselves into the boxes, came from Downing Street, expressly to be present at the affair. It was quite a ministerial crisis. The horror of the noble lords, and the tenfold horror of all their subalterns, may be conceived, when Farren came forward—Talleyrand to the life. The fact was, that the subtlety of the actor had outwitted the simplicity of the Cabinet.

He had distanced the whole diplomatic field by a wig. His wig had come from Paris; the fac-simile of the favourite peruke of the Ambassador. It was the famous wig in which Talleyrand had sworn thirteen successive oaths of allegiance to as many successive shapes of French government. What *might* have happened to the daring comedian, the protesting manager, the alarmed cabinet, nay, to the trembling empire itself, if Talleyrand had frowned, is now beyond calculation; but, to the astonishment of ministers, the first man whom they saw in the opposite box was the old *diplomate* himself, laughing heartily at the *entrée* of Farren. The costume, the wig, the man, were there perfect—all but the wisdom and the wit. Lords Grey and Palmerston felt their alarms subside as the performance went on; and before the fall of the curtain, the repose of Europe was secured—at least till the arrival of a new ambassador.

Managers hear odd things of monarchs as well as of ministers. One evening of the King's (William the Fourth) coming to the theatre, as Liston and the manager were conversing in the ante-room of the royal box with a nobleman of the household, one of the pages passing by, and not observing his Lordship, slapped the comedian on the back, ejaculating, "D'y'e think you'll make him laugh to-night? *He was devilish stupid at dinner!*" I cannot now determine which created the greater roar, the face of the lackey on perceiving the noble lord before whom he had so committed himself, or the face of Liston. "If the reader," Mr Bunn slyly remarks, "never saw the face of a dignified performer, when reminded that he was nothing *more than a performer*, he has a treat to come."

He gives another little example, infinitely expressive of what he calls a dignified performer. "The King had ordered the play of 'The School for Scandal' at our house, and some other performances, of which the farce of 'Turning the Tables' was the last, at Drury Lane. Of course all the leading performers were called on.

"At Covent Garden all complied, with one exception; this exception was Mr Macready, whom no argument or request could prevail upon to appear in 'Joseph Surface,' though he had so often perform-

ed the character before. A journal of the following morning thus touched on the subject:—"We cannot avoid mentioning a point which was the general subject of conversation yesterday evening—that Braham had volunteered his gratuitous services, and Macready declined to play 'Joseph Surface' before his sovereign. This is what we call 'sovereign contempt.' But the *onus* falls on the mimic, and not on the monarch. What sad nonsense this is! With all the respect that we can possibly have for the art and artist, it is a fact requiring no comment, that as they both depend on the breath of the King, his very breath should summon them into action."

"The arrangements of the plays being made by the vice-chamberlain, the manager had no power to alter them; and this was the letter which he received from the comedian.

"Dear Sir—I perceive by the advertisements that "Turning the Tables" is to be performed as the *last* piece on Tuesday next. This, I trust, will not be persisted in, otherwise I must decline the honour of appearing before his Majesty so late in the evening.—Yours,

"J. LISTON."

All this is certainly ultra-comic. "Now, pray," says Mr Bunn, "who is the king in all this business? Mr Liston had L.20 for playing in "Turning the Tables," *commanded* by his Majesty to be the last entertainment of the evening. It is not *too late* in the evening for the King of England to sit in the theatre, but it is too late for one of his Majesty's servants to appear on the stage! Surely this is carrying out the *Wolseyan* doctrine of 'Ego et rex meus' a little *too far*. The actual meaning of it is—don't you think that, on coming on the stage at half-past eleven at night, his Majesty, who has been so heartily laughing at the other pieces, will not have a titter left for me? Talk for a thousand years, and the latent meaning will be found to be this, and nothing else."

Whatever was the meaning, his Majesty would have lost some honest laughing by Liston's non-appearance. He is the best *quiet* comedian that we remember. This style, we admit, is not regarded as his *forte* by the world, nor perhaps altogether by himself; for nothing moves the populace but buffooneries, and the actor must have peculiar strength of mind who does not barter his judgment for huzzas.

But a hundred others can equal Liston in setting the rabble in a roar. His exclusive province is calm drollery; the laugh which he excites without exhibiting, and the easy pun-gency in which the sarcasm is shot, apparently without taking aim at any one. He now comes forward but seldom, and we regret the loss of a genuine comedian, in the impoverished state of stage ability. But if he can get £60 a-week for walking through French vaudevilles, stript of their lightness, the only thing good about them; and incapable of common sense, the only thing that their translators could give them; we feel but little surprise that he should be more alive to salary than fame. And in this, he plays a part set before him by many a man in a much higher station.

All authorship has its perils; but what must stage authorship be, which has successively to run the *knout* under the hands of the manager, the examiner, and the actor; with the public, only waiting its exhibition, to sweep it into oblivion! To take the case of the actor—Mr Bunn, and Kenney the well-known and clever dramatist, had prepared a farce called "A Good-Looking Fellow," in which a part was written for Liston. The comedian returned the MS., with the following very decided note:—"Dear sir, I have read the piece very attentively, and regret that I cannot concur with Messrs Harris, Reynolds, Kenney, and yourself, as to its merits. My opinion is, that it would be inevitably d—d in less than a quarter of an hour; and as I really lack the courage to risk being pelted off the stage, I must beg to decline the acquaintance of *Mr Narcissus Briggs*.—Yours, J. LISTON."

This was decided, but not decisive; for the manager, being also the author, and having a parental feeling for his babe, transferred *Mr Narcissus* into the hands of Harley. The farce was received with great laughter, and was played *twenty-six* nights, though at the latest period of the season. "Very facetious, but not very prophetic," fairly enough observes Mr Bunn.

The next "grande enterprise" of this very enterprising manager, was the engagement of Malibran. This singer and actress had acquired sudden reputation on the foreign stage, and

she was justly regarded as possessing attractions for the London audience. But it is surprising how quickly and how completely those young creatures, fair, or brown, learn the art of making a bargain. Malibran demanded no less than £125 a *night* for nineteen nights; and what is not less surprising, obtained her demand, amounting to £2375 for six weeks' singing and playing! being £375 for three night's performance in the week; and that too, paid every Monday morning, and in *advance*. But even this was not all: an arrangement, by which she was to appear on seven extra nights at Covent Garden, (both theatres being now under one management,) produced £1088 more, making a total of £3463 for twenty-six nights, or about two months' performances! A year, at this rate, would have produced to her upwards of £20,000. A pretty sum for singing! And though the theatre did not give her this, it is not improbable, that between benefits, private concerts, country engagements, and *douceurs*, she carried off little less than that sum within the time. We know the folly of expecting the opulent to think of any thing in the expenditure of their money but their own amusement; yet this prodigality might make a rational mind reflect a little, whether British wealth was given to pamper every craving foreign profligate who can sing and play in any thing so foolish as a foreign opera. The exertion is so worthless—the recompense so beyond all bounds! Here was a little creature, who, though certainly clever, was but a singer after all, and even there, by no means first-rate; yet this woman is suffered to lay her grasp on a sum four times that of the income of one of the judges of the land—of a commander-in-chief—of a minister of state—of the average income of the bishops—ten times that of the average profits of the bar, and enough to have pensioned a whole province of the clergy. Mr Bunn is evidently a *Fanatico per la Malibran*! yet, struck as he may have been by her general performances, his narrative of her conduct leaves an impression wholly unamiable on the mind. With all her appearance of enthusiasm and simplicity, she seems to have been one of the most craving of possible beings, always writing letters of af-

fect feeling, but real avarice; and while sitting under an influx of wealth, that must have astonished her at the absurdity and lavishness of the country—soliciting, striving, and grasping with the covetousness of a real miser. While thousands were thus pouring in upon her, she writes to the manager as if she was not worth a shilling on earth; and accustomed as she had been to little better than beggary in her own impoverished country, and in the tours of that wandering and unprosperous personage, her father Garcia the singer, she swallowed money with more than Israelitish avidity. Her death, four years since, (1836,) excited a public sensation from its melancholy circumstances, and from the public outcry at De Beriot, the violin player, whom she called her husband, though M. Malibran was living. What has become of her wealth we know not, unless it is in De Beriot's hands. She never enjoyed it herself. She had no time to enjoy it; and thus, after a brief career of excessive toil and excessive grasping, the whole fruit of her miserably anxious life and exhausting labours may have gone only to fatten a Dutch fiddler. So much for money-making.

We have a similar instance in the salary of Taglioni. A woman whose sole merit is that she dances well—of all merits the least meritorious—is actually *fêted* throughout Europe—received at the tables of emperors and empresses—huzzed by courts—presented with a purse of diamonds by one super-opulent fool—and with a chariot with solid silver spokes to its wheels by another; demanding for a few nights of pirouetting and bounding at the Italian opera—a sum which would feed the peasantry of a province for a month; and amassing money which might raise the drooping sculpture, painting, music, and literature of an empire.

What was the engagement which Taglioni had the modesty to demand in the theatre of Drury Lane? *One hundred pounds* a-night for herself, three nights a-week, and L.600 to be paid for the services of her father as ballet-master; L.900 to her brother and sister to dance with her, with two benefits for herself, guaranteed to her at L.1000, and half a benefit to her brother, guaranteed at L.200—in all

L.6000! All this is monstrous; it actually disgusts the mind to think of such sums being lavished on a parcel of jumpers—even the effrontery of the demand is offensive. Here a knot of the meanest of mankind—the very dross of Parisian life—actually think their caperings worthy of being paid at a rate which the liberality of nations has scarcely ever offered to their greatest benefactors. The noblest poet, the most profound philosopher, the greatest mechanical inventor, the most gallant soldier, all would be regarded as exorbitantly overpaid by half the sum which those vulgar and frivolous contributors to the cupidity of the Italian opera think themselves entitled to demand, and by the prodigal folly of fashion actually obtain. The remedy for this gross offence does not lie with managers. It must come from the nobility and from the sovereign. So long as their patronage is thus wasted on the foreign stage, so long will these “dancing families” come over here to gather all that they can. Of course, it would be ridiculous to suppose that all this was filial piety on the part of the Terpsichore herself. The family of the *danseuse* were her shadow, the L.6000 was virtually the payment for the saltatory exploits of one exhibitor. The only remedy for this imputation on the national understanding, is to cultivate the national drama; and this is to be done, only by enabling the managers of the great theatres to pay for it; and this is to be done only by retracing those steps which a vulgar and shortsighted liberality, as it is called, took to the ruin of every thing respectable in the shape of theatrical property. There must be dramatic ability in England; for there never was a real demand for ability of any kind which was not answered. If Shakspeare and Sheridan are at an unapproachable height—and even this too may be only a conjecture; the genius of Otway and Southorne, Young, and Rowe, or of Morton, Reynolds, and Colman, is not of so colossal an order as to make every thing else dwindle under its shade. And yet those writers contrived to fill up the theatrical vacancies of their day remarkably to the public gratification, made the drama highly popular; and while those cheerers of the last century followed the improving manners of the age, and cleared the stage of

the offences of the days of Charles II., they left behind them the only dramas which the public can still endure. If we are to have a national theatre, we must try the old tactique; extinguish the minor theatres, which have so totally failed as schools of the drama; and thus, bringing the demands of actors within rational bounds, bring back original talent to the authorship of the stage.

As we have mentioned Malibran's marriage with De Beriot, we give, for the benefit of all friends of police-office marriages in England, the form of managing these matters among the enlightened of other nations calling themselves Christians.

"Hereby is declared null and of no effect the marriage contracted on the 23d of March 1826, at New York, between Marie Felicite Garcia, born in Paris 24th of March 1808, and Francis Eugene Louis Malibran, born at Paris 15th November 1778, before Charles Louis d'Espenville, consul of France at New York. In consequence, the woman Garcia will have this judgment registered," &c.

This is a summary way of doing things, and we have no doubt must be regarded by the "illuminated" as a very satisfactory style of getting rid of the trammels of matrimony; it accounts also for the fact, that many a foreign fair has half a dozen husbands living at a time.

The reader is probably acquainted with the works of Mr Colley Grattan, author of the "Highways and Byeways," and other clever and amusing performances; but he would be defrauded of some of his fame were his good-humour unchronicled. We know no stronger instance in point than the following:—"During a residence at Boulogne, he had rendered himself so very agreeable to his landlady and her family, that, on his being about to take his leave, she expressed great regret, saying, that she had at first taken a prejudice against him, but such had been the urbanity of his manners, that she had even got over his nose, (a feature of whose beauty it would be difficult to boast.) 'That is impossible, my good lady,' said he, 'for my nose has no *bridge* to it.'" This was certainly pushing French observation of mankind rather far, but the good-humour of the answer went farther.

We must now leave the topic of theatres and managers. Their detail, in these volumes, is that of a vexed man, but of an ingenious and an intelligent one. His book, on the whole, is very amusing, and we suppose that it will be in the hands of every one who talks, thinks, or cares about theatres.

THE HISTORY OF THE CELTIC LANGUAGE.*

We have long entertained a growing opinion that a knowledge of the Celtic languages is essential to the study of European philology, and that the ignorance under which we individually labour in this respect, is no less disgraceful than detrimental. In that belief, we have been irreversibly confirmed by a perusal of the interesting work which supplies the title and the subject of this article. It proceeds from the pen of Mr Lachlan M'Lean,

the well-known author of the "Historical Account of Iona," and of other productions devoted to the noble purpose of exalting his native "nook of earth" to a proud pre-eminence over the rest of the universe. The work is dedicated, apparently by permission, to Sir Robert Peel, and affords evidence, at least equally demonstrative of the good-natured courtesy of that eminent statesman, as of his high appreciation of Celtic antiquities.

* "The History of the Celtic Language; wherein it is shown to be based upon natural principles, and, elementarily considered, contemporaneous with the infancy of the human family: likewise showing its importance in order to the proper understanding of the Classics, including the Sacred Text, the Hieroglyphics, the Cabala, etc. etc. By L. Maclean, F.O.S., author of 'Historical Account of Iona,' 'Sketches of St Kilda,' &c. &c.. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., &c. 1840."

We submit this notice of Mr M'Lean's book, with no idea that we are entitled to review it; but intending in an humble and teachable spirit to point out some of its most striking passages, and to communicate to our readers some of the instruction or amusement which it has afforded to ourselves. So great, indeed, is our impatience to proclaim its merits to the world, that we have not even waited to acquire a thorough understanding of its principles, which we fear could only have been accomplished after a much longer delay than the rules of Maga would readily permit. Mr M'Lean himself seems aware, that, like other great acquisitions, his theory is not to be mastered without a due degree of labour. "If any person," he says, "take up the *History of the Celtic Language*, as about to be submitted, and expect to get through it as through a song, for that person the author has not written: *Intelligibilia non intellectum adfero*." This is strongly put, but we shall see how it is borne out in the sequel. We only entreat our readers to do as we ourselves have done; and if they meet with any thing obscure in our extracts, to believe that the defect is rather in their own intelligence than in our author's intelligibility. For our parts, we shall be content for the most part to let Mr M'Lean speak for himself, and shall only make such connecting explanations or supplementary comments as may best set off the excellencies of our "great original."

The title-page of the work must have prepared our readers for things worthy of that high announcement; and the preface does not diminish the excitement of so great expectations. Perhaps Mr M'Lean has in this respect disregarded the Horatian rule, which inculcates a modesty of exordium. But we are not sure that the precepts of epic poetry can safely be applied to historical compositions, or at least to histories of the Celtic language; and on the principle of a bird in the hand being worth two elsewhere, we feel comparatively indifferent as to the ulterior pages of a work where, in the very preface, we are put in immediate possession of eloquence and wisdom, of a character so unusual as is exhibited in the following passage:—

"At the commencement of the present order of material things, the first sun indi-

cated day by a faint but perceptible heraldic emanation in the East, gradually waxing stronger and stronger, till now, behold! the king of day himself gilding the summit of the mountains with the splendour of his countenance, and now gradually mounting, and diffusing stronger light—stronger intelligence—till he arrives at the goal of noon. This appears to the author no inapt emblem of the commencement of the order of things in the moral world. If we would contemplate the human family in its infant state, we must turn our backs upon this hemisphere, and travel to the East to see the dawn of intellect, and there listen to the efforts of infant humanity forming a language; we must learn the powers of their signs and symbols—a giant alphabet—and attend to the reduction of these rudiments to practice. In brief, we must contemplate man as *naked*."

We pass over the poetical beauty and close coherence of these observations, to notice their peculiar propriety in reference to the subject under consideration. "If we would contemplate the human family in its infant state," "we must contemplate man as *naked*." The truth of the proposition is less remarkable than its adaptation to the author's purpose. If we must contemplate man as *naked*, how is this to be done? The usages of ordinary society are unfavourable to such contemplations; and the natives of Australia can only be reached by "turning our backs upon this hemisphere," not figuratively, but in earnest. But we are not, therefore, to despair. If we cannot contemplate man in a state of absolute nudity, we must be content to take him in the nearest approximation to it that circumstances admit; and, fortunately for philology, the costume of our Celtic countrymen enables us, with little trouble, and at less expense, to prosecute our discoveries in this direction as far as the most enthusiastic enquirer would desire. By this means, we are exempted from the necessity of *à priori* speculations, where the opposite mode of argument is so fully illustrated and so constantly suggested by all that we see. Mr M'Lean's reasoning on this subject is quite irresistible. The object to be attained, is an exposition of the original state of man, of which nudity was a fundamental feature. It is undeniable that this element is more conspicuous in the country of the kilt

than among the wearers of inexpressibles, and thus, as the Celts approach the nearest to Adam in dress, so it must be presumed they do also in dialect.

The pretensions which Mr M'Lean advances on behalf of his native tongue are of no mean order. He is clear that it is the primitive form of human speech, and treats with dignified contempt the conflicting claims to antiquity preferred by various languages which have hitherto enjoyed an undeserved veneration among mankind. Mr M'Lean says,

"With the Hebrew language, under that appellation, he has no quarrel, being comparatively modern; receiving its very name from *Heber*, the great-grandson of *Shem*, who flourished somewhere about two thousand years after the creation of *Adam*, and, consequently, about two thousand years after language had been ripening and flourishing. Those who plead for it as being the primitive language, under that name, give the lie, innocently, perhaps, to their own belief of the account of the confusion of the primitive tongue at *Babel*; seeing, it is plain, that if the primordial language were then and there confounded, it must have been then and there lost: and how could *Heber*, who flourished subsequently to that period, retain it?"

This is certainly convincing, and shows the folly of all those systems which either deny the antiquity of the *Erse*, coeval as it is with *Nature* and with *nudity*, or would postpone it to a mere meshroom like the *Hebrew*, which cannot trace back even its name beyond the great-grandson of *Shem*.

But Mr M'Lean has not yet done with this *Heber*, whose appellation, he tells us, "is a misnomer." "The original is (*Hebrew*) *oinbr* or *ainbr*. Now *oin* or *ain* means, in *Celtic*, a river; and *bar*, or *bhar*, beyond. The name, therefore," he continues, "is equivalent to our *Inver*; whence *Inverich*, *Iberich*, or *Iberians*, and *Ebirich* or *Ebrideans*,—all expressive of *isolation*, or beyond water. Herein we are abundantly borne out by sacred writ itself. The identical word *oinbr*, is the word rendered in *Deut. iv. 49*, "This side *Jordan*;" and in *Joshua, xiii. 27*, "The other side *Jordan*."

To those who, like our friend *Tomkins*, have travelled the north circuit, it will occur in aid of these last illustrations, that there is still a place on

the *Cromarty Frith* called *Inver-Gordon*, which can be nothing else than a purer and more primitive compound of the *Hebrew* vocables, to which Mr M'Lean refers, viz. *oinbr* and *Jordan*.

We are not sure that Mr M'Lean is quite orthodox as to what he calls "the affair at *Babel*." In every view of it he is convinced that it had no effect upon the pure transmission of the *Celtic*. "But allowing," he says, "a confusion of language, literally speaking, to have taken place, it refers only to such as were engaged in the tower. *Noah* was in life, and did he head the faithless crew? No; he attends to his vineyard, which he planted far east from *Shinar*. Therefore, take either view of it, the first speech still remains unconfounded—the stream of language may be still traced without a break up to the fountain of paradise!" Can any of us hesitate after this to throw aside our *Miltons*, and to engage *Dugald M'Tavish* from the stand in *Hanover Street*, for a morning hour, three times a-week, to acquire in all their purity the genuine accents and aspirations of *Eden* in its very hours of innocence?

Mr M'Lean seems all at home in the proceedings of *Paradise*, and the progress of *Adam* through his vocabulary. His second chapter, which treats of "The Dawn of Human Existence—Man contemplated as fresh from the hands of his Maker," opens with this magnificent description.

"We may now fancy the morning of man's creation—the sun in eastern grandeur emerging from behind the *Shirvanian* hills, as if eager to obtain a view of the not unimportant stranger—*Adam* in silent admiration, tired of wondering who and what he himself was, and whence come; now arrested for the first time at sight of a rare object—a golden globe—mounting gradually the blue field, and taking indisputed possession as sole monarch of the planet world; for the regent moon with her myriads of twinkling attendants retire at sight of him with obsequious majesty; the lion rampant with beaming eyes and terrific mane, dallying with the meek lamb—the domestic cow browsing in *Eden*, or couchant ruminating—the ape among the yielding boughs scampering and pampering—the wily serpent now rearing his barbed crest, and now astonishing *Adam* with sinuous gambols—the hyena laughing like a maniac—the cuckoo, together with

the world of winged choristers of the grove singing their varied matins—the industrious bee whispering to the sham-rock,” &c.

Our author then proceeds to explain the principles on which Adam bestowed his nomenclature on the beasts, and which he conceives to have been regulated by a natural imitation of the sounds which they respectively uttered. These sounds, our readers must be already aware, were necessarily nothing less than the Celtic terminology which is still in use. Adopting what Montgomery says of the art of nest-making among birds, we may thus affirm with Mr M'Lean, that

All the blessed habitants of Paradise,
Whose words once mingled with the voice
of angels,
Spoke Gaelic just as curiously and well
As the street-porters in our evil day,
After the labours of six thousand years,
In which their ancestors have failed to add,
To alter, or diminish any thing.

“Of the order,” says Mr M'Lean, “in which the Great Shepherd brought the animals to Adam, we are not informed; nor is it essential. Let us suppose the first to have been the domestic cow: the name of this animal in Celtic is *bua*, *buo*, or *bō*; an echo or imitation of its common note.”

We feel assured that Mr M'Lean must here be right, and that Adam must have addressed the word *bō* to the cow. There has been a Saxon practice of saying *bō* to an animal of a very different description; and sometimes we have ourselves felt disposed to do so. But we shall always hereafter think of Mr M'Lean on such occasions, and refrain from so misapplying the exclamation, however strong the temptation may appear.

Having established the exclusive claims of the cow to the ejaculation in question, Mr M'Lean thus proceeds:—

“Let this suffice upon this note. But Nature rests not here. The cow, besides this confidential voice, has a variety of other tones by which it can communicate even to man its sensations of want, pleasure, fear, pain, &c. These as well as the note *buo*, or *bō*, form part of the Celtic vocabulary, and, like *bō*, are just echo-terms. For example. *gnōsd*, a term expressive of its suppliant voice; *geūm*, of its low; *langan*, of a straggling sort of lowing, not unlike the braying of an ass; *rēic*, of a desperate roar when being pushed

or goaded by a fellow-cow; *cread*, of its note when sick and unable to inspire and expire with freedom; *nūal*, of a loud low three or four times repeated; thus, *ua*, *ua*, *ua*, and *Brūchd*, expressive of eruc-tation in the process of rumination. This language can die but with Nature: in the term *brūchd*, we have, perhaps, the primary idea of the Arabic, *رُح* *ruch*, breath, and symbolically, spirit, &c.”

No one can fail to perceive, in their minutest variations, the perfect propriety of the terms in question, and not only to recognise, without a dictionary, the true meaning of *gnōsd*, *nūal*, and *brūchd*, but to feel assured that these are the very words that Adam must have applied to their respective ideas, and the only ones which his descendants should still employ.

It would be tedious to follow our author through all the appellations of the other animals; but his observations on the lion deserve to be singled out from the rest. There was, it seems, a period when the appropriate imitation of the lion's voice, and consequently his original name, was the sound *lho*; and from this tradition the term commonly in use has doubtless been derived. But this is much too musical a sound to be equally appropriate at the present day.

“The lion, since the fall, at least, tunes its voice to a far different key from *lho*, when making the awful spring upon its prey. The term roar is by no means a true echo to it; no term can express it but the Celtic *bēuc*. ‘*Bhēuc* an leomhan,’ says Amos. The note of ocean when scourged to madness is not a bad imitation of it, and hence we say ‘An cuan agus na tonnan a’ *bēucadh*,’ i. e. the ocean and its billows roaring. It was well for Adam the lion did not play upon this second key first, when showing what to be called. If it had, the good Patriarch's labour, probably, had had an end, at least for a time. Paradise would have fled affrighted, and the more timid animals would have yielded up their new-obtained life for very horror.”

There are noble descriptions of the lion's wrath, both in classical and in modern poetry: but we see here, at a glance, how imperfect they must all be. Greek, Latin, German, English, all break down under the attempt to give an idea of the lion's roar. No term, it is clear, can express it but the Celtic *bēuc*! What a pity that Snug the joiner, who was slow of study, had not possessed

these views of Mr M'Lean's! If he had sought to give a *bona fide* representation of an existing lion, *beuc* was at hand to frighten his audience out of their wits; if he feared this result, and wished to aggravate his voice, without quitting his character, he had only to fall back on the softness of supra-lapsarian innocence, and delight the ladies with a melodious *llho*.

From sounds, which are an echo of the sense, Mr M'Lean passes to words and letters of a hieroglyphical and cabalistical character. This is perhaps as obscure as any other portion of the book; but its importance may be estimated by the following passage:—

"Yes, a compound figure of a dog and a lion, in the *Cabari* make C, L; giving these their syllabic power we read *Cou-El*: with a human head introduced, C, L, S, *Coueles*: with, instead of a human figure, a terrier or a cross, C, L, T, *Celt*! Of this there is a Druidical column in Largo, in Fifeshire, the property of General Durham, highly illustrative. The lion, the serpent, the bull, the barker—in short, the most of the constellations, as on the Farnese globe—are displayed in bold relief upon that most curious relic of antiquity. The writer was not a little struck—when, in visiting this stone and other antiquities of Fifeshire, in the autumn of last year, in company with the scientific Mr Kyle of Glasgow, and the naturalist, Mr John Wood of Collingburgh—to find how very forcibly these hieroglyphics reverberated 'a tale of the days of old—of the deeds of other years.' Thus, in looking up to one of the half-decayed arched Archives of St Andrew's, you observe a *star*, a *dog*, and a *lion*. A *star*, in Celtic, is *Ré*, a *dog*, *Aug*, and the *lion*, or *eagle*, *El*; which produce the name of the founder. *Regulus*! *Kil*, *Re*, *Eph Ain*, its Celtic name, is equivalent. We have never seen the Rosetta stone in London, but we see it in the name *R, S, T, Ro-Esh-Tau*—a circle, a man, and a cross, or a dog—with probably their attributes, severally, if not their history? This accounts for the name of *Fife*, (*Ff*), and of that of the beautiful hill *Largo*, as also that of the tattooed worshippers, *Bretanich*, *Albanich*, *Horestii*, *Pehs*, &c."

The same idea, perhaps, may also account for the milk in the cocoa nut, and for any other phenomenon of which no satisfactory explanation has as yet been given.

Hitherto we have been examining names imposed by our great ancestor on the lower orders of creation; but

a different scene was now awaiting him. The creation of a help meet for him, turned his thoughts to his own nature and race, and a wider range of phraseology was the result. This subject is thus beautifully developed by Mr M'Lean:—

"'Tis morn! The lark is up mid-sky to sing up the king of day! The bree whippers it to the unfolding rose, and zephyrs run to and fro, the grateful messengers of *Aurora*, loaded with fragrance; the towering mountains now reflecting the horizontal sunbeam, make every dew-drop a sparkling diamond. Adam awakes, and awakes Eve! and now, and from this hour, may we begin to date the elements of language more abstractly considered. We shall, therefore, endeavour to show that herein our principle will still hold good—that language is still in its elementary principles the gradual offspring of Nature, being based upon sounds produced by bodies in motion or collision, and in articulation, forming roots, spontaneously generated by action and passion. The greatest difficulty with which we have now to contend, is to distinguish between the *Cabalistic* and the *Natural* language.

"*Srōn*, the nose. Here is a sound from bodies in collision: no reflection or echo can be truer than *srōn* of the vibratory sound produced in blowing it, especially with the hand, which must of necessity, have been the primitive mode, and still is among the unsophisticated."

Transition is one of the greatest charms of good composition. In the tragedy of *Macbeth*, the calmness of the scene before the castle of Inverness, succeeding to the turbulent anxieties of guilty ambition, has been often and justly admired; and we have here an example of the same artifice, though with a different tendency. From the beauty of a morning in Paradise, and the ecstasies of newly-inspired love, the author gracefully sinks at once (*quam familiariter*!) to the vibratory sound "*srōn*, the nose," and our imaginations are elegantly led to a consideration of details in the unsophisticated life of our first parents, of which Milton has unaccountably omitted to take the slightest notice.

The following may be offered as a fair, or perhaps a favourable sample of our author's etymological acumen:—

"*Līb* or *Lāb*, the heart; either an imitation or rehearsal of its beat; or, if the reader prefer it, oracularly, *El-Ab*, as being a heavenly monitor. We may easily imagine that the first pair were struck suf-

ficiently early with the pulsation of the heart; and wonderful indeed it must be to every person of reflection; counting the passing moment as it does from the moment of our birth till the last throes of death breaks the golden cord, at the rate of about one hundred thousand times a-day! Methuselah's pulse must have told upwards of 42,442,200,000 during his lifetime! Here, then, we have the root of *libiden*, a man of little or no heart, judging from actions; '*duine libideach*,' a trifling, heartless man. We are corroborated here, at least, by Parkhurst, upon the root 'ל *lb*, the heart,' says he, 'from its vibratory motion, pulsation, or beating.' We naturally attribute to this beating and sensitive monitor, thoughts, will, love, hatred, joy, grief, &c. We are apt to view it, in fact, as the light, the informer of the whole universe of man: hence we say, by figure, *lib*, or *libh*, bright, shining, white, clear:

'*I libh mar Eal'air a chuan.*'

i. e. Fair as a swan upon the wave was she.

'*Claidheamh libhara do shenar.*'

i. e. The shining blade of thy fathers.

Again, *libher*, a book, because it informs: *library*, a collection of books: *liberal*, large-hearted; and *b* and *v* being convertible letters, *liv-ain*, or *leven* a clear river; synonymous with *Libanus* or *Lebanon*. The Saxon *leof*, the English *love*, and *life*, are but a variety. The radix, in process of time, assumed a prefix or formative for ease to our organs in conversation; hence *cliabh*, the chest, breast, as being the house of the heart; by figure, a hamper, a creel, or any wicker-work, from a resemblance to the chest, having ribs: *cliath*, a harrow; *cliathach*, the side, or cross timbers of a house or ship. And, following out the analogy, *cliathranich*, to be at cross purposes, a fight."

We have now, we hope, afforded sufficient specimens of Mr M'Lean's History, to excite, without satiating, the curiosity of our readers, to whom, after what we have already said, it is needless for us to recommend the purchase and perusal of the book itself.

When we contemplate the principles that are here developed, we look with pity and contempt on the occupations

of even the most celebrated modern philologists of the day. What are the labours of a Bopp, a Grimm, or a Graff, compared with those of a Mac-Lean? What pretensions has the Gothic to be studied, which can only establish by mere historical documents a literary existence of about 1400 years, when the Gaelic can be drawn back, by internal evidence, to a period antecedent to the creation of woman, nay, antecedent even to the creation of man himself; since it is plain by Mr M'Lean's demonstrations, that before Adam existed, the lower animals spoke Celtic in the sounds which they severally uttered, and which afterwards proved the type of the names conferred upon them? Investigations of this kind are fitted to elevate their author far beyond the reputation of a plodding grammarian; and Mr M'Lean may boldly lay claim to a niche in that transcendental gallery, of which the one extremity is already occupied by Wolfgang Menzel, and the other by Maximus Macnab.

To return to the proposition with which we set out: we repeat that the publication of the present work is calculated more and more to impress us with the importance of an increased attention to the Celtic languages. There are two ways in which this object may be promoted. One of them, and the more sublime of the two, is that pursued by Mr M'Lean, which seeks to inculcate, from lofty generalities and enthusiastic imaginations, the primeval antiquity and mystical significance of those languages. The other lies along a humbler path, in which their elementary principles and structural analogies are to be collected by a patient and dispassionate induction from indisputable realities. If the attempt of Mr M'Lean succeeds, it is good and well; if it fails, we recommend to our Celtic philologists to try what they can make of the more sober system which has been already followed, with no small success, by their Teutonic brethren.

ART AND ITS VEHICLES.

THE *Art Union*, a monthly journal very ably conducted, and promising to be of great utility, having, in the last number, (for April,) noticed some remarks and expressions made use of by us in a review of Taylor's translation of *Merimée*, and having, we think, somewhat misunderstood the view taken by us, we think it as well shortly to revert to the subject, because we consider it one of great importance to art, and we are particularly desirous that public attention should be directed to it. If we mistake not the meaning of the writer in the *Art Union*, he would rather deprecate such discussions, and the continual search after new vehicles. At least he appears to give no encouragement to experiment and enquiry. "The diversity of opinions expressed by writers," he says, "who, it is assumed, *feel* competent to instruct us, is strong evidence that conjecture occupies the place of certainty." Now, we do not quarrel with any because they *feel* competent to instruct, provided they will furnish us with the means of judging for ourselves; that is, if they will clearly detail to us their experiments, their progress, and processes, as well as their results; and their reasons for what is more conjectural. A very bad artist may be a very inquisitive man, and spend time and labour upon the *material* of the art, that the man of more active genius cannot afford to do. And, while artists must be under the necessity of relying upon the improvements and inventions of colour-makers, canvass-makers, paper-makers, and workers in other trades, we see no reason why they should turn the eye of scorn upon the efforts, either of an humble brother artist or amateur. Perhaps it is because they are humbler that their usefulness in this way may be greater.

"Did you never hear yet
A fool may teach a wise man wit?"

was the reply of the poor shepherd to the archbishop. For ourselves, we are not above learning from a child what a child may teach; and think it possible, that, while others are occupied in daring flights of design, even our humble selves may, by intensely studying the materials, and en-

gaging others to help us in the study, enable the greater genius, with more facility and more effect, permanently to embody the high conceptions of his mind. We do not say that we shall do so; but we shall not be deterred from making the trial, because it may be implied that we *feel* too confident, and that we have no higher aim of art. Confidence in self, to a certain degree, is the mark of enthusiasm: it is that hope enlarged which blends itself with experiments till it makes them more complete: it is that which gives patience to endure the toil, the research, and labour; and, after all, as it stands visibly for no more than it is worth, may be pardoned for the efforts to which it leads. We have ourselves felt this encourager, or child of enthusiasm; and, when the chill of doubt has cooled us down, and we have drawn the pen across our confident expressions, we know not that we have done wisely—certainly not where accurate detail, and the whole process of inferences and reasoning have accompanied the ardent expression. In our moment of enthusiasm, now, we say confidently that we will yield to none of woman-born in our love—devoted love to art; and we will do our best to teach all we know to those who know less, and love it as we do, and will most gladly receive information from any who know more than we do, on any point or points of the arts.

The writer we have alluded to says,—

"That the subject of vehicles for painting continues to furnish matter for discussion amongst us, is to be seriously regretted. We cannot plead as an excuse that it is with us an art of yesterday: for we surely have had time to come to some conclusion as to the propriety of using this or that vehicle. That we have not arrived at any certain and desirable results is clear, from the variety of modes practised by our artists. One, and not the least of the many evils attending this state of things, is the prejudicial influence it has on the student; who, hearing dally allusions to it, it acquires with him undue importance. Who has not heard a thousand times, in exhibition-rooms or galleries, in the front of works demanding admiration:—'What does he paint with?' 'What is it painted

with ?'—thus attributing to a mere accessory of the palette, that which is the combined result of the vivid preconception of the work, and the 'facile power of hand' displayed in the execution."

After the admission in the first sentence of our quotation, we are surprised that so sensible a writer should lay any stress on so imaginary an evil. Does he really think the enquiry will paralyse the hand or the mind of genius, or be in any way injurious to the young student ? And as to "undue importance," we think that of very great importance which is to enable the young student to have the most ready means of embodying his ideas, and materials that will render them permanent. But, in addition to this consideration of the young student, however willing we might be to save him this trouble and distraction of thought—and we really wish there was a "royal road to mathematics"—there is another party, the public—the patrons—the purchasers of pictures, who, we are quite sure, will be very much obliged to any one who will secure them in their possessions. Now, though we do not profess to open an "insurance office" for such perilous adventures, we are glad to see a few schemes and prospectuses afloat ; for, "in the multitude of counsellors, there is wisdom."

We were once ourselves on most intimate terms with no less a personage in art than an R.A. Few days, during many years, passed that we did not meet. We were constantly beside his easel, and as constantly remonstrated with him upon his use of Macgyllyp. Still he persevered. His pictures looked vastly well. He had great reputation ; and, save in this respect, deservedly ; but we, humble as we were, dared to doubt—even to remonstrate—with the great R.A. We felt "that we were competent to instruct ;" and he felt that we were not. Well, it may be said—and there was no harm in that. Yes, but there was a great deal of harm in that : for, we regret to say, now that he is dead and gone, his works are following him. First, they lost their brilliancy—then they assumed a positively disagreeable texture, and then cracked—and some of them went, most wofully, all to pieces. We recollect, too, being ourselves persuaded to try one of these balsamic mixtures in copying a pic-

ture, and have regretted it ; for it was not wanted. We perfectly remember the mode in which we painted the picture—copy of a large Gaspar Poussin—with strong drying oil and turpentine ; and what we painted one day we sanded the next day, or the day after that. By sanding, we mean that we rubbed common red coarse sand, with water, entirely over the surface, which took off all the greasiness, and gave a most pleasant surface ; and this we did repeatedly, till the foul part of the oil, which comes to the surface, came no more. Then, so far as it was done, the picture looked well for *that medium* ; but, in folly, we glazed it over freely with this nut-oil balsam—which, after all, effected, even for the time, no more than the other process would have done. But what said Time ? "This is no work of mine," quoth he, and scrawled his scratchy marks of disapprobation over it. And, yet, he liked it at first ; for he kept it pretty well for ten years, for the sake of the under-coating and work, perhaps. But at the end of that time he began indignantly to tear away the balsam, turning it into mud. We were actually allowed a respite of ten years for our work, without any thing that could be called separation of paint ; and *now* it is cracked all over.

We had written so far when we were called away ; and, singularly enough, have seen two pictures, a description of the quality of which may well simplify much that we would say upon this subject. The one, we saw painted upwards of twenty years ago. We saw it fresh on the easel of the very R.A. of whom we made mention above. It was an elaborately painted picture of familiar life, with great finish and richness of colour. We saw it during its progress—and, at the very time, we remonstrated with the artist for the use of mastic varnish with his medium : we saw it finished as it stood on his easel, and we have not seen it since until now ; and, after that lapse of time, where do we see it ? In the hands of a cleaner—a repairer of pictures ; and we believe, from certain marks, that this is not the first time that it has required similar assistance. It has kept its colour, and even texture, better than any picture of his we have seen ; but still it is cracked, and is still cracking, and some parts that were brilliant are become leathery, others

horny. We are glad, however, that it is now in judicious hands, and hope further mischief may, in a great measure, be averted. The other picture is by Louthembourg—a very beautiful and powerful picture. Here the texture is still in general pretty good; but it is cracking, much less so than the other. Now, is it not lamentable that pictures so recently painted should be in the hands of a repairer? If the pictures of the old masters had required this renewing every twenty years, it is pretty clear we should have much fewer of them than we have—more especially if, subject to such a process, they had been painted with materials and in vehicles which are so very susceptible of solvents. Fortunately the old paint resists the usual processes. Wilson may have been right when he expressed his regret at the discovery of a new brown; but had some one kindly discovered for him and his contemporaries a better medium, many of his pictures that are now fading and cracking would have retained their brilliancy and beauty. It is quite monstrous to speak in any praise of a vehicle used by the founders of our English school, which renders their pictures now necessarily subject to the picture-cleaner's assistance. Have we improved since their day? It may be much doubted. If we have, it is only partially; that is, in the multiplicity of mixtures some may not be so bad as others. And in one view—a view which we think admitted to be just by the writer in the *Art Union*—the very multiplicity proves that we have not the real one. Is there any one conversant with the works of the old masters, who will dispute one or two assertions which we venture to make? First, that their paint does not crack otherwise than in minute hair cracks; that it does not ever separate, leaving gaps in the canvass. That their paint is very hard, and not in a great degree affected by solvents which will destroy a picture painted after a given date. That, however bad an artist the operator may have been, his work exhibits a texture that is still agreeable, and that those botches and slurs, that bad, and sometimes good artists too, are often guilty of now-a-days, are never seen—no indication of difficulty of working upon a greasy surface, where the paint has shown a repugnance to the surface.

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When these facts can be disproved by a competent judge, who knows how to distinguish the mendings from the original work, we shall begin to think it idle to waste time on enquiries such as "What is it painted with?" and suspect that time will ultimately of itself restore all it is taking away, and that every modern picture may be the real phoenix to rise from its own ashes. In the mean time, we will prosecute our enquiry, and under a happy hope "feel" that it may be possible, through the widely circulating pages of *Maga*, for even us, by the help of our friends, scientific and practical artists, if not to throw some light upon the old methods, to invent new that shall not have the numerous objections which we have pointed out as inseparable from our *macgyllup*. We reviewed Mr Taylor's translation of *Merimée*, because we thought the work likely to be permanently injurious; and now again revert to the opinion of *Tingry*, surely a competent judge, kept back by *Merimée*, indeed with an apparent effort to mislead—for a regret is expressed that *Tingry* did not apply his chemical knowledge to art, that is picture art, which the professor nevertheless did; and in a passage in which he mentions the practice of English painters, reprobates the very admixture of varnishes with the paint, a practice which it is the professed purpose of the whole work of *Merimée* to establish. And surely, considering the authority under which that work comes before the public in France and England, it is extraordinary that there should be found such mistranslations from the Latin and Italian, which must deceive any not acquainted with those languages—mistranslating which mainly tends to confirm what is intended to be established. We do not say that *Merimée*'s favourite varnish, copal, may not be made useful, even as an ingredient in a vehicle; but we want better proof than any he has given us, that mastic varnish may not be used without certain deterioration to works. We have no doubt it is soft, never thoroughly dries, and attracts to itself the impurities of the atmosphere, and is compounded with turpentine, the residuum of which is filthy. Yet this is found in more than one of *Merimée*'s recipes. It may not be amiss here to mention that *Vernet*, contemporary with the founders of the

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English school, seems to have been much more careful than they were in his pigments and medium. *Some* of his pictures, indeed, have a dry and rather poor thin look, as if turpentine had been principally the vehicle; this is not the case with other of his works.

We have, however, remarked that cracking in any of his pictures is very rare. Yet Wilson, whom Vernet recommended with great liberality, worthy an artist, to the notice and patronage of our English connoisseurs and collectors, and whose genius for landscape he discovered, and was the means of his taking to that walk of art—Wilson, we say, used a most unsafe medium, consequently his pictures constantly require the cleaner's superintendence. We may here too ask "*Obiter*" why Loutherboung seems to have been forgotten. He painted so much in this country that we might almost call him an English painter; and if so, setting aside portraits, perhaps the very best we have had. He was a man of high genius, and of very versatile powers. His execution was very variable, well adapted to the objects he had to represent, yet not without the audacity of genius, if we may use so bold a term. He had the art of giving every thing he painted an interest peculiar to it. Wherever he was, it might be said that the "*Genius loci*" was his familiar. Had he painted but a few pictures, he would surely have had a higher reputation, perhaps deservedly a very high one. Even his worst pictures are rescued from commonplace, by some *feeling*, we use the word designedly, which he contrived to give them. He had ever a clear true pencil, indicative of great facility. How vigorous are some of his battle pieces; we particularly remember one, between the Turks and Russians; and his marine subjects have not been, we think, approached in modern days. It is curious that he, who was a native of an inland country, and nurtured as an artist in the depths and heights of Alpine scenery, should have criticised the works of a native of Marseilles, as we believe Vernet was, and determined to rival

the French marine painter. For this purpose he made a tour to the coast of France for a few months, and brought back sketches, from which it is said the artists of his day augured no good, and ridiculed his purpose of painting marine subjects. But his studies were stored more in his mind, than on paper or canvass; for his attempt did succeed, and his marine pictures are his very best, some of them may be pronounced magnificent. It is said that he remarked of Vernet, that he could paint ships, but that he knew nothing of sky and water. We should almost have doubted the genuineness of the remark, for Vernet's sky and water are far better than his shipping. One thing must be said of Loutherboung. He was no imitator. Had he not appended to his art strange schemes which failed, perhaps originating in a superfluity of inventive faculty unemployed to better purposes, he might have been estimated according to his true genius, as the very first of our painters. His reputation suffers from his worst works. This is wandering from the purpose for which we took up our pen, which was simply by taking advantage of some remarks in the *Art Union*, to direct public attention, and particularly the attention of all of competent chemical knowledge, that something may be discovered, which can be established, so that the artist may not find the ground literally slipping from under him.

We greatly rejoice to find that King's College have nobly set the example and established a professorship of painting; again and again would we urge it upon the consideration of those whose business it should be to take up the matter, that professorships of painting in our universities would do more than any other thing whatever to render art sure and great, and give a step in advance to general education; to associate art with the higher cultivation of mind, of taste, and literature; and rescue it from that mean connexion with mere manufactures, to which the vulgar notions of modern utilitarians would strive to chain it down.

SKETCH OF FRANCE AND ENGLAND IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

We have often wished for an inner view of the proud ancient monarchy of France, before the national spirit had been wholly quelled by the royal power. It is fortunate that such a view has been furnished by Sir Henry Bunbury, who has very judiciously inserted in his life of Sir Thomas Hanmer an account of France, written in 1648 by an elder Sir Thomas Hanmer, an English cavalier, who had withdrawn from England on the downfall of the royal cause. Hanmer evidently was a man of no common sagacity, and has given a very interesting sketch of the whole social and political organization of the kingdom.

Every institution of which he speaks has disappeared amidst the convulsions which the country has since undergone; or if a remnant of past ages can here and there be traced, imbedded in the recent formations, it is regarded as a mere curiosity, a sort of fossil, only to be wondered at, like the bones of an ichthyosaurus or a drinotherium giganteum; and yet we shall find that France is influenced to this hour by many causes which were at work in Hanmer's time, and that the people were then, under an absolute monarchy, just what they were afterwards in a republic—just what they are now in their amphibious democratic monarchy; and what their blood and climate will always make them, in the essential basis of character at least; though the tone, and the fashion, and all superficial tendencies, may be altered.

In Hanmer's time, France was very full of money—silver and gold—the towns and villages were not decaying, but the houses were full of people, and the streets swarming with children, which no man could well believe but he that saw it.

The climate of France he considered to be universally delicate, wholesome, equal, and temperate; neither exceeding in heat, coldness, or moisture; the champaign generally delightful, embellished with corn-fields, vineyards, olive-yards, fruit-trees, woods, groves, innumerable towns and villages, commonly of white stone, noblemen's houses, and watered with some navigable rivers, and with many pleasant brooks.

The metropolis of France was Paris, the queen of the European cities, seated in the isle of France, upon the sweet river Seine. The glory and riches of this city proceeded not so much from trade, though it was plentifully provided with all merchandises, especially the most curious and rare, but from the king's ordinary residence there; and consequently, the confluence of the nobility and gentry, the fixed court of parliament for divers provinces, the high chancery of the kingdom, treasuries, and several councils and courts of justice. The miracle of the place was its populousness. The buildings about the city had increased marvellously within the last twenty years. The area, in Hanmer's opinion, was not so vast as commonly reported, London covering *almost as much ground*. Evelyn, in his "Diary of 1644," pronounces, with some hesitation, an opinion in favour of the size of London; but adds, that there is no comparison between the buildings, palaces, and materials—Paris being entirely of stone and more sumptuous, though our piazzas, or open places, were larger. The expense of living was not so great as at London; much cheaper than at Madrid; from which we may infer that Madrid was a more expensive place than London in those days of Spanish grandeur. The price of wine, white and claret, from 2d. an English quart to 8d.; mutton, veal, and beef, at 5d. a-pound the best. The price of meat seems remarkably high for that day. We learn from Evelyn, that Paris was paved with a kind of freestone, of near a foot square, which was more easy to walk on than our pebbles in London.

In the preceding age, young men of rank from France, as well as from other countries, used to repair to Italy, in order to acquire certain accomplishments—a fashion of which Roger Ascham speaks with much indignation. "If some do not well understand what is an Englishman Italianated, I will plainly tell him. *He that, by living and travelling in Italy, bringeth home into England out of Italy the religion, the learning, the policy, the experience, the manners of Italy; that is to say, for religion, papistry, or*

worse ; for learning, less commonly than they carried out with them ; for policy, a factious heart, a discouraging head, a mind to meddle in all men's matters ; for experience, plenty of new mischiefs, never known in England before ; for manners, variety of vanities and change of filthy living." But now Paris was much resorted to on account of its famous university, and flourishing academies for instruction in riding the great horse, *fencing, dancing, the mathematics, and all genteel exercises*, which drew thither the youth of the nobility and gentry of other countries, and of Italy itself.

The people, as in other European kingdoms, were distinguished into noble and not noble. They only were noble that came of a noble race ; and under the term *noblesse* was understood, not only the peerage, (in which sense only we use the word,) but all the gentry, some of whom had no titles, but bore either their family names or offices in the state ; others were dignified with duchies, marquises, earldoms or counties, viscounties, and baronies, and yet were not peers of the realm. The peers were only twenty-four in number. Those who had titles did not hold their honours by patents, relating to the persons, as generally in England ; but had their lands erected by the king into duchies, &c. ; and consequently the title and the land were inseparable, as the earldom of Arundel with us was annexed to the castle of that name. No duke, marquis, count, or baron, unless he were also a peer of the realm, had any privilege by his title above the rest of the *gentilhommes*, besides precedence or place, which they ordinarily took according to the antiquity of their houses, and not according to the date of their creations or the style of their honours.

The *noblesse* held of the king by knights' service, and were generally bred up in the wars. *They kept a distance with all that were not noble, were they ever so rich.* They only could be governors of towns, castles, or provinces ; and had all places in their hands that concerned the safety and peace of the kingdom. They had great power in their seigniories, many having therein the right of justice, even to the taking away life. None but gentlemen could hawk, hunt, or shoot, except in some places adjoin-

ing to great towns, and the king could impose nothing on their lands or persons, neither of which were justly *taillable* ; though they necessarily paid indirect taxes like other people. The nobility and gentry of France could generally ride the great horse, and fence and dance perfectly well ; had some skill in music ; all played upon the guitar or lute ; they understood arithmetic and the mathematics well ; and had commonly some knowledge of philosophy and history, which they read in their own language, and not in Latin ; for they affected not studying controversies in divinity or the old tongues, being naturally addicted to action and war, and to conversation and courtship. They were full of compliment and civility, but jealous of their honour, and impatient of affronts, whence many duels ; great courtiers and servers of ladies ; gay and fanciful in dress ; gallant in their attendance ; affable to strangers ; quick and subtle in business ; studious of their own interests ; full of air and spirit, "called by the duller northern nations *fantasticness and levity* ;" and inferior to the Italians and Spaniards in nothing but the extremity of patience, being not able to attend half their life for the execution of a design. Few of them lived settled in the country ; but, being universally ambitious of power and glory, they either followed the court, or took commands in the army, or had governments of towns or provinces. Their revenues were generally not very great. Few marquises or counts had more than fifteen hundred or two thousand pounds sterling a-year, and few dukes more than four or five thousand ; yet some few had forty or fifty thousand yearly, as the Prince of Condé, (who had a great deal of money besides,) the Dukes of Vendôme, Epemon, and Richelieu.

Their exercises were chiefly tennis, hunting, riding, and shooting with a gun, in which they were very skilful ; they loved setting and coursing very much, and "*hunted not with that gravity and order as in England.*" The lesser gentry went into the fields with hounds, greyhounds, curs, spaniels, and guns all together, and any thing to take their game, which was either hare, partridge, deer, boar, or fowl.

Most of the ancient families were then extinct, and so, consequently,

the old feuds, so that gentlemen lived quietly together, except in Poitou, wherethere were still daily quarrels betwixt neighbouring families. Amongst those that were not noble were comprehended all the peasants or husbandmen, all tradesmen or bourgeois, all lawyers and merchants, all officers and collectors of the *taille* and other impositions, and all that were not descended of a noble race—that is, from soldiers, or such as had been ennobled by the king's letters patent. Persons not noble were called *roturiers*, and their lands and persons were *tailloble*; that is, subject to such impositions as the king pleased to impose on them; yet they might then purchase noble fiefs, which they could not anciently, paying a fine to the king: and many of them, especially the presidents of the courts and the partisans or farmers of new impositions, were excessively rich; for Hanmer had been assured that some partisans had L.40,000 or L.50,000 a-year sterling; and it was usual for a president to give 10,000 pistoles, and even more, for the purchase of his place.

The tradesmen and the merchants were well off; but not so rich as in England or Holland. The nation was inconsiderable at sea. The artificers were laborious and successful. Dieppe, according to Evelyn, abounded in workmen who made and sold curiosities of ivory and tortoise-shell. The town still preserves its character. There were no such people as the yeomen in England, or the Cheshire or western farmers; and the peasants were poor by reason of the great impositions, and because they were only tenants at will, at a rack-rent, "*and in a manner slaves to the gentry*;" yet they were not so miserable as commonly reported, for few died of hunger, or wanted sixpence or a shilling to spend for a collation any holiday in a tavern. Though it might seem that the poverty and slavery they were bred up in should cowardize them, yet they made very good soldiers. Evelyn tells us that the wolves were in such numbers at Blois, that they often came and took children out of the very streets; yet the Duke of Orleans would not permit them to be destroyed.

Here we see the great curse of the French social system—the oppression and starvation of the poor. This had led to many bloody rebellions; but

the nature of the warfare of those times always made the gentry irresistible, and the ignorant and savage peasantry were coerced into obedience.

The principles on which the executive power was based, are well set forth.

"The government of the kingdom of France is *monarchical*, or rather in present *tyrannical*, according to the modern acceptance of the word. The shadow and ideas of laws, and the ancient constitutions, remain; but the sovereign power of the prince is so absolute as to control them all. *Hoc volo. Hoc jubeo, tel est notre plaisir*, are the words now in fashion.

"The powerful condition the state of France is now in, could never have been attained to without unity at home, which was compassed by the wisdom of Cardinal Richelieu, though with much difficulty; for the inhabitants of this country were ever *mutinous and impatient of government*."

So far from truth is the notion that the French Revolution was the first interruption of the peacefulness and obedience of the French in their internal relations, that in the desperate struggles of the League, fifty years before, and in the civil wars of the Fronde—within three or four years after, these remarks were written by Sir Thomas Hanmer—Paris had her *emeutes*, barricades, massacres, and the whole apparatus of revolution, but the crown at length prevailed. Hanmer concludes, upon the whole—

"That the king of France is a great monarch in extent of dominions, greater in the fertility and good situation thereof, greater in this incredible populousness of the same, and in their close compaction and adjacency one to another, but greatest of all in his independent sovereignty, and being armed constantly. He owes homage, fealty, or obedience to none but to God; and under him governs absolutely, shining with his own light, being neither created by the people's nor nobles' suffrages, nor upheld by the vulgar affections, (which are inconstant,) nor by auxiliary forces, which might at some time or other put laws upon him; but his only supporters are wisdom, and the gentry and nobility, who have such privileges and benefits from this absolute regal authority, that their own interest will ever tie them to secure *Royalty*; and they are so numerous and potent, that they may easily do it, and by this means the king's power have full influence upon all persons and affairs, as well ecclesiastical as civil and military."

The gentry and nobility were suffi-

ciently disposed to aid the Crown; but we have already seen, that they had not those rural tastes which fix men in their natural sphere of influence and activity; and the legal rules, mentioned in the next paragraph, were continually at work, breaking down the property and the power of those, who alone had any principle of permanence or stability.

All lands *roturieres*, that is, that were not of military tenure, were after the death of the ancestor divided equally amongst all the children, without distinction of age or sex: but in noble fiefs the eldest son took two-thirds of the estate, and the chief house and seignior; and the younger children, or cadets, had the other third part. Where there were no sons, the inheritance went to the daughters, the eldest taking two-thirds, and the cadets one-third. Roturier land was sold originally for twenty years' purchase, the smallest noble fief for twenty-five, some for thirty, some for forty, and some more, according to the extent of the wood, the quality of the mansions, and the feudal privileges belonging to the estate.

Thus the property of the great families was diminishing from generation to generation, while their rank and pretensions continued unabated, nay multiplied, since even the younger sons bore titles, and transmitted them to their posterity; and as it was easy to purchase either titled lands, or patents of nobility, the old noble families did not absorb the commercial wealth, as they so often do in this country, where nobility is less easily attainable; and each new family added its swarm of titled paupers to the throng.

Nor did they acquire moral habits which could give them weight with their untitled countrymen, and produce that fusion of interests and sympathies, which connects all classes of a truly united people. One great cause of this was, that they were excluded from all, even the most trifling, share of administrative power in their own neighbourhood, where, under a wiser and more liberal system, they would have been its chief depositaries. Not so much as the construction of a road was committed to the gentlemen of the provinces. The central government assumed all the burden and responsibility, and, attempting more

than it could possibly perform, it was naturally blamed for every thing that happened amiss. Burke has remarked upon this, and Malthus very justly says, "It may safely be asserted, that a propensity to govern too much is a certain indication of ignorance and rashness."—*Polit. Econ., Introduction.*

But as far as the main object of Richelieu, the consolidator of this system, was concerned, nothing could be more successful. The power of the crown was made irresistible, except by arms, and rebellion was the only form of opposition to the government. In the mean time, the peasantry knew their lords only by name, and the lords, having no respectable or dignified functions to discharge in the country, betook themselves to the court. It is true, extensive feudal rights and jurisdictions remained to them; but jurisdiction to be exercised singly must be exercised by a professional judge; it is only collective jurisdiction that is of any use where the judges are not lawyers. No single juryman, or single justice of the peace, would choose to act on his own responsibility in any matter of importance. The sole jurisdiction of the French *noblesse*, had only the effect of producing a class of low lawyers, bailiffs, and deputy judges, who combined a knowledge of business with bad and antisocial principles, and worked much evil in the end. Robespierre, and many of the most mischievous actors in the Revolution, belonged to this class. It has been too much the policy of late in this country to withdraw every little particle of power from local authorities, and to vest it in the central government. Let us beware how we deprive our country gentlemen of those inducements to apply to business, which render them useful and respected, and form that manly and practical character which men born to fortune possess nowhere but in England. This country has *heretofore* been nearly self-governed. Now, we see the hand of the Home-Office in every thing. If this continues, if our country gentlemen are disgusted, discountenanced, and excluded from the management of their own affairs, they will yield to the temptations, already strong, of a town life; their character will be assimilated, so far as circumstances can produce resemblance, to that of the ill-fated no-

blesse of France; the country will come to depend on ministerial direction, and look helplessly to the Home-Office for instruction in every emergency.

But though a perfectly centralized executive power appears in the highest degree dangerous to liberty, both liberty and order are promoted by a steady and uniform judicial system. In this, France was eminently deficient. The provinces had been annexed to the crown at different times, and they were governed each by their own laws and customs, which made their intercommunication extremely difficult. Not only had they a multitude of inferior judicatories, but there were ten or twelve parliaments, or supreme courts, and there was nothing to give consistency to the decisions of so many tribunals. The parliament of Paris, it is well known, aspired to the character of a legislative body, and frequently withstood the royal authority in a spirit of real liberty and patriotism; yet Hanmer tells us that, in his time, the universal complaint was of injustice and corruption.

But the provinces were still more separated by fiscal than by judicial regulations. Each province was taxed according to a tariff or rate of its own; and a line of customhouses was erected along the frontiers to prevent smuggling from one district into another. Even corn was only allowed to be sold in the province in which it had been grown. Tyrannical and oppressive taxes were levied on every article of consumption, and that in a most vexatious manner. This kept the people in a degraded and barbarous situation.

The ecclesiastical body was extremely rich, though Hanmer ridiculously over-rates its revenues at 104,000,000 crowns, or £30,000,000 sterling. The archbishoprics were sixteen in number; bishoprics 102; parishes, 14,000; abbeys, 13,056; priories, 12,400; commanderies of Malta, 256; convents of cordeliers and all other religious orders, 14,077.

The French Protestants when Hanmer wrote, still enjoyed the liberty of their consciences, but with no more assurance of the continuance of that liberty, than that it was not conceived good policy for the king to extirpate them, which certainly would not have been very difficult, most of their gal-

lant leaders being dead. The revocation of the edict of Nantes—thirty years after—and the cruel persecution which the Protestants underwent, prove the correctness of Hanmer's views.

The war policy of France in 1648 is identical in principle with the policy of Louis-Philippe, as displayed in Africa and South America. "It is manifest the chief designs of the King of France are, by a constant war, not only to keep the unquiet spirits of his own people in action abroad, and, by being still armed, to awe the commonalty, and draw what treasures he pleases from them, but to make conquests upon the House of Austria, as time and accidents afford best opportunities: but it is conceived his principal aim is at Flanders, and some part of Germany." Accordingly, one-half of Flanders, with the German provinces of Alsace and Franche-Comté, and the most important part of Lorraine, were appropriated by France during the very reign in which Hanmer wrote.

He speaks of French travelling more favourably than modern travellers do. The Scotch no longer enjoy the gratifying immunity mentioned at the end. "There is not in the world so good accommodation for travellers as in France, either in respect of the multitude of good inns and lodgings, or as to posts, coaches, horses to hire by the day, messengers who go weekly from one great town to another, and carry all manner of trunks and necessities wherever you go, and he finds for you horse and diet at a certain rate set down by the king's order. The ordinary charge of the posts is 20 *sols* for every horse every post. He carries small cloak-bags into the reckoning. *Scotchmen* and *Frenchmen* pay not so much."

Evelyn says, that most of the roads in France were paved with a small square freestone, so that the country did not so much molest the traveller with dirt and ill way, as in England; but it was hard for the horses' feet, and caused them to ride more temperately. Some curious particulars as to the state of England in the seventeenth century may be collected from a little book called "*Anglia Rotatitia*," by Edward Chamberlayne, LL.D., R.S.S., dedicated to the Lord Treasurer Danby. Published in England, and also at Amsterdam, "in order to

extinguish in some measure the thirst which foreigners generally had to know the state of this considerable monarchy."

The Doctor first enumerates the various productions of England, in a copious and indeed over-abundant style:—"First, for wholesome substantial food, what plenty every where of sheep, oxen, swine, fallow-deer, coney, and hares; it wants not red-deer, goats, nor roes. What abundance of hens, ducks, geese, turkeys, pigeons, and larks; of partridge, pheasants, plovers, teals, thrushes, merles, fieldfares, owls or blackbirds, wild ducks, wild geese, swans, peacocks, buntings, snipes, quails, woodcocks, lapwings! It wants not sandlings, knot, curlew, bayning, dotterel, roe, chur, ruff, maychit, stint, sea-plover, pewits, redshanks, rails, and wheatears, herons, cranes, bitterns, bustards, puffins, godwits, heathcocks, morepouts or grouse, thrushes, and throats. What plenty of salmon," &c. (and all the fishes of the sea and river are unmercifully catalogued:)

Yet, amidst all this plenty, he casts many a wistful look upon the departed happy days, "before the troubles." "The court of England," he says, "was then accounted a pattern of godliness, hospitality, and charity, and all honesty and virtue; the properest school of prowess and heroic demeanour, and the fittest place of education for the nobility and gentry. All noblemen or gentlemen, subjects or strangers, that came accidentally to court, were freely entertained at the plentiful tables of his Majesty's officers; there were daily at court eighty-six tables well furnished, in all, about five hundred dishes at each meal. All which was provided by the several purveyors, (we may presume below the market price, by virtue of the prerogative.) This prodigious plenty in the king's court, caused foreigners to put a higher value upon the king, and gained the affections of the natives, it being found necessary for the king of England in this way to endear himself to the English, who ever delighted in feasting; as for the Italian princes, by sights and shows to gratify their subjects. Therefore, by special order of the household, some of his Majesty's servants, men of quality, went daily to Westminster Hall, in term

time, between eleven and twelve o'clock, to invite gentlemen to eat of the king's acates or viands, and in Parliament time to invite the Parliament men thereto."

One court ceremony is detailed with much zest, and makes us feel that, even before the troubles, the golden age had departed:—

"The king's court or house, where the king resided, was accounted a place so sacred, that if any man struck another within the palace, so as to draw blood, his right hand was stricken off with great solemnity and ceremony; in brief, thus:—The sergeant of the king's wood-yard brings to the place of execution a square block, a beetle, staple, and cords, to fasten the hand thereto; the yeoman of the scullery provides a great fire of coals by the block, wherein the searing-irons, brought by the chief farrier, are to be ready for the chief surgeon to use. Vinegar and cold water, brought by the groom of the saucery; the chief officers, also, of the cellar and pantry are to be ready, one with a cup of red wine, and the other with a manchet, to offer to the criminal, after the hand is cut off, and the stump seared; the sergeant of the ewry is to bring linen to wind about, and wrap the arm. The yeoman of the poultry, a cock to lay to it; the yeoman of the chandry, seared cloths; the master cook, a sharp dresser knife, which, at the place of execution, is to be held upright by the sergeant of the larder, till execution be performed by an officer appointed thereto, &c.

"After all shall be imprisoned during life, and fined and ransomed at the king's will!"

This is the punishment which Sir Mungo Malagrowther described to Lord Glenvarloch, by way of preparing him to undergo it.

"The king of England hath ever had the repute of the richest in domains of any king in Europe; so the nobility in England have been accounted the richest in lands of any neighbouring nation; some having above £20,000 yearly, others £15,000, and many of them above £10,000.

"The English nobility for valour, wisdom, integrity, and honour, hath in all former ages been equal to any in Christendom.

"Every lord's house was a kind of

well disciplined court, in so much that the gentry, males and females, were wont to be sent thither for virtuous breeding, and returned excellently accomplished at home; their table, attendance, officers, exercises, recreations, garb, was an honour to the nation.

"Abroad they were attended with as brave, numerous, and uniform a train of servants and followers as any in Europe, not thinking it consistent with their honours to be seen walking the streets almost in *cuerpo*, with only one lacquey, or not that much less to be found drinking in a tavern," &c.

Chamberlayne hints that the nobility were not in very high estimation in his time; and this may be easily believed of the degenerate court of Charles II.

"If some of the English nobility, by a long-continued peace, excessive luxury in diet, want of action, &c., were, before the late wars, born more feeble in body than their ancestors, and by too fine and too full diet, afterwards, were rendered weaker in mind; and then, during the late troubles, by much licentiousness and want of fit education, were so debauched, that it was lately difficult to find (as some are bold to affirm) the courage, wisdom, integrity, honour, sobriety, and courtesy of the ancient nobility; yet it is not to be doubted that, under a warlike enterprising prince, all those virtues of their forefathers may spring afresh."

The next sentence is eminently short-sighted. The Doctor bemoans that very constitution of the nobility, which has made them so valuable a class.

"Notwithstanding the great privileges belonging to the nobility of England, yet the greatest of them (no, not the brother or son of the king) ever had the privilege of the *grandeess* of Spain, to be covered in the king's presence, except only Henry Ratcliffe, Earl of Surrey; nor had ever that higher privilege of the nobility of France, whose domain lands, and their dependents holding them, are exempted from all contributions and tallies, by which favour they are tied to their king [the very expression of Hanmer,] and so enabled to serve him, that although rebellions are frequent, yet seldom of long continuance, and never prosperous; whereas the highest

born subject of England hath herein no more privilege than the meanest ploughman, but utterly want that kind of reward for ancient virtue and encouragement for future industry. But the nobility did still enjoy something like the shadow of their former greatness. There are certain marks of state that belong to each degree amongst the nobility, which they may practise or not practise at pleasure.

"A duke may have, in all places out of the king's presence, a cloth of estate hanging down within half a yard of the ground; so may his duchess, and her train borne up by a baroness; and no earl to wash with a duke without the duke's pleasure.

"A marquis may have a cloth of estate, reaching within a yard of the ground, and that in all places out of the presence of the king or of a duke; and his marchioness to have her train borne by a knight's wife; and no viscount to wash with a marquis but at his pleasure.

"An earl also may have a cloth of estate without pendants, but only fringe, and a countess may have her train born by a gentlewoman, out of the presence of her superiors, and in their presence by a gentleman.

"A viscount may have a cover of assay holden under his cup when he drinks; but no assay taken, as dukes, marquises, and earls may have, and may have a travers in his own house. And a viscountess may have her gown borne up by a woman out of the presence of her superiors, and in their presence by a man.

"A baron may also have the cover of his cup holden underneath whilst he drinketh, and a baroness may have her gown borne up by a man in the presence of a viscountess.

"Of temporal lords or peers of England, there are at present about 156, whereof there are eleven dukes, three marquises, sixty-six earls, eleven viscounts, and sixty-five barons; whereas, within seventy years last past, there was not one duke, but one marquis, about nineteen earls, three or four viscounts, and forty barons.

"Of the lower nobility in England, the number is so great, that there are reckoned at present above 700 baronets, who are possessed, one with another, of about L.1200 a-year in lands. Of knights, above 1400, who, one with another, may have about L.800

a-year in lands. Of esquires and gentlemen, above 6000, each one possessed, one with another, of about L.400 a-year in lands, besides younger brothers, whose number may amount to about 16,000 in all England, who have small estates in land; but are commonly bred up to divinity, law, physic, to court and military employments, but of late too many of them to shopkeeping."

He thinks that men of this class can only with propriety bring up their children to military, court, state, or church employments; and yet, he says, to the shame of our nation, we have seen of late not only the sons of baronets, knights, and gentlemen sitting in shops, but also an earl of this kingdom subjecting his son to an apprenticeship and trade; but, he adds, that those young gentlemen had generally taken ill, debauched, courses. Finally, he says, that "The true English nobility and gentry have in all times made it their main aim to endow their sons with such accomplishments especially, as might render them capable to defend their country in time of war, and to govern it in time of peace; for which two things all gentlemen seem to be born, and therefore their chief studies have ever been that of the great Emperor Justinian, and should be of all princes and nobles, viz.—*Domi leges et foris arma quam maximè callere.*" The following passage shows how differently the English and the French thought of professions; for Hanmer says, "that even the secretaries of state were not gentlemen, it being not the custom in France for persons of good houses to be pen and inkhorn men, but to take upon them only soldierlike employments." "By command of King James, none were to be admitted into the inns of court but gentlemen by descent. Our ancestors thought those of inferior rank would rather debase the honour of the law, and would be prone to chicanery or play tricks, and not like to be so fit for trusts and honours, whereas the consideration of birth and fortune makes men more careful of their honour and reputation. If this command of King James had been carefully observed, and one more added, viz. "that none but gentlemen should easily and ordinarily be admitted to ecclesiastical dignities, there would be in England sufficient provisions for the younger

sons of noblemen and gentlemen, whereof now very many are the objects of pity, either for suffering, or at least for doing much evil, for want of fit employments, *and there would be, doubtless, less corruption in our ecclesiastical and civil government; the serious consideration whereof would be a work worthy of our Parliament.*" It is only a few years since it was seriously proposed at one of the inns of court, that no man, not having an independent income of L.300 a-year, should be called to the bar. The exclusive system here recommended by Dr Chamberlayne was in force among the French ecclesiastics, and contributed very much to the ruin of their church. The yeomanry of England are represented as a substantial and trustworthy race of people. This class was altogether wanting in France, and the condition of the labourers of that country will still less bear comparison with ours.

"The lowest member, the feet of the body politic, were the day-labourers, who, by the large wages given them, and the cheapness of all necessaries, enjoyed better dwellings, diet, and apparel in England, than the husbandmen did in many other countries. The whole population of England is estimated at about five millions and a half. The condition of servants had improved since our ancestors' days, 'when it was so bad, that England was called the purgatory of servants, and it was, and is still, the paradise of wives, and the hell for horses.' As some years before the late troubles no people of any kingdom in the world enjoyed more freedom from slavery and taxes, so generally none were freer from evil tempers and humours, none more devoutly religious, willingly obedient to the laws, truly loyal to the king, lovingly hospitable to neighbours, ambitiously civil to strangers, or more liberally charitable to the needy.

"No kingdom could show a more valiant prudent nobility, a more learned pious clergy, or a more contented loyal commonalty.

"The men were generally honest, the wives and women chaste and modest, parents loving, children obedient, husbands kind, masters gentle, and servants faithful."

In a word, the English were then, according to their native tempers, the

best neighbours, best friends, best subjects, and the best Christians in the world. Good-nature was a thing so peculiar to the English nation, and so appropriated by Almighty God to them, as a great person observed, that it cannot well be translated into another language, or practised by any other people.

"Amongst these excellent tempers, amongst this goodly wheat, whilst men slept, the enemy came and sowed tares. There sprang up of late years a sort of people," [not unlike certain worthies of modern times,] "sour, sullen, suspicious, querulous, censorious, peevish, envious, reserved, narrow-hearted, close-fisted, self-conceited, ignorant, stiff-necked, children of Belial, (according to the genuine signification of the word,) ever prone to despise dominion, to speak evil of dignities, to gainsay order, rule, and authority; who have accounted it their honour to contend with kings and governors, and to disquiet the peace of kingdoms; whom no deserts, no clemency, could ever oblige; neither oaths nor promises bind; breathing nothing but sedition and calumnies against the established government; aspiring without measure, railing without reason, and making their own wild fancies the square and rule of their consciences; hating, despising, or disrespecting the nobility, gentry, and superior clergy."

"The nobility and chief gentry of England have been, even by strangers, compared to the finest flour, but the lower sort of common people to the coarsest bran; the innate good-nature, joined with the liberal education and converse with strangers in foreign countries, render those exceedingly civil; whereas the wealth, insolence, and pride of these, and their rare converse with strangers, have rendered them so distasteful, not only to the few strangers who frequent England, but even to their own gentry, that they could sometimes wish that either the country were less plentiful, or that the impositions were heavier; for by reason of the great abundance of the flesh and fish, corn, leather, wool, &c., which the soil of its own bounty, with little labour, doth produce, the peasants, at their ease, and almost forgetting labour, grow rich, and hereby so proud, insolent, and careless, that they neither give

that humble respect and awful reverence, which in other kingdoms is usually given to nobility, gentry, and clergy, nor are they so industrious or so skilful in manufactures as some of our neighbour nations; so that in England it is no paradox to affirm, that as too much indigency in the inferior sort of people doth depress the spirits and dull the minds of them, so too plentiful and wanton a fortune causeth in them a laziness and less industry: that state commonly enjoying most peace, and order, and happiness, where either the *moderate barrenness* of the country, or want of ground, or multitude of imposts, (as in Holland,) do necessitate the common people to be industrious in their callings, and so to mind their own, as not to disturb the state and church affairs.

"Moreover, of the English, especially of the peasantry, it hath been formerly and unhappily observed, that then it is happiest with them when they are somewhat pressed in a complaining condition, according to that old rhyming verse,—

'*Rustica gens est optima flets, et pessima ridens!*'"

Dr Chamberlayne speaks in a most pauper-pinching strain. He would see much to gratify him if he could for a time revisit the upper earth. The next sentence reminds us of the believers in Sir William Courtenay:—"The English people anciently were, and at this day are, very apt to hearken to prophecies, and to create prodigies; and then to interpret them according to their own extravagant conceits.

"Stabbing in England is much more seldom than in Italy, the English being easy to be reconciled, to pardon and remit offences, not apt to seek revenge; the true well-bred English have more of inclination to goodness, which the Greeks called *Philanthropia*, than other nations; the nobility and well-bred gentry delighting to be gracious and courteous with strangers, compassionate to the afflicted, and grateful to benefactors, when their purse or estate, not diverted by other extravagant expenses, will give them leave to remember them.

"Their ingenuity (ingenuousness) will not allow them to be excellent at the cheat, but subject in that point rather to take than give; and supposing others as open-hearted as them-

selves, are many times in treaties overmatcht by them whom they overmatcht in arms and true valor." This remark has often been made since, and never was more applicable than now. It is Lord Palmerston's only excuse.

"The English, especially the gentry, are so much given to prodigality, sports, and pastimes, that estates are oftener spent and sold than in any other country. They think it a piece of frugality beneath a gentleman to bargain beforehand, or to count afterwards, for what they eat in any place, though the rate be most unreasonable; whereby it comes that cooks, vintners, innkeepers, and such mean fellows, enrich themselves, and beggar and insult over the gentry. In a word, by their prodigality it comes, that not only those, but tailors, dancing-masters, and such trifling fellows, arrive to that riches and pride as to ride in their coaches, keep their summer-houses, to be served in plate, &c., *an insolence insupportable in other well-governed nations!*"

There are persons now alive; who remember the great Sir John Gallini going about in his own carriage to give lessons in dancing. But that was in the days of the "minuet de la cour."

"The English are generally great flesh-eaters, although, by the nearness of the sea, and abundance of rivers and fish-ponds, there is no want of fish. In former times, their table was in many places covered four times a-day; they had breakfasts, dinners, beverages, and suppers, and every where set dinners and suppers, until the time of the late troubles; wherein many eminent families being much impoverished, a custom was taken up by some of the nobility and gentry, of eating a more plentiful dinner, but no supper; as, on the contrary, the Romans and Jews anciently, and the hotter climates at this day, have little or no dinners, but set suppers.

"Feasting, also, is not so common and profuse as anciently. Anciently, at a call of sergeants-at law, each sergeant (saith Fortescue) spent 1600 crowns in feasting, which in those days was more than 1600 now.

"Since the late rebellion, England hath abounded in variety of drinks (as it did lately in variety of religions) above any nation in Europe. Besides all sorts of the best wines, from Spain,

France, Italy, Germany, and Grecia, there are sold in London above twenty sorts of other drinks, as brandy, coffee, chocolate, *tee*, aromatic, mum, sider, perry, beer, ale, many sorts of ales, very different, as cock, stepony, &c.; a piece of wantonness whereof none of our ancestors were ever guilty.

"The ancient English vices were gluttony, pride in apparel, and excess of drinking. Some persons, and those of quality, may not be safely visited in an afternoon, without running the hazard of excessive drinking of healths; and in some places it is esteemed an excellent piece of wit to make a man drunk; for which purpose some swilling insipid trencher buffoon is always at hand."

The Doctor speaks as if he had himself been entrapped.

"However, it may be truly affirmed, that at present there is generally less excess of drinking (especially about London, since the use of coffee, &c.) than heretofore. Duelling, so common heretofore, is now almost laid aside here as well as in France."

The general prosperity and comfort of England is evident from the following facts.

"Houses in cities, that were made formerly usually of wood, are now built of good stone or brick, and covered with slate or tile; the rooms within, formerly wainscoted, were then hung with tapestry, or other convenient stuff; and all cieled with plaster, excellent against the rage of fire, against the cold, and to hinder the passage of all dust and noise. The modern buildings were far more slight, and of less continuance than the ancient. The houses of the nobles and rich were abundantly furnished with pewter, brass, fine linen, and plate; the mean mechanics and ordinary husbandmen wanted not silver spoons, or some silver cups in their houses. The windows everywhere glazed, not made of paper or wood, as is usual in Italy and Spain. Chimneys in most places, and no stoves, although the far more southern parts of Germany could hardly subsist in the winter without them.

"Anciently, the fee expected by a sergeant from his client, for advice given at his chamber, or for pleading in any court of judicature, was no more than 20s. and the fee of a barrister 10s.; but at present it is become almost

ordinary to give some sergeants £10, and some £20, and to a barrister half as much at the hearing of any considerable cause; whereby it comes to pass that some lawyers in one year gain in fees £3000, and some £4000; and, in a few years, purchase estates fit for lords, and sometimes live to see themselves advanced to be peers of the realm.

"Anciently, the usual fee of a doctor of physic was 20s., and one that had not taken that degree 10s.: at present there is no certain rule; but some that are eminent have received in fees yearly two or three thousand pounds, and purchased great estates, which in other countries is very rare.

"The income of the queen-dowager was £60,000 a-year; the lords of the bedchamber had £1000 a-year; and the officers of the household seem to have been paid very much according to the present scale."

The following account of the Post-Office is curious, at a time when we have seen its revenues amount to a million and a half of pounds sterling—of which, it seems, the Exchequer could spare one million!

"Though the number of letters-missive in England were not at all considerable in our ancestors' days, yet it is now so prodigiously great, (*since the meanest people have generally learned to write*) that this office is farmed for *thirty thousand pounds* a-year. A letter, containing a whole sheet of paper, is conveyed eighty miles for 2d.; two sheets 4d.; and an ounce of letters but 8d.; and that in so short a time, by night as well as by day, that every twenty-four hours the post goes

120 miles; and in five days an answer of a letter may be had from a place 300 miles distant from the writer."

Travelling, too, had improved:—

"There is of late such an admirable commodiousness, both for men and women of better rank, to travel from London to almost any great town of England, that the like hath not been known in the world, and that is by stage-coaches, wherein one may be transported to any place, sheltered from foul weather and foul ways, free from endamaging one's health or body by hard joggling or over-violent motion, and this not only at a low price, as about a shilling for every five miles, but with such velocity and speed, as that the posts in some foreign countries make not more miles in a day; for the stage-coaches, called flying coaches, make *forty or fifty miles in a day* (!) as from London to Oxford or Cambridge, and *that in the space of twelve hours*, not counting the time for dining; setting forth not too early, nor coming in too late."

Farewell, honest Doctor Chamberlayne: the world would not suit you now, nor you it. Parliament-men do indeed still dine at court, but the royal hospitality has become more discriminating: and not a hand has been stricken off within the memory of man. The lower orders are still more encroaching than in your day, and the forty or fifty miles a-day velocity of your flying coaches has been increased nearly to forty or fifty miles an hour. You would have no pleasure in life, and we beg your pardon for this momentary resuscitation.

ON LEONARDO DA VINCI AND COREGGIO.

IMMEDIATELY before and after the completion of the triad of Italian painting, in Michael Angelo, Raffael, and Titian—so immediately that they almost seem to be contemporary with these eminent masters—Leonardo da Vinci and Antonio da Coreggio appear. These, sundered as they are by the intervention of the qualities signified by those great successors of the one and predecessors of the other, and strikingly different in respect to what they must be considered to have separately effected, when their works are viewed in relation to the evolution of sentiment and style, and the processes of painting, present an intimate connexion.*

We have previously seen painting under the influence of, and dealing with, the most extended elements of the mind,† in different concentric circles of perception, pursuing its course in dependence upon the mental constitution. The same dependence must continue to be recognised, but in connexion with less elementary and eminent divisions of faculty. Combined, specific, and individual qualities, now take the place of generic. The soundless voices of the authors of the Judgment, the Dispute of the Sacrament, and the Assumption of the Virgin, have been uttered. Their mighty paean has passed. The inclusive (in connexion with poetic sentiment—the epic) intellection of Buonarrotti; the mediating harmony of human inter-relation, or moral beauty of Raffael; the outwardness, or materiality of Vecelli—has been evolved, each in their tendency, or essential characteristic, embracing one grand division of the constituents of sentiment and knowledge. But, within the arc of these, the triform bounds of the know-

able—the inclusive limits of the perceived—lies the sphere of their combination and modification—the varied scene of existence—the illimitable diversity of thought, action, and physical being—the ground whereon the passions “turn and change together”—the constant advance and retrocession of particular powers—the field of the interrupted and blent operation of good and ill—of repose, or of

“Tearing, with rough strife,
Through the iron bars of life”—

the stage of extended and of partial endeavour, from the acknowledgment and influence of those “high instincts” which

“Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;”

to submission to the predominance of unworthy and petty conventions, which in constant succession bubble up, form, and dispel. This, reflected as it is in painting, not in conformity or merely in connexion with its subjects, (which, in every instance, must found upon, or deal with features or scenes of life in thought and passion, whether produced in abeyance to intellect, as by Michael Angelo, or to morals, as by Raffael, or to impressions of sense, as by Titian,) but in dependence upon its exemplification in its diverse portions, or elements, as constituting the distinction of the various periods, masters, schools, and classes, remains in its unlimited range the foundation or data whereby their essential features must be discriminated.

We now, also, approach the time when forms of style—what may be termed its artifices when removed

* The competition betwixt Leonardo and Michael Angelo, in the instance of the “Cartoon of Pisa,” and the “Battle of the Standard;” and the “Anche io sono Pittore” of Coreggio, on viewing the “St Cecilia,” of Raffael, seems to mark them as contemporary. But, while they appear in some measure to come together in respect to time, the character of their works places them altogether apart, and marks them as belonging to different epochs.

It will be seen, from the view which is taken of the nature of the painting of Coreggio, that it was unnecessary here to enter into the question, whether or not he was acquainted with the productions of the different schools of painting.

† Nos. CCLXXX. CCLXXXIV. CCXCI. on Michael Angelo, Raffael, and Titian.

from their original connexion—begin to assume a prominent position : the practice of peculiarities in the exercise of the means or material, to take an important place. In respect to this, a line of demarcation must be drawn, separating those, the style of whom, must be considered to be immediately dependent upon their expression or reference—the attendant result of their signification, and those who adopt a portion of style, (necessarily of another,) and constitute it the principal end of their works. But although Leonardo and Coreggio, with the heads of the Florentine, Roman, and Venetian schools, furnish an ample source of this description of pseudo art, or mistaken imitation, in others their successors, they in no respect appertain to it themselves.*

As the first step in proceeding to state what we consider to be the position of the labours of these two eminent masters in respect to each other, and towards pointing out their peculiar or characterising feature, it is necessary to advert to a distinction, upon which the explication of these, and various other questions connected with painting, in some measure depends.

The *extent* of the range of pictorial art was formerly noticed, in connexion with the view which we gave of the essential relation of the genius of Raffael. It is now necessary to observe the *nature* of that range, or properly the just bearing of the term art, which involves the distinction now alluded to.† It was seen ‡ that the expression of every variety of sentiment was pursued by painting—that it was one great language, or mode of signification, not bounded (otherwise than within its own nature, or the sphere of art) by definite limits ; that the law of the productions of no particular time, should be imposed as the idea of those of another ; that no individual portion or fragment of thought or sentiment, or mode

of the use of its materials, should be pursued or fixed upon by art as a summit to excellence ; that Grecian sculpture is not to be the standard of judgment in respect to the tendency or meaning and style of Michael Angelo, nor Michael Angelo of Raffael, nor Raffael of Titian ; but that each has their separate sphere, in relation to the wide development of mind and quality, which, from age to age, passes on, changing and producing.

Art, considered under the just recognition of its origin and end, and viewed in its various phases of progress and decay—at one period passing in its strength over one portion of civilized society, it may be in connexion with mythic doctrine, as in the poetry of India, and the architecture of Egypt, or in elevating the heroic to the divine, as in the sculpture of Greece—presents one great whole, dependent in its several parts upon one bond of connexion. [But in the face of this, its ubiquity, in one form or another—in defiance of the constantly recurring, and ever-living repetition of its effects in different times and modes—in opposition to its indestructibility, and the continual exemplification of its re-animated influence ; a singular solecism has frequently taken the place of an imperative judgment regarding it ; which, although too mistaken to be generally entertained, on particular occasions, in various degrees, and under different modifications, has served to impede the full admission of its influence ; and that not merely in connexion with notions promulged under speculative systems of economy, political or moral, which are alone fitted to meet certain data—to run, like fused brass, into their destined mould, and there stiffen into rigid immobility. It has been deemed contingent and unnecessary ; its various branches have been separately denied, or even held to be detrimental ; one muse after another has been banished from the codes of fanciful

* Some names, which exercise a strong influence on painting at the present time, must be considered to belong to this class. Its vice clings to the art of this the middle of the nineteenth century, in various forms, in different countries ; but more especially in England, like the poisoned shirt of Dejanira to the limbs of Hercules.

† The signification of the term art within its own sphere in regard to what is superior or inferior, it is not necessary here to enter into. This has been different times alluded to in these papers.

‡ No, CCLXXXIV. on the genius of Raphael.

moralists and legislators. But life does not acknowledge rules of mental monasticism, and the sisters are often seen whispering in the ears of their repudiators. Happily, man's self-denial of his own faculties and powers, does not negative their existence; otherwise, his extinction, intellectually, morally, and physically, would have been a short process. Plato the divine—the poet-philosopher—the elevated moralist—the assertor of the divinity dwelling in man, debarred the entrance of poets into his perfected republic. Such are the “calentures of the brain,” even of the most gifted. But Socrates, on the other hand, had pronounced art to be the only true wisdom. The antagonism betwixt these opinions, appears sufficiently irreconcilable. They are necessarily built upon altogether separate grounds, the consideration of which leads to the distinction which we wish to specify. The objection of Plato bases upon the discrepancy which constantly must be felt to exist betwixt particular or individual circumstances and things, and the intimations or representations of art, which, in Bacon's words, “accommodates the shows of things to the desires of the mind.” It proceeds upon a partial view of what is truth, and a jealous regard for its cause; while the assertion of Socrates must be considered to originate in an extended and just apprehension of truth, and of the bearing and purpose of art being inherent therein. The decision of Plato, which in this instance is in singular contradiction to the general spirit of his philosophy, confuses fact and truth; * the true and truth of Zeno. That of Socrates must be considered to result from their discrimination and separation. The one is the element of the operation of science; the other, that of art. The

end of science is to find truth: art assumes that it is found. The former makes the process of arriving at truth its care; the concatenated induction of results from facts, or particular manifestations of natural and psychological phenomena. The latter deals with results alone, and increases its power by calling into its service mental intuitions, which lie beyond the possibility of reference to the self-evident principles demanded by science. The object of both is the same—the cognition of the final relation of things—truth. But the ground of art is where that of science terminates. It does not trace or elucidate: it enforces or reiterates—expresses admitted intimations, unquestioned and incontrovertible dictates. It implies the assumption or acknowledgment of data to operate upon. Science, unless in its most remote contingents, denies this. Science proceeds demonstratively—art dogmatically; it proves nothing; it assumes its statements to be proved by their coming under its form or law. Science is the medium by which many of the conditions of civilisation are directed: it is primarily the means of regulating and adapting life to society. Art awaits the results of the experiences of life, and influences man and society by repeating these. Science may, in particular instances, be subservient to art, by leading to the apprehension of ultimate properties; but art, which, in its distinct and characterising essence, exists only in relation to these, cannot confer a like aid upon science. Science is the minister of nature: art that of idea. This constitutes the strength of art, but at the same time affords the footing for objection against it. The scientific element is ever present and necessary; being in its operation, in the first instance, attendant upon

* An objection, proceeding from this cause, is frequently brought against imaginative art in literature generally, but more especially against its grand feature of the present time—the novel or romance. However well-intentioned such may be, its short-sightedness is palpable. But while some departments of literature or art, remain unaffected by any such notions, and go on spreading in their effects; others appear to suffer. It may be, however, that one absorbs another. The drama, from being, as it ought, a great public monitor, is in a measure become a pander to a particular class of the public: to certain rather obstructive demands than otherwise. It is not, as it should be, fully and freely a means of public instruction. Elevated sentiment must give place to melodramatic spectacle, shout, and strut. The stage at one time was devoted to the service of the church. There could not be rivalry between them. They might still be auxiliaries.

the physical needs of man—his bodily wants or conveniences. The useful arts are consummated science. The imitative element, or that of art, is inherent in mentality and sentiment only; and, where that is not sufficiently existent or dominant, cannot be apprehended. Lopped off from this, and regarded in an isolated position, each of the arts, in turn, may be supposed capable of being extinguished. But such a partition, if so sufficiently plausible in speculation as not seldom to have misled, is an impossibility in connexion with the constitution of rational man.

Art and science are the two primary categories into which all record of perception must be divided. Their separation should form the first step in the formation of the ontology of the operations of the reason. Truth must in every instance be intimated in modes dependent upon one or other of them. They are the elementary exponents of perceived being; and of that power which man deems exterior and distinct from his own mind—nature. But the use of this term seems, frequently in connexion with art, no less than with other subjects, to have been a labyrinth, which it was easier to plunge into than to find the way through. At one time, it is used to denote the creative and sustaining power of being; at another, the permanent qualities of things; and again, the changeable and fluctuating. Here, then, it may be opportune to, in some measure, limit its signification, both from its connexion with what has been immediately before stated, and from the uncertainty which has so generally attended it. There are two powers or forces in every perceived subject; the one constantly evolving individuality or difference, the other intimating unity and agreement. To the former, in its distinct acceptation, belongs the term *nature*; to the latter that of *idea*. The last is the cognition

or consciousness (so far as such may be) of the essentialities; the first, of the fluctuating being of things. *Idea* is the archetype which nature manifests; or by separate efforts works out. It is the intimation of the ultimate and final, meeting the mind through nature, or the medium of language* by which perception is produced, consisting of, or being, various individualizations, each imperfect from its exterior position to the universal mind; but each of which is again connected with that, in different degrees, by the portion of its unchangeable relations, which they partake of or signify in idea.

The distinction betwixt the elements of art and science being kept in view, the strongest point of contrast betwixt Leonardo da Vinci and Coreggio is arrived at. In other respects, they at once stand connected and opposed; but in this they belong to altogether different modes. In the instance of Leonardo, it involves the essential character of his works; in respect to Coreggio, it is merely adventitious to that. Leonardo was mentally a seeker after truth—a scientist; Coreggio was an assertor of truth—an artist. The whole endeavour and practice of Leonardo was experimental. His works are separate efforts; in many respects, the one totally different from the other. Their sentiment is at times directed intellectually; on other occasions, they appear to be regulated by moral impulse; and again, the expression of physical and material quality seems to constitute their intention. But in no instance can either be said to be thoroughly effected. In the method or material of their production, there is consequently a corresponding variety. If there is any binding sentiment which may be considered to predominate in his pictures, it consists in a demoniac keenness in the expression of the heads, which leads away from and absorbs every

* Berkely styles the impressions of the senses the language of God; man being by them in constant communication with Deity by their intimations. It will be obvious, that the sense which is here attached to the term *idea*, is altogether different from the *ideal* of Berkely; which merely stands opposed to the existence of the immediate cause of the impressions of sense, in any separate (or material) form, from their being in the mind. Its use here, as will be sufficiently obvious, has no connexion either with the denial or acceptance of immaterialism. His argument in respect to general or abstract, and particular or individual ideas, and his denial of the former, may appear to be more connected with our subject. But he has there raised a spirit in order to exorcise it.

other portion of them. If there is any prevalent method, which may be considered at once to belong to such very differently produced works as the "Medusa,"* and the "Christ among the Doctors,"† it consists in a quality which was very general to the painters of the time, almost universal—their elaborately touched surface. His restless exertions attempted both the highest and the lowest in art. It occupied itself with absurd and hideous caricature; and led him, after years of labour, to pronounce his picture of the "Last Supper" unfinished. He was an experimentalist—the necessary precursor to the unfolding of the discursive range of sentiment; the manifestation of which immediately followed. He is a dependent and aiding portion in the enunciation of Italian painting; and hence of that of modern Europe. Instead, therefore, of regretting the diversity of his pursuits—instead of lamenting their want of concentration—it should be seen that that which he aimed at was not compassed by any other individually; that the powers of the greatest names consisted in the enucleation of separate parts of that which his ambitious intellect yearned towards the production of as a whole; and that it was not until these separate manifestations had been made, that another rose, in Antonio da Coreggio, to take advantage of what had been done, and to attempt its union, but only to show that this was incompatible with the entireness of its different components, and that another limit—a distinct range of signification—was necessarily entered upon, less great and less worthy than those of Michael Angelo and Raffael, but, although less extended and engrossing, more elevated than that of Titian.

Leonardo may be considered to personify or represent the general movement of art before its great era; Coreggio that of the predominant direction of the immediately succeeding period. They are the limits on the

opposite side of its highest elevation; on the one hand, of ascent; on the other, of descent;—as the like in the life of an individual, the mental phases of particular periods of society have their growth, strength, and decay. Leonardo was the immediate advance to the appearance of Buonarrotti, Raffael, and Titian; Coreggio the consequent result of their appearance. Leonardo had imperfectly signified the demands of the mental constitution; they had expressed or shown its most extended relations, of which Coreggio indicated the quiescent acknowledgment. Leonardo endeavoured after all—intellectual energy, moral beauty, and material excellence; but neither became predominant: they alternately prevail, and are alternately negative; leaving his character to consist in the variety of his effort—his distinction to be the outstretched arm and the advanced step, at times overtaking and embracing, but oftener falling behind, and failing to grasp its object.

Leonardo is the greatest of those who, in painting, sought for and accumulated its powers, and placed them at the disposal of others, who substantiated its widest circles of signification or sentiment. But he stops short, without in himself manifesting any consummated intention, or any great or influencing impulse. He is only the attendant or accompaniment to that in others, in so far as any definite purpose is intimated in his works. As a whole, his character may be said to present a synopsis of the scientific effort of his time.

But Coreggio recognises and verifies, and becomes, in painting, the representative of a wide division of sentiment. He is the intermediate step betwixt the abstract, moral, and material qualities or bearing of the works of Buonarrotti, Raffael, and Titian, in their unmodified and dominant exemplification; and their partial manifestation, in connexion with the wide diversity of expression or signification

* In the tribune of the Ducal Gallery, Florence.

† In the National Gallery. Whether this picture is original or not, it is altogether his work, although it may be through the hands of a disciple.

‡ The letter of Da Vinci to Sforza Duke of Milan, offering his services, is a remarkable evidence of the diversity of his powers, and his own singular appreciation of them. After enumerating the many qualifications which he considers might make him useful, he adds, that he can also paint, he thinks, not amiss.

which has since been produced in painting. The tendency of his works is adherent to the desire of repose—of cessation from mental or bodily exertion—to merely human enjoyment within the pale of the rational, but not elevated to the sphere of the intellectual in man. Those of Buonarotti are altogether beyond this, the circle of Coreggio; Raffael above it; and those of Titian below it. The value of his works rests upon the appreciation of a state of being which is not actuated by any intense aspiration on the one hand, nor disturbed by conflicting passions or opinions on the other. His element is that of satisfied existence, not operated upon by strong desires or powers, but rather expresses the subsidence of these into reposed equanimity—a state of mind which denies effort—that would seem to make happiness its realm, without the exertion of the search after it. His painting intimates the golden age of man's desire. Nor is it to be considered an atmosphere of utter "drowsy-head," but rather a land where "Cursed steel, and more accursed gold," with their attendant masque of the godlike and the demonic, have no place. His Madonnas are delighted mothers, who might be supposed neither to have shed a tear of joy or of suffering. His angels have never shaded their brows, by bending their looks downwards from the radiance of heaven. His saints have reached the farthest limits of life, and carried with them the spirit of youth, instead of acquiring the more severe attendants of age. His great fresco of the "Assumption of the Virgin,"* blends the characters of angels, saints, and prophets, in one harmonious union of elevated gentleness. No portion of his works—of those which finally display his powers in sentiment, or in the manner in which the materials of their expression are employed—seems to contend with another. There is a refined unity throughout. They are grateful and soothing, but not fitted powerfully to influence. While they do not stir the mind by directly pointing to its humanity in its transcendental relations;

neither do they signify a direct divergence from these. They stand betwixt passion—the tangence of mentality and materiality, and the distinctly intellectual and moral. They intimate a balanced development of the forces of the mind. They do not belong to the epopée of life, to its drama, or its history; but are built upon the attempt to adhere to the dictates and experiences of them all—to fix upon and point out a sphere of sentiment which recognises each, without being of either.†

This is the bearing or tendency of the works of Coreggio: constituting at once the source of their impression and the origin of their style—the often eulogized *harmony* of Antonio Allegri—which has almost alone been recognised, in connexion with his peculiar adoption of the use of light in his pictures; but which was only one portion of the means (as the different features of style always are) of giving enunciation to the sentiment which dictated or impelled its adoption.

The subjects of his works are within a more limited range than those of any other of the great masters. The Holy Family, attendant angels, Mary Magdalene, or St Jerome, with in some instances a mythological incident or a tradition of the calendar, constitute their principal field. They are uniformly simple, and without excursive-ness of thought; and with the exception of the cupola of the Duomo of Parma, which amply displays the felicity of his powers in treating an extended arrangement, are generally such as demanded little intricacy in their treatment. No extended chain of thought has been pursued in any of his works. Even the expression of the characters of prophets and apostles—one great portion of the subjects of Italian painting—has scarcely been attempted. Coreggio is one of the most embracing, and at the same time limited spirits of the great era of art in Italy. He was extended in the bearing of his genius; but limited in the ground upon which he exercised it. But its nature accorded with this—almost demanded it: his works being marked by a remarkably combined

* In the Duomo Parma.

† A combination somewhat similar, but under an altogether different impulse, remains to be noticed as characterising another great name in painting.

and undeviating intimation of their sentiment, and a confident reliance on the certainty of its impression; and distinguished by an uninterrupted absence of conflicting elements. Epic greatness bears down these to its object; dramatic variety frequently demands their operation; but Coreggio does not attempt to pursue or admit either of them. "The Last Judgment," the "School of Athens," or "The Dispute of the Sacrament,"—however much it might have been possible to have conducted the treatment of such subjects in a manner accordant with the particular genius of Coreggio—as they now appear, are thoroughly and altogether different from what his sentiment and style would have induced; the supposition of its application to them, appears at once to fetter and deteriorate their character.

The styles or use of the materials of imitation adopted in the works of Leonardo and Coreggio, taken together, with the intervening modes of Michael Angelo, Raffael, and Titian, exhibit a connected passage or progress towards a consummated point—the one of advance by experiment, the other of concentration by fixed method.

The classes to which they appertain in the instance of Da Vinci are varied. His most important—the "Last Supper"—is dramatic, but they are at times poetic in connexion with votive or religious purposes, and also portrait. Those of Coreggio are almost entirely poetic, being votive and mythologic in their subjects, and in their treatment the lyric mode of imitation* is frequently adopted. But from their general singleness or simplicity, not from any direct denial of its principle, this is not exhibited by him in a degree at all equal to any of his three great predecessors. But it must at the same time be admitted, that he leads to the approach of other modes, which in a great measure supplanted

this, the primitive form of art in its re-nascence—its accompaniment to its strength; and only altogether rejected in times of deteriorated sentiment, and in obedience to modes which are attendant upon poverty of invention and confined purposes, which substitute commonplace for thought, repetition for imitation, worthless drivelling for art.

In design, Da Vinci exemplifies minute investigation, without immediate or unhesitating preference. In a style which is the thorough instrument of a confirmed range of sentiment, he is deficient. He is scrupulous, but uncertain—he looks in every direction to discover, to find additional fact or data, more than to choose or select. But this must not be misunderstood: no painter is more laboriously discriminating—he searches diligently, but to separate, not ultimately to combine. He distinguishes numerically and mathematically, rather than by intuition. His line must more frequently be judged of than felt. The design of his heads not seldom presents a valuable and marked intention, mingled with anomalous and caricature expression. They detail pathognomy, but often do not impress it. It has been said that the cartoon of the "Battle of the Standard,"† done for the council-hall of Florence, constituted him the rival of Michael Angelo. But there could be little collision betwixt them. The grounds which have been seen to be separately distinctive of both, preclude the possibility of this. In execution, Leonardo was laborious rather than powerful; Michael Angelo, bold and rapid. Fresco was the method of painting employed before every other by Michael Angelo: Leonardo, who spent a number of years on the picture of the "Last Supper," at the cost of the durability of his work, adopted a method which admitted of recurring labour.‡ The united intensity of the

* See No. CCLXXX. on the peculiarities of thought and style on the Last Judgment, by Michael Angelo.

† It is impossible to judge of this work, except by analogy with the others of Da Vinci. The copy made by Rubens, which has been engraved, is a disagreeable compound of the manner of Rubens, and the appearance of an effete attempt at the representation of energetic and impetuous action.

‡ The surface of the fresco of the "Last Judgment" is not rough; but that of the "Last Supper" must have been, in a great measure, polished smoothness. A few fragments of the original surface and colour remain. It appears to have been bright and transparent. It had been stippled, as his pictures are in general.

painter of the "Judgment" was altogether different from the elaborated consideration of this, by far the greatest of the works of Da Vinci, which stands at the head of all its class in discriminated dramatic expression; and from the studies, copies, and fragments which remain, appears to have been the most pondered, and carefully produced work, in Italian painting.

In connexion with colour and light, the works of Da Vinci may be classed under two divisions—his laboured and heavy, or dark method; and his still elaborated, but opener and lighter mode. In colour, both in the processes and in the tints, in some instances, he is at once subtle, delicate, and strong; in others, artless, laboured, and heavy. Here, as in other respects, he was an experimentalist and a discoverer: and here only he should be judged, when he is enabled to throw off methods with which he could not rest contented, and fixes in that which must be considered to be distinctly his own. It is in this case that he appears to pursue a similar purpose to the practice of the Venetian school, and of Coreggio. They are, however, individually very different; but make one quality an immediate object in their separate methods—the production of refracting surfaces, as in natural objects, to which the lucidity of fresco painting directed their practice: the superior truth, and direct reference of which to the impressions of objects, they endeavoured to rival and possess—to carry into the more varied chromatic scale of oil painting.

Da Vinci endeavoured to add to the expression of chiaroscuro. But its individual exemplification—the simple opposition of light and dark, by the proximity of the one to the other—their obvious contrast, was still the base of his system. This had been practised from the infancy of the art. But his diversity of purpose instigated attention to it, as a necessary means

of painting yet to be brought into efficient operation, in connexion with particular ranges of signification then unintimated. He, however, very imperfectly exemplified this. The sentiment which was to evolve its principle of unity, and subordinating concentration, remained to be first clearly and fully brought forth by Coreggio,* and that which was to draw forth its fullest powers of opposition and contrast remained to be signified by Giorgione† and Titian. Leonardo in his smaller works produced greater depth than had previously been effected, particularly by the school to which he belonged; but in his larger pictures, he exhibits the application of no principle which had not been before recognised. But by his practice, and his writings, he intimated the sense of the approach of discovery in this branch of the means of the art, which in one direction was pursued by the Venetians, in a manner accordant with the signification of their painting, and consummated by Coreggio in another; while, by Michael Angelo and Raffael, no distinct dependence was placed upon it: thus illustrating and confirming the position which we have assigned to Da Vinci, in respect to his effort to comprise the intention, not only of the heads of the Florentine and Roman schools, but also that of the Venetian school.

What Leonardo endeavoured, Coreggio effected, both in the signification and style of his pictures; but at the same time produced works which are totally different, almost in every respect. The fresco of the Duomo of Parma, and the picture called the "St Jerome,"‡ may, without reference to any others, be considered to exemplify his most consummated and fully indicated powers; for, as in the instance of the principal painters of the various schools, his pictures have been divided into different manners or stages.

* The mind must ever be under the influence of principles or laws, which are unelicited, or unmanifested; but until this is brought about, they are unapprehended as the subject of knowledge. But only as the subject of knowledge. They remain in the region of the intuitions: to come forth, if such may be, in their perceived and knowable relation with individual things; and their first intimation, under this condition, constitutes a discovery.

† Vassari states, that Giorgione was indebted to Leonardo in respect to chiaroscuro. Conditionally he might.

‡ In the Gallery of the Fine Arts, Parma.

His style, like that of most of the masters, is marked by a predominating feature—a portion of the means which is more especially adapted to signify the end or purpose to which his works belong. Michael Angelo found that more particularly in design, and Titian in colour. With Coreggio, *chiaroscuro* became the most powerful agent* in the expression of the relation of his painting. In his use of this, in its obvious or self-included distinction, it intimates the subordinated reduction of parts to a whole—an equipoised consistency and unity. It affects the sense and the mind agreeably by its concentration, which blends into one the extremes of light and dark, without expressing their contrasted opposition. From being the result of a purpose which is distinct both from that of the mentalists and the materialists of the art, but which participated of those of both, it admits to a degree the principle of both—of the first, the subjection of its engrossing impression to other ends; and of the last, subserviency to the expression of the qualities of bodies. It is, in a marked degree, a structure founded upon an idea, principle, or law, in connexion with the perception of objects, which is not to be met with in any fully exemplified form in the particularized manifestations of nature; but, at the same time, the power or value of which is so generally recognised, that it presents (but it must be said in its abuse) a sort of subordinate circle of art within art—an epicycle of painting, akin to that of rhyme in poetry, both in connexion with sentiment and its effects, in establishing a kind of table-land of painting as the other does of poetry, which is not, in reality, under the atmosphere of either; becoming a simple felicitous mode, which, when not linked to what is totally inferior

and worthless, gains respectability by its being a usage common with the practice of eminence.† But this, its master may neither be accused of or blamed for. By Coreggio it was used and established (after his own mode) as one of the most efficient means of intimating sentiment.

In design he is flowing and rapid, apparently under the direction of confirmed method; which in his followers—who, without his strength of purpose, copied his style—became vague and superficial. It is large without being severe; almost grand without being strongly impressive. It is the result of distinct choice; but of choice which is ready to be sacrificed or disregarded amidst combinations of other portions of the means with which it must be brought into accordance.

His colour is likewise the vehicle of a union of qualities. It is obedient to delicacy rather than to strength of impression as a general characteristic. It is contrasted without being strong; blent and united, but at the same time distinct. It coincides with the impressions of objects in relation to sense—a quality which it possesses in common with the Venetian school, and many of the works (although, in respect to colour, they are generally disregarded) of the Florentine and Roman schools. It belongs to the *ens reale*—the real or positive being of colour. The surface of his pictures presents a combination of *impasto* with great freedom and elision, and at the same time complexity of method.

This is the combination of the means, in obedience to the sentiment of Coreggio, which, as it in one sense may be considered to avoid extremes, and ably to embrace many eminent qualities, might be expected to meet, or has been said to meet, the grand desideratum—perfection. But, al-

* But an agent merely, although frequently held to be the ultimate distinction of his works: according to Lanzi,—"Il suo forte, il suo magistero, il suo regno sopra i pittori." We are aware of the sort of objection by which the data which have now been assigned as the source of the meaning or signification of the works of Coreggio, and formerly of Buonarrotti, Raffael, and Titian may be met, from established narrow and partial views of art generally, and of the particular art which is our subject. But our intention has been to endeavour, in some measure, to remove these by showing their futility; and to arrive at the final purposes with which elevated or just art becomes co-ordinate.

† How many worthless poems have, in some measure, been borne out by the adoption of the Spenserian stanza, or how many more by the rhyme of Pope?

though his works pass nearer to that than those of any other master, in connexion with a particular signification or meaning, they are in this like those of others. It is only in connexion with a particular signification that they are thus pre-eminent. It is not a perfection which embraces all—which measures the height and the depth of the range of sentiment—that masters its object, and changes its sphere—such as is unexemplified and would be superhuman—such as Homer and Phidias, Dante and Michael Angelo, and even Shakespeare, did not belong to; but an excellence which consists in the intimation of a modified limitation of qualities, by which the mind may be moved to a pleasing satisfaction, but which cannot, in any other direction, reach the limits of its demands.

Having arrived at the primary data for the distinction of the works of Buonarrotti, Raffael, and Titian, and having now traced their combination in those of Coreggio, operating towards the formation of a class different from each, the grounds for the decision of the question, in respect to the possibility of their union, is gained. In connexion with this, the points brought most frequently under discussion have been the colour and design of Michael Angelo and Titian. It has been supposed that the Florentine might have been benefited by the colour of the Venetian, and the Venetian by the design of the Florentine. But these we have seen to be merely means of signification or expression; and it has been also seen that they have been produced (it may be said necessitated, as every line and tint of colour must bear a definite meaning, however imperfectly such is understood or apprehended) by that signification, which, being radically distinct in both, demanded different modes of announcement. The colour of Michael Angelo is the consistent—the appropriate medium of his signification; and in the executive supereminently able. The design of Titian is coincident with, and expressive of,

the bearing of his works, and (not to allude to particular or incidental defects) could not be changed without sacrifice in connexion with that. But it must not be supposed that the union of what may be called good design and good colour is here denied. An ample field remains for this. But the works of Buonarrotti and of Vecelli are, in their final distinction, the exposition of elementary qualities, which are antagonist and incompatible the one with the other, unless so mutually subordinated that the strength of both is infringed upon and departed from, and a different sphere of signification, holding a separate dependence, is produced. This is the condition, as Coreggio exemplifies, of the union of the elements of Michael Angelo, Raffael, and Titian.* It does not deny that qualities in which they are eminent may be, or more frequently are demanded to be, brought together, in connexion with very many purposes; but it demonstratively denies that the purposes, and their proper exponents, the styles of these masters, can be united or combined, without destroying the characteristic of each, and originating a meaning altogether distinct from that intimated by the works of each.

The range of exercitation, or it may more properly be said to be the absence of that—the negation of all directly excited faculty, mental or physical, to which the works of Coreggio appertain, and by which their station or final value must be determined—the reposed quietude to which they conform—is founded in the seeming conditions of the attainment of the continually influencing desire of man—happiness. They coincide in the terms upon which this may be deemed possible; they are based on the supposition of the balance, and equalisation, and silent homogeneity of all his powers. This, in respect to mental life, is a midway sphere which may be, or is, characteristic of one class of mankind; but, as a generally attainable aim of life, it is merely reiterating a truism to

* Reynolds so far correctly recognised the style of Coreggio to be a union of those of Michael Angelo, Raffael, and Titian, and designated it the composite style, but did not advert to the *a priori* foundation of the style of each of them, and of Coreggio himself; hence he could not bring the works of Coreggio directly to bear upon the question of the possibility of the union of these different styles,

say, that it can only be the *mirage* of the hopes of all. But poetry dreams of it; it has been the theme of moralists from the mythic dawning of their duty;* and the modes of society endeavour to attain it in the individual and in the mass. It cannot, however, belong either to the contemplative or the active life. Grecian philosophy—which as a whole may be held to present one continued metaphysical experiment to discover an ultimate or final good—amidst all its labours of meditation and ratiocination, exhibits a continual contradictory illusion moving before its philosophizings, in the supposition that there was the possibility of man, through the discipline of each sect in itself, conforming to a state of existence, which, generally predominant, would at once have been the extinction of that which, had they denied or not been influenced by—the impulse of man to pursue diverse objects, and evolve various powers, their systems which wreath round the supporting pillars of his dignity and humanity, would never have been. They required a binding censure, at once to separate them from, and connect them with, the perihelion of another sphere. By a transference of the notion of the self-contained perfection of the Divine mind, made in inferior degree to the human mind, still, however, preserving the supposition that man, individually, should embrace completeness, an *ignis fatuus* has been raised, which, purporting to be the guiding star of his highest hap-

piness and destiny, has danced in the eyes of philosophy from the days of Thales downwards. But the creed which, as a type of wisdom, intellectual and moral, supplanted the subtle dialectics of Greece, in conformity with the constitution of the human mind, recognises human power to be in itself deficient in completeness, and places a standard of humanity even to the sacrifice unto death, in the view and in the aim of its endeavour. The conditions of man's rational being—the elements of his reason—admit of no pause, no finally evolved perfection. The search after a happiness which ALL may partake of, they pronounce to be vain—systems of universal amelioration and equalisation, to be impossible.

But, individually, he may lay down or throw aside his highest characteristics of humanity; he may not degenerate into animal life; and he may not obey the dictates of intellectual life, contemplatively or actively;—he may become the sybarite of ease. He may banish mental activity and eschew passion, and thereby assert that he has found happiness. Philosophers to systematize, poets to sing, painters to depict, and men to believe in, and look forward to, the resurgence of such an Atalantis of their hopes, have never been wanting; nor of all of them to quit their post, vanward of humanity, and endeavour to themselves its realization. That they reach the happy strand, the conditions are manifest.

THOUGHTS IN RHYME.

BY ARCHÆUS.

I.

My gay-garbed friend, much wonder fills the mind,
At leaf-girt Adam's stock so much refined!
The leaf has flourished wide in form and hue,
And the man dwindled while the foliage grew.

II.

Bid, at starry midnight's hour,
Dante's organ swell with power;
Hear at noon, when winds are mute,
'Mid the woods Petrarca's lute;

* The records of all sentiment grow out or become known in a mythical form. The only aspiration of savage man lies in the mythos of his religious creed. He stands naked betwixt God and nature.

Kindling list, at dawn of morn,
 Ariosto's bugle horn :
 Let thine ear at lingering eve
 Tasso's twilight flute receive ;
 That sweet music manifold
 Through the sense the heart may mould.

III.

EPITAPH ON A YOUNG SWISS WHO DIED AT MADEIRA.

The exiled son of old Helvetia's race
 Beheld these hills, and longed for Jura's pile ;
 And soon, 'mid men of alien speech and face,
 He sank to death in this Atlantic isle.

From country far, from friends compell'd to roam,
 Still she whom best he loved consoled his eyes ;
 And looking still to his eternal home,
 He found his childhood's God in foreign skies.

IV.

Would Beatrice unto thee, O friend,
 As erst for him she loved, from heaven descend,
 Make pure thine eyes with light from hers, and raise
 Beyond the terrene mist thy spirit's gaze ;
 Then wouldst thou Dante see, where starry quires
 Tune voice and thought to awe-resounding lyres ;
 His front redeem'd from care, his lip from pride,
 No love now baffled, and no foes defied ;
 His country there whence none are doom'd to roam,
 And Christ's full presence not a foreign home.

V.

How fair the summer day of joy and light,
 How soft the liquid eve's ærial dyes,
 How clear and musical the starry night,
 That sleep in death where Love's Petrarca lies !

VI.

Think thou no more of Words, exclaim'd my friend ;
 But unto Things, instead, thy labour bend !
 So Words, then, are not Things ! If this be true,
 Thy Words of counsel, friend ! are No-things too.

VII.

When reason serves at passion's will,
 The Centaur flies from bonds released,
 And who should guide the strength by skill
 Himself is changed to half the beast.

VIII.

Sweet notes, to all but him unspoken,
 Attuned to bliss a poet's thought ;
 He grasp'd the lyre, the strings were broken,
 And silence hid the strain he sought.

A longing heart would fain have given
 A nobler life to mortal things ;
 But found that earth will not be heaven,
 Nor lyres resound without the strings.

IX.

The region known to men as England,
Is called among the Immortals—Thing-land.
Alas! that earth's most fully fraught land
With all its riches, is not Thought-land.

X.

I look'd upon a steam-engine, and thought
'Tis strange that when the engineer is dead,
A copy of his brains in iron wrought,
Should thus survive the archetypal head.

XI.

Poor affluence of Words, how weak thy power
Without the warming heart, the bright'ning head!
When Jove came down through Danaë's brazen tower,
It was not, mark ye, in a fall of lead.

XII.

A troop went pacing by in easy ken
Of one who rested in his idle wherry,
And wonder'd much why heaven created men
Who had no need to pass across the ferry.

XIII.

That mountains gather clouds I know,
And bring forth wood, and fire, and snow;
And when they teem with men, and teach
In word and tone of human speech,
I, too, to hills will raise my prayer,
Make them my heaven, and worship there.
But worlds of earth are only clods,
Compared with him who digs their sods.

XIV.

When the Titan brought fire to men on earth,
Said the gods, the traitor intends to scare us,
By taking a light in his schoolboy mirth
Into Jupiter's gunpowder warehouse.

XV.

The world sent forth a stately ship that long in glory sail'd,
Until against that stubborn hulk the winds of heaven prevail'd;
The ship was dash'd upon the shore, the wreck was on the foam,
Though on the shatter'd stern was seen the boast—IMPERIAL ROME.

Again the ruin was repair'd, and launch'd upon the main;
With blazon'd flags and arms it swept, and was a ship again:
By thundersound it strove to daunt mankind, and storms, and time,
And traffic'd long, by force and fraud, in every richest clime.

Once more it struck against the rocks, beneath the stress of heaven,
And all its threats and all its wealth along the surge were driven:
It lies a hulk in slow decay, each dull sea-monster's home,
And on the slimy stern is carved the name of PAPAL ROME.

XVI.

Thou whose mental eye is keen
But to pierce the husks of things,
Learn that bees were never seen
Gathering honey with their stings.

XVII.

If all the forest leaves had speech,
And talk'd with one rhetoric fit,
What wonder would arise in each
That all would not attend to it !

XVIII.

A Russian, looking at a map of earth,
Saw England's smallness with contemptuous mirth :
Poor Boyar ! 'twere a thought to break thy rest
How large a spirit haunts man's little breast !
And, fill'd with what a thimbleful of life,
The huge rhinoceros wakes for food or strife !

XIX.

Loud sceptic cock, I see thee stand
Upon thy heap of foul decay,
And, crowing keen, thy wings expand
To chase all spectral things away.

What though the ghosts thy note would scare
Be Truth's ideal starry train ;
Thy voice shall chase the lights of air,
And turn them into mist again.

Ah ! no ; a day will surely shine,
When thou shalt know thy nature's dcom,
And self-despoil'd of life divine
Shalt find in mire thy fitting tomb.

XX.

How many giants, each in turn, have sought
To bear the world upon their shoulders wide,
King, conqueror, priest, and he whose work is thought ;
And all in turn have sunk, outworn, and died !
But yet the world is never felt to move,
Because it hangs suspended from above.

XXI.

Good friend, so worthlessly complete,
So deftly small, so roundly neat,
The puniest apple being ripe
Will ne'er exceed that pigmy type ;
But the ripe crab is worst of all—
At once full-grown, and sour, and small.

XXII.

A Frenchman gather'd salad for his dinner,
From banks where ass and pig their viands got,
And mused if all that lies 'twixt beast and sinner
Be eating salad with a sauce or not.
It did not strike him that the brute would never
Indulge his fancy with a thought so clever.

XXIII.

When he who told Ulysses' tale in song,
Roam'd blind and poor, compell'd for bread to sue,
From his deep heart he mourn'd the shameful wrong,—
Ah ! sweet-voiced muses, are ye Sirens too ?

XXIV.

A sleeper, sunk in dark discordant woes,
 Scarce heard sweet music whispering through his dream,
 When, 'mid his dull dead life, clear sounds arose,
 Sung far in air on some Italian theme ;
 He shook his pains away, and half aghast
 Found Florence there, and all his dream was past.

XXV.

I saw a flower-girl selling brightest flowers,
 To deck with summer joys autumnal hours ;
 With swiftest glance, light hand, and graceful speech,
 The damsel gave a rose or pink to each ;
 And where she came, there brighten'd many an eye ;
 As if her basket held a warmer sky.
 Ah ! 'twas not there, but lay within the breast ;
 The sunshine warming that is nature's best.

XXVI.

In Florence Dante's voice no more is booming,
 Nor Beatrice's face by Arno blooming :
 But hearts that never heard the poet's glory
 Have their own Heaven, and Hell, and Purgatory.

XXVII.

I stood amid the Pitti's gilded halls,
 Where art with noble shapes had spread the walls,
 Where Raphael's truthful grace, and Titian's glow,
 Shone 'mid the austere forms of Angelo.
 Among the bright unmoving visions there
 Were gazing groups alive, but not so fair ;
 Gay girls admired, and counts and lords went by,
 Wits, artists, soldiers, connoisseurs, and I :
 And there came in, like ghosts in dreamy scenes,
 Three mantled, cowed, and barefoot Capuchins.
 No stranger spectres e'er confused our life
 Since Luther broke his bonds and took a wife.
 The men look'd dull and harmless, cheerful too,
 And stared as sagely round as travellers do ;
 Yet sad the sight, and worst of all despairs—
 To see contentment with a lot like theirs.

XXVIII.

True, O Sage ! that mortal man
 Does no more than what he can ;
 But what can by man be done
 Is a limit known to none.

XXIX.

ON THE FAUN IN THE TRIBUNE OF THE FLORENCE GALLERY.

Though no Bacchante treads with thee the lawn,
 Dance on, and clash thy cymbals, madcap Faun !
 Thy heart goes leaping through each goatish limb,
 And shakes the flowers upon thy fountain's brim,
 While the nymphs lurk and watch, and nature's sky
 Breathes round thy horns, and drinks thy laughing cry.
 Though dead to our new world as funeral dust,
 So live thou on, and mock their dull distrust ;
 For thou art life itself in stone, and they
 Who heed thee not are ghosts that flit by day.

XXX.

RAPHAEL'S MADONNA DEL CARDELLINO.

Oh, Maid divine! beholding in thy Son
 Life more divine though first from thee begun,
 Earth's loveliest art thou, wearing on thy brow
 The thought of something lovelier still than thou.

XXXI.

THE TRIBUNE OF THE FLORENCE GALLERY.

Where Venus shuns and more attracts the eye,
 A goddess chaste, though naked as the sky;
 Where Raphael's maiden worships in her child
 A new-born Heaven by nought less pure defiled:
 Where prophets old, in self-oblivion strong,
 From high walls breathe a woe on human wrong:
 Where gods and godlike men are imaged round,
 A nobler band than moves on earthly ground,
 Bewilder'd mortals often mutely stare
 To find how vast a life is that they share.

XXXII.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S STATUES ON THE TOMBS OF THE MEDICI.

Ye crown'd unmoving truths that had your birth
 Before the swarms of things awoke on earth.
 While thus world-huge, star-high your peace endures,
 This busy life of ours cannot be yours.
 It quakes and cracks where'er our steps we thrust:
 Beneath your weight of calm 'twould fall to dust,
 Sky, seas, and caves, the night beyond the stars,
 Whose lone abyss no sound of morning jars.
 Your homes are these, O ye in whom we shrink,
 To see how calmly strength may rest and think.

XXXIII.

THE MEDICEAN VENUS.

Woman divine! fair child of Grecian seas,
 Whose sunny billows gird the Cyclades;
 Within all modest, wanting outward dress,
 Thou fillest this new time with loveliness,
 And seem'st, with head half-turned and earnest soul,
 To hear afar thy natal waters roll.
 Young joy of human hearts! the earth to me
 Is fairer now, because containing thee.

XXXIV.

THE BELVIDERE APOLLO.

Bold and beaming in triumph looks the Lord of the Sun,
 With new victory bright over the serpent won:
 High, O Hero! thou standest unheeding of mortal ken;
 Therefore, with all thy glory filling the hearts of men.

XXXV.

SAN MINIATO, NEAR FLORENCE.

While slow on Miniato's height I roam,
 And backward look to Brunelleschi's dome,
 'Tis strange to think that here on many a day
 Old Michael Angelo has paced his way;
 And watching Florence, in his bosom found
 A nobler world than that which lies around.

To him, perhaps, the ghost of Dante came
 At sunset, with his pride of mournful fame.
 By me the twain, the bard and sculptor stand,
 With strong lip gazing and uplifted hand ;
 The great, the sad, fighters in ages past,
 With their full peace fill e'en the weak at last.

XXXVI.

Old flaming Ages full of struggling thought,
 Of startling deeds by mail-clad spirits wrought,
 Of war, and faith, and love's delightful theme,
 Of coffin'd crimes, and May-day feeling's dream,
 High aims that gain'd too late their wish'd event,
 Good held secure, and lo ! ere tasted—spent :
 Old days when blithe Boccaccio told his tale,
 And Guelph and Ghibeline storm'd in Arno's vale,
 When sweet sighs often, 'mid a world so rude,
 Spread music through the strife no spell subdued,
 I would not wish you back, but oh ! would fain
 See what was best of yours made ours again.

XXXVII.

Yellow, small Canary bird,
 Sweetly singing all day long,
 Still in winter you are heard
 Carolling a summer song.

Thus when days are drear and dim,
 And the heart is caged as you,
 May it still with hopeful hymn
 Sing of joy and find it true.

XXXVIII.

Candle that in deepest dark
 Helps the night with friendly spark,
 I, too, could be well content
 To give light, and so be spent.

Candle burning brightly
 In the darkness nightly,
 Better humbly burn to socket,
 Than flare up a foolish rocket.

XXXIX.

Many work to gain their wages ;
 Few for nought, but they the sages ;
 Who seeks hire, but does not labour,
 Cheats himself as well as neighbour.

XL.

The working fire is Action strong and true,
 And helps ourselves and friends ;
 And Speculation is the chimney-flue
 Whereby the smoke ascends.

XLI.

One without stockings may wear a shoe,
 And travel all day as the ploughmen do ;
 But delicate sentiment thinks a shoe shocking,
 So trudges in mire with only a stocking.

XLII.

Be busy in trading, receiving, and giving,
For life is too good to be wasted in living.

XLIII.

Think'st thou, friend, that legends lying
Full of flowers, and gems, and gold,
These to man are satisfying—
These that were his bliss of old?

Think'st thou tales of fairy gardens,
Now can feed our sharpen'd eyes,
We whose hearts the present hardens,
And whose science mutes the skies?

Once were halls of clouds erected,
Homes where only ghosts could dwell,
And their builders sank dejected,
When those thin pavilions fell.

We must raise our habitations
On the deep and solid soil,
And must teach the moonstruck nations
How to build their heaven by toil.

True, O sage! and great the meaning,
But 'twere well to understand
That complacent overweening
Works with no victorious hand.

Heaven is here around, within us;
This our earth is Paradise,
Or the fancies ne'er could win us
Which thou think'st a fool's device.

High the hope that lures our longing,
Man for heaven and heaven for man!
Though our dreams this credence wronging
Oft obscure our Maker's plan.

Thou who scoff'st each ancient vision,
Type and shade of better things,
Think'st thou Reason's dim precision
Shapes a Heaven by wheels and springs?

Feed thy brain's and belly's hunger
With some big mechanic scheme;
God is not an engine-monger,
Nor are souls impelled by steam.

XLIV.

Speak not, but mutely think!—the cynic cries,
Nor knows how speech in thinking helps the wise.
Wise words are sails impelling smooth and fast
The ship of thought wherein is fix'd the mast.

XLV.

A sage in rapture is a seer,
Who sees his thoughts in vision clear,
But only seers can read aright
The prophecies that seers indite.

And purblind eyes are led astray
By those high truths from Reason's way.

XLVI.

'Mid all the tribes of airy fowl,
Nought is so wise as the horned owl:
If in daylight he opens his eyes by chance,
He shuts them again with a satisfied glance,
For the rays of the sun make all things dim,
And the light within is enough for him,
While the hawk, the eagle, and birds as blind,
Look with their eyes at whate'er they find,
He in a method more sure by far
Knows *a priori* what all things are;
And is, in a word, the profoundest sage
That improves by darkness his twilight age.
Hail to thee, wise metaphysical bird!
Whose name in all dusky schools is heard;
Live thou, and prosper and spread thy reign,
And soon will the sunshine intrude in vain.
The rubbish of facts will be all removed,
And Nature outvoted, and Light disproved;
For the purest idea lies farthest from things,
And flash-like in darkness to being it springs.
Hail to thee, wise and horned owl!
Wiseest of all that have worn the cowl;
Greater than all that have e'er in the East
Their souls from the bondage of things released,
And, scorning to trace what earth displays,
Divined by a guess all Nature's ways.
Thoushapest, O sage! by dogma stern
The facts that some are content to learn;
And, while thy sons thine art profess,
Ever shall flourish the praise of guess.

XLVII.

To build a temple, more we need than toil,
And piles of stone that crush their parent soil;
The hearts of men must form its deep foundation;
Its towers must rise on trusting aspiration.

XLVIII.

I've known great wits whose wisdom all has lain
In saying nought is true that's not profane,
And holding mysteries false that are not plain.

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HINTS FOR THE HUSTINGS.

ELECTIONS for Parliament are of continual recurrence. At this moment we believe that the Speaker's warrant is lying ready for the filling up of more than one vacancy. Others will occur in the five months' interval before the next session. It occurs to us that a very useful service would be rendered to many of those having to stand this fiery trial, by suggesting, from time to time, brief hints and brief memorials, connected with the leading topics which are likely to be disputed on the hustings. There is a process technically called *cramming*, by which, in English and German universities, a man is prepared for a public examination. This process does not so much aim at endowing the candidate with the requisite knowledge—much of that he must be supposed already to have acquired—as at shaping his pre-existing knowledge to meet the sort of questions anticipated, and to travel in the ordinary course of the examination. Something like this we propose to attempt. Writing rapidly, we shall fall far short even of our own conception. But our hasty sketch may avail to furnish a hint, which hereafter at more leisure, either by ourselves or by another, may be more amply developed.

I. The first topic which offers itself to our review, is the position in which we Conservatives stand to the first person in the state. An impression has gone abroad, and has been most calumniously improved, that some one or other of our party has used disparaging or insulting expressions in speaking of her Majesty.

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And what of that? Does a great political party stand on so tremulous a libration, that a folly, an absurdity, an explosion of drunken frenzy, if such an excess should ever occur, could affect its tenure of consideration and influence? Is it literally supposed that great political interests, held in keeping for a great people, and confided to a great party, exist so purely on sufferance, and the sufferance of fools, that any noisy drunkard, by proclaiming himself a Conservative, can in one hour, and by one word, damage the Conservative cause or attain its principles? Why, the Whigs in this matter have the same interest as ourselves. Neither of us could exist for a week, if it were agreed that we should stand on such a hazard. Once for all, blockheads of every degree, understand that no words are ours, no words are Conservative words, until we, the Conservatives, own them—subscribe them—counter-sign them—adopt them—or in some way accredit them.

But at least, then, we own to such insulting words having been uttered on public occasions, though we disown the utterers. Own the words? Not we. Never flatter yourselves, Whigs or Whigglings, that we fall so easily into traps baited with falsehoods. Not any Conservatives as having uttered such words, but our enemies as having forged such words, owe an apology, and a most contrite apology, to the nation, as so profoundly interested in her Majesty's personal dignity—which is, philosophically speaking, the national dignity exhibited under a reflex form. The total col-

lective grandeur of the nation is concentrated in her Majesty's person. As a personal unity, the majesty of the nation becomes thus capable of functions, becomes the subject and the object of agencies, which could not otherwise be exercised by or towards a scattered multitude. We are all alike concerned in maintaining this reflex majesty. All of us alike, in our several proportions of rank, have an interest of property and participation in the representative dignity which her Majesty holds on our behalf. To suppose a man, therefore, offering a sincere intentional insult to our sovereign lady, is to suppose him erring much more by his understanding than his will. The personal pretensions of the sovereign absolutely vanish in relation to the representative character with which that sovereign is inalienably clothed. Were the ruling prince the meanest of human beings individually, he is still in a sense far removed from flattery, *semper augustus*, as a state creature. And it is for ever true, that a man cannot insult that great idea—a constitutional sovereign—without insulting that sovereign's whole nation collectively, and himself, therefore, if he happens to be one of that nation. We need not add, (because all men of honour feel this truth with a loyalty so profound,) that a tenderness of devotion arises to strengthen this constitutional homage from considerations of sex in our present sovereign. This variety of the general case cannot affect the solemnity of our duty towards the reigning prince, cannot make it more or less wicked, more or less foolish, to insult the sovereign; but it makes it more brutal to do so. And that last consideration, viz., the brutality of insulting any person, (even though not a public person,) whose situation is specially defenceless, suggests to us a further "improvement" of the subject, for the special benefit of the Whigs, which we do earnestly beseech every good Conservative not to let slip from his hands unused on the hustings. For ourselves, for our own share in the question, so far as calumny and credulity have ascribed to us Tories any separate share or interest in such a question, we dismiss it easily by this dilemma:—If any man, claiming to be of our party, and generally accredited as such, should seem, or ever *has* seemed, to

utter words disrespectful towards her Majesty now reigning, whom we all love and honour, then he stands in this situation—either from the latitude of words, and from his own unskilful management of words, he has brought himself into suspicion and misconception, (a misfortune to which all of us are liable in ourselves, under the double difficulties of language and of reporting;) and in that case he is entitled to a candid indulgence until he has an opportunity of righting himself in public opinion. Every man has the right of explaining his own meaning: no man is to be bound and pledged through life by a slip of his tongue. Either this is his situation, or if it is indeed possible that wilfully and deliberately he levelled an insult at the sovereign lady of these realms, in that case we Conservatives indignantly repudiate him as a false brother: he is none of ours: he is probably a Whig or Radical in disguise, who has slipped in amongst us in order to betray us. But ours he is not after such an atrocity; and we, as Conservatives, have no more interest or responsibility in him or his subsequent actions, than any one of us has in a swindler who may think proper to counterfeit his name and person at a watering-place.

As respects our own liabilities, therefore, we Tories slip our necks out of the halter easily enough. Not so the Whigs. There is a further use to be made of this calumny. It may be turned to good account. There is such a thing as retaliation in this world; and there is an opening made for it in this unhappy calumny of the Whigs, which no Conservative candidate, who happens to be wide awake, will fail to improve. There is a *raw* in the Whig hide connected with this very case of insolence to princes: let him lay his knout well into it. We Tories can talk at our ease on this question of dutiful behaviour to princes. "Our withers are unwrung." Not so the Whigs. They are sitting on tenterhooks all this time, or making bad worse by shifting about uneasily, like "a hen upon a hot girdle,"—for well they know what is coming. They begin by this time to scent from afar what we are after; and bitterly they rue the hour in which, by countenancing malicious fables against the Tories, they have thrown back the recollections of us all in quest of the

truths outstanding against themselves upon the selfsame field. Candidate on the hustings, spare them not! Lay it into them right and left. The oxen at the Cape run off in a gallop when they hear the Dutchman whetting his knife upon the sides of his waggon, because they know experimentally the cruel use he will else make of it. You, Tory candidate, will have just the same power over the Whigs by the very sound of this one word *princes*. They will apprehend what is coming.

For, let us ask, why is it that by universal agreement a peculiar baseness, and even cowardice, is felt in any insult offered to a woman? Why is it that tenfold forbearance is exacted by manliness towards every female of every rank? Simply because a woman very rarely indeed can have strength sufficient to repel or to avenge insults; and because, in the rare exceptions where it might happen that she had, feminine delicacy would forbid her to exert it. Woman, therefore, is a privileged person. But the principle on which the privilege is founded, applies equally to clergymen and to quakers. They, by professional scruples, have their hands tied as effectually as women have by weakness or sexual dignity. They also are privileged persons. So, and on the very same principle, is an English prince. Constitutionally, he cannot meet a challenge to fight; he cannot offer such a challenge. A Prince of Wales cannot, if he would, liberate his antagonist from the guilt of treason. The same danger would apply to the case of any other prince, though not bearing that title, (as the Duke of Gloucester, for example, in Queen Anne's reign,) who should happen to be heir-apparent to the crown. And probably the heir-presumptive stands in the same consecrated condition. Even the late Duke of York's* case is a doubtful one; for though the hot blood of youth led him to waive his privilege in a well-known instance, yet had that duel terminated fatally for his Royal Highness, probable enough it is that his gallant antagonist would not have lived to meet in Canada, many a year afterwards, that dreadful fate by hydrophobia which

has connected so tragical an interest with his memory. In such an event, at the least he would have been sentenced to imprisonment for life, though intercession from many quarters might afterwards have been made available for his pardon.

Under circumstances like these, "tabooing" a British prince, and placing him in a situation where even his honour forbids him to give or to accept a challenge, he also becomes a privileged person. By which we mean that, over and above the constitutional or legal privileges which invest his person as a state creature, other circumstances of peculiarity arise from his rank and relations to the throne, which greatly fetter (where they do not absolutely abolish) his freedom of action. Now to these limitations, each and all, arise amongst all men of honour corresponding scruples and delicacies. When a prince is under such heavy restraints, he naturally feels himself summoned to a peculiar circumspection in his words as well as in his acts: guarded he must be in giving utterance to feelings which, in any case, are protected from all responsibility; but, on the other hand, every gentleman will remember that this privilege is a two-edged sword: it acts both ways—denying to the prince all power of calling for satisfaction, as effectually as of giving it. And hence it has happened that, in our high-spirited nation, though half-a-dozen young princes of the blood intermingled most freely, through the whole last generation, with our aristocracy in their amusements—and those amusements that are most apt to generate quarrels—betting and horse-racing, (which in the Roman empire for centuries produced murders, riots, seditions, rebellions;) simply from the effect of high breeding and courteous forbearance, without a shadow of sycophancy, but one single duel has occurred to disturb that atmosphere of loyal forbearance with which the nation wishes to see the royal family surrounded.

But if duels, that is quarrels, have been so rare, insults, it may be hoped, have been rarer. From all quarters but one, they have. One only body

* The Duke of York was not heir-presumptive, in the ordinary sense that no heir-apparent was then living; but he was so in the sense that he stood next to the Crown after the heir-apparent, who had then no children.

of men there is memorable for having insulted the royal family. One only section of a party there is, one *clique*, who, in revenge of no wrongs or slights—in mere spitefulness, in mere defect of self-command, so far as regards their impulses, and so far as regards their motives, angling for a popularity in the lowest quarters, made a regular trade of insulting the two senior princes in the royal house—those two who stood next to the throne. What shadow of offence could they allege? None personally. The leaders in this trade of insult were not of consideration sufficient to have attracted any royal notice. The offence which they volunteered to avenge, was an offence offered not to themselves but to others. And thus the two men who stepped forward in this elevated service, acted in the character of pimps—that is, volunteering help towards the gratification of other men's appetites.

The Duke of York had no other-wise offended than by his Conservative politics and by his conscientious votes. The Prince of Wales' offence lay deeper: it was of a nature never to be forgiven—it never *will* be forgiven; and it will go down, like the leprosy of Gehazi, through all generations of Whig blood. What he had done was this:—When he became regent, he said in effect to the Whigs these words—"Gentlemen, you are very agreeable companions; some of you not at all blackguards, some very gentlemanly: I have found it truly pleasant to ride with you, to dine with you, to dance with you, to bet with you, to play with you. You sing well; you dress well; and one or two of you joke well, (though rather too long about it.) But, gentlemen, it grieves me that we must part. There is some fighting to do: as Fluellen observes, 'there are throats to be cut.' I am now regent, and partly answerable for this share of the national business. Now, excuse me if I say that those who prophesied ruin to the British arms, might have a fancy for seeing their own prophecy accomplished; and those, *par exemple*, who ridiculed the lines of defence at Torres Vedras, might, by chance, forget to send the supplies requisite for making the lines tenable. Gentlemen, being now in an office that appeals to my conscience, I cannot quite forget that I am a Briton. You, on the other hand,

have boasted that you *do* forget that distinction; or that you think it no distinction at all. And, therefore, my dear Whigs and Whiglings, farewell for the present. *Au revoir*, or not, as you like.—Your unfaithful G. P. R." Such was the meaning and virtue, well understood by Whiggery, of the regent's farewell communications; not merely shutting the door in their faces after waiting so long, but on the ground of infidelity to the nation.

No; never will the Whigs forgive this inhuman—this inconceivable blow from the regent. They have not yet digested the tenth part of the affront. They are still to this hour chewing and ruminating their leek. And to this hour you meet with grey-haired Whigs in St James's Park—the very oldest Whigs that ever wore grey hairs—men with glass eyes and gold-headed canes, muttering at intervals to themselves, "No, I never will believe it." In fact it is incredible. It is, as they truly observe, "a mystery of iniquity" that never will be explained. And the offender had actually departed this life in the year 1830, before they could make up their minds as to the mode of taking vengeance.

However, because the leaders were unable to devise an adequate, a corresponding, a commensurate vengeance, that was no reason why the underlings of the party should not be put forward to tease and annoy in such modes as were suitable to their minds and their places. Accordingly, we have an indistinct recollection that two lawyers, "*novi homines*," scrubs for dirty work, in which the great dons of the party could not be seen, and brass to the backbone, did for a whole season drive the trade of insulting the regent and his brother; that is, insulting two princes who, as to *them*, were in the situation of men having their hands tied. These valiant lawyers, hunting in couples, delighted their friends by that noble spectacle, so delightful and affecting to the magnanimous, of one man going up to a second, who is secured by ropes, and valiantly striking him in the face. Something like this is exhibited occasionally in India. About Christmas of the year 1827, Lord Combermere, then commander-in-chief, made a progress to the upper provinces, stopping on his route at Lucknow: he was entertained by his Oudish Majesty,

who had been raised to that kingly rank about eight years before by Lord Hastings—himself a descendant of Warwick the king-maker. Amongst the amusements with which the king welcomed his king-making friends, was the following: the description is given in the words of an eyewitness, one of Lord Combermere's aides-de-camp:—"A leopard was fettered thus: he was tied tightly round the loins by a long rope; this rope, after it had effected that service for the leopard, ran through an iron ring fixed in the ground, which enabled several men who had hold of one end to lengthen or shorten the tether at will. The poor leopard being thus completely disabled, an elephant was slipped at him. The elephant rushed at the leopard and endeavoured to kneel on him: he succeeded in mauling the poor fettered creature, and left him *hors de combat*. Signor elephant was mightily pleased with the part he had played, and literally trumpeted his own praise, by making the noise called *trumpeting*, which is done by knocking the end of the trunk or proboscis on the ground and screaming: during the scuffle the elephant took good care of his trunk, by folding it up and putting as much of it as he could into his mouth." Major Archer closes his account by this general remark:—"All these fights were invariably accompanied by the same want of fairness towards the animals baited; and in no one instance had they any chance of success or escape." But the oddest feature in the whole affair was the point blank difference of taste in the Oude gentlemen and the English. The bold Britons, always generous, always the champions of fair play, d—d the men with their rope, hissed the big boasting elephant, and cried "*foul, foul!*" as often as the poor leopard was hauled back from making a spring at his cowardly antagonist. On the other hand, the timid effeminate Hindoos absolutely shrieked with delight at seeing a fierce animal held, as it were, to be beaten: the very cream of the jest, to their minds, lay in one creature stealing behind another and kicking him unawares. "Hold him fast," they cried out to the ropemen, "that the elephant may pummel him at discretion." In fact, their ecstasy was as keen as that of any Whig at seeing lawyer Brougham or lawyer Denman get the

Duke of York "into Chancery," and "fib" him round the ring.

Just such another spectacle as this of King Ghazee Hyder, we can remember to have been going on at the bar of a great English assembly about twenty years ago. The two lawyers, of whom we have spoken before, "trumpeted" just like the elephant of Lucknow, and for the very same notable exploit; viz., because they came up right valiantly to a pinioned antagonist, whom else they durst not have looked in the face, and nobly struck him over the mouth, while a thousand ties and restraints were binding him down to passive endurance. As the cowardly Hindoos exulted in seeing the bold leopard badgered whilst tied to a stake, so did the base Radicals glorify the exploit of insulting a prince who had no means of retaliating. "How fine it was," cried the Hindoos, "when the elephant dropped his whole bulk upon the leopard, and, by pure lubber tonnage, smashed his ribs!" "How noble it looked," cried the Radicals, "when Attorney B. hit the King of England this way with his right fist, and Mr Solicitor D. knocked him back with his left fist!" With what matchless intrepidity (having by no possibility any thing to fear) did both skulk behind the Duke of York, strike out between his shoulders, and run off before he could turn round and face them! How magnanimously (viz., like "the most magnanimous mouse" of Shakspeare) did Mr Attorney and Mr Solicitor, in a duet, pitch into king and duke at once, when both were held fast from stirring. Oh ye vermin of Radicals, half rogues half simpletons, how little do ye fathom the abysmal depths of your own folly, when ye can fancy a nobility in that very fact which records and measures an unutterable baseness! The names of king, prince, royal duke, are names of power; and so far, an attack on such personages, just or unjust, should naturally indicate some sort of antagonist power. Yet when it is understood that this Whig attack was not shaped to meet the particular powers of the royal enemies, but a special weakness corresponding and attached to their station, and that this attack had no strength, or courage, or daring, except precisely as it took advantage of that weakness, then it becomes evident to men of sense that no conceivable exploit is

more emphatically a memorial and an exponent of vileness than this very Whig assault upon two princes, whom the circumstances of the case did as thoroughly and notoriously, to the assailants, tie down from retaliation or from self-defence, as did the ropes of Ghazee Hyder the bold leopard of Lucknow.

You, therefore, good Tory candidates, when it shall happen that on the hustings you hear your honourable party taxed with disrespect to her Majesty; first of all, roundly make the movers in such odious charges responsible in the point of veracity. Remind them that, as they will not pretend personally to have heard the obnoxious words, as they can plead nothing in the way of authority beyond a newspaper—another name for hurry and inaccuracy—therefore, in mere legal justice, they cannot refuse your demand for some collateral evidence, some record of the speaker's having deliberately owned and adopted the words when brought under his review.

This done, then remind your antagonists with what perilous weapons they are playing. At this hint, if they happen to be learned in Whig sins, they will show sign of "withdrawing the record." As there seems to be some uncertainty in the business, they will observe that it may be as well to dismiss it. But in all justice to us, do not hear of that. And when you have gone over the ground we ourselves have traversed for the sake of reviving old memories, it might not be amiss if you would found upon the whole case the following disagreeable question; which with the mob, who love courage and fair play, cannot fail to tell effectually:—It is upon record doubly, viz., in the civil history of our country, and in the history of its jurisprudence, that the two lawyers, whom we have likened to the elephant of Oude, and who were countenanced by the Whig party, grossly and scandalously insulted two personages of the highest rank, and that for this purpose they intruded into the sanctities of domestic life, dealing with those situations and relations which for the poorest man are held to be privileged, (as whether he chooses to live with his wife, &c.,) and many times building upon reports which, as lawyers above others, they knew to be no evidence; just as at this moment the Whig-Radical party are

raising against his majesty of Hanover (presumptive heir at this moment to our imperial crown) the very vilest of refuted slanders. Now, such having been the conduct of these Whig lawyers; and as it is not on record that on any other occasion they ever did insult publicly any other person, it is demanded whether any feature of difference can be found between those whom they *did*, and those whom they did *not* insult, than the notorious fact—that the first had, but the second had *not*, the means of calling them to account.

A hint even in this direction, will be sufficient to recall the Whigs to safer thoughts: and from the first, all the prudent Whigs who heard the lying outcry about the Tories and her Majesty, were sensible of the danger to which such discussions tended. For them, more than for any men, it is perilous to disturb the dust which has gathered over the still scorching and smouldering recollections connected with that subject of insolence to princes.

There is, however, another shape in which this charge has been made to affect the Tories; and noticeable at all only because it has recently been revived in the *Italy* of Von Raumer. This cauliflower-headed hack is a well-known old woman, whose name is prodigiously overrated in England, from the accident (lucky for all parties) that nobody has read his books. He went mad suddenly under the following excitement: the excellent Queen-dowager, having letters to recommend him, received him at Windsor: he went abroad in one of the royal carriages; to which, as a matter of course, the sentinels presented arms. Conceiving the distinction personally addressed to himself, very excusably his brain gave way. And the consequences have been, that he has since been firing the popgun of his opinion upon all matters in England, under the full belief that we English think nothing settled until it has been countersigned by Von Raumer. Now, in the affair of the allowance to Prince Albert, even Von Raumer was not weak enough to suppose the Tories under any influence but that of duty; because, as an act contemplating a mere momentary flash of popularity, it could not possibly balance the loss of influence with her Majesty. Without blame to that august lady, it is inevitable that, in points affecting her

private feelings as a wife, she must feel wounded by whatever, in its first aspect, was naturally viewed in its relation to the prince's comfort. In this relation, and had it borne no other, it *would* have been somewhat harsh. But for that very reason it was soon perceived to have been adopted on a consideration of public duty; since all parties could not fail to see that Sir Robert Peel must, upon merely selfish principles, have wished to cultivate her Majesty's favour. He was out of office for the moment; but he could not be so blind as not to anticipate many probable cases in which that favour would be his personal support: whereas the popularity of the act was doubtful, and would be lost in three months. Thus far Von Raumer has not thought it essential to lecture Sir R. Peel; but in the affair of the female appointments about the Queen's person, where Sir Robert, so painfully to his feelings, but with so full a necessity, insisted for the arrangements required to make all other arrangements effectual, this old blockhead has thought fit to assail the Conservative presumption. It is sufficient to say, that he knows nothing of the case, or the way in which female influence would have operated. He views the matter as if it concerned only the Queen's personal feelings; and evidently supposes that Sir Robert's object was simply the natural one of patronage. But, were that all, Sir Robert could have afforded to sacrifice a greater benefit. His strength with the country is worth much patronage. But the sacrifice he was called to make would have been of another nature. Had the Whig ladies preserved their places, a regular system of communication would have been kept open with the ex-ministers. We do not charge those ladies with any criminal purpose: their duty to husbands, fathers, brothers, would have almost forced them into such services. Every advice given by the Conservative minister would have undergone a secondary discussion under the peculiar views of Whiggism. Most serious doubts and scruples would have been suggested to her Majesty every other day; and no possible appointment made by Sir Robert in the church, law, or public service, could have escaped the most invidious criticism: for there never was, nor will be an appointment not open to

some plausible objection. This case of resistance to the Queen's personal feelings is, therefore, to be viewed in the very same light as the amendment to the Whig vote of £50,000 for Prince Albert—viz., as one which ultimately her Majesty's good sense will lead her to view as the country viewed it. And how was that? Why, as the strongest pledge which a man could give of stern submission to his sense of duty; since there never lived an obsequious minister, who would not have rushed forward with eagerness to gratify her Majesty in both cases, and to make a merit of laying his scruples at her feet.

II. The next chapter in our national policy which is now agitating the public mind, is that which regards CANADA: and few are better fitted to illustrate the characteristic differences of our national parties. In this view, perhaps, a more remarkable transaction has not occurred for half a century in the secret history of civil administration than the following; and let us thank the accidents of parliamentary tactics, improved by the Duke of Wellington, for bringing it to light. Had the vigilance of party warfare been less keenly excited towards Canada, had the condition of Canada been such of late years as to tolerate an intermitting jealousy in that direction, the chances are that we should never have heard of it. That same suppression of an important document, which in Canada itself was practised for a purpose of intrigue, at home would have been a more natural result from the very languid interest, so narrow and partial, which under common circumstances our own senate can ever allow to one colony out of many. We owe something in this affair to good-luck: and let us improve our luck therefore by turning it to good account, and not suffering the discovery to be lost. One word of explanation will suffice to introduce it. Ten years ago, the example of France had diffused a contagious spirit of change throughout the world. In England, it happened that a particular party, seeing in this spirit a means of gaining sudden popularity, adopted it for their own favoured principle. The principle and the party were reciprocally needful: the principle needed some powerful protector—the party needed some new vitality. To move

with effect, it was necessary that they should connect themselves with a popular interest. Without the aid of the Whig party, the new impulse from France might probably have diffused and confounded itself like the vague jacobinism of the Chartists: without the aid of this new passion for reform, the Whig party might have found the country content to dispense with their services for the next fifty years, as it had done for the last. But under this mutual league of dependancy between a new frenzy and an old party, a double triumph was obtained: reform prospered, and the Whigs prospered, each by and through the other; with what general consequences, it is not requisite that we should now consider. But one collateral consequence there was, which soon brought vexation upon Whig counsels. In a set of horses under harness, it never happens that one begins to plunge or rear, but the rest are soon reached by the contagion of restiveness. The provinces and distant colonies of the empire, one after the other, according to the means of resistance which they found offered in their local administrations, began to "jib" and show signs of refractoriness. Governors were every where involved in deadly feuds either with councils or with legislative bodies, or with both. The supreme Government at home found it more and more difficult to arbitrate: they were under a twofold restraint: first, their own maxims in the Reform struggle were cited against themselves. Those might sometimes have been evaded colourably and decently. But secondly, and this could not be evaded—there was a reform party in the House of Commons indispensable as supporters, who held them to the rigour of their professions. Confusion thickened: not in Canada only, but in New Brunswick, in the West Indies, and in other colonies. At last things came to this issue—one perhaps of the few cases in this world where the mere necessities of business have unveiled a great principle lying at the foundations of Government. What the movement party every where insisted on was—responsibility in the local administration. In this they meant nothing peculiar. They supposed themselves only to be following out their own principles; they simply repeated a cry which was echoing over the world. And what could seem so reasonable as a prin-

ciple, outwardly affirming no more than that irresponsibility in public functionaries was fatal to good government? Yet the mere progress of events soon sufficed to show, that the consequences of this principle, if generally applied to colonial government, would be a dead-lock in the public service. For if, to take an instance, the legislative body in Canada were responsible to its Canadian constituents, and if the executive council had a separate and previous responsibility to the home government, how was it possible that these two responsibilities should not come into conflict? Both moved in the same orbit—that is, respected the same service and the same local interests; yet each pointed to a separate pole as the regulating centre for its obedience. And thus it became evident, by a *practical* solution of the problem, such as could not be set aside by any speculations whatever, that, wherever else the Radical theories of government might be suitable, for colonial interests they were mere reveries of Laputa.

This conclusion at length forced itself upon Lord John Russell. He is, undeniably, a clever man. He had applied his mind in youth to this very argument—the whole theory of civil policy; and his official relations, since he became the colonial minister, had furnished him with a continual praxis and commentary upon his earlier studies. He was not slow, therefore, to read the new cipher in which the cautious successors of M. Papineau endeavoured to involve their meaning. He began to feel the real tendency of their efforts. It became evident, that if a true, virtual, and final responsibility for acts done in the administration of a colony, were placed any where else than with the central government in London, then one of two results would follow—either there would be two responsibilities in collision with each other, in which case three months would not go forwards without breeding a social anarchy; or one of these responsibilities would be swallowed up by the other. And which was that? The purpose was clear that, according to the views of those who were pressing for a local responsibility, the Government in London would be neutralized. Not to drop the mask too suddenly, the British cabinet

would be allowed some privilege of passive approbation and sanction, but, in any real crisis, no effectual discretion either for controlling or for guiding.

Wise at length, and instructed as to the real objects afloat on this hint, Lord John spoke out. He addressed a long and able despatch to Canada. He told the truth. He exposed the final result to which the new politics of the Canadian liberals would pledge them. So far well; but now mark the further history of this despatch.

It is to the Duke of Wellington that we owe the tracing of this history. No man knew better how such a frank exposition of the truth *ought* to have been applied. Such was his science in the methods of administration. No man knew better how it *would* have been applied by Conservatives. Such is the Conservative disdain of intrigue. "Let us have *no mistakes*," says the great duke, to whose straightforward policy we owe the very phrase itself. But the government of Canada stood in no such commanding position. It was not safe for them to be frank. They, according to an old joke, "could not afford to keep a conscience." Mr Poulett Thompson is not the man that can dispense with support from Radical politicians, or even from politicians notoriously disaffected to the British connexion. Mr P. Thompson is not the man to decline public aid, because it rests upon a mistake. Yet if he published Lord John's despatch, too evident it became that the game was up. He must no longer count upon any hearty countenance from his Papineaulings. The secret would then be exposed, that the two parties were not travelling on the same road. Now, on the other hand, so long as the despatch could be suppressed—and, being stifled at first, nothing but accident would afterwards bring it to light—the governor-general could always have professed a general rhetorician's assent to the doctrine of a local responsibility as the great *idea* to be kept in view, whilst he could never want means for evading any practical attempt to realize that idea. *Laudatur et alget* would have been the history of this novel doctrine for many years to come. Flourishes of rhetoric would have crowned it in every public interview between his Excellency and the Papineaus, or Pa-

pineaulings, of the land; but, practically, it would have been starved and neglected. Such was the adroit but somewhat knavish course contemplated as open to the new governor under the suppression of this important document; and, accordingly, suppressed it was. Accident, however, (unfortunate accidents *will* happen in the best regulated families,) brought it to light in the House of Commons. Accident has therefore compelled his Canadian excellency to move in less crooked paths. But, argues the Duke of Wellington, in nailing the ministers to the facts as involved in the *dates* of the transaction, and thus exposing the first intentions of the Canadian Council—can any reliance be placed upon the adhesion of men counted upon as supporters, and yet evidently acting under a misapprehension of the Government views to an extent which would entitle them to tax that government with foul treachery in some future stage of their connexion? Or, again, can much reliance be placed upon a Government [*Proh pudor!* a British Government!] that would be satisfied with a support of this quality—a support rooted in misunderstanding? On the one side, the sincere misunderstanding of besotted ignorance and confiding treason: on the other, the affected misunderstanding of perfidious self-interest?

Now, then, as an instructive piece of secret history brought to the light by an accident, and sent home to its useful application in the minds of men, followed out to its ultimate *moral* by the Duke of Wellington, it is not often that we meet with such a significant exposure as this. It enlightens us fully upon two points:—1st, The utter incompatibility of Radicalism, at least with all colonial government. It is always matter of high presumption against any doctrine or system of principles, if upon one of its simplest practical applications it breaks down, or leads into absurdities. Now, it is clear that the immediate accountabilities which Radicalism substitutes for the ancient system of mediate accountabilities, would summarily put an end to all colonial jurisdiction whatever; because if the farce of the double co-existing responsibility were adopted practically, then comes anarchy; and if the instant responsibility were allowed to absorb the remoter, then

comes virtually a separation. Substantial independence has been established; and the nominal colony is *not* a colony. It is henceforward a distinct power among powers, and thoroughly *sui juris*; following or not following its principal in peace and in war, according to its own local discretion.

This is one lesson we have learned from the unlucky exposure of the intercourse going on between her Majesty's Whigs and her Majesty's Papineaulings. And it is of wider application than our opponents suspect; for many an honest-minded flirter with Radicalism will begin to suspect that a system cannot be a sound one which would, at a single blow, knock away the props from a great national interest—would at one blow strike out the keystone from the vast arch of our colonial empire. The other lesson is more personal, and rather refreshes our previous knowledge than brings any original illumination. It is a lesson short and sweet on the character of the present administration. The Duke of Wellington absolutely persecuted the coy retreating premier into the conviction of his own misdeeds. He held his nose to the grindstone whilst he ground out the dates, and the secret meaning of the dates. Simply by these dates he racked out, as with a forceps, the undeniable truth that the Canadian Government had meant to plant themselves on concealment, on dissimulation, on fraud. Villany was in the hearts of the Papineaulings. His Excellency read that villany in broad sesquipedalian characters, magnified for his use by Lord John Russell's optical glasses. But he read it as if he read it not. He passed the word amongst his retinue to say nothing, to keep their own secret, to look satisfied; and thus her Majesty's lieutenant founded his government upon misprision of treason.

These are really pretty discoveries, and not to be lost sight of on the hustings. For ourselves, we hold it enough to have sternly fixed the eye upon what else might have been lost in the crowd of political topics, both because all current exposures of this nature, connected with local politics, are too fugitive in men's memories; and because, to say the truth, our own journals did not force this particular scandal into broad daylight.

Apparently, from the disconnexion of the several parts in this transaction by an interval of months, the plot coming forward at one time, the awkward *peripeteia* at another, and the Duke of Wellington's searching commentary at a third, the journalists had lost the thread which gathered into unity this series of dramatic incidents. We have here recovered it; and, having done that, we hold our duty finished. It is for the candidate to improve the case, and work it on the hustings for the public edification. He will "show up" the case for a threefold result; for the light it brings—1st, To the theory of Radicalism; 2d, To the policy of a Whig government; 3d, To the final drift of Canadian sedition.

But when all this is settled, and when justice is done upon all the parties concerned, there remains a large field of enquiry as to Canada—no longer pointing to party objects—no longer retrospective in any part or proportion, but prospective, instant, urgent. What is to be thought of the new bill for settling Canada, and for uniting by one legislature a territory more vast than Hindostan? In the region of Hindostan, taking for its boundaries, west and east, the Indus and the Burrampooter, and making no distinction between Northern (or Proper) Hindostan, and Hindostan to the south of the Nerbudda, (*i. e.* the Deccan,) there are nearly a dozen separate kingdoms of the size of France. Supposing, for the sake of a memorable scale, that England proper contains 57,000 square miles, Scotland nearly 30,000, Ireland just 30,000, those three kingdoms will compose an empire of 117,000 square miles. Call it 112,000. Then is France about equal in space to that extent of territory. Then is Hindostan, defined as we have defined it, and carried up to Cashmere, &c., and the sources of the Ganges, equal to just ten such territories. And Canada is a good deal more than this enormous Hindostan.

Can such a territory be administered in unity, supposing even that there were no moral obstacles? Grant that the moral unity of that vast region were menaced by no want of cohesion, simply as regards the physical unity—is it such as that, easily or naturally, it could adapt itself to one legislative body? And again, as respects the moral elements of union—suppe-

ming political principles unconcerned—is there nothing in the interests of parties so largely extended which might repel rather than attract unity of legislation? This cause has been sufficient to create a division in the United States, when otherwise the principles were pretty generally the same, or at least with no disturbing forces such as exist in Canada. Exporting and importing regions, agricultural and manufacturing industry, slave-holding or non-holding provinces, have found matter of quarrel in their local interests quite sufficient to destroy the possibility of a common provincial legislature, without needing the Canadian irritations of a political discord.

Fortunately, as respects the present discussion of this great question, which is too much a question of speculative and explorative conjecture for the atmosphere of British politics—politics, happily, that rest upon the basis of the practical, that cannot build at all when no *terra firma* is found of historical fact, no substratum of positive experience—the Duke of Wellington has procured for us all an adjournment. For more than a year to come, a tight executive government, without representative forms or frills, will carry on the administration of public concerns. This benefit of delay let us Conservatives refuse to throw away. It was intended to furnish time for inquiry; let us not forfeit that advantage by prematurely committing ourselves on the hustings to opinions such as we cannot afterwards alter. Doctrines on this subject once formed, are not open to modification; errors are irretrievable.

Yet, in the midst of this imperfect light for all purposes of final adjudication, one great error there is abroad, which, even at this stage of our information, we can venture to mark out for denunciation upon the hustings. It is the error of Lord Ellenborough in regard to the claims upon our consideration of the *Habitans*, or French Canadians. Lord Ellenborough would oppose much in the new schemes of management proposed for Canada, because it seems to express distrust in this French part of the population. Now it should be laid down as a primary maxim in this case—that no trust at all is due to that body. Excepting for one small section of their body, the French Canadians have

deliberately forfeited all title to confidence. They, with their eyes open, abjured it by rebellion; and they had always reduced this title to a mere shadow by wilful disaffection to a Government which erred as to *them* only by far too much indulgence. Some great men of our party, more than thirty years ago, pointed out a gross oversight in our political treatment of the people in Old Canada, (that is, in Lower Canada.) They are as unsafe, said they, as the Irish Papists. You cannot extirpate their Popery, which is one great memorial to them of their French descent; but you can, and it is your duty to, extirpate their language. Make it a condition of holding office in the most subordinate department, that the candidates shall speak English. Thus you will effect three objects. You will abolish one badge of a French connexion, which operates always as a memento and a suggestion (sometimes as an engine) for French intrigues. Secondly, you will force out these bigots into a more free and more liberal commerce with British ideas. Thirdly, you will gradually break down a permanent organ for private caballing in cases of meditated rebellion. The wisdom of this Tory prescience has been exemplified in the late struggle. If you except the few Radicals whom England furnished, who were the insurgents but the French Canadians? And what was their main engine for organizing their insurrection in its earlier stages, but that very difference of language which has now become a monument of British indulgence and of Canadian ingratitude? This explains the very possibility that the local Government and all the world in Europe should have been so much surprised by the rebellion. The concealment offered by a separate language had masked the purposes, and the extent of those purposes, until all was matured. Besides, that the *promise* of concealment, more even than the concealment, had operated from the first to the encouragement of all the Papineaus. If not the ripe insurrection, therefore, at all events the crude plotting and caballing in which the insurrectionary spirit first nursed itself, may be looked upon as due to that neglected Tory counsel as to the gradual extermination of the language—through schools, official rewards, and honorary distinction.

It is singular, meantime, that the one section of the old Franco-Canadian population, who were faithful to their allegiance, were the Popish priests; and in that feature of difference we read a great advantage for England by comparison with the similar case of Irish disaffection. But what followed to these priests? Mark *that*, for it is most significant, and most worthy of a notice on the hustings. Why, *the priests have lost their influence amongst their flocks*. Now, can there be a clearer indication than that one fact, of what it is that these flocks are meditating? No very pastoral objects, we presume it will be granted, can occupy the thoughts of flocks who—in the moment of unexpected lenity to errors which that ancient France of their idolatry would have met with decimation for the misleaders, and confiscation for all—instead of reverting with enthusiasm to these spiritual guides, whose counsels would have saved them from so much agitation, peril, and political humiliation, absolutely avert their eyes, refuse to be on friendly terms with them, and almost proclaim them as enemies. Enemies as to what? Unless they think the cause of rebellion not yet extinct, unless there seem to them large arrears of the rebellious interest reserved for a future trial, what ground of enmity is left? Nothing can survive as a *materia litis*, unless the original *lis* itself is understood to be still afoot as a cause militant. In that one refusal of cordiality towards their priests, lies a world of meaning as to the slumbering intentions of the Canadian *Habitans*.

These things will not be forgotten on the hustings. But there is one other blunder of Lord Ellenborough's, which must be pushed forward and made as prominent as its true relations to the main truth demand. Lord Ellenborough, by his very complaints, (expressed in a formal *protest*,) that enough had not been done by the new bill to conciliate the Franco-Canadians, to win confidence by showing confidence, and, in short, to wean them from their enmity to the British, committed a great oversight. It is an oversight made every day. "Enmity to the British!"—On what ac-

count? On what ground? On what provocation? Most strange that the public should so often forget these most material considerations! Why the very feeling, in its most elementary shape—enmity to those who are known to them only by the parental kindness with which they exercised the rights of conquest—is already criminal in a high degree. Had this enmity come forward in the shape of competition and rivalry, as it did in a recent European case near our own doors, it would have been mean, it would have deserved little enough of sympathy or allowance. But it did not. The circumstances of the lower province have hitherto not been such as to attract British competition. British energy has resorted to another and higher region—a region which presented perils and difficulties far beyond the power of Franco-Canadian enterprise ever to have faced.* This one source of mean jealousy, this common fountain of base hatred removed, as hitherto it *has* been, what other remained? None absolutely. The hatred is a pure instinct of conscious littleness in the presence of courage, skill, energy, perseverance. And therefore, in allowing for such a hatred, or complaining that it had not been allowed for, Lord Ellenborough was providing for a sentiment as worthy of favour from which he himself, on consideration, will see cause to shrink with loathing.

We have said that this Canadian hatred to the British, is another form of a case lately rehearsed in our own neighbourhood: it is the case repeated of the Belgians in their hatred to the Dutch, but without the palliations of that case. Why did the Belgians hate the Dutch? Why did they insist on the federal marriage between them being dissolved? Simply, because the Dutch are a people of great energy, great courage, indomitable perseverance; all which qualities are written down in their history, and in the very face of their country—a mere conquest from the sea at one time, and from bloody tyrants at another. These qualities were a light to show up the contrast of effeminate feebleness and languor in the Belgians. They, of all nations, if you except certain Ita-

* The Voyageurs, &c., are a mixed breed, *Bois-brûlés*, having Indian blood intermingled with French.

lians, were the only people who held it to be a regular platoon evolution to run away on a day of battle. All Europe has laughed over their share of the business on the day of Waterloo. Intellectually, they were just as much below the European standard. Without any favouritism on the part of the Dutch king or council, it is notorious that hardly every tenth man in official station was a Belgian. The Belgians to the Dutch were as six to four: every body wished that they should take their share in national administration; yet, from mere defect of energy and native power, there were not found enough of Belgians to fill any reasonable proportion of the public offices.

It was not a hatred of this kind which led the Portuguese, for example, in 1648 to revolt from Spain. It was not such a hatred which separated the Norwegian from the Swede. No; these were all noble races of men; and their hatred grew out of the pride connected with conscious merit—merit depressed and treated with injustice. But the Belgian hatred grew out of conscious imbecility contrasted with exemplary merit in their yoke-fellows. Pull in the same traces with those whose every effort put them to shame, resolutely they would not. Yet, after all, there was for the Belgians this palliation. The Dutch had not only the credit of eclipsing them, but also the profits. In their hatred the Belgians really had an interest at stake. But the Franco-Canadians have none. No illiberal advantage has been taken of their deficient energy or of their religion. They are eligible to public stations without grudging—they are elected. Their hatred is the pure tribute of ill-will to a spirit of energy and enterprise not fostered by the old French government, and never yet connected with French blood.

Now we may put it to Lord Ellenborough himself—ought such a spirit of enmity—a jealousy so ignoble, and promising such bad results for Lower Canada, to have found that sort of sympathy and provision which he misses in the bill recently sanctioned by the Conservatives? Not only is it the very last *residuum* from what is meanest in human impulses; but we repeat, that for a country in the condition of Canada, no temper could possibly be so ominous. Hostility to

the British from mere mortification at hearing the world re-echo with the sound of that brilliant name; jealousy from pure spitefulness at being next neighbours to a province which will soon shame them by the miracles of persevering industry, are not qualities to justify any man's countenance. But they are qualities to call for his vigorous repression, nay, for castigation, when they promise to affect the development of Canada, as in this case they do. The final secret in this business is, that British enterprise not only shames the old Canadian *seigneurs*, but sometimes forces them into reluctant co-operation. And this disturbs them; this breaks the repose of that Castle of Indolence in which the old feudal pantaloons slumber away their lives. Were the history to be given from the hustings of but one public undertaking in Canada, it would do more to let us all behind the curtain of Canadian politics, than a volume of general disquisitions. We speak of the river St Lawrence. This noble river, of which some people believe that it distributes a greater body of water than any other which has been measured, occupies a common relation to the British province and what we may call the French province. Its navigation must be improved. It is the common high-road for all parties; and in future times, when the upper provinces are laid open, will be occupied by English sails for a space far longer than from Lapland to Gibraltar. But, though both parties had an interest, the proportions and quality of that interest were very different. The Franco-Canadian had little interest in manufactures or commerce: his farm produce met an easy market in Quebec or in Montreal; and for mere locomotion, for mere personal intercourse, why, the river did well enough as it was. The English interest in the St Lawrence was a great interest, the French a small one; the English interest manifold, the French in one monotonous direction; the English interest a growing one, the French stationary. What cared the French *seigneurs* for canals to intersect the country, and to draw out the capacities of the river, as a great central artery that had been provided by nature without taxing human resources? Upon that subject, therefore, the parties quarrelled. The British might lay

upon the upper stream such improvements as they meditated; these would, in many cases, be incomplete, unless carried out by co-operation below. That co-operation in any cordial spirit was sought for in vain.

Now, to drive our last nail into the Canadian question, as the problem will soon be brought before us all—not merely what proportion is to be allowed for Canadian elements in any local Parliament, but (which is more important) what principle is to regulate the proportion? A Conservative candidate may find it useful to put the case into some such words as these:—The hostility of the Franco-Canadian race to the British, as you are now aware, does not rest upon any grounds, reasonable or not reasonable. They themselves do not allege that they have such grounds. They do not pretend to show any. And so far, my hearers, you have been disabused of an error—for I believe that most of you have hitherto assumed this error. Your generosity has led you to presume that men could not be so spiteful as to hate others, merely because their superior energy placed themselves in a mortifying contrast. Now, understanding that this base condition of feeling does in reality exist, doubtless you will agree—we shall all agree that it is not a condition for which any law should make allowance, still less should provide it with indulgence. Considered, therefore, as to its ground and origin, this hatred is less entitled to respect than any one national feeling which history has recorded. That being settled, as a last point, let us ask to what this hatred tends? For the ground of any force or power in human nature, taken in connexion with its tendency, compose a comprehensive means for its valuation. Now, the whole spirit and temper by which the French part of the Canadian people differs from the British, tends solely to this one result, viz. to the restoration and maintenance of feudalism; that is, observe, tends to a condition of things which, were the English even out of the question, is now utterly impracticable under the universal spirit of the age. Were the English expelled from that continent, Canada would be sucked in as by a Maelstrom into the active life of the United States. Whatever were the nation to colonize Upper Canada—un-

less it were the leas of Turkey or the refugees of Algiers—little practical difference could arise to the French *seigneurs*. They would be forced, by the gigantic pressure of advancing civilisation, into the great stream of self-development. This, under any alternative, would be their real fate. But for us, who are not investigating their character from curiosity, who are searching it for a great civil purpose, to know how far we may trust them as legislators—in what proportion we ought to overrule their future suffrages by British elements—it is more interesting to discover what they are aiming at—which, it is true, they will not be allowed to realize, but which will often interfere to modify their efforts—than what ought naturally to be their fate, which, under our wiser control, is sure to be happier than they have altogether deserved. Now, then, monstrous as that may seem, they are aiming at perpetuating those feudal institutions in Canada, which are become a fable in Europe. Nay, they are aiming (at least by their wishes) at restoring in vigour that system of power and usages, that mode of blind obedience, of partial taxation, of landed inheritance, of unequal rights, and of immunities for the gentry, which even in the France of their devotion, has been extinct for fifty years. Their object is, to reinstate that distribution of power, which, in the France of 1840, is trampled on with more unmitigated scorn than in all the rest of the world beside.

1. The quality and grounds of the Canadian enmity to ourselves, show how far it is our *duty* to indulge it.
2. The tendency of that feeling, that state of things which, if left to itself, it would tend to realize, show how far it is our *policy* to indulge it. The condition of the world, it is very true, would effectually prevent the consummation of Canadian feudal dreams; but that concerns themselves. Our concern is with the spirit which prompts such dreams; because, at whatever point it might be intercepted, most certainly, so far as it could reach, it would always travel in the course fitted to achieve those dreams; that is, in a course fitted to neutralize all improvements, and to thwart all enterprise. So far as their hatred of us rests upon any *motive* whatever, it is this—they fear we shall force them into the activity they loathe. Now,

we cannot amend their nature; but it is our business to take care that their nature shall not become available against Canada, by guiding Canadian legislation.

III. Next comes a subject which, even by its name, is fitted to alarm all readers and all hearers. We need not say that it is the *Corn Question* of which we speak. We figure to ourselves the shy public under the image of a horse, roaming freely on some spacious plain, which his groom is vainly seeking to catch. The bridle or the halter is kept out of sight, and he holds out some pretence or some reality of what may allure the animal to risk his liberty; but with this difference in favour of the groom as compared with ourselves, that the corn, if he really has any to offer, will prove a real temptation; whereas for us that unhappy article of corn is the supreme repellent of this world. Anacharsis Clootz styled himself "the spokesman of the human race;" and this modern subject of corn may be styled by preference "the bore of the human race." The moment we present this fatal ally of apoplexy to the attention of our coy suspicious public, instantly we figure to ourselves that same many-headed public, under the image we have selected, as galloping off in widening circles—standing for a moment—then whinnying—throwing up its heels—and turning irreclaimable upon our hands.

But, reader, fear us not; stand a minute; *woho*, then, poor fellow. We shall not bore you. Were our disposable space more, we should shape a few replies, specially to the *moral* (not the *economic*) arguments of Mr Villiers and of Lord Fitzwilliam. In their economy there is nothing but what has been considered a thousand times, though each (as is ever the case) urges his old weatherbeaten principles with the most happy unconsciousness, that "for all and some" there is a regular rejoinder in waiting, if he would condescend to look for it. In one sole instance, Lord Fitzwilliam has pushed into the ring a novelty; that is, a novelty as respects the facts, for it does not affect the doctrines. It is this—in some parts of the island it seems that the price of wheat falls when it ought to rise, *i. e.*, not because the crop has been a good one, but for the opposite reason—from the

very excess of its badness. Wheat is sometimes so ruined in quality, that it cannot be used for making bread-flour. What follows? It sinks at once, not as it would sink if degraded from the market of the rich to the market of the less fastidious poor, where its use as human food still continues the same—no; the poorest of the poor cannot touch it—it sinks as an article degraded from one use to another—from a human use to a brutal or a mere mechanic use. This degradation of use at once works a complete revolution in the price. The price sinks by a half or two-thirds; and thus the remarkable result follows—that the average may be lowered; that is, the indications may be published of increasing plenty through a change which, *pro tanto*, and by its tendency, argues increasing scarcity. By possibility, the scale might drop almost to zero, whilst, in fact, the price of wheat was running up to a famine altitude. This is a curious and interesting fact; and gradually we may hope to come into possession of *all* the facts, some of which are still sadly in arrear, after all the costly investigations of our government. Meantime, Lord Fitzwilliam's novelty was none to us. We had seen the case reported in an Edinburgh newspaper; for the fact itself has occurred often of late in the central parts of Scotland. And were the case largely diffused, and were it a recurring case in every year, it must be valued as a serious disturbing force with regard to the oscillations of our sliding scale. But it is a local case in the first place; and secondly, even as a local one, it is a rare case, or at least rare as a case of magnitude. However, the old proverb bids us "not to look a gift horse in the mouth." For any novelty whatever, on so dreary a field, we are thankful: the smallest contributions are received with gratitude. We, therefore, thank Lord Fitzwilliam. Else, and as regards the moral arguments of both Lord Fitzwilliam and Mr Villiers, on behalf of our party we are most indignant. Both of them are men of high integrity; (we make allowances for the partisanship which led Lord Fitzwilliam sadly astray in his affair with the late Bishop of Peterborough); both would scornfully resent any expostulation with their own principles of action that should presuppose a habitual indulgence to

conscious purposes of oppression. Yet both allow themselves to suppose of Tory landlords and Tory clergymen—not that they have erroneously fancied that policy to be good for their dependants, which in reality is found to be bad—no; that is *not* what they suppose; their ordinary logic is, that we Tories are aware of our oppression, but defend it by trusting sometimes that it is not very great oppression; sometimes, that if it were, still, in a conflict of interests, we have a right to favour ourselves, and by other palliations equally disingenuous.

Why appeal, as both of them do, to our consciences—to our secret sense that, after all, the poor have rights—or even more tauntingly to our prudential fears? Mr Villiers bids us remember in time that men will not go on enduring for ever; that a day of reckoning will come; and places the poorer classes in the sublime attitude of meek apostolic beings, fully sensible to the wrongs practised upon them, forbearing through certain periods of time; and finally, after giving us a long season for repentance, rising to crush us when they find all forbearance thrown away. Now, what intolerable abuses are these of men's patience and of good logic! It is presumed, throughout, that we admit the argument of our opponents. It is taken for granted that we concede the point at issue as to the best mode of making corn cheap. We grant, it is pretended, that the policy of our antagonists would make corn cheaper—nay, much cheaper; but we deny that it ought to be cheaper. What delusions are here! Who denies what they suppose us to deny? Who grants what they suppose us to grant? But, not to enter upon corn discussions, after we have promised that we would not, let us confine ourselves to pointing one or two suggestions for the hustings; such, we mean, as will be separately intelligible and independently available.

1. There are many cases on record where people have disputed earnestly upon a presumed fact, without ever having had their thoughts directed to the previous question as to the very existence of that fact. Thus, at this moment, all men agree to argue the case, as though the fact were flagrant, at least in reference to this present year, that foreign corn could be laid down in our markets at a price much

below that of our own domestic growth. Now, the last average taken was 67s. the quarter for good wheat. The selling price on the Continent, during the same six weeks, has ranged pretty closely to 50s.; that is, observe, in that part of the Continent from which only any large quantity could be drawn. Minor sources could avail nothing at any price. What, then, is the difference? About 17s. Now, look into the various estimates published by Government of the costs connected with freight, port charges, and warehouse dues. By the lowest estimate, the difference will appear to be so nearly absorbed as to bear no practical effect at all; and by the highest estimate, the difference will be more than absorbed. Finally, it may be alleged, there is something peculiar in the year. It is a dear season for the Continent, and so far the advantage in favour of foreign wheat must be less than usual. Certainly it is a dear season for the Continent; but then, on the other hand, it is a dear season at home, and that restores the proportions between us.

2. Check every statement as to prices of wheat by one question uniformly forgotten. What is the *weight* of the wheat? Wheat notoriously ranges in common markets from fifty-six to sixty-four pounds weight in the bushel. Our own wheat, from which men derive their prices, always reaches the highest of these weights at the least. The cheap wheat of the Mediterranean very seldom reaches more than the lowest. At the price of three guineas the quarter, there goes a discount of one shilling a bushel upon our English sixty-four pound wheat, as compared with much of the fifty-six pound foreign; that is, a discount of 12½ per cent, or exactly one bushel is deducted out of every eight. Now, when you find (as find you will) that after allowing for freight, &c., prices often come near to a balance with our English prices,—this discount of one in eight will often turn the scale.

3. But above all, nail a villanous anti-corn-law man on the hustings, by a clencher which we will state. We once heard a case reported from a Liverpool election, where a literary man, upon first addressing himself to speak, had so expanded the wide circle of his mouth, that some Jack Tar, out of mere wantonness, with-

out a shadow of personal feeling, simply because he saw in the orator's mouth a *theca*, or case fitted to receive a reasonable paving-stone, and at the same time chanced to remember that in his right hand such a paving-stone was lying idle and "waiting for a job," quick as thought launched his argument, summarily plugged up the entire capacity of the orator's mouth, and dismissed him to the surgeon's hands *re infectâ*. The paving-stone was actually extracted by a surgical operation, and, of course, an oration was lost for that election. Now, it is not every body who has an argument ready which is so "true a fit," or can send his argument "home" so accurately. Jack must have been a man of genius. But still an argument or a paving-stone (no matter which) is quite good enough if it answers the purpose of putting a stop to a corn-law orator. This may be safely received as a general principle in ethics. Our friend the orator of Liverpool, whose oration was brought to such a sudden stop, could only goggle and look unutterable things, without attaining to any thing like a sound. We are not Jack; and without pretending to take the conceit out of a man so entirely, we shall be satisfied if our opponent is reduced to talk nonsense, which we presume he must be, in attempting to get rid of the following answer to a popular piece of logic. One of the commonest objections to the extravagant anticipations by which the labouring poor apply the proposed corn-law revolution to their own benefit is this—How will you, the labourer, benefit if your wages conform to the alteration in the price? What is it to you that more bread can be obtained for a penny, if your pennies are proportionably fewer? How is this objection parried? It is parried in two different modes. Some say the wages *will* conform to the supposed alteration in wheat, but by slow degrees. Some say—No; wages will *never* conform. Well; let them settle their own quarrels: we shall not interfere. But take it either way. First, then, wages *never* adapt themselves to the altered level; *that* means that the labourer will have the entire benefit of the supposed difference in price. But what, then, becomes of the main argument on which the Manchester men rely? For if the total difference

goes to the workman, it does *not* go to the diminution of costs in manufacturing goods. By this supposition the goods cost precisely what they used to cost: that is clear; because the labourer is supposed to receive the whole difference. A very happy result if it could be realized, and one which we should rejoice to see; but still it will do nothing for the manufacturer; and *his* hope is knocked on the head. Now, taking it the other way, wages *will* slowly conform to the altered rate of wheat. In that case, and supposing all along (which we do *not* suppose) that wheat does really fall permanently, then prosperity *to that extent* will settle upon the manufacturers. Profits rise; exportation is stimulated—in what degree is a disagreeable question—but wages, after a rise and a gradual declension, are supposed to settle back precisely at their old point. So that the sole final result upon this argument would be—to take something from the landholder and to settle it upon the manufacturer, a result which certainly nobody would think worth a decent-looking button-top. Meantime, both cases are mere delusions. But we urge the dilemma in order to show that, even upon conceding all they ask, the result is—that blank disappointment awaits *one* of the two parties, and, in fact, each alternately. For, as to the third case supposable, viz. that the two parties should divide the fancied difference, that case leaves so little to either, upon *any* estimate, that it is below the button-top. Neither party, you may swear, will be content to "make two bites of a cherry."

IV. Next comes Ireland—of all topics the most permanent for English politics, and the most exciting. On this subject the author of the valuable pamphlet on "*The Merits of the Whigs*," has done a most seasonable service, by condensing and digesting the very voluminous evidence taken in 1839 before a Committee of the Lords' House on the State of Ireland in relation to Crime. We shall endeavour to diffuse the service a little more widely, by repeating something of the same process upon parts of this pamphlet. What the noble author of that pamphlet announces with respect to the Lords' Report, we announce with respect to his own abstract, viz. the object of bringing it

"before general readers in a more concise and tangible form." We are far from insinuating any failure in that author's execution as applied to his particular object; on the contrary, it is excellent: we presume only a descending scale, applicable to the process of abridgement, under which those readers may benefit by our abstract who happen to have as much less disposable leisure by comparison with the readers of the pamphlet, as the readers of the pamphlet by comparison with the students of the Report.

The general object of the Lords was—to estimate the amount of civil security in Ireland, was it in an ascending or descending ratio? And especially to make this estimate in reference to the government of Lord Normanby; that is, since 1835. This limitation might seem to give a personal colour to the inquiry; and it was certainly meant to do so. But this was right on public grounds. Lord Normanby's conduct had been powerfully obnoxious to question; and the enquiry as to the individual could not be a searching one without probing the merits of the very singular policy which he had introduced, to which the sun has been nothing similar or approaching since the famous, but less romantic, affair of Don Quixote with the galley-slaves.

To make this estimate of Ireland effectual, it must be pursued through certain special channels. And the first, which must always offer itself as to Ireland, respects the existence of secret societies. Ribandism—Did that exist, or did it not exist? was a difficult question in 1838-9. Lord Normanby strenuously denied that it did. It is true that afterwards he saw cause to qualify this opinion; but for a long period he staked the credit of his government upon the fact, that no such taint existed in the social condition of Ireland as secret confederations. This is important to keep in mind; because the state of Ireland is not only a weighty question on its own separate account as a fact, but, secondly, in relation to the government of the Whigs as an effect flowing from a certain policy; and, thirdly, in relation to the past representations of the Whigs, as a test of the value belonging to Whig assurances and to Whig information. And let every stern questioner or honest respondent on the hustings carry with him one abiding consideration—that

this phenomenon of secret societies, bound together by unlawful oaths, for whatever nominal purposes, constitutes a sort of pulse for indicating a morbid condition of society; deep-seated derangements in a dense population constantly assume this type; and such a phenomenon, if not instantly detected—if not chased through all its disguises, and energetically trodden out by the executive government, is a smouldering fire that rapidly travels into all corners of the land, and very soon places the physical strength of the country in a belligerent attitude.

Now, as to the proof of Ribandism, the evidence before the Lords would be of itself conclusive. Colonel Kennedy, for two years inspector-general of the police, says—"I think there are secret societies all over Ireland." This officer, however, was very ill used by Lord Normanby, and, like a man of sensitive honour, resigned; he, therefore, may be challenged as a prejudiced witness. But Major Warburton, who succeeded him in the command, gives the very same evidence, with the same fearful latitude of application. "This conspiracy," he says, "prevails very extensively;" and he specifies eight counties, besides the capital, from which he had already received formal reports on the subject; whilst the absence of reports did not imply that the evil existed in less strength, but simply that it moved with more caution. The same statement, but with the addition of another alarming feature, is made by Mr Rowan, a stipendiary magistrate for many years, and in many counties: not only have the provincial societies been diffusing themselves for some years, but he declares them to be all "mere affiliations," governed by a central society in Dublin, which society as yet is muffled in darkness: the police, with all their vigilance, have not succeeded in penetrating the mysterious fences with which it has surrounded itself. The existence, however, and the activity of this central Dublin society, are placed beyond all doubt. Nor is there much reason to wonder that it should have baffled detection so long; for two remarkable artifices have been ascertained as to this central body—viz. 1st, that it takes religious designations, which naturally turn aside the suspicions of thousands who would otherwise have been soon brought close upon its traces,

and might have furnished useful indications to the police; secondly, that from time to time it *changes* its designation, and thus suddenly disconnects itself with all past proceedings. Were it not for this last subtle evasion, many times it must have been brought to light by the sudden seizures of papers, effected when the police have surprised a rural society in actual session; but this abrupt change of name at once snaps the chain which would else inextricably attach the most bloody outrages of the provinces with their central fountain in the metropolis.

This subject is so awful, and at the same time lies under such a battery, not merely of incredulity, but of scorn pushed to extremity, that the reader must allow us to dwell a little—first, on the fact—secondly, on the meaning and perilous tendency of the fact. How far it is possible, with a view to Irish popularity, for people in the highest official stations to abet this spirit of scepticism and ridicule, applied to Irish outrage or systematic conflict with the law, may be seen in the instance of Lord Normanby and of his right-hand agent, the late Mr Drummond. As to the former we have already spoken; but it is a fact, that in 1838 both of these official gentlemen scouted, nay, scoffed at the idea of Ribandism or any other secret organization as prevailing in Ireland. If by some local accident such a conspiracy were to be detected, according to their argument it would justify no general inferences as to the condition of the lower Irish population; it would be an accident, such as might exist in England or Scotland; it would be an insulated phenomenon, cut off from all ramifications or remote correspondences. This was their language in 1838. Now mark the exposures, racked and extorted by the Lords within one brief twelvemonth, as to the good faith and sincerity with which these scoffing, nay, defying declarations had been put on record; for, as to Lord Normanby, he had delivered *his* statement from so authentic a station as his place in Parliament. Yet at that very hour no less than nine separate cases of Ribandism had been brought officially under his notice; a fact which was actually made known to the Lords' Committee by Mr Drummond himself, who was forced into adding—that between the period of Lord Normanby's scoffing repudiation applied gen-

erally to all conspiracy, under whatsoever name, and the period of his own examination, not nine, but forty-five cases, had formally passed under his review.

Abstracting even from this decisive examination of Mr Drummond, is it possible to read the long list of public officers, the chief constable, the chief commissioners of police in Dublin, stipendiary magistrates, crown selectors upon fairs of the Irish circuit, crown council and others, many owing their appointments to Lord Normanby, and all unanimously, without concert, sending in the most solemn assurances that a network of conspiracy invested the length and breadth of the land;—testimony thus uniform and thus respectable, can any man read without charging upon the late Whig viceroy a levity in what he authorized, and an obstinacy in what he disbelieved, that disqualified him for the government of any society, though it were but a village or a school? What would become of juries, if the idea of indulgence to the criminal, as a person undeniably thrown upon their power, and unhappy, were suffered generally to obscure the sternest duties of their office? What becomes of equity, of wisdom, nay, rigorously speaking, of veracity in a ruler, if, from a rabid appetite for popularity, he applies himself systematically as a forensic advocate to the backing and upholding of one faction, bloody, desperate, deluded, on the shapeless ground that it was the most numerous body in the nation, and the most impressive by theatrical acts? The Queen's lieutenant should look to the Queen for his model of policy, and to that system of indifferent favour which has always formed an atmosphere about the throne. Since parties have been constitutionally discriminated in Great Britain, there has been no instance where the sovereign, whatever might be his private bias, has openly recognised any party as entitled to a preference, or has fancied a possibility, under so solemn an equilibrium as regulates *their* peculiar responsibilities, of ever coming forward in the public character of partisan. Looking at Lord Normanby's viceregal history under two special heads:—1st, His way of dispensing mercy; and 2d, His way of dealing with the magistracy; which surely was never meant to be available for a purpose of intrigue, or as an off-

cial means of patronage—we do verily believe that the late administration of Ireland stands out from the series of Irish history as a chapter of extravagant romance. We cannot imagine that a council composed of good-natured young ladies could more unresistingly have obeyed the first blind impulses of feeling, or a council of histrionic actors could more ostentatiously have moved in the direction of theatrical effect, than this great officer of state, whose functions, as so immediately representing the most awful functions of the sovereign, should have made him deaf to impulse where only conscience can be lawfully heard, and blind to all instant effect where eternal principles give the rule.

Meantime, Lord Normanby is no otherwise important at present than as the Whig policy is illustrated in his person, and as Ireland happens to have reached her present condition of peril chiefly through his neglect. But, as regards the scepticism which is often applied to that peril, it must strike every man who looks about him, and who remembers what he sees, that this habit of feeling neither began with Lord Normanby, nor was at any time confined to him. The literature of the country through the last twenty years, and especially the novels and sketches of local manners, to which so much public encouragement, and therefore so much private talent is applied, must recall to the remembrance of our readers how popular a field of ridicule has been found in pictures of Englishmen, from the half-educated and most bigoted classes, supposed to be making their way through Ireland, either in the character of colonists or commercial travellers; no tale of Irish atrocities too bloody for their credulity; no statement of priestly influence too highly coloured to fall in with their prejudices: and the very principle of the jest on which the tale revolves, the very nerve of its *vis comica*, lies in the steady moral diffused through the whole incidents, that whilst we English are peopling Ireland with visionary terrors, in very fact and truth Ireland is just such another quiet region as England or Scotland—a land where law is revered—where no man incurs odium on account of his religion—where *he* may sleep in security who should have taken land from which a previous tenant had been ejected for obstinate

refusal of rent—where that man may ride home without anxiety from the assizes who has attended as a witness against a criminal; and, in short, where all men may follow out their duties to the last extremity of what is laid down for them in the laws of God or man; and all men follow out their rights in dealing with their own property to the last extremity of their choice or their caprice. If we talk of bloodshed, we are referred to our own island as furnishing a ranker crop of crime. If we talk of civil rights as not exercised in freedom, we are ridiculed as the dupes of our own mendacious legends.

Now, as it would not have been necessary, except for a political purpose, to cite the Lords' Report in proof of this systematic incredulity, applied by interested parties to the real condition of peril in Ireland, so it would not have been necessary (apart from the same political purpose) to have cited that report in proof of the peril. We have stronger and more recent proof. All that was suggested, as *in posse* and in preparation, by the witnesses before the committee of 1839, has come forward *in esse*, and in matured proportions at the Cavan assizes. On Monday the 13th of July, James Brady was separately tried and found guilty on the charge of Ribandism. Four others were convicted of the same offence on the same day at the same assizes. Two days later other prisoners, and since then at other assizes so many more, that we have lost all account of their number, were tried and found guilty on the same indictment; that is, for taking unlawful oaths generally to aid and abet a secret conspiracy in prosecution of purposes without limitation—this in the first place, and specially in prosecution of certain purposes that were but too clearly defined.

Next, the natural question—what are these purposes?

These are still somewhat mysterious; but the reason for *that* is, not because they are doubtful to the leaders, but because they are too notorious. When all are aware by private instruction of the true objects, there is no need to put them into print. The details might be forgotten; and these are, therefore, written down. The purpose never can be forgotten, and that is left to every man's secret knowledge. Ribandism, however, on the whole,

means a movable force, confederated for all purposes exclusively Irish and Popish. It composes a central column of fighting men, disposable in every direction, and applicable to every use pointed out by its leaders. Its obedience is unconditional, and its application unlimited. Murder at a moment's warning is understood to be an ordinary duty of the men. They are not to inquire what the offender has done, but simply to expect a sufficient description of his person. In reality, it is clear that Ribandism is even more dangerous than appears on the face of the many trials which have recently exposed its nature. Its present application is but provisional. It is waiting for political agitation to throw up some form of open insurrection, when it will instantly mix with that interest, and guide it to its own ends. It is the framework of a permanent organization, like the staff of an army—a central nucleus for combining it with the total Popery, wickedness, and disaffection of the land. And it has been declared by a qualified witness—that Ribandism numbers already a million of supporters. It is strange to add that it has even extended itself to the Irish in England.

Here let us take leave of Ireland. Let Ireland, considered as a weight upon our energies, as a drawback, as a peril, for ever occupy the penultimate place in our anxieties, but not the ultimate. It is not safe to take our eye off Ireland, as all *but* the climax in our scale of terrors to be fathomed, of dangers to be watched, yet still as not that climax. A vessel moored alongside our own, with combustibles in her hold, and a crew desperately reckless, cannot be dismissed from our anxieties—that is a fearful case; but there is another more fearful even than that—the case of our own crew, fierce, excited by incendiaries, inebriated with delusions, and tossing about firebrands at the very entrance of our own magazine. That is the prerogative danger (to speak *more Romano*) for England, namely, the fierce Jacobinism which growls for ever in the lower strata of our own domestic population; a danger which is instant, which is close at hand, which can be heard for ever mining underground below our altars and our hearths; a danger which intermits; a danger which may be

palliated, but which cannot be extinguished, which never will be healed.

Upon this subject there are profound delusions current, and these delusions not at all confined to those who have an interest in maintaining them. Those even who belong to the class most injured by such delusions, not unfrequently adopt and cherish them in blind honesty of heart. Let us have liberty to speak pointedly upon a case where every man, highest or lowest, ought to know the truth; and yet where men of high talent amongst us so little *do* know it, that they are actively employed in circulating the counteracting errors. It is a fact, that the one phenomenon in the constitution of society which remains behind after the labours of senates, and the philanthropy of generations, as a silent opprobrium to human wisdom, as an ugly *memento* of evil principles paramount to human control—this one memorable fact of social philosophy—viz. the obstinate necessity of pauperism, after man has done his best to extinguish it, is not more strenuously denied by the perfect ignorance of our mendicants than it is by the false wisdom of our speculators. The two extremes meet: the least intellectual, and some of the most intellectual men amongst us, agree in treating as an evil of man's creation what we—what the practical records of modern history—insist upon as an appointment of Providence.

Here stands the case. Every man bends submissively to what he views as inevitable. The most querulous man does not murmur at the cholera. If, therefore, our paupers could view pauperism as an irremediable infliction of Heaven, pauperism would not so uniformly offer a ground upon which jacobinism is invited to plant its levers. But our paupers do *not* view pauperism in that light; and, unless a most unwelcome knowledge is forced upon them, never will. They are universally of opinion, that every thing which defeats what they conceive to have been the intentions of Providence, must have its origin with man: sometimes with the erring will of man, sometimes with his limited intellect. From utter ignorance they take it for a thing granted, that no increments or decrements of population can go on, except by the command and intention of him. That false notion once posulated, they argue rightly that Providence could not have destined those,

or any of those, to wretchedness who have been called into existence by its own mandate. Grant that mandate, which they idly suppose implied in the very fact of a man's existence, their inference is inevitable—that any thing in society as now constituted, which makes it impossible for any man to obtain a comfortable livelihood, must be chargeable upon human errors, either in the shape of vitious legislation, or of institutions not sound, or of usages unfitted to the age.

Many readers will think that wretched mendicants must surely have little disposition to turn their reproaches upon objects so elevated as legislation and governments. But recent inquiries have shown that this is an error. Very lately, a Parliamentary inquiry was made into the quality of those districts in London which are occupied by the very lowest order of our population—an order much below even the lowest of the labouring class—the very outcasts and Pariahs of British life. The immediate purpose of the measure was, to ascertain some practical means for applying a general system of drainage to such districts. But the veins of human interest which traversed and intersected the subject in every direction, drew off the attention of the enquirers to higher topics. Senators and witnesses alike paused from their researches into sewers and drains, in order to gaze at the appalling spectacles of hopeless degradation which connected themselves with the neighbourhoods under discussion; regions where, in a moral sense, “all life dies:” where shame is abolished, women by dozens dancing naked at noonday in the open air; where natural piety perishes; hope is an unknown impulse; and the darkness of an early grave settles upon all alike. Here live the beings whose means of livelihood are declared before senates to be a mystery, and who die like rats in holes, never illuminated by Christian truth or Christian charity. Yet even these wretches of humanity, when they come abroad into public haunts for the purpose of buying gin, do not (as might be expected) fasten their imprecations on those who stand nearest to themselves in the social machinery; it is not landlords, it is not parish-officers, it is not the police, whom they denounce. No: it is the Government, the administrators of the national sewer, and the framers of the national

laws, whom they hold responsible for their own misery. The constant delusion, by which they abuse their minds is—that the vast machinery of social life, though easily deranged, though perhaps difficult to guide, *might* be so worked as to distribute plenty and comfort amongst all. And in this delusion they are confirmed by many of their betters; especially by some who have recently written upon Chartism.

We call it a “Delusion:” and, as the subject is unspeakably important, let us go on and specify the form which this delusion wears. The very hinge on which all turns as between our view and theirs, is this: the poor universally believe that charity, public or private, operates on a fixed quantity—on a given stationary mass of misery; they believe, for instance, that if 100 paupers were raised to comfort, the amount of pauperism would be *permanently* reduced to that extent. And this belief they do not hold as a polemic belief; that is to say, as opposed to some contradictory belief: not at all: they have no conception that it ever *was* opposed, or *could be* opposed. They take for granted that all who doubt or deny the wisdom of eleemosynary aid, do so on the principle that it is no duty of one class to take charge of another; on the principle that all classes are thrown upon their own exertions; and that national assistance is denied to them—not because it would be ineffectual, (such a notion is inconceivable to them,) but because it would unfairly tax the other classes of society.

Now, then, that justice may be done to all parties, let us hear what is said in answer to this; let us call for the antagonist creed. Take a case which you may see every day of your life in Edinburgh, London, Paris, — and which, to a mere visionary hermit or theorist from the woods, might seem absolutely incomprehensible. You see an elegant young woman, recently married suppose, seated in her carriage at the door of some splendid shop. It is daylight, and therefore she is dressed with simplicity. But, though her dress may not be very costly, her carriage and its appointments would easily support one poor family for ten years in comfort. You perceive advancing to the carriage-door a woman care-worn, hunger-bitten, and by her air of desolation almost careless of life — were it not for the poor fretful in-

fant whom she carries in her arms. What are the relations between the two parties? Vast is the gulf which divides them; and yet the features of agreement which connect them in situation, are amongst the most interesting in human life. It is a woman who supplicates relief from a woman, a young woman from a young woman, a wife from a wife, a mother from one who will soon be a mother herself. Five shillings would call back a gleam of vanished happiness to the poor suppliant's face. Yet you are distressed and confounded to observe that the young daughter of prosperity does not so much as look at her. How is this? Does she know some ill of the unhappy mendicant? No: she never saw her before. And she is quite aware that what would be unfelt by herself as a sacrifice—to the earnest petitioner would be like light from heaven. Why, then, in spite of her gentle looks, she must be a fiend? Not at all: she is a most amiable and generous creature: without knowing the whole extent of the poor woman's misery, she heartily believes her to be most unhappy. She is sensible of the profound thankfulness which she owes to Heaven for her own happier lot; and she knows that thankfulness is mere hypocrisy if it do not express itself in acts. To subscribe, therefore, and most largely, towards well-regulated institutions, where any such can be found that are also unobjectionable in principle, *that* she has been taught to think a solemn duty. But for charity directly applied to the support and encouragement of pauperism, still more of mendicant pauperism, *that* she has been instructed to view as the silliest—nay, what is worse than silliest—as the most self-defeating of all beneficence. At this moment she sees the eye of Dr ——— settled upon her from a neighbouring newsroom. The doctor is an oracle with her parents: and but last week she heard him state the philosophy of the case in the following little incident—no matter whether true or fabulous:—“The Emperor of China, Kien Long, by a rare accident for that country, was a benevolent prince. Sailing one day on one of his vast native rivers, he was shocked at the spectacle of abject poverty which the waters of that country every where exhibit: man's life seemed cheaper than that of brutes: and a train of boats followed in the imperial wake for the sake of

garbage, which dogs would not have felt to be worthy of the chase. Stung into activity by so afflicting a spectacle, he gave orders on the spot that every pauper on this one river at least should be planted in a comfortable farm or shop. Thus far he would indulge his feelings, for thus far it was certain that the Imperial treasury could not be seriously affected by the cost. Ten years later the Emperor again found himself upon the same river. And again he was pursued by a similar class of degraded paupers. ‘How!’ said he, ‘did I not order that these poor people should be raised to comfort?’ ‘Sir,’ it was replied, ‘that order was executed to the letter: but this is a secondary class who have grown up in the vacancy left by the former.’ These also were transmuted into prosperous citizens: but in a very few years a tertiary class of paupers had supervened. And at last the Emperor, without exactly comprehending the reason of such a law, saw as a matter of fact that some secret law of nature was at work, which, in the particular condition of Chinese society, would obstinately renew a *class* of hopeless paupers, though the *individuals* of that class should be removed by an experiment—three thousand times repeated. The individuals were liable to change: but the species was immortal.”

This, in fact, is the great permanent cancer that is always eating away some corner in the fair face of society: this is the worm that gnaws for ever at the root of our social forest, and *will* gnaw for ever and ever. It is vain to think of any absolute remedy for a curse radicated in the nature of man. Neither hollow tricks nor sound philosophy, neither crooked cunning, nor the simplicities of wisdom, ever can overtake this evil. It is the dark shadow of human life, which even an infant soon understands that it is labour lost to think of catching by running after it, either slowly or rapidly. So long as man is man, though you should regenerate the lowest class of paupers a thousand times over, you do but apply a more certain and a more rapid stimulus to the evoking of fresh and supplementary pauperism. Man being what he is, always there will be a graduation of paupers descending through every note in the scale—until you reach a class clinging and violently holding on to life upon the very *minimum* of what will sustain animal ex-

istence: nay, though it seems a bull to say so, upon less even than that *minimum*: for it is certain that multitudes, from the mere tenacity of life in youth, and under particular bodily conformations, are in fact slowly dying through a series of years—are not therefore in a proper sense living, though they are breathing. The merciful and the thoughtful shudder at such reports: they are roused into fresh efforts of charity: and their hearts die within them at finding, (as finally they *do* find,) that every step they have taken has operated only to stimulate and to propagate the evil.

Now, then, we arrive at that point which enables us to place the separate creeds of the poor and the rich in direct collision. The poor man, we have said, universally believes, and (which is worse for the credit of the rich) presumes all others to believe, that money given in relief operates upon a finite quantity of distress; so much as it relieves, so much it abolishes. The rich man knows by sad experience that it operates upon an unlimited quantity—upon a growing quantity—which is generated and extended by the very act of relieving. The pauper believes as steadfastly as he believes in Heaven, that all the pauperism in England is a *cistern*, which, being once cleansed out, all would be well for ever. The thoughtful man unhappily knows that it is a *fountain*; the waters of this fountain are poisoned for use; they are brackish; with much trouble you purify the water which now occupies the basin; the water is removed, and is found as good as any other water. But mean time the basin is again filling from the fountain; the waters are again brackish as before; and the same evil reproducing itself eternally, will call eternally for the same interminable purification.

Now, Tory Candidate on the hustings, allow us to remind you, that in this fixed plague-spot of society, for which man is not accountable, because it is neither of *his* creation nor liable to *his* healing, Chartism has found all its incendiary matter. Chartism is neither more nor less than Jacobinism; and Jacobinism is as old as poverty. Ever since there was something to be coveted, there has been somebody to covet. Lusting after other men's property—that is the indefeasible form of Jacobinism. As to the modern accompaniments, hatred of

rank and dignities, those have sometimes been suppressed (as in ancient Rome) by local superstitions. The inherent principle of Jacobinism was often brooding in Rome. Often there would have been a scramble for property, had the paupers been able to feel their way into any combination amongst themselves; but the Jacobins of Rome would not have made war upon dignities, because they had awful and gloomy feelings of religious sanctity connected with the destinies and the state functions of Rome. With this difference, Chartism is nothing more than ancient Jacobinism—old as wealth to be envied, and pauperism to envy it. And so thoroughly is it the same malignant principle, that the common phrase of *an old friend with a new face* is hardly applicable to the case; the features are so familiar, that we cannot flatter it with having even improved its hateful face. Rather it should be called an old superannuated enemy with a new name. It is the old juggling fiend, the old scourge of nations, sporting a swindler's *alias*.

Now, with respect to this new epiphany of an ancient delusion, this latest *avatar* of the anti-social principle, you, Conservative Candidate, have a duty to perform on the hustings. And think us not presumptuous, if (knowing the hurry of an electioneering contest) we take upon us to arrange a few notes for the assistance of your memory. You owe a service to the country when so public an opening is made for circulating important truths. Yet how can you be attending to abstract truths, when the agitation from party and personal interests occupies both yourself and your friends? Think of us therefore—not as a presumptuous monitor setting up for a wiser person than yourself, but as a brotherly friend sharing in your labours, and assuming that part for which, in the hurry of a conflict, you can least find yourself at leisure. Here follow four separate truths of some magnitude, which it may be well, as occasion offers, to keep before an audience.

1. In Chartism there are two fundamental lies; a lie of simulation and a lie of dissimulation. The dissimulation consists in suppressing the real object, as if it were something more than Jacobinism, as if it were something else than a scramble for property. The

simulation consists in putting forward as the ostensible object some evils of society, which, upon examination, turn out to be inflictions of Providence. The apologists for Chartism, though, we can readily believe, not sharing in their final purposes, certainly share in their delusions. Mr Carlyle, for instance, a man of genius, writes to the following effect:—He hides the dissimulation; and, if he sees it, manifestly thinks it a shade of evil amongst much that is good. But as to the other falsehood, the positive simulation, he offers himself to us as its dupe. His whole argument turns upon this doctrine—that although the Chartists may be heated and carried into intemperate language, (which is not wonderful, as oppression makes even wise men mad,) yet that, after all, there is too much truth in their allegations. What allegations? Why, when you look into their writings, you find no one thing denounced as an evil but such as have always adhered to society under every form. The Chartists are illiterate men; and in them it is excusable to fancy romantic states of human happiness not countenanced by history. But how is Mr Carlyle excusable? Even his friends have remarked publicly that he is more powerful in denouncing grievances than in explaining the possibility of relief. Why is that? It is because he seeks his evils where they will be found to the end of the world—in the necessities of man's nature. But to assign the relief would be impossible, until you can change that nature. Read Mr Carlyle's work with this key, all becomes plain. In every page he persuades himself that poverty, want of work, hunger and cold, grow out of English laws and the framework of English society. There is absolutely not one grievance which he suggests as justifying the Chartists, but such as is essential to man, and will for ever laugh at human efforts wholly to redress it. He confounds obstinately what is human with what is British.

Now the way to deal with Chartism when thus defended is—to insist upon a specific case of evil that can be shown to arise out of our vicious laws or vicious customs. Suffer not the apologist to ramble about in vague generalities. *Dolus latet in universalibus*. Nail him to the point. Evil is not the thing to be proved; who doubts that? It is evil that grows out

of some British institution; evil that would cease upon the extinction of that institution. Mr Carlyle's work proceeds on the assumption that such evil does exist; nay, that it exists in vast masses that spread vapour and gloom over the whole face of society. Well; in that case it must be easy to assign it. Let him no longer *assume* anything, but lay his finger on that particular evil; let him touch it, that we may all see it; let him spell the name, that we may all hear it; an evil which would be cleared away, like an American forest, if the axe were laid to it in good faith by a spirit of reasonable reform. We are all ready to hear him if he has any thing of that sort to say. We shall not stone him (stones are for Corn-Law orators) if he should even connect his revelation with something disagreeable to ourselves. Only let him descend from his region of clouds to this little earth, and particularly (if he would be so good) to this little England.

Be assured, reader, that no Chartist, or apologist of Chartists, can live for ten minutes under the hail-storm of exposure which awaits him if he is forced to be circumstantial. Men suffer themselves to be drawn aside into general discussions upon the intricate questions of social philosophy; and, as there is no end to those, the Chartist may always go off on equal terms. But take the mode we advise—nail him to a single case, followed out from beginning to end—and Chartists, whether demagogues or literary speculators, are extinguished. They die if forced to be circumstantial.

2. Is there then absolutely no redress for the pauperism with which we groan? May it not be found in emigration?—Never encourage that delusion; this is but another form of Kien Long's error. It is a relief which stimulates the evil far faster than it abates it. Exactly those parts of the Scottish Highlands which have most benefited by emigration, are the most overwhelmed with a superabundant pauper population. Emigration is good on other grounds, but never as a relief to redundancy of people. That may be laid down as a truth set at rest by the experience of the last fifty years. And even if it were not, this argument arises often against it, which has already told powerfully even in the American United States. A gold mine is worth nothing, it cannot be

worked if it costs one hundred ounces of the metal to produce ninety. A pauper, even if his removal would not stimulate the production of another pauper, cannot be profitably carried abroad, if it should happen that the total cost of his transfer and his settlement will cost more than, if sunk as an annuity, would support him at home. Given the increasing difficulties of settling a man with no agricultural habits at vast distances from England, even this will often make emigration a useless resource. But the main argument—that it stimulates the growth of what it removes—will apply for ever.

3. Is there then any hope in a wise Poor-Law? Certainly, and in nothing else. The great truth on which the good and wise Dr Alison builds, has been rising above the horizon for the last thirty years; viz. that a poor-law of any kind—a legal relief for pauperism—is the one sole public measure having any tendency to control the descent of that evil. So far from encouraging thoughtless marriages, the collective experience of Europe now shows that uniformly in lands like Ireland, with no poor-law, such marriages are multiplied to excess, and human life degraded to a level with brutal. Only by putting a value upon life, by raising man in his own eyes, are his habits made more intellectual, and the propagation of pauperism is arrested. This axiom, in defiance of the enormous blunders circulated by Malthus, is now making its way, not slowly, amongst all who feel an interest in the question.

This subject, however, of poor-laws demands a searching inquiry. Truth is now beginning to force its way. People profess in this age beyond all former ages, and in this country to an excess which really injures the progress of knowledge, that they guide themselves by the lights of experience. Well, then, here they have experience in overflowing measure. The policy of Europe, as respects the management of their poor, has been reviewed and probed in every independent territory; and the results are before us. Uniformly as provision by law has been secured for all men, uniformly as the municipal law has coincided with the law of Christianity in declaring that no man shall perish from destitution, the population has been found

in a condition of comparative respectability; no longer careless of futurity; no longer abandoning itself to merely animal instincts; no longer multiplying with the blind improvidence of brutes. Such results take place only where no legal provision has been made. An Irish redundancy takes place in fact, or in tendency, wherever there exists an Irish degradation of human life and of human rights.

But the same principle acts in whatsoever raises the dignity of man. Education does nothing where man is suffered to perish like the beast. But education, combined with a wise poor-law, will do wonders in improving the quality of our lowest population. Raising the dignity of the class, it raises the standard of their expectations. Opening a gate for hope, it opens a motive for improvement which spreads a new germ of self-estimation through the pauper class. And then the object is secured, at least in tendency, for let not *that* be forgotten: no man was ever raised as a mere *passive* subject of improvement: no, it is the eternal law of a moral nature, of a nature not brutal, that only by *itself*, and its own co-operation with the efforts from without, can it be hopefully exalted.

4. There is a fourth delusion requiring an urgent exposure, a persecution, from the hustings. We have said something of the anti-corn-law people as economists; and we have promised to abstain from discussing so wearisome a theme. But that is no reason why we should not notice them in another character,—viz. as incendiaries, and deluders of the people by false hopes. Notice the course of self-delusion amongst the lowest classes for the last ten years. First comes the Reform Bill. In this bill it is as certain as any one fact of our domestic history, that a vast majority of the poor saw and understood that they were making a regular capitulation with the rich for some admission to a partnership in all existing rights and property. They understood it to be the law process preparatory to such a movement. They were quiet, and the less inclined to exult, because they regarded the transfer as in some measure voluntary on the part of the rich, though partly accomplished under the terrors of popular power. They conceived that, when all things visibly tended to a scramble, Parliament had

stepped in to make that a pacific transaction which else would have been sanguinary, and that equitable which else would have been rapacious and unequal. Such we know to have been the construction of multitudes amongst the poor; and we repeat, that it was less generally avowed, because a voluntary act (though due to fear and the sense of necessity) demanded, as they felt, some forbearance in return.

That delusion perished in two or three years. The poor then divided into two sections. The timid and the well-disposed sate down, convinced that they had been deluded; the bolder and more intemperate, conceiving themselves to have been cheated, called for violence. Seeing that their hopes of a peaceable adjustment had melted into air, they now took measures for obtaining by force what they conceived to have been virtually promised. So arose Chartism.

That delusion perished also: two popular delusions perished—the Reform Bill and Chartism. What came next? Not exactly as respects the order of time, for it existed faintly before Chartism; but as a strong efficient popular delusion, it is certain that the Corn-Law delusion has stepped into the place of Chartism. It tends to the same violence as the others, and to the same utter disappointment. Look at it in this point of view—We have witnessed the case lately of gentle-hearted women, good mothers, good wives, actually from the very strength of those affections attempting to kill the opponents of this delusion in the face of day. And every just man must make allowances for those, who, stung to the heart by the belief that the bread is torn from the mouths of their famishing children by a legal measure, see the abettors of that measure before them, and in the very act of pursuing this hostile purpose. Now, who is it that teaches them such delusions? Not any longer mere frantic demagogues, but public societies of men, educated, intelligent, respectable. Look at the Manchester society for one. How then are these men to be dealt with? Are we to argue the economy of the case with them? That we have declined. Do this, then. Grant their argument. Do not dispute it. Ask for the amount by which corn will be affected. Ask

it of themselves. Adopt whatever they say. And then show the mob in what way that *maximum* of the adverse party will operate. Some of them say it will lower wheat by 5s. permanently on a pre-existing price of 60s. the quarter. Well: that is 1-12th part, or 8 per cent. How is this to aid the workman? We have before noticed the dilemma on that point. The Manchester men will answer, It will aid them thus:—They will not receive higher wages: but it will extend exportation: more manufactures: more work by much: more employment. But how will it do all this? Eight per cent is a large sum. But observe the delusion. This eight per cent to stimulate exportation by cheapening the cost of goods, *can* act in no way but so far as it is applied to some consumer of wheat—that is, the manufacturing labourer. Such a reduction upon his wages sinks 2s. a day to 1s. 10d., and so far the goods will be cheaper. So you may think at first sight. But on examination the reduction applies only to that part of his wages which is habitually invested in wheat. This is supposed to be a fifth part. Call the fifth of 2s., 5d. Then it will not be the whole 2s. from which the 8 per cent will be deducted, but this fraction of the 2s. Eight per cent upon 5d. will be about one halfpenny: and *in that proportion* will the change take effect on goods.

Yet even this is still a delusion: for goods will benefit to that extent, viz. by one halfpenny in forty-eight, only in that section of their price which arises out of labour. But this is never so much as one-third; often not one-sixth. Say, however, one-third; then the result is—one third part of one forty-eighth part; or, in short, one hundredth and forty-eighth part of the previous price! So much will manufactures be cheapened: so much will exportation be extended: so much will work be increased!

Such are the delusions current. Such is the task for him who meets them on the hustings. The evil to be stemmed is mighty, and one to which we may hereafter recur: the duty for him who meets it is proportionally sacred. The hustings furnish a great and almost solitary occasion for personal communication with the people: let it not be lost by the many highly educated men who will enjoy it.

A VISIT TO SELBORNE.

" See, Selborne spreads her boldest beauties round
The varied valley, and the mountain grand,
Wildly majestic ! "

White's Invitation to Selborne.

ON Monday, April the 13th, 1840, in company with a valued friend, I departed to realize the picture my imagination had so often indulged in, of the scenery of Selborne. We took the south-western, or Southampton railway, from Nine Elms, Vauxhall, to Basingstoke, interesting to us as the place where the Rev. Gilbert White received his education under the Rev. Thomas Warton ; thence we proceeded, on foot, to Alton, a distance of ten miles, and, after refreshment and an hour's rest, started across the fields in the presumed direction of Selborne. The day was rather cloudy, but fine ; a gentle breeze swept the plain, refreshing us as we walked along ; the birds caroled lustily, and the springing wild-flowers filled the air with their grateful smell.

The temperature of the air was that of a summer's day ; but the trees still leafless, and the bursting buds of the hawthorn reminded us that the year was yet in spring.

There is certainly a strange and pleasurable revulsion of feeling in the mind of man on the approach of spring. The renovation of external nature brings to him a sensation as of life renewed ; the season of vegetable creation and growth, of animal life and love, exercises some unexplained, but no less perceptible influence upon him ; his step is more elastic ; his spirits more volatile ; and the mere consciousness of existence then becomes to him a luxury.

How far the pure air, the fresh-springing wild-flowers, and the fair face of nature, might have contributed to the season in producing those delightful sensations in us, " long in populous city pent," I know not ; but this I know, that our walk over the six miles intervening between Alton and Selborne, was one of the most delightful—if not *the* most delightful—I ever recollect, prolific as my life has been of pilgrimages.

We had no guide, choosing rather to enquire the way by ourselves ; nor had we well descended the chalk hill that rises above Alton, when the Hanger, towering high above the in-

ferior hills, directed us unerringly to the village which was the object of our present pilgrimage. Although neither of us had ever seen this elevation before, yet there was something about it so characteristic as not to be mistaken—not that it boasted of great height, or that it was in any degree wildly majestic, but our imaginations dwelt upon it as undoubtedly

" The beech-grown hill,
Where nods in air the pensile, nest-like
bower,
Or where the hermit hangs the straw-clad
cell,
Emerging gently from the leafy dell
By fancy plann'd,"

and approached it without further enquiry, confident of finding the " rural, sheltered, unobserved retreat " of our favourite naturalist rustling at its base. Within a mile of the village of Selborne, as yet unseen, we had occasion to bear testimony to the accuracy and fidelity of Gilbert White's descriptions. A narrow, deep gully, so deep indeed as to require the aid of a foot-bridge in crossing, intersected our path. Turning to our copy of the " Natural History of Selborne," we were at once enabled to recognise what the author calls one of the singularities of the place, and speaks of in the opening of his fifth letter to Mr Pennant as follows :—

" Among the singularities of this place, the two rocky hollow lanes, the one to Alton the other to the forest, deserve attention. These roads, running through the arable lands, are by the traffic of ages, and the fretting of water, worn down through the first stratum of our freestone, and partly through the second, so that they look more like water-courses than roads, and are bedded with naked rag for furlongs together. In many places they are reduced sixteen or eighteen feet beneath the level of the fields ; and after floods, and in frosts, exhibit very grotesque and wild appearances, from the tangled roots that are twisted among the strata, and from the torrents rushing down their broken sides, and especially when those cascades are frozen into icicles, hanging

in all the fanciful shapes of frostwork. These rugged, gloomy scenes, affright the ladies when they peep down into them from the paths above, and make timid horsemen shudder while they ride along them; but delight the naturalist with their various botany, and particularly with their curious silicia, with which they abound."

We were now in the country of the naturalist; we were treading classic ground; and a few minutes more brought us to a stile, upon which we sat for some time in silence, contemplating with tranquil rapture the smiling village, where, far from the din and turbulence of contending crowds, the peaceful spirit of White rejoiced in the pursuit of ever-charming, ever-varying nature.

It was truly an enchanting spot, independent of the associations called up by the memory of the man who superadded to the charms of his native place a more exquisite charm—an equal and unruffled mind.

The village lay nestling at our feet—the modest church, its gilded weathercock glittering in the setting sun, alone distinguishable from the cottages of the villagers, and advanced upon the brow of a gentle dell, which, intervening between us and the hamlet, gave a calm, quiet dignity to the scene. Still farther advanced on the utmost verge of the opposing bank, swept boldly an ample screen of yew, forming, as it were, a curtain to the village and its church, and fortifying it from the working-day world without; concealing, too, behind its ample shade, the lowly vicarage where our naturalist drew his first breath.

"Nor be the parsonage by the muse forgot.

The partial bard admire his native spot;
Smit with its beauties, loved, as yet a child,

Unconscious why, its capes grotesque and wild,

High on a mound th' exalted gardens stand,

Beneath deep valleys, scoop'd by nature's hand.

A Cobham here, exulting in his art,
Might blend the general's with the gardener's part;

Might fortify with all the martial trade
Of rampart, bastion, fosse, and palisade;
Might plant the mortar with wide threatening bore,

Or bid the mimic cannon seem to roar."

At the foot of this rampart of natural green bubbled a little brook,

winding back upon itself with capricious enfoldings, as if it loathed to leave the quiet dell where it meandered to its own sweet music. Amid the cottages many trees appear—evergreens some—and, above all, the expansive yew-tree of the little churchyard,

"The constant mourner for the dead,"

cast its funeral arms around. Behind—so close, that the smoke of the cottage chimneys, in the clear atmosphere of a cerulean blue, seemed to clamber up its side—rose the Hanger, covered from its summit to its base, now, as in the time of Gilbert White, with the silvery beech—not, alas! with the beeches of White's time—that venerable generation has long since had the axe laid to its root—the guardian and protector of the hamlet clustering at its feet.

The sun had by this time set; and the softening twilight spread itself over the little dell before us. Silence, uninterrupted save by the subdued prattle of the brook below, and the occasional burst of mirthful voices, children at play, in the village, reigned over all the scene,—the evening was calm and still—the heavens cloudless and serene.

I know not how, sitting on a stile, calmly gazing upon a quiet little village, and listening to the murmuring of an insignificant brook in the twilight of an April evening, can fill the heart of man even to overflowing with a soft and balmy dreaminess—a gentle ecstasy—a passive pleasure, which one cannot refer to any exercise of the imagination, for the imagination is not at work;—nor to reflection, for in such cases there is no turning of the mind inward upon itself. Whether it is the realization of the dreams of our fancy in the contemplation of a spot whose ideal picture long had occupied our mind, or whether some long-forgotten remembrance of the scenes—scenes, perchance, like this—of our early boyhood or of our youthful loves, comes welling up in the breast, filling the eyes with not unpleasurable tears; or whether, which is perhaps as likely as any thing else in the beholding a place where peace herself might delight to dwell, the peace of nature descends like dew, and fills the heart of the beholder with that peace which the world cannot give. The analysis of these delicious sensations I leave

to the masters of the human heart—Sterne or Mackenzie. It is sufficient for me to be enabled to enjoy them.

We sat, I know not how long—the stars had, one by one, kindled up the sky—the moon shed tranquil light over all the scene—the voice of playfulness was still; yet we remained gazing on the village, unwilling to go down and enter it, lest the dull realities of life should jar with the delightful harmony of soul which came to us in the contemplation of happy—thrice happy Selborne.

We rose at length, and descended to the brook, over which was thrown a rugged apology for a wooden foot-bridge; then scrambling up an indifferent path cut in the deep freestone rag that forms the opposite bank, we entered the village, and, turning a sharp corner—behold the Plestor!

“In the centre of the village, and near the church, is a square piece of ground, surrounded by houses, and vulgarly called the Plestor. In the midst of this spot stood, in old times, a vast oak with a short squat body and huge horizontal arms, extending almost to the extremity of the area. This venerable tree, surrounded with stone steps, and seats above them, was the delight of old and young, and a place of much resort in summer evenings; where the former sat in grave debate, while the latter frolicked and danced before them. Long might it have stood, had not the amazing tempest of 1703 overturned it at once, to the infinite regret of the inhabitants and the vicar, who bestowed several pounds in setting it in its place again; but all his care could not avail: the tree sprouted for a time—then withered and died.”

There, in truth, it is—not the oak, good pilgrim, but the spot where the oak once spread around—

“An ample shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers
made;”—

but it is gone,—the theatre of their sports—the arena—the forum of the villagers remains, but the venerable tree that lent them shade and shelter is no more. One can readily conceive the “infinite regret” of the inhabitants at its destruction. One almost thinks he beholds the venerable vicar and his flock assembled round the prostrate trunk in grave deliberation how best it may be set up again; and no wonder, for it was a tradi-

tionary tree. Their fathers had many a time and oft sported round its bulging root, as did their children yesternight; and for their children's children did they still expect it would have spread its hospitable shade. It was a brave old oak—a link connecting time past with time to come—generation with generation. It was to them an old familiar friend—associated with the sports of their youth; for they gambled beneath its spreading boughs with the loves of their manhood—with the garrulities of age; nay, with their very griefs; for the ashes of their fathers rest awhile beneath its shade ere they finally repose in peace beneath the undistinguished turf.

It is gone, and a spreading sycamore usurps its place; albeit, poorly representing the majestic bearing of its venerable predecessor. There are seats too, and children playing about. There is the church again—the shadowy yew blackening in the twilight—the neat vicarage, and one or two substantial houses opening over this—the Grosvenor Square of Selborne.

After a pause, for the reminiscences of our early readings of Gilbert White crowd fast upon us, we went our way—not our weary way, for the sense of weariness our first glimpse of Selborne had altogether removed—up the straggling village, guided by the pendant sign, whereon were emblazoned, in manner and form customary, the Royal Arms—the hostelry wherein we intended to take shelter for the night for three good and substantial reasons:—1st, Because we like to stop at inns bearing the true old English escutcheon of royalty; 2d, Because, although an unpretending hostelry, it seemed particularly clean and neat; and 3dly, Because—thirdly should have preceded first and second—because there was no other house of entertainment in the village.

We were shown into a humble parlour, whose unpapered walls were poorly decorated with one or two coloured sporting prints, and which was scantily furnished with a round table of walnut and half-a-dozen Windsor chairs; a good wood fire, however, blazed cheerily in the grate; and where burns a cheery fire, the defects of the upholsterer and internal decorator are, by wayworn travellers, readily overlooked. Our bustling host—“a portly man i'faith, and a

corpulent"—soon appeared, with one or two indifferent editions of White's Natural History of Selborne; for he readily guessed the attraction that made his secluded village classic ground to the stranger—and submitted good-naturedly to a torrent of interrogatories respecting Gilbert White, and all connected with him, until his better and less corpulent half, on hospitable cares intent, announced supper ready, when our host withdrew, promising to recruit among the village elders for one who could gratify our curiosity respecting the naturalist of Selborne from personal knowledge.

Tuesday, April 14.—Rose at an early hour from an excellent bed, which, with its minor concomitants, would have done credit to an hostelry of greater pretension than the Royal Arms Inn of Selborne; and throwing open our casement found the village enveloped in that thick white sunshiny fog, which at length, routed and dispersed by the strength of the upward sun, as a mob takes to its heels on the approach of a magistrate, cleared away from the skirts of the town, and left behind the not unfaithful promise of a glorious day.

Having ordered breakfast at eight o'clock—it being now seven—we sallied forth on a home tour through the village, which had undergone little change, as we were informed, from the time of Gilbert White, still consisting merely of a straggling irregular street, running from south-east to north-west; cottages of brick or stone, or both together, usually two stories in height, and evincing signs of a greater amount of comfort than usually belongs to the residences of the poor, and apparently very clean and neat in their domestic arrangements.

At the village shop—emporium it might rather be denominated, containing as it does every thing that can possibly be required for the village and its neighbourhood, bread and meat only excepted—we were directed to the residence of Gilbert White, which occupies a considerable portion of one side of the irregular street above mentioned, and consists of a centre of the village freestone, and two pavilions of brick, one being of two, the other only of one story high, and separated from the street only by a decayed wooden paling and narrow strip of green. This, which

is evidently the mansion of a gentleman, is the only house in the village—one at the corner of the Plestor occupied by a farmer, and the vicarage of course excepted—which breaks the uniformity of the humble habitations of the poor; nor are there, do I think, many villages in England of the size so utterly unprovided with local pretenders to gentility as Selborne. The Whites are evidently, and have been for a very long time, a family of importance here—the family, in fact, of the place;—and this circumstance may have in part accounted for the attachment with which Mr White clung to his native spot: *who* does not with complacency regard the place, however obscure or remote, where he is treated with pre-eminent deference and respect, where his claim to precedence is without a canvasser, and his pretensions to consideration without a rival. What is it but this harmless vanity of our nature that keeps the proud possessor of his paternal acres upon the soil of which he is the lord, and where he is paramount; what but this that preserves our rural plains from desertion by their owners, and attracts from distant climes him whose laborious life has passed away in the pursuit of wealth, to spend it with honourable distinction in the secluded spot which it may be he left, twenty years ago, friendless and penniless!

After breakfast, we set out on foot for Wolmer forest, by one of the rocky hollow lanes already noticed; having occasion to observe by the way that the parish now, as in Mr White's time, literally swarms with children, who, it is to be hoped, have some better employment than playing all day about the skirts of the village. Emerging, after a stroll of half a mile, from the hollow lane, we pursued a foot-way across the fields, whence we had a view delightfully varied—wooded hills, fertile fields, sheep-walks, and green dells, winding like rivers between, bounded to the far horizon by the brown wastes of the forest of Wolmer, and the deeply-shadowed hills of the Holt. To our left, a little way from the road, lay Bins or Beans pond, "which," says White, "is worthy the attention of a naturalist or a sportsman; for being crowded at the upper end with willows and with the *carex cespitosa*, it affords such a safe and pleasant shelter to wild-ducks, teal, snipe, &c., that they breed

there. In the winter this covert is also frequented by foxes, and sometimes by pheasants, and the bogs produce many curious plants."

Leaving this little lake on our left, we struck forward towards the forest, and within a mile and half came upon its skirts—a rising ground giving us a pretty extensive view over its brown and dreary wastes, which have more resemblance to a Scottish moor than to one of the royal forestial demesnes of merry England. The forest of Wolmer is not however exactly like a Scottish moor, the background of lofty mountains being wanting—nor is it an unvaried waste, the waters of Hogmer, Cranmer, and Wolmer, alluded to by White, agreeably diversifying its surface; in addition to which, the eye rests here and there upon gently swelling mounds, capped with coronets of circling firs, and catches at intervals a glance of the cultivated country far in the receding distance. Mr White informs us, that "this royalty consists entirely of sand, covered with heath and fern, but is somewhat diversified with hills and dales, without having one standing tree in the whole extent;" a description at present inapplicable as far as the absence of trees is concerned, a number of thriving plantations of firs overrunning the several tracts of rising ground on the outskirts of the forest, clothing with their appropriate though sombre foliage the nakedness of the land. It is to be regretted that the banks of Wolmer Lake remain unplanted, more especially as White suggested that this should be done, as well for purposes of adornment, as of rendering the lake subservient to the purposes of a decoy.

Near this lake, indicated by a stunted bush, is Queen Anne's Mount, where that monarch is said to have reposed "on a bank smoothed for the purpose," and beheld, with great complacency and satisfaction, the whole herd of red deer brought by the keepers along the vale before her, consisting then of about five hundred head—a sight this, Mr White observes with the genuine enthusiasm of a student of nature, worthy the attention of the greatest sovereign. We took our repose on this bank, albeit unsmoothed for the purpose; and although we were ungratified, save in our mind's eye, with the sight of trooping herds of antlered deer, and unattended save by

our own pleasurable sensations, we question whether our enjoyment was not of as high, though of a more quiet description, than that of the monarch who enjoyed herself on this spot before us. We commanded a wide and extensive view; the field of observation, the menagerie, the Zoological Gardens of the most refreshing naturalist that ever wrote, lay spread out before us; the sparrowhawk and kestrel floated high in air, scanning from aloft their devoted quarry, now sailing steadily with unmoving pinion—now raising themselves by quick and equal motions of the wing—anon darting to the earth like an arrow from a bow; the plover hovered low about the ruddy margin of the pool, sending forth at intervals her complaining cry—the teal pruned herself upon the glassy lake, which a gentle and refreshing breeze swept at intervals, crisping the surface of the translucent waters; there was around us, save the lonely residence of the head forester on the edge of Wolmer wood, no trace of human habitation; nature revelled here untrammelled and unconfined, and man seemed to have left her to an undivided empire.

Returning from the forest by another route, we had ample opportunities of bearing testimony to the truth of Dr Aikin's observations, that the vicinity of Selborne was indeed a peculiarly happy situation for an observer: the infinite variety of soil, exposure, and undulation of the surrounding country—the abundance of thicket, copse, woodland, and forest scenery; the open tracts and wide-extended wastes of Wolmer, the downs of Norhill and the Hanger, together with the mildness of the climate, and the abundance of shelter afforded by the wooded hills wherewith the neighbourhood is surrounded, account abundantly for the variety and richness of the *Fauna Selbornensis*. The absence of rivers, however, in the vicinity of Selborne, was severely felt by White, and is indeed the only requisite to complete a perfect landscape; the brooks are few and insignificant, and the ponds or lakes of the forest no way remarkable for their extent or beauty.

We were by this time close to Selborne on our return from the forest, and thought the present our best time to essay the ascent of the Hanger, which we accomplished without diffi-

ently—a tolerable footway leading to the summit from the south-western extremity of the village.

“Now climb the steep, drop now your eye below,

Where round the blooming village orchards grow,

There, like a picture, lies my lowly seat,
A rural, shelter’d, unobserved retreat.”

This is truly a charming hill, hung with the silvery beech from the summit to the base on the side overhanging the village; on the side opposite, gently sloping to the neighbouring plains, and along the topmost ridge carpeted with a short, sweet, richly verdant turf. The prospects commanded by the Hanger are abundantly varied, and all of surpassing beauty; from one point of view, the forests of Wolmer and the Holt may be observed; from another, the Norhill, with the high range of the Sussex downs in the far distance, and a richly cultivated plain lying between: farther on, we become bewildered in the shady declivities of Norton, and returning thence through the wood, enjoy enchanting prospects of the village of Selborne, nestling at the foot of its protecting hill. There are many walks judiciously cut through the wood; but all traces of “the pen-sile nest-like bower,” or of the grotesque building contrived by a young gentleman who used on occasions to appear in the character of a hermit, have long since disappeared. No longer here—

“Hangs the chill hermitage in middle air,
Its haunts forsaken, and its seats forgot—
A leaf-strewn, lonely, desolated cot.”

No longer can the classical pilgrim to the haunts of Gilbert White seat himself in the “straw-built shed” of the hermit, and call up in his imagination the image of the contemplative student of nature who used to haunt these shades. The site of the hermitage, to be sure, remains—

“Romantic spot! from whence in prospect lies

Whatever of landscape charms our feasting eyes,

The pointed spire, the hall, the pasture plain,

The russet fallow or the golden grain,
The breezy lake that sheds a gleaming light,

Till all the fading picture fail the sight.”

There is, it appears to me, a degree of criminality in the neglect that suffers any thing that has been sancti-

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fied by genius to be lost or forgotten. It is not merely an injustice to the memory of the man who makes classic the very ground whereon he treads, but it is a sad privation to those who hold in veneration the place he inhabited and the haunts of his footsteps; where one lingers fondly and long, as if to catch from the inspiration of the place something of the inspiration of the man who gave to the place much of its interest—much of its beauty: and when we consider how greatly natural beauty is assisted by association; when we reflect that the pleasure we derive from the contemplation of magnificent scenery, is as nothing where nothing of genius is associated; and that no place is tame, no place barren, no place unlovely, that genius has consecrated to fame, we cannot help feeling an indignant sorrow that the spot which genius loved to inhabit should be suffered to be forgotten, or the print of his footsteps to be effaced from the earth. The bleak and naked waste, enriched by classical associations, has more attraction for us than the exuberant prairie of the desert—the stream, by whose banks the poet sat and sang, flows to a music sweeter than its own,—and the valleys and hills, peopled with the embodied “creations of fancy,” live in remembrance and look green in song. These associations make the best riches, the true glory of a nation; robe nature in a perpetual spring; they give to barrenness fertility and beauty; they endear to us our country; and by fostering the growth of national pride—that vanity which is akin to virtue—nerve the soul to deeds of noble daring, and stimulate us to study to be thought worthy of the classic soil we boast to call our own.

Therefore I say again, let no haunt of genius be desecrated by neglect or injury; let every memorial of its whereabouts be studiously and lovingly preserved and cherished, till time and memory shall be no more.

The prospect of the village from the Hanger is surpassingly beautiful. It is a picture, and that picture the picture of peace. The cottages, surrounded each by its little shrubby enclosure—some built of yellow stone—some of red brick—others of lath and plaster—but all of picturesque and fanciful forms; the intervening trees shading and softening down the tone

of the landscape; the unpretending though tasteful tower of the venerable church; the shadowy contemporary yew, that for so many centuries has borne the old church-tower company; the surrounding habitations of the silent dead; the modest vicarage, with its magnificent hedge, or rather wall of yew; the moss-grown, and alas! neglected garden of Gilbert White, where delighted to disport Timothy the tortoise, and where, at this moment, you may see the black-birds hopping familiarly about the walks; the vale winding away towards Oakhanger, parted in the centre by a strip of brighter green, where runs concealed the babbling little brook; the pale peat-reek, or rather vapour, ascending from the cottage chimneys, hardly dimming, where it rises, the lucid transparency of the air.

I am no great master of description, nor practised in colouring a landscape with my pen; but there is luckily no need of pen or pencil. In a desert, on the ocean, or in the depths of a dungeon, I could close my eyes and recall at will this the sweetest scene my eyes ever yet luxuriated on—ay, recall it in all its harmony and beauty, its variety, richness, and repose.

It was now time for us to think of refreshment, having tasted nothing since breakfast, and we accordingly descended one of the steep gaps or *sladders*, as they are locally called, of the Hanger; and taking advantage of one of the footpaths that hereabouts offer an introduction to almost every field, we were speedily in the village, where a modest but substantial dinner awaited our arrival.

Our after-dinner excursion consisted in a walk down the valley to the hamlet of Oakhanger, by the side of the brook so often mentioned. Our stroll was delightful; and we returned by moonlight, serenaded by the nightingale, to our inn, when we retired to rest after a day of unmixed pleasure, in which, despite the length of our excursion, fatigue had no share, full of thankful gratitude to that great Being who has, in His measureless goodness, poured out into the lap of nature so much of luxury for the mind of meditative man, and made medicine for the wounded spirit, in the groves, and hills, and fields, and harmony of universal nature.

Our slumbers were not long protracted. Between six and seven o'clock

we were up and doing—that is to say, going about—still restless, still unsatisfied, and as much athirst as if we had never quaffed at the fountain of Selbornian classicality.

Wandering about the quiet village, we found a gate invitingly open, so that entrance could hardly there be termed intrusion. Entering accordingly, we passed a thatched cottage of recent erection, (belonging to one of the members of the White family,) and passing through a flower-plot, found ourselves, on opening a little wicket, in the garden of the philosopher of Selborne. There was no mistaking it. We had never seen it before, it is true, but there was about it an air of philosophic seclusion—a meditative repose—a rich and quiet harmony, that left no doubt on our minds of its identity with that same garden wherein long flourished the sloping laurel hedge—where marched about in a stately manner the exotic hoopoes, until persecuted and driven away by idle boys, who would never let them be at rest—and where Timotheus, that most celebrated of tortoises, used to spend the sultry hours under the umbrageous shadow of a cabbage leaf, or catch the falling warmth of an autumnal sun by tilting his shell against that very wall. Here is the walk, paved with brick against damp weather, close by the sloping strawberry bank; there the philosopher's arbour, protected from the heat of the mid-day sun by an overbranching yew; on the opposite side, his sunny seat, now occupied by a venerable tortoise-shell cat; and at the foot of the garden is the mossy terrace, adorned in the centre with a dial, supported on a tastefully sculptured pedestal, and divided by a ha-ha from a truly park-like spot of about twenty acres, tastefully wooded, which intervenes between the foot of the Hanger and the place where we now stand. Every body who has read the *Natural History of Selborne*—and who has not?—is familiar with the frequent allusion made by the philosopher to his garden. Judge, then, with what subdued delight we gazed upon it, finding it even more sweetly secluded, more enchantingly lovely, than our warmest imagination could have painted. But our delight was not altogether unalloyed—neglect was every where but too perceptible; and what may justify even severer censure, a great portion of the noble

wall, which gave support and shelter to the fruit-trees of the philosopher, and to which he frequently alludes in his work, has been mercilessly pulled down to let in a view of the stucco cottage before mentioned, at the suggestion, it is said, of a London attorney, destroying utterly the seclusion and isolation which makes the chiefest charm of this ever-charming spot. This is one of the desecrations which, as has been observed before, approaches to criminality; and as the estate is, we were informed, about to be offered for sale, it is to be hoped that, out of respect to the memory of the philosopher, as well as for his own sake, the fortunate purchaser of this classic spot will rebuild the front wall, and study to preserve or restore all the associations connected with the philosopher of Selborne.

We were politely admitted to visit the interior of the house formerly occupied by Gilbert White, now empty and deserted, a member of the family having died a few months before, and all the effects, the arm-chair of the philosopher alone excepted, removed or sold. The table on which he was accustomed to write, and where, probably, his *Natural History* and *Naturalist's Calendar* were penned, is, we were informed, in the possession of a member of Mr White's family, now resident in London. It has been stated, I know not on what authority, that no portrait of Mr White was ever taken;—be this as it may, however, the housekeeper pointed out to us the place where hung what she called a likeness of Mr White, and which also, she informed us, remains in possession of the family in London. If this be so, it may be hoped that one day or other the world may be favoured with an engraving of the face of that man with whose delightful mind the world has long been familiar. In the house, which is commodious though irregularly built, there are many good rooms, and ample accommodation for the family of a gentleman; but the only one that had interest for us was the bed-chamber of the philosopher—an humble room overlooking the garden, and commanding from the casements views of the Hanger and surrounding scenery;—here the philosopher lived, and here he died.

An aged man, who attended us at our inn, and who recollected Mr White perfectly well, described him as a man of pleasing countenance, of ordinary

stature, of affable and unobtrusive manners, and of a retiring disposition—much attached to his native village, and seldom missed from it for any great length of time—his establishment consisting of but three servants, and his mode of living strictly economical and gentlemanlike. The only detail we could extract from our old man, who, though sufficiently garrulous, was far from being lucid or satisfactory in his description of the philosopher, was, that Mr White had a remarkably handsome foot and leg. Upon this trait of manly beauty in the philosopher, our village Nestor dwelt with peculiar complacency and satisfaction.

From the place where White drew his first breath, and where, with short and infrequent interruptions, he spent a long and happy life, a few paces brought us to his grave.

He lies undistinguished in the village churchyard. There are, in the south side of the chancel, five lowly tenements of the dead—the fifth from the chancel is that of Gilbert White; his grave is, like his life, lowly and peaceful. I was glad that he was laid here; nor could I help thinking that the grass was more green and the moss more richly verdant on that grave. He lies tranquilly in the lap of his mother earth; and, even in death, within the influences of that nature he living loved so well. He lies nobly—the world is his tomb, the heavens his canopy, the dew of evening scatters with diamonds the spot where his ashes repose, his requiem is chanted by the warbling choristers of spring, and starry lamps that never die illumine his sepulchre.

Our pilgrimage was done—we had traversed the classic ground of the philosopher, we had wandered in his footsteps, and we had calmed and soothed our spirits into tranquillity in the contemplation of his peaceful grave.

Why did we come here—why leave our homes and families to wander over spots which make no part of our world, which have no connexion with our hopes, or fears, or interests, or prejudices, or passions? Why did we come here?

I will answer for myself, that I am little of a philosopher, unless it be that I possess a spice of the philosophy of the green woodpecker, which, as Mr White observes, “seems to laugh at all mankind;” and, however much of a natural, am nothing what-

ever of a naturalist. That pies and daws, as Mr White declares, are very impudent, I do verily believe; am inclined to agree with the philosopher, that "white-throats are bold thieves," and regret to hear that "red-breasts are by no means honest with respect to currants;" I am also of opinion, that rooks will be cruel enough to pursue and catch cock-chafers as they fly, and cats sufficiently inhuman to "descend neighbouring chimneys after the swallows' nests:" that birds, as Mr White informs us, "do not touch any white fruits till they have cleared all the red," I take to be altogether a matter of taste; and coincide in the observation, that birds whistling agreeably on the tops of hop-poles may be "prognostic of autumn;" but I honestly will confess, that when it is recorded that "Thomas saw a polecat run across the garden," I am comparatively insensible to the importance of this leading historical fact—nor can I bring myself to think that the enquiry whether the squirrel which Mr White saw in Baker's bill, and which was very tame, might or might not have been the "polecat" of the observing Thomas, is of equal importance with the discovery of the longitude. When I read that the philosopher of Selborne "set Gunnory, the bantam, on nine of her own eggs," I think that Gunnory had the best right to educate her own family; and cannot sufficiently admire the gallantry of Mr White's gander, who, while the goose sits, with vast assiduity keeps guard, and takes the fiercest sow by the ear, "and leads her away crying."

These, and such as these, are little matters in which I do not take an absorbing interest; and being neither a botanist nor zoologist, you will again repeat your enquiry—Why did you come here?

Patient and gentle reader, I was impelled by the magic of association. In boyhood and in youth, I, like yourself, have read White over and over again, walked with him, talked with him, observed with him in imagination, and got him all by heart; even in man-

hood, when worried into excitement by the irritations of this working-day world, I take up White's *Natural History of Selborne*, and am quieted, perusing the familiar pages of a writer who, in his enthusiasm for the great harmony of nature, had no time nor inclination for the little discords of man—who found his world in this his native village, and wisely here bounded his ambition; here, in the pursuit of nature, ever charming, ever new, passed his ardent youth, his vigorous manhood, his venerable age—whose pretension to be remembered is founded upon the absence of all pretension—whose art consisted in his artlessness, and whose universal popularity has been gained by never straining to attain it.

I came here to pay my humble homage to a peaceful spirit—a meek possessor of the earth—a man without gall or bitterness in his nature, one who gained fame without making an enemy, and bequeathed to posterity a reputation as unenvied as extensive.

Appreciate him as a naturalist I cannot, for I am not qualified. No one save an observer of nature can sufficiently appreciate the fidelity of his descriptions, the accuracy of his observations, the clear lucidity of his delineations of natural phenomena; but I can sufficiently appreciate the *man*—the ease, grace, and simplicity of his style have an indescribable charm for the general reader; the holiness of his pursuit; his unaffected, serene, and cheerful piety; the tendency of every line he wrote to advance the interests of religion, humanity, and goodness; the tranquillizing influence of his writings on the mind of man.

Surely if the memory of the illustrious dead is to derive honour from a pilgrimage to the scenes he has familiarized to every one—and what fitter homage can the illustrious dead receive?—you will forgive me, reader, that I stole from business, and turbulence, and care, the few tranquil hours I dissipated in my pilgrimage to happy, peaceful, and classic Selborne.

STRYCK'S INSTITUTE OF THE LAW OF SPECTRES.*

THE learned John Samuel Stryck, of Halle, may be considered one of the last thorough-going believers in the visible existence of Satan's kingdom upon earth. While the jurists and theologians, influenced by the negative and sceptical tendencies of the eighteenth century, were sapping and mining away the foundations of the invisible world on all hands, Stryck, a very Abdiel among the faithless, was devoting his time and talents, aided by considerable learning, to the compilation of a spectral code, or digest of the law, as applicable to the relations of the world we live in with the devil and his emissaries. The times, indeed, were such as to require all Stryck's learning and genuine faith to bespeak due attention to his great work. After a most flourishing reign of two centuries, signalized by the universal spread of witchcraft, apparitions, demoniac possession, and all the other proofs of infernal agency, the security of the Satanic dynasty had received its first shock from the publication of the *Cautio Criminalis* of Fredrick Spee, in 1631. This work was directed chiefly against the atrocities of the witch trials; which, particularly at Würtzburg, Treves, and other cities in Germany, had multiplied to an extent which, but for the clear evidence that remains, would appear to us at the present day incredible. A second blow was struck by the well-known *Monde Enchanté* of Balthazar Bekker, aimed not only against the belief in witches, but assailing equally the whole foundations of the doctrine of apparitions, or the visible agency of a spiritual world upon our own. In 1701, the celebrated inaugural thesis of Thomasius, *De Crimine Magiæ*, was publicly delivered with high applause at Halle; a work in which he liberally availed himself of the materials collected by Bekker and others; and which, had it appeared half a century earlier, would undoubtedly have procured for the author no other crown but that of martyrdom. As it was, however, the tide having now fairly turned against

the old opinions, the treatise of Thomasius was received with very general approbation.

It was during this period of wavering belief, or rather general defection from the ancient faith, that John Samuel Stryck published, in 1701, (or rather composed, for the work does not appear to have been printed till after the appearance of the inaugural discourse of Thomasius,) his treatise *DE JURE SPECTRORUM*. In the collected edition of his works, and those of his father, (Frankfurt and Leipzig, 1750,) it forms the fourteenth dissertation of volume twelfth.

Stryck begins his dissertation with a separation of the Genus Spectre, which it seems admits of considerable subdivisions, into classes. There is first your domestic spectre, (Haus-gott or Kobold,) who passes with the premises, whoever may be the proprietor; your air spirit, or flying dragon; your water spirit, or Nixe, who haunts the pond in your garden, or rises to your hook, if you be a brother of the angle, from some dark suicidal-looking pool in the river; your field spectre, or out-of-door devil, (Feld-teuffel,) mentioned by Isaiah, chap. xiii. verses 14, 22, who keeps moving through woods and uninhabited places with no very definite purpose; your mountain spectre, (Berg-gott,) a most wag-gish and tricky spirit, and inveterate practical joker, of which tribe the notorious Rubezahl of the Giant Mountain in Silesia, is the most conspicuous representative—"de quo Joan. Prætorius speciali commentatione;"—your spirit of the mine, who again suffers a subdivision into the *spiritus mitior*, who creeps along and does no harm to any one, and the *spiritus crudelior*, who not unfrequently inflicts death upon the luckless inmates of the mine, though of late he has been pretty effectually laid by the spells of the magician Davy. To these add Lamie, Incubi, and Succubi, besides that large class of incognito spirits who make no personal appearance, but unequivocally announce their presence by uttering

* "De Jure Spectorum." John Samuel Stryck. "Dissertationes Juridicæ," vol. xii. "Disputatio," xiv. p. 264, et seq. Francofurt et Leipz. 1750.

pestilent noises,—subverting the pots and pans in the kitchen, and kicking the tables down-stairs. “In domibus turbant,” says Stryck, “ollas, patinas, &c. subvertunt, scamna, mensas per scalas dejiciunt.”

Now, keeping in view the large spiritual standing army which is thus constantly in commission, and that all hours are the same to them—for it is quite a vulgar error to suppose that they confine themselves to the short period between twelve P.M. and one A.M.—it seems plain we cannot turn a corner either in town or country, but some of these agreeable companions may be at our elbow. “Pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.” And this being the case, it becomes necessary to look the subject steadily in the face, and—instead of attempting, like Balthazar Bekker, and other base and presumptuous sceptics, to deny the existence of spectres altogether—to place the legal relations of men and things with these spiritual beings upon a distinct and systematic footing.

Stryck, accordingly, proceeds to consider the law of spectres, first in a civil, and next in a criminal point of view.

In the civil department, the rights of persons come first; and of these, as the most important, he treats first of marriage; and here some questions of considerable nicety occur.

§ 12. “Quodsi sponsalia inita sint cum fœminâ, quæ a spectris continuo devexatur, quæritur numne dissolvi sponsalia queant?” Your marriage contract is extended; the party invited, the ring ordered, when you discover to your consternation that your intended spouse is haunted by spectres, one or more. *Quid juris?* Stryck, with some hesitation, gives it as his opinion that the party may, in that case, resile, *rebus integris*, there being, in his view, an error in the substantial of the contract; and certainly, in our own case, if we had reason to suspect, beforehand, that the lady had any dealings with spirits, we should be off forthwith, and take all risks of an action of damages for breach.

But what if the marriage is over, and it turns out that one of the parties is vexed in this way by the intrusion of evil spirits? Is there any remedy in that case? And here follows a shocking example, which Stryck

gives on his own personal knowledge. “Novimus ejusmodi tristem casum in famosâ civitate extitisse, ubi mulier vere pia, Deoque addicta, mirum in modum a spectris cruciata fuit, sputis enim obruta ad calceam usque, stercore omnia circa illam obducta, mobilia videntis muliere ablata et concremata, ut, hac ratione, licet alias bonis sufficientibus instructa ad summam pauperiem redigeretur. Illa vero hæc omnia æquo animo tulit, et quo majorem vim Cacodæmon adhibuit, eo ardentioribus precibus Deo se commendavit, in quo exercitio virtutis adhuc perdurat, quamvis, an recesserit nunc Satanas, ignoramus.”

The German law, heaven knows, is indulgent enough in matters of divorce; and we must own that the state of the lady's person, as here described, as well as the condition of the furniture, seems to us to afford good grounds for a separation, at all events, *a mensâ et thoro*. The disappearance of the furniture, too, from day to day, was a very singular circumstance, especially as we have reason to believe, though Stryck does not mention the fact, that the spirit who abstracted it was in the custom of leaving behind pawnbroker's duplicates instead. Still, notwithstanding these aggravated grounds of complaint, Stryck, though not without difficulty, and a strong feeling of the hardship of the case, conceives there is no remedy. You have taken your companion for better for worse, and must bear the visitation as a trial from heaven, as you best may. “Gravis est atque anceps hæc quæstio, sed tamen salvo aliorum judicio negativam amplectimur sententiam . . . Idque in hoc casu eo magis quo certius est a solius Dei providentiâ hoc incommodum evenire, et tententur conjuges, aut in patientiâ perstare, Deoque soli confidere velint.”

Of course, this case disposes of all minor shades of the question as to the Law of Spectres in relation to marriage. From thence, Stryck proceeds (§ 15) to the case of guardian and ward. Suppose your pupil's house is haunted, is that a ground for declining the office?

This question does not seem to be attended with much difficulty. We say, decidedly not; particularly if a handsome legacy were attached to the office. Only, of course, we should

take care to visit our young friend as seldom as possible in his own house ; and endeavour quietly to dispose of the premises by private bargain. We think this last course preferable to Stryck's plan of trying the effect of a course of clerical treatment upon the pupil.

From the rights of persons, as Stryck observes, we descend to those of things, (sec. 16.) And here the first question discussed, is that of the discovery of hidden treasures by means of spirits. This, it would appear, was an occurrence of great frequency, and consequently of vital importance, in Stryck's time. We regret to say the incident is, at the present day, too rare to justify a separate chapter in the spectral code. So different, however, was the case somewhat later even than Stryck's time, that in a trial reported in Guyot de Pitaval's *Causes Célèbres*, (vol. xii.) in which the point turned on the alleged revelation of a treasure by a spirit, the opinion of the Sorbonne having been taken upon the possibility of such a case, they returned a clear answer in the affirmative, treating it as a matter of every-day practice.

The question then put by Stryck is, Whether we can, with a safe conscience, take possession of a treasure which is in the custody of a spirit? "an salvâ conscientiâ occupare liceat ejusmodi thesaurum a spectro custoditum." Stryck answers this question by a distinction which, to us, appears rather thin. If the spirit stands by and remains neuter, have nothing to do with the treasure: it is a temptation from Satan to burn your fingers—there let it lie. But if the spectre offer it, press it upon you, make a point of your pocketing it, in short, won't be denied, then you may take it safely, and ask no questions, presuming that all is right, and that the money comes from a good and not an evil quarter. He instances a case in point, of a girl near Quedlinburg:—"Narratur enim in Sylvâ non procul a Quedlinburgo puellam rusticam, collectis in duabus corbibus lignis, domum abeuntem, accessisse virum stature solito minoris (ein Kleinmännchen), atque ostensâ in proximo colli magnâ argenti copîâ, serio monuisse tolleret quantum ejus posset, mox, puellâ non sine lachrymis abnudente, ipsum suâ manu bonam par-

tem argenti, alteri ex corbibus abjectis lignis, intulisse, post disparuisse." In such a case of tender as this, there was no resisting the spirit ; but Stryck warns his readers not to extend the precedent rashly beyond the special case,—"*Extra hunc casum specialem decisionem datam applicare non ausim.*"

But suppose that, through the agency of a spirit, you discover a treasure within your own ground, does it belong to yourself as a legal trove, or is it forfeited to the fisk? Here again Stryck escapes by a *distinguo*, (§ 17.) If the spectre not only shows the treasure itself, but points out some charm or magical operation by which the treasure is to be got at, and you follow its suggestions, and by magical practices make yourself master of the money, it is forfeited to government as an illegal acquisition. If, on the contrary, the spectre merely shows it, and allows you to get at it in the best way you can—or if you politely decline his suggestion of using spells and enchantments, and content yourself with a pickaxe and a spade, you may safely take the ghost's word for the thousand pounds, and may bid defiance to the revenue officer. Indeed, should he be troublesome, he runs some risk, like his brother officer in Burns, to be carried off by the offended spirit.

Farther, in regard to the discovery of treasure in another man's ground, Stryck lays it down as law, that, although in the ordinary case a person discovering by his own exertions (*datâ operâ*) a treasure in another man's property, is entitled to no part of it ; yet in the case of its being pointed out to him by a spectre, the fortunate individual may lay claim to a half. The result, we suppose, must have been, that all treasures found on other men's ground were pointed out by spectres ; particularly as the onus of proving the source of his information does not appear to have been laid on the discoverer.

From the case of treasure Stryck proceeds to the consideration of spectral questions affecting the contracts of pledge, sale, and location. Suppose an heritable bond granted for L.3000 over a house which, by reason of spectres, turns out not to be worth more than L.1000, can the heritable creditor demand additional heritable

security? "*Si in domo constituta sit hypotheca, ex. gr. ss. 3000 imperialium, spectra vero ita infestare coeperint domum ut nec amplius 1000 valeat, annon ad aliam hypothecam constituendam agi potest.*" Stryck's solution of this difficulty seems scarcely consistent with principle. Additional security he thinks the creditor is clearly entitled to; but he seems disposed to limit his right to personal security, or repayment of his debt.

Similar questions, it is obvious, will arise in regard to location. Sempronius lets his house to Titius, who enters to possession. Thereafter, the devil appears for his interest, and the house becomes a perfect nuisance. Must Titius stand by his bargain? Can he throw up the lease entirely, or is he only entitled to a deduction from the rent, as the same may be estimated by persons of skill? These are questions of great importance, and they have been treated by Stryck with corresponding attention.

First of all, there is a distinction to be observed between the case of a landlord who lets to a tenant a house of notoriously bad spiritual fame, and one who is himself ignorant that the subject is affected by any such objection. In the first case, the tenant is entitled to throw up the bargain entirely, even after entering to possession. But where the spirits appear for the first time subsequent to the tenant's entry, or where the landlord was ignorant of the latent vice affecting the subject, the question becomes complicated and difficult.

As we understand it, the doctrine of Stryck is this,—1st, That the onus of proof of spectres lies on the tenant; and 2d, That a moderate degree of spectral annoyance is no ground for voiding the contract, though it may entitle you to a deduction from the rent.

The onus of proof is laid upon the tenant, because otherwise, as Stryck observes, it would be easy for any one who had a dislike to the payment of rent to blast the character of a house, and escape scot free. On the other hand, this view is not free from difficulty. Suppose the tenant proves the nuisance to exist, and to such an extent as to void the contract, how is he to escape the reply of the landlord, that the house had a perfectly good character before; and that if

there are spirits there now, the tenant must have brought them along with him? In short, that they are personal rather than real incumbrances upon the subject.

Stryck thinks that, in that case, the burden of proof may be thus divided. It lies with the landlord to prove that his house had a good character up to the time of the tenant's entry; that done, he has the benefit of the presumption that the supervening spectres have been introduced by the tenant, in which case, of course, the landlord is entitled to exact the last stiver, since it is plain that he is not to suffer merely because his tenant is on bad terms with the world of spirits.

But the mode of proof and its sufficiency give rise to other questions. On these Stryck touches, we regret to say, but lightly. "*Verum quâ ratione probabit emptor spectris jam ante infestatam domum fuisse, et hoc venditori (aut locatori) non ignotum fuisse?*" He speaks of a reference to oath in such cases, (*isthoc venditores conscientiæ relinquere*)—a mode of proof in which we own we do not repose much confidence. We are convinced most landlords would swear through thick and thin in support of the character of the obnoxious tenement. But what Stryck passes over somewhat perfunctorily, is exactly that part of the subject to which a brother jurist, and contemporary of Stryck, J. G. Romanus, has illustrated at length, and with much acuteness and discrimination. If you want legal evidence that your house is haunted, his advice is this:—"Get hold of a notary-public; shut him up in the haunted room; there let him witness a dance of spectres, or hear the racking of pots, pans, tables, and elbow-chairs; give him just light enough to enable him to extend a protocol of what passes, and the document thus obtained will be good evidence of the fact." This must be rather sharp practice, we think, for the notary; but probably he would charge accordingly. As to the objection that notarial instruments were not to be extended at night, Romanus, while he admits the propriety of the general rule, maintains that in this very special case an exception must be admitted.

The second question which Stryck discusses, is the amount of annoyance

that justifies the annulling of the contract; and here we own we think he is inclined to stretch the point in favour of the landlord. He states his view of the law thus:—that if the inconvenience be moderate, as, for instance, if the spirits confine themselves to the remoter quarters of the house, and merely knock occasionally at the dining-room door, or utter disagreeable sounds, the tenant must put up with it. "*Modica incommoditas si tolerabilis sit, non adeo attendi debet a conductore, veluti, si spectra tantum in remotiori ædium parte, fores cœnaculorum pulsando, aut inconcinnosonos edendo exaudiantur.*" Now, perhaps, it may be true that so long as Truepenny confines himself to the cellarage, the inhabitants of the upper stories need give themselves little trouble about his movements; nor, perhaps, would the squalling of an additional imp from the nursery be matter of just complaint. Still the constant scratching of such a creature as old Jeffrey, who continued to haunt Wesley's study so perseveringly, would to our nerves have been disagreeable, and we must strongly protest against the doctrine that these wretches can be allowed, on any account, to approach the dining-room. If they are permitted to knock at the door with impunity, the next step will be to take a seat at table, in which case it is plainly impossible that good digestion can wait on appetite, and the comfort of existence would be destroyed.

On the whole, therefore, the view of Romanus is at once the sounder and the simpler of the two. With him the question is not one of degree at all: whether the spiritual existences confine themselves to the garrets and the sunk story, or intrude into the dining-room or bed-room, seems to him, on principle, to be all one; it is enough that there they are. No one is bound to put up with such inmates. Prove the fact by notarial instrument as before mentioned, or in any other way that may be legal, and you are entitled to get quit of the bargain entirely. We own this would be our own view of the case; for we really do not see what security a tenant who tolerates with impunity the gambols of a troop of ghosts in the sunk story, can have, that these subterranean performers may not occa-

sionally take it into their head to walk up-stairs.

Whatever may be the law, however, on this contested point, which we feel to be encompassed with difficulties, both juriconsults are agreed that, be the disturbance great or little, the tenant is, in any view, entitled to a proportional relief in the shape of deduction of rent; so that, when your landlord presents his receipt for the amount, you are entitled to state the amount per contra, somewhat in this fashion:—"Deduct for spectres in bed and bed-room, and elsewhere, L.5, 10s.," and to hand him merely the balance, which, unless he wishes to be soused with costs, he will find it prudent to accept without litigation.

We are not sure, however, but that the whole doctrine of Stryck would require, at the present day, to be somewhat modified—the ground of dissolution of the contract, or reduction of rent, as the reader perceives, being, that the value of the house has been totally or partially impaired by its spiritual inmates. We are strongly inclined, however, to think that at present a haunted house would be the making of any one. It is understood that —, the proprietor of the Cock-Lane house, made a good affair of it; and we have little doubt that a haunted house, warranted genuine, particularly if situated in some well-frequented London thoroughfare, would pay. In that case, we think it might be plausibly maintained that the landlord would be entitled to raise the rent, or to go snacks in the receipts.

Leaving the matter of contracts, some other questions of importance are touched on, rather than fully discussed, by Stryck. One of these relates to the presumption of life. Your spirit has been seen by several creditable witnesses moving about in the neighbourhood of your old haunts, you yourself being notoriously some thousand miles off, perhaps under the salubrious climate of Sierra Leone; *quare*, how far is this to be received as legal evidence of your decease? Stryck confesses that such appearances have a very bad look, but he startles a little at receiving them as full proof of death. In particular, he very properly hesitates about allowing a second marriage; because a

wife chooses to swear that she has received a dispensation to that effect from the ghost of her first husband.

In fact, he owns that he has strong reason to believe that many of these spectral appearances are the result of downright fraud; and this leads to an inquiry how monsters of this sort, impudently shamming the ghostly character, are to be dealt with. The point is illustrated by the case of two citizens of Wittenberg, (anno 1691,) who figure under the classic pseudonyms of Lucius and Seius. Lucius was a determined sceptic in matters spiritual; Seius, a firm believer. Many a dispute the pair had had upon the subject, with the usual result—each being only the more confirmed in his own opinion. Seius, thinking to add the force of an actual illustration to mere reasoning, waylaid his unbelieving friend, one dark evening, accoutred in a garb somewhat similar to that in which Pipes appalled the soul of Commodore Trunnion, and at first made a considerable impression; but Lucius rallying his senses, and recognising the ass in lion's clothing, applied his cudgel with such energy to the shoulders of the apparition, that he speedily shrieked out for mercy, protesting that he was Seius only, and no spectre. "Impossible," retorted Lucius; "I don't believe you, you are a devil, and no mistake," and so continued the exercise until the unlucky apparition was really on the point of giving up the ghost.

Stryck puts the question in reference to the case cited:—"Quæritur an Seius contra Lucium actionem injuriarum intendere potuerit, ideo quod plagis finem facere noluisse, postquam alter jsmduum expresse nomen suum professus esset?" He answers his own question, by holding that no action of damages will lie at Seius' instance, he himself being the occasion of the drubbing he had received; and we certainly think it probable, had any such action been brought by Seius, the verdict would have been similar to that returned by the Yorkshire jury

in the case of the termagant killed by her husband—"Served him right."

Rather inconsistently, however, with his own doctrine, he is of opinion that both parties should be dealt with criminally; Seius for the personation of a spirit, and Lucius for excessive drubbing—a view in which we cannot concur; for we really hold that it is scarcely possible to thrash a pretended spirit too severely. Popular feeling, it is notorious, is strong on the subject. If a fellow is caught hoisting an illuminated turnip above a white sheet, he is dealt with *more majorem*, by a course of drubbing followed by ducking in the nearest pond. If he personates the devil, which was Seius' case, with horns, saucer eyes, and a fiery tail, and is then caught *in flagranti*, he may think himself lucky if he escapes with his life. In fact, there is no delinquency which we visit with more ferocity upon the offender, than that of having given us a thorough fright. We turn on the luckless impostor with all the fierceness of the archers in the *Malade Imaginaire*, when they discover that Harlequin had put them to flight by imitating the report of a pistol.

"Fauquin, maraud, poudard, impudent, temeraire,
Insolent, effronté, coquin, felon, voleur,
Vous osez nous faire peur!"

Stryck concludes his examination of the law of spectres, *quoad civilia*, by the examination of the nice and important question—whether, if a house be rendered uninhabitable on account of spectres, the proprietor must still pay taxes for it? Stryck holds the negative—an opinion which seems equitable, though we have our own doubts whether his law on the subject would be confirmed by the Court of Exchequer.

We shall not follow him through his dissertation, so far as regards the criminal law. Suffice it to say, that it displays the same caution, good sense, and absence of credulity, which so eminently characterise his speculations in civil matters.

THE BOUNDARY QUESTION.

A REPORT has just been laid before Parliament by Messrs Featherstonhaugh and Mudge, commissioners appointed by Lord Palmerston to survey the district through which the boundary line between the United States and our colonies is still to be drawn, which report, we believe, so far as reasoning and knowledge can advance us in these controversies, completely decides this long-agitated question, and decides it as completely in our own favour. It is not our fault, if we are compelled to say that the Americans have now no case whatever to offer in support of the line which they maintain as the one answering the treaty of 1783. We would willingly make fair division with them of the arguments to be adduced in favour of the two rival lines; but as the statement is now made, as the geography is now determined, they have, we repeat, no case whatever. It had been our own impression that the most equitable adjustment of this dispute would be found in an equal partition of the contested territory. Even while reading the present report we were somewhat reluctant to be persuaded of the full strength of our own title, lest this should interfere with our favourite project of mutual concession; but after an attentive perusal of this report we cannot escape from the conviction, that our own claim is now placed on such grounds as render it quite incontrovertible. Whatever we may yield to liberality or love of peace, justice requires from us not the least concession.

It is impossible, without the aid of the map which accompanies this report, to convey to the reader the strong impression that Messrs Featherstonhaugh and Mudge would leave upon his mind; but as all persons are not allured by Parliamentary papers—as some are quite scared by the blue folios in which they make their appearance—we shall be doing no unacceptable service to the generation of less laborious readers, if we present to them, as far as we are able without the help of maps, a rapid sketch of the controversy as it appears in this last and very able and valuable communication. It will be remembered that the boundary question was submitted

to the arbitration of the King of the Netherlands; who, not being able on some points to give a satisfactory judgment, was obliged to content himself with offering, upon these, his advice and opinion. An award made in this manner was open to objection. America refused to be bound by it, and the award was finally set aside. Nor is this now to be regretted, for it is found that so erroneous were the geographical or topographical statements laid before the royal arbiter, that his award, if both parties had consented to it, *could not have been executed*; the range of hills which the Americans had insisted on, and which was adopted for part of the line, not running within forty or fifty miles of the spot to which the line was to be carried.

England had been willing to abide by the decision of the King of the Netherlands, although that decision was regarded as adverse to its own claims; and after the attempt at arbitration had entirely failed, it proposed to divide with America the disputed territory. This offer, however, was not received. Lord Palmerston next proposed a *joint commission* "of survey and exploration," in order at least that both parties should have distinct geographical data on which to proceed. This proposal was not rejected; but in framing the preliminary articles for appointing and regulating such a commission, so much time was likely to be wasted, that in order not to lose the whole summer (of 1839,) Lord Palmerston despatched Messrs Featherstonhaugh and Mudge to explore and survey the country through which the boundary line is to be drawn, and more especially the several tracks pointed out by the British commissioners, and the American, as answering the terms of the treaty of 1783.

"We report," say they, at the conclusion of their labours, "that we have found a line of highlands, agreeing with the language of the 2d article of the treaty of 1783, extending from the north-westernmost head of the Connecticut river to the sources of the Chaudière, and passing from thence in a north-easterly direction, south of the Roostuc, to the Bay of Chaleurs. We further report, that there does not exist, in the disputed territory, any

other line of highlands which is in accordance with the 2d article of the treaty of 1783; and that the line which is claimed on the part of the United States, as the line of the highlands of the treaty of 1783, does not pass nearer than from 40 or 50 miles of the north-westernmost head of the Connecticut river, and therefore has no pretension to be put forward as the line intended by the treaty of 1783."

Such is the satisfactory conclusion to which we are brought; we must now lead our readers up to it by some brief account of the controversy. Here are first the words themselves of the treaty of 1783, which have occasioned all the dispute, notwithstanding they are declared to have so very opposite an intention:—

"Article 2. And that all disputes which might arise in future on the subject of the boundaries of the said United States may be prevented, it is hereby agreed and declared that the following are, and shall be, their boundaries: viz. from the north-west angle of Nova Scotia, viz. *that angle which is formed by a line drawn due north from the source of the St Croix river to the highlands, along the said highlands which divide those rivers that empty themselves into the river St Lawrence from those which fall into the Atlantic Ocean, to the north-westernmost head of the Connecticut river; thence down along,*" &c &c.

Here, then, we have a north-west angle laid down as one boundary of the United States; but this angle was at no fixed known point: it was to be determined by drawing two lines, one due north from the source of the St Croix, the other from the source of the Connecticut, along certain highlands. Where these two lines should meet, would be found the angle forming the extreme boundary of the United States. Disputes arose on both these lines. The St Croix, when traced upwards, is found to branch into two streams, the one diverging to the north, the other running on to the west. The Americans selected the northern stream from the source of which to draw their *due north line*. We adhered to the western; and as one proof out of others that we were right in so doing, we may here mention that the western stream which we followed as the true St Croix, bears,

and has always borne amongst the Indians, the same name (the Scoodeag) as that part of the river nearer the mouth; while the northern branch, regarded by the aborigines as the tributary stream, is called, amongst them, by a quite different name, the Chiputnaticook. But the main dispute concerned the other line, namely, the range of highlands which were to be traced from the head of the Connecticut to meet this due north line. The Americans found, or invented, one running *north* of the whole river St John. The English insist that the highlands of the treaty take their course south of the source of the St John, and south of the Roostuc. Not only do all arguments drawn from old charters, or ancient boundaries, contradict the claim of the Americans, but it is now discovered that the face of the country is irreconcilably against them; their range of highlands comes not within forty or fifty miles of the place it should start from; it exhibits no continuity of elevations; and their calculations of the height of places proves to be singularly erroneous.

The better to understand the language of the treaty, and the strength of our own position, we must resort to the circumstances which made this mode of description necessary, and the manner in which this language came to be employed. Previous to the war of independence, the boundaries of Massachusetts had been the subject of discussion, and were still unsettled. At this time it will be remembered that Maine was a province of Massachusetts—it has been since erected into an independent state—and that what is now called New Brunswick bore the name of Nova Scotia. Massachusetts was well understood to be bounded on the east by the waters of the St Croix, but its territory to the north was undefined. It had endeavoured to extend its claim to the river St Lawrence, but without success; and the boundary between it and Nova Scotia, if it had ever been drawn, had been lost again, because the land in these parts had so often changed masters and changed names, being sometimes the Nova Scotia of England, and sometimes the *Acadie** of France. In this

* The origin of the word *Acadie* is curious. "The bay into which the St Croix empties itself was known by the Indians of the Morriaseel tribe (which still inhabits New

state of things, and when speaking of so unsettled a country, it was natural to have recourse to some great features of the soil.

"From the earliest periods," we are told, "it had been known to the French and English settlers in that part of North America, that a great axis of elevation, or *height of land*, which had its origin in the English colonies, passed to the north-east, throwing down from the one flank, at about 45° north latitude, the head waters of the Connecticut river, which empties itself to the south into that channel of the Atlantic Ocean which separates Long Island from the continent; and from the other flank the head waters of the St Francis river, which empties itself in a north-westerly direction into the river St Lawrence. Further to the north-east, the head waters of the Kennebec and the most western sources of the Penobscot take their rise in the same height of land. These two rivers discharge themselves into the Atlantic Ocean, whilst the Chaudière river, the sources of which almost interlock with those of the two last-named rivers, empties itself into the St Lawrence, nearly opposite to Quebec. Equally close to the sources of the Chaudière and the Penobscot, and in about 46 degrees of north latitude, the south-west branches of the St John are derived from the same height of the land. This river, after running for about 160 miles in a north-eastwardly course, nearly parallel to the same axis of elevation at which it takes its rise, turns to the south-east; and at the great falls of the St John, in north latitude 47° 2' 39", passes through the same axis, and proceeds to discharge itself into the Bay of Fundy. It is further of importance to observe, that the trail or path of the Indian nations between the Atlantic ocean and the river St Lawrence, lay across that *height of land* from the earliest times; and that Quebec, which is situated on that part of the St Lawrence where the river suddenly contracts in breadth, and which receives its name from the Indian word *kebec*, signifying *narrow*, appears to have been a place of resort for the Indians long before the white men visited the country."

"From Quebec the Indians were wont to pass up the Chaudière in their bark canoes, carrying them across the Portages, and over the height of land to the waters of the Penobscot, and continuing down which, to near the 45th degree of north latitude, they then turned up one of its eastern branches, called Passadumkeag; whence, making a small portage of about two miles, they got into the westernmost waters of the St Croix, and so reached the Bay of Fundy, performing the whole distance of about two hundred and seventy-five miles by water, with the exception, perhaps, of about twelve miles of portage, over which, according to the custom still in use by the North American Indians, they carried their light birch-bark canoes."

"This *height of land* was described in books, and most prominently set forth in maps, long before the revolt of the British colonies, and the independence of the United States. In the map published by Lewis Evans of Philadelphia, in 1755, and which Governor Pownall annexed to his work in 1776, it is laid down with the supposed situation of the portages over it. * * * * Upon that map the highlands which divide the St Francis and the Chaudière from the Connecticut, the Kennebec, and the Penobscot, are laid down and called '*Height of Land*.'"

Pownall in his work makes familiar reference to this height of land, as thus:—

"Connecticut river. This stream rises in north latitude 45° 10' at the *height of the land*.

"A range, running hence across the east boundary line of New Hampshire, in latitude 44° 30', and tending north-east, forms the *height of the land* between Kennebaeg and Chaudière rivers.

"All the heads of Kennebaeg, Penobscog, and Passamaquadda rivers (by which last he means the heads of St Croix,) are in the *height of land* running east-north-east."

Although Governor Pownall's work was not published till 1776, his information was collected while he was

Brunswick) by the name of Peskadumquodiah, from *Peskadam*, a fish, and *Quodiah*, the name of a fish resembling the cod. The French, according to their usual custom, abbreviated the Indian name, which we sometimes, in the old records, read *Quadiae* and *Cadie*, and at length we find it taking the general designation of *Acadie*. The English race have turned the original Indian name into *Passamaquoddy*, and the Indians of the district have long been by them familiarly called *Quoddy Indians*, as, by the French, they have been called *Les Acadiens*. To this day the Morrisel Indians call the bay by its original Indian name of *Peskadamquodiah*."—P. 12.

governor of Massachusetts, previously to and in preparation for the French war in 1756. It was acquired in survey made with a view to military operations against Quebec. We find, therefore, in the royal proclamation issued at the close of the French war in 1763, that this height of land described by Governor Pownall was taken advantage of as a great landmark. These are the words of the proclamation, defining the government of Quebec:—

“The government of Quebec, bounded on the Labrador coast by the river St John, (a river of that name on the north side of the gulf of St Lawrence,) and from thence by a line drawn from the head of that river through the lake St John to the south side of the lake Nepissen, from whence the said line crossing the river St Lawrence and the lake Champlain, in 45 degrees of north latitude, passes along the highlands which divide the rivers that empty themselves into the said river St Lawrence from those which fall into the sea, &c.

“Can there be a doubt amongst intelligent men,” continues the report, “that the highlands mentioned in the royal proclamation are the identical highlands or height of land described in the extracts from Pownall’s book; or that the two classes of rivers spoken of as being divided by these highlands, (one class falling into the St Lawrence, the other into the sea,) are, on the one hand, the St Francis and Chaudière of Pownall, the only rivers which there empty themselves into the St Lawrence; and, on the other hand, the Connecticut, the Kennebec, and the Penobscot, the only rivers which from thence fall into the Atlantic ocean?”

And can there be a doubt that the highlands in the treaty of 1763, are this identical height of land; and that the rivers there meant as flowing, on the one hand, into the St Lawrence, are the St Francis and the Chaudière; and those flowing, on the other, into the Atlantic, the Connecticut, the Kennebec, and Penobscot? * What other rivers can possibly be meant

“by those which fall into the Atlantic?” What can be more evident than that the language which, in the treaty of 1763, describes the northern boundary of the United States, and that which, in the royal proclamation of 1763, describes the southern boundary of the government of Quebec, intend one and the same track of country.

Where do the Americans find other rivers “falling into the Atlantic?” They find them up at the north in Restigouche, which flows into the bay of Chaleurs, and in the St Francis, a tributary stream which feeds the St John, and through that channel may be said to fall into the bay of Fundy. “The rivers that empty themselves into the St Lawrence, they find in the Metis, in the Ouelle, and the Loup, which two last petty streams take their course from no highland whatever, but from a flat marshy district. The manner in which they have contrived to depart thus widely from the plain sense of the treaty, is this: Taking a false starting-place from a northern tributary stream of the St Croix, they ran their *due north line*, (avoiding our highlands by passing through or near the valley of the St John,) in search of the source of a river flowing into the St Lawrence. This point they found at the source of the Metis. By some strange miscalculation, they aggravated the height of this point to between *two and three thousand feet*, while it is not *four hundred*; they boldly declared that the St Francis and the Restigouche were the *Atlantic rivers of the treaty*; and they proceeded to fill up this map with a range of highlands running parallel with, and at no great distance from the St Lawrence, and dropping down upon the head of the Connecticut: the said range of highlands having, in fact, no such elevation, or continuity, as they ascribe to it, being interrupted by extensive tracks of open marshy soil, and finally not approaching the

* When we look at certain passages in Pownall, and compare them with the language used in the royal proclamation of 1763, with the description of the future boundary proposed for the United States of America, found in the secret journals of the Congress, and with the terms of the commissions of the governor of Lower Canada and Nova Scotia immediately after the peace of 1763, the further inference is irresistible, that the highlands mentioned in them are identical with the height of land we have been speaking of, and with the highlands intended by the second article of the treaty of 1763.—P. 22.

source of the Connecticut nearer than forty or fifty miles.

"By reference to the map A., your Lordship will observe that no chain or ridge is found extending from the most southern source of the Ousle to the easternmost sources of the Metjarmotte; yet it is along a line extending between those two points that the American surveyor protracted his fictitious hills. As the verification or disproof of this ridge was a matter of vital importance in the controversy about the boundary, we were very careful to examine that part of the country, in order that our report might effectually dispose of the matter one way or the other, consistently with the truth. We, therefore, after a careful examination of all that part of the country, between the mouth of the Mittaywawquam, where this river joins the river St John, and the eastern sources of the Etchemin river, *unhesitatingly declare that the ridge inserted in the American map is entirely fictitious*, and that there is no foundation in the natural appearance of the country for such an invention. Had any thing of the kind been there, we must unavoidably have seen it, and have crossed it on our way from the mouth of the Mittaywawquam to Lake Etchemin; the course of that fictitious ridge, as represented in the American map, lying six or seven miles east of Lake Etchemin. And it is singular enough that precisely at the point where the pretended ridge crosses the Mittaywawquam, and for many miles around, the country is a *low flat swamp*, the streams issuing from which have such a sluggish course, that there is scarcely a perceptible current, or one sufficiently established to give visible motion to a feather. Over no part of the country which we traversed, from the St John to Lake Etchemin, does the elevation exceed fifty feet, nor is there any visible elevation at any point of the course. It is only west of Lake Etchemin that the highlands claimed by the Americans as the highlands of the treaty of 1783, are found. These are visible from a distance of several miles, and are a portion of the highlands which we have spoken of at p. 41 as the *northern branch*."—P. 45.

That is, the northern branch of our well-defined highlands, springing from them in the latitude, and not far from Lake Champlain.

It is well known that the line of the treaty of 1783 was intended to be descriptive of the ancient boundaries of the northern states of the Union and Nova Scotia; and it is the frequent language of Congress, in its own

journals, that the *respective rights* of these countries should be determined. And who for a moment ever dreamed that the boundaries of Maine or of Massachusetts ever extended beyond the sources of the St John? Yet to this height have they run their boundary. When, in the negotiation which terminated in the treaty of 1783, it was proposed by the American diplomats to make the St John throughout the northern boundary, the proposition was not listened to—it was regarded as too preposterous for discussion; and yet now the state of Maine asserts a boundary *beyond* the St John! But let us suppose that the words of the treaty are to be interpreted without any reference whatever to antecedent facts—are to be interpreted as if, for the first time, a boundary line was to be drawn along a country about to be divided between two claimants. Under such terms of interpretation, what would be the evident construction of the words of the treaty—what their palpable meaning and purpose? Plainly this—that the highland boundary was here chosen, and thus described, for the very purpose of securing to each claimant the complete possession and uninterrupted use of the rivers flowing through his territory. The surveyor who had to carry into effect such an agreement, would look out for highlands which separated rivers flowing from the right hand through the territory of one party, from rivers flowing from the left hand through the territory of the other party. The Americans have pitched upon a so-called ridge of highlands, the rivers flowing from which, both on the right and the left, have their course and fall into the sea, all in the territory of one only of the rival parties!

It is of such a claim as this, so counter to common-sense and to historical facts, and denied to them by the configuration of the country itself, that the inhabitants of Maine are accustomed to speak as if, by our refusal to recognise it, they were the most injured people on the face of the earth. "We call upon the President and Congress," says the Governor of Maine, in a report transmitted to the President of the United States, April 30, 1837, "we invoke that aid and sympathy of our sister states which Maine has always accorded to them,

We ask, nay, we demand, in the name of justice, how long are we to be thus trampled down by a foreign people?"

We must do the Americans, however, the justice to add, that they have been misled by the most erroneous information. Indeed, neither party in the dispute appears hitherto to have been in possession of any thing approaching to correct geographical knowledge. For this we are indebted to the present report of Messrs Featherstonhaugh and Mudge. It is a report which does them great credit, as well in that part of the controversy which concerns the ancient boundaries of the American states or colonies, as in the light it throws upon the topography of the district. It was no common survey which they undertook; and in making their numerous observations, they must necessarily have undergone much labour and fatigue, the narrative of which, like high-minded men, they have suppressed. The following passage will be read with interest:—

"We have to ask your Lordship's attention to the fact, that upon reaching the scene of our operations, we learnt that they were to be carried on in a wilderness, where not a human being was to be met with, with the exception of a few settlers upon the Roostuc river, about forty miles west of the St John's river, and of a few wandering Indians employed in the chase, or, occasionally, of some American lumberers; and that our endeavours to procure from any quarter, correct topographical information of the interior of the disputed territory were unavailing, the most superficial and contradictory being entertained upon the frontiers as to the sources of the streams, and as to the direction in which it would be most advisable to push our investigations, with a due regard to that economy of time which we were compelled to observe. This wilderness, thus situated, had never, we believe, been crossed in the direction it was necessary for us to take, by persons capable of describing the country with any thing approaching to accuracy; and, consequently, all the maps which we had seen, proved in the end remarkably defective. Indeed, had we not been so fortunate as to engage in our service two intelligent Indians, who had become somewhat familiar with the country, by having frequently made it the scene of their hunting grounds, and whose rude maps, traced upon sheets of the bark of the birch-

tree, served often to guide us, a great portion of our time might have been lost in cutting our communications through forests and almost impenetrable swamps, upon injudicious courses, for the purpose of transporting our provisions, instruments, and canoes. * * * We have troubled your Lordship with these remarks and incidents, not for the purpose of showing that our duty was accompanied with a greater degree of personal inconvenience than was anticipated by us on accepting the charge we have been honoured with, but to account, in some measure, for the delay in sending in our report."

In this uncleared district, where the sight is impeded by thick forests, barometric observations were almost the only means which could be employed for determining heights. Here is a glimpse of the country which was the scene of their operations.

"A large portion of the disputed territory may be seen from the summit of Mars Hill, which is nearly 1700 feet above the level of the sea. On the top of that hill a space has been cleared by cutting down the trees, and a framed stage has been erected, about twenty feet in height, for the purpose of obtaining a view of the distant country. It presents to the eye one mass of dark and gloomy forest to the utmost limits of sight, covering by its umbrageous mantle the principal rivers, minor streams, and scanty evidences of the habitation of man. The hill itself is also rarely distinguishable from any part of the surrounding territory; and it is only by the increased difficulty of the ascent, that the traveller becomes aware of his approach to the summit."—*Appendix*, p. 1.

Accompanying this report, are portions of the correspondence between our Government and the United States on this long-agitated subject. The tone of this correspondence is highly creditable to both parties—for the department of Congress and of the little state of Maine are not to be confounded together; but the facts which it discloses prove the urgent necessity for determining this question. The state of Maine, a short time ago, secretly organized a force, denominated *civil*, which entered the disputed territory for the professed purpose of driving out certain trespassers, who had no right from either Government. Our governor of New Brunswick, Sir John Harvey, was under the necessity, in his turn, of expelling these *Mainites*, and thus ill-blood arose,

The question was mooted—a question which, if there had been any ground for doubt, would certainly have been stirred long ago—which of the two countries had the right, pending the controversy, to govern this debateable land. It had always been understood that England, who was, at the time of the treaty, in possession of the territory, and who was bound to surrender nothing more than what would be proved to belong to its old revolted colonies, was to retain the government, in order to protect the soil, for the sake of both parties, from all interlopers. But even this, we say, has been questioned, and the state of Maine, turbulent and impatient, thinks it a hardship that she is not let into possession of this litigated property.

In this state of things Mr Stevenson, the Minister of the United States residing in this country, writes to Lord Palmerston, “to invite the attention of her Majesty’s Government to the subject, and in the most solemn and earnest manner invoke its speedy and prompt interposition.”

To this letter Lord Palmerston replies (April 3, 1839) with truth and dignity.

“The undersigned begs leave to state, in reply to Mr Stevenson’s note, that her Majesty’s Government fully share the opinions expressed by the Government of the United States as to the importance of a final settlement of the Boundary Question; and they partake of the anxiety felt by that Government, that such settlement should be arrived at with as little delay as the nature of things will admit: and her Majesty’s Government flatter themselves that they have given indisputable proofs of their sincerity in this matter; first, by accepting, without hesitation, the award of the King of the Netherlands, however disadvantageous to Great Britain; and by adhering to that award until the United States had irrevocably determined to reject it; and, secondly, by afterwards proposing to solve the question, by dividing equally between the two parties the terri-

tory which is in dispute. If, then, the difference between the two countries has not been long since settled, it is not for want of proposals on the part of Great Britain, which, as it appears to her Majesty’s Government, were in their nature honourable for both parties.

“With respect to the events that have recently occurred between Maine and New Brunswick, her Majesty’s Government deeply deplore that any circumstances should have arisen tending to threaten an interruption of the friendly relations between the two countries; but her Majesty’s Government cannot refrain from observing, that if any collision shall unfortunately have taken place between the people of Maine and the authorities of New Brunswick, that collision will have been brought on by hostile proceedings on the part of Maine, planned or decided upon in secret, executed suddenly and without previous notice, and so conducted that, if it had been the intention of the Government of Maine to provoke a conflict, better means could not well have been devised to attain that end. Her Majesty’s Government, however, feel great pleasure in doing the fullest justice to the wise and enlightened course pursued upon this occasion by the President of the United States; and they beg Mr Stevenson to assure the President, that the British Government is equally animated by the same spirit of peace which has guided the councils of the President in this conjuncture of affairs.”

—P. 62. Part I.

Mr Stevenson, in his reply, as he was in duty bound, throws his shield over his countrymen of Maine; but a perusal of the correspondence of *their own authorities*, and of the resolves of their own legislature, is sufficient to prove that they do not merit his defence. We anxiously hope that this question will now be brought to a speedy determination; but if the contest is prolonged, we are convinced that, in the judgment of every impartial man, this will be owing entirely to the unreasonable pretensions of the inhabitants of Maine.

DE WALSTEIN, THE ENTHUSIAST.

A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

GREAT men must be employed to complete great changes in empire; but little men often begin them. In this moral architecture, the man who raises the proud superstructure, who brings all the discordant features into one grand harmony, who fills the eye with the consummate and magnificent shape of solidity and power, must be the master of his art; but any workman can dig the foundation.

Joseph II. of Germany was the workman of the French Revolution. He was the delver, Napoleon was the architect. Nothing could be more remote from each other, than the obscure industry of the German and the brilliant mischief of the Italian; yet they were combined in one fearful fabrication, they were both essential to the design: if Joseph, in all his mediocrity, had never been born, Napoleon, in all his splendour, would never have been heard of. Let philosophers reconcile those difficulties; I have now no time to speculate. Those are the mysteries of human character. They must be left till the day when oracles revive, and men have only to ask questions of the pythoness.

Some years ago, in a tour during which I passed some days of an intense summer among the hills of Carinthia, I happened to meet a wanderer like myself, who, though with but one riband at his button-hole, had seen service in the field, had sustained office in the imperial court, taken his share in the chief events of the last thirty years; and, in his twofold capacity of a general officer and an imperial councillor, was as well calculated to assist a traveller in a huge German hotel to get through the heaviness of an idle day, as most men whom fortune has ever thrown in my way. He was still in what is to be regarded as the very finest period of life; when the understanding has arrived at its maturity without losing its lustre, and the heart, if man can be allowed to have any thing of the kind, has acquired steadiness without losing its sensibility. His countenance was handsome, yet with some lines of trial; and both countenance and manner had, as Hamlet says, "more of the ancient Roman

than the Dane." He looked as if he had been born rather on the southern side of the Alps than the northern, and I could conceive him, at the head of his *corps d'armée*, or in the midst of a whirlwind of Hungarian cuirassiers, making a very showy figure of modern chivalry.

We discussed the great names of the war over our bottle of wine, in the light way in which men talk of those who can now do them neither good nor ill; generals who could no longer order any body to be shot, and emperors who had given up the keys of Olmutz, or who could no longer send the refractory a letter of introduction to the wolves of Siberia.

"There were but two men in the world when I first knew it," said the general.

I involuntarily stared at this antediluvian view of things. He smiled.

"That is," said he, "there were but two men in the world whose names it ever mentioned—your Pitt and all the world's Napoleon. In those days, I hated your great minister as much as I worshipped the Corsican. They were my opposing powers of light and darkness, my two antagonist principles—the tyrant of the seas and the regenerator of the earth; but I had the excuse of having all Germany, or perhaps all Europe, of my opinion."

"The Germans soon changed theirs, I presume, at least of the French Emperor."

"My countrymen," said the general, "are certainly excellent men; but they have not the faculty of reasoning. They toil admirably; but they find it difficult to think. They have the virtue of the mole in perfection. Give them something obscure, heavy, and disheartening to labour at, and they will drudge away for ever. Their existence, known too, like the mole's, by the little heaps of dust which they throw up on the surface, and undoubtedly loosening the soil for better uses to come. But the moment they are put upon the surface they are blind;—bid them walk, and they stumble; bid them run, and they fall into the first ditch. In literature, they are what the pioneers are to an army, es-

sential to every advance, but a rough corps after all; stout, strong-handed serfs; and with hatchet and saw in hand formidable to thickets and rocks; but what man ever looks among the pioneers for a hero?"

"Yet they had *esprit* enough to admire the romantic glitter and magic freaks of Napoleon."

"Yes," said the general, "all children are fond of tales of wonder, and all gossips of telling them. We Germans are proud of our country, and it is by nature a noble one—certainly superior in its natural advantages to any other that I have seen, not even excepting your own; for the unrivalled loveliness of England is the work of man, of freedom, good sense, and the simple tastes of the nation. But we are still in our infancy. Germany is only one huge nursery, in which the population is in its cradle. But we are children with a fine inheritance waiting for us when we shall arrive at the age of discretion; yet, until then, we must be allowed to play the antics of the nursery, to stare at every thing, to imagine that we know every thing, to attempt every thing, and, finally, like children who never see a toy but with a longing to know what makes it squeak, or dance, or tumble, breaking up every one of our graver toys of state, religion, and science, with a curiosity worthy of the cradle, and having only the fragments, after all, for our pains. I am a patriot, Sir," said he with a smile, "yet you see I too can play the philosopher."

"But when is your infant to arrive at man's estate?"

"National minds are of slow growth," was the answer. "I do not think that Germany will be mature in less than five hundred years. It will take at least a century to get rid of her presumption that she is the cleverest nation in the world; and until then she cannot be said to even have the use of her understanding."

"A long probation. But she is certainly not retrograding: she is clearly advancing."

"I am not so fully convinced of that. She is yet got little beyond the line where the French Revolution placed her. I allow *that* to have been an advance. But it was universal. It pushed every nation of Europe some degrees nearer the moral equa-

tor. Politics are the sun of the world. England had sun enough already, and could be tropical only to be scorched; but Germany, cold, aguish, swampy, and wild, would be much the better for being half roasted alive. The world has to thank a German for that revolution. Joseph the Second—of all Germans that ever lived the truest model of the German of the nineteenth century—was the man."

"What—Joseph the philosopher and philanthropist! Where was the fire?"

"We shall long remember him," observed the general, "for three things—the partition of Poland, the loss of the Netherlands, and the overthrow of the Bourbon throne."

The evening was one of southern beauty; and the window of the hotel overlooked one of those small lakes which are so numerous in the country, watered by the thousand springs of the Tyrolese hills. The air, after a day of intense warmth, flowed in filled with the freshness of the mountain vegetation; and a young rising moon, just touching with her circlet the brow of a forest above, gave the due finishing of the picture. But even this was not all; for a troop of the travelling horn-players, who range all Europe from the Mediterranean to, I believe, the Pole, seeing our casement open, took up a position in the adjoining garden and began their display. All this is common; but the effect was as good, on the whole, as if we had heard it in a *salon* of Vienna, or were even enjoying a painted moon and canvas forest, with the full crash of a Parisian orchestra in front, to take us by storm.

We had both sunk into silence; and after a while I observed my companion had drawn from his bosom a miniature, on which he gazed with a fixed eye. He saw that I was looking at him, and handed it over to me. It was well worth his study, for it was one of the loveliest faces that I ever saw in my life.

"I presume I may ask the name? It is excessively lovely—at once gentle and noble."

"You may; for she is neither an opera girl nor a goddess. It was exactly in such an hour, and in this very apartment, five-and-twenty years ago, that a German friend of mine

was indebted to this lady for the most important event of his life."

I looked all curiosity; but feeling that I had no right to intrude upon his recollections of one perhaps dead, remained in silence. But foreign manners are often remarkably frank; and he saw my wish at once.

"You shall have the story," said he, "of my friend. He was an enthusiast in those days, though born on the northern side of the Alps. The lady was somewhat of an enthusiast too, though no *Encyclopediste*. Both had their share of the republican mania, though both living in the most formal court from this to Pekin. But I must tell the story in my own way."

He then threw himself back in his chair, and with his eyes fixing alternately on the landscape and the picture, talked in the dramatic style into which the continental taste throws every thing.

"Imagine a young officer of the Hungarian Guard, enraptured with a sense of his wearing the most showy of all possible uniforms, declining to dance when the fairest forms of Vienna were whirling before him, and playing the coxcomb with the most well-bred apathy in the world. Imagine another figure in this history piece, a beautiful woman of the first rank, approaching him, with ridicule sparkling in her brilliant eyes. '*Bon jour, Monsieur le Comte*, you look the very picture of a philosopher.'"

"Then, your Imperial Highness, I look perfectly unlike what I am, or ever can be, while I have the honour of being in the same ball-room with you," was the answer, without changing his position.

"Perhaps said gallantly, yet perhaps not; I know the Count de Walstein's chivalry, yet I suspect he despises the sex," playfully observed the lady.

"Never, when all that is charming in it has such a representative as your Imperial Highness."

"Well, that at least is unequivocal; and I must acknowledge that the opinion of so severe a critic as Count Walstein is said to be, is of peculiar value. But, to say no more on those pretty topics, how long is it since you have returned to Vienna?"

"I have already lost the recollection. Let Schiller answer for me:—

'Who reckons the moments
When beauty is nigh—
When life is a glance,
And the soul is a sigh?'"

"Well, I see you are determined to continue in your old opinions. Women are made to be laughed at. But as none of the Guard ever condescend to waltz, tell me the news from the Low Countries. Is the Emperor still sanguine in his ideas of reducing them to order? We all know Count D'Alton's great abilities; but I have some very dear relatives there, and I feel an anxiety to know the state in which you left Brabant."

The young officer listened, rose from his seat, and drew a *fauteuil* for the lady. The subject was a real one, and the vapid elegance of the guardsman was exchanged for respectful attention. His regiment had been quartered at Brussels on the first breaking out of the Flemish discontents in 1788, and he now slightly detailed the circumstances which had occurred within his knowledge.

"My infancy," said the princess, "was spent in the palace of the Archduke, and though, when he ceased to be governor of the Netherlands, I returned to Germany, my recollections of that fine city, and not less of its luxuriant landscape, and its kind and hospitable people, are as much alive as ever. Of course, I know all the noble families. Are any of them engaged in those unhappy disturbances?"

"None that I could hear of," was the answer. "The whole character of the popular convulsion was the reverse of all that strongly engages the mind. The controversy was of lawyers, not men; of old privileges against new encroachments: it began in the parchments of jurists and advocates, and is likely to end in the dust and darkness of the closets from which it came."

"Then our war with the Netherlands will be brief, and Count D'Alton will settle the rebellion by a *feu-de-joie*," said the fair politician. "I see that you have no faith in the force of popular outcry against the spurs and swords of the Austrian cuirassiers."

"That must depend on circumstances," was the reply. "We know what an army can do; but in the mind of a nation we have a new element before us. We know the limit of the

machine; but who can tell the limit of powers that, like the wind, at this moment unfelt, may, at the next, change the calm for the storm; and then, subsiding as suddenly as it rose, leave us nothing but the desolation that marks its way across the land?"

The princess felt herself gradually engaged by the conversation. The sentiment and the expression might be nothing, but they were new to her, were totally unlike the language of the court, and were the more surprising from being the language of one of that very showy corps whom all the world looked on as the especial idlers of the court; perhaps to prolong an indulgence which she began to feel in the hour, the scene, and the speaker, she turned to the topic of the Belgian tumults once more. The subject, too, had an interest for the guardsman, of which he had been hitherto unconscious, and he began to wonder at the ardour of the thoughts which rose to his lips.

"If the lovers of change," said he, "expect any thing from the risings in the Netherlands, they will be disappointed. A few cannon-shot, and a few charges of cavalry, will be enough for the riotous rabble of the town: as for the peasantry, they may be brave, but they have no grievances, or at least none which prevent them from having the best furnished farm-houses and the richest crops in the world. In short, I regard the whole as *une affaire finie*. Yet," added he, after a pause, "I admit that there are things which might awake a nation. There may be pulses in the national heart which have never beat before: I can imagine events to occur, like the giving of wings to the human frame, lifting us into a new element, giving us a new faculty, and laying open a career, to whose loftiness, vastness, and splendour, the world has never yet seen the equal."

All this was new from the lips of the soldier, and new to the ears of the princess. She gazed on his countenance, at that moment thrown into unusual animation by the topic, and listened like one who had heard a sudden burst of harmony from a harp shaken only by the wind. She was not altogether unconscious of the singularity of amusing herself with this *tête-à-tête*, with five hundred eyes upon her. She also knew perfectly the

laugh of the world of fashion at embarrassments of the nature into which she might be plunging; but she was a woman, that is saying much—a young, lovely, and brilliant one—and that is saying more. She saw a new subject before her, perhaps a new slave: that settled the question, and she resolved to make the experiment. All this may be blameable; but courts are never very lively places with all their balls; and the court of Joseph II. was as prim and pedantic as its master. The conversation flew on from grave to gay, and from gay to grave again. The guardsman had found that the finest woman of Vienna was not a fool; and the discovery stimulated even his apathy until he felt that to affect it any longer would be ridiculous. He became animated—his ideas flowed—he now recollected, for the first time during half a dozen years, that he had been in Italy, Greece, and England; that he had wandered among classic ruins, ranged over Arcadian hills, and listened to the language of the boldest, freest, and most eccentric race of men that were ever enclosed in an island. He had found unconsciously that conversation was not limited to the merits of a horse, an actress, or a new epaulette; and the eyes of the fair listener showed by their downcast lids that she listened with all her soul.

An universal flourish of the imperial orchestra, which intimated that the most distinguished violinist of the earth had just finished his most celebrated concerto, unhappily unheard from its first note to its last, alike by the princess and the count, at length told them that they had conversed beyond all legitimate bounds at the imperial supper table, and that etiquette required their separation.

A week of pomps and parades followed, in which the princess was surrounded by French milliners and *coiffeurs* all the morning, and imperial and serene highnesses, and their excellencies the ambassadors all the night. The Hungarian was on horseback riding in procession twelve hours a-day; or escorting some diplomatic cavalcade; or, in the intervals, writing the name of Catharena Zadorinsky on his tablets, and calculating the exact distance between a cornet of cavalry and a princess of the imperial line. He might have calculated for

ever without finding hope at either the top or the bottom. The fact flashed upon him for the first time, that he was but the fifth son of a Hungarian noble; that, however embroidered his uniform, he had nothing for his inheritance but his sabre; and that, however the belles of Vienna might approve of him as a partner in the waltz, it must be a peculiarly soft-souled one who would prefer him, as a partner for life, to the heaviest possessor of any one of those glittering equipages which toiled their daily course round the verdant alleys of Schenbrunn. But of all women of Vienna or of earth, Catharena, that terrestrial star! that "luminary which dazzled wherever she moved!" that "jewel to be set only in the crown of princes!" what chance could he ever have of being any thing nearer to her than a gazer on the star! So soliloquized he; so has every man in his circumstances soliloquized at one time or other. His mind was feverish; the agitation of his thoughts communicated itself to his frame; and for the purpose of escaping the questions which his hollow cheek and sunken eye brought incessantly and provokingly upon him, he obtained a short leave of absence, and determined to exert the remaining vigour of his mind and body in heroically running away from the danger.

"All the roads of the world," says the Frenchman, "run to Paris." This is true, at least, of all the minds of the continent. The young run to it for pleasure, the old for variety, the vicious for indulgence, the curious for oddity, and the clever to be admired. Paris at this period had the additional interest of being the centre of all the politics—that is, of all the absurdities of the foolish, all the business of the idle, and all the knavery of the unprincipled, among mankind.

De Walstein happened to reach Paris on the morning of the 14th of August 1789. He was tired with a sleepless night in one of the most comfortless inventions of man, a French diligence, and longed for nothing so much as to find rest in his hotel. But this was not to be. The morning was destined for renown. As the diligence made its heavy way over the intolerable pavement of the fauxbourg St Antoine, it was surrounded

by a multitude shouting all kinds of cries, and with all kinds of weapons brandished in their hands; and the formidable question was asked by a thousand voices at once,—“Are there any aristocrats within?” Sincerity was no virtue at such a time, and the conductor, trembling at the forest of pikes below, roared from the top of the coach, that they were all good citizens. He was not prepared for the reply, “Then let them all come out and assist the brave citizens of Paris to conquer their freedom.” Liberty of choice was now out of the question. The passengers were all forced out, and the conductor had only the honour of marching at their head, pike in hand, in the midst of groups of the populace dancing, fighting, clashing their weapons, and shouting, “Down with the King, and up with the People!” De Walstein made an attempt to escape this forced levy; but, hemmed in with pikes and muskets, he was instantly driven back; and luckily remaining unwounded by the justice of the sovereign people, he had no resource but to march on with the rest. As they advanced, the crowd became thicker and the tumult more violent. Shots were heard, followed by the roar of cannon.

The cry of “To the Bastille!” now thundered in every quarter, and the turning of a narrow street brought the whole column in front of the dreaded fortress of Paris. De Walstein was a soldier, though an unwilling exhibitor on this occasion, and for the first few moments he felt the imposing nature of his first battle. The houses surrounding the fortress were filled and covered with the armed populace, keeping up an ill-directed but incessant fire. The space below, and all the streets leading to it, were a mass of men, women, and even of children, all firing, or screaming, or exclaiming against the Government. The embrasures of the Bastille showed heavy guns pointed downwards to the masses, and from time to time throwing a few plunging shot into the crowd, each of which was followed by an universal chorus of curses and groans. This desultory warfare had lasted for some time, and seemed likely to last through the day; when the beating of drums was heard, a commotion was seen among the more distant columns, and the cry of “the guard! the guard!”

turned every eye in the direction. A battalion of the Royal Household was seen advancing at a rapid pace, with colours flying and bayonets fixed, till they came to the foot of the drawbridge. An universal fire now poured from the roofs and windows, and all was covered for some period with smoke. When it cleared away, the royal guard were seen rushing over the bridge. The populace poured after them, shouting out victory, and De Walstein found himself carried along by the torrent. When they had passed those gates, which were once so like the gates of death, the situation of the assailants became a sufficiently perilous one. They found that a second was between them and the body of the place, that the garrison, small as it was, had made up their minds at last to resist, and in the narrow space of the inner-court numbers only exposed themselves to be mowed down by the grape-shot. They were not long in suspense. Two guns on either side of the drawbridge were suddenly unmasked, and threw a shower of grape among the crowd. The discharge was followed by an universal yell; fifty had fallen, the court was covered with killed and wounded; all now attempted to rush back to the gate; but it too was choked up. If the garrison had now followed up their blow, the fortress would have been saved, the populace beaten, and the Revolution crushed in its birth. Such are the strange chances of human things. The bayonets of a company of invalids might have extinguished a war which was yet to sweep away millions of men, and shake all the thrones of Europe. But this was not to be. De Launay, the governor of the Bastille, though a brave man, had not the unerring sense to know, that when a battle begins the only wisdom is to strike till it is ended. He was a marquis too, and in that day what was a French marquis good for but to dance attendance at Versailles? He ordered his cannoniers to stop, advanced to the battlements, and proposed that the assailants should withdraw without further damage. On this moment was balanced the French monarchy. While he was in the act of speaking, a shot fired by some drunkard or madman struck one of the chains of the drawbridge, it shook; the populace rushed forward with a

roar; a tumbler from one of the suburb theatres, with the agility of his trade, sprung upon it, dragged it down, and cut away the remaining chain with the blow of an axe. A discharge of cannon swept the bridge; but the multitude were now frenzied: they rushed forward, firing, roaring, and trampling upon each other. The confusion was horrible, all was darkened with the smoke, and all that De Walstein could feel was, that he was in the midst of a human hurricane tenfold more terrible than the natural one. The firing continued on both sides for some time, and when the multitude were on the point of giving way again, all eyes were directed to the white flag, hoisted for capitulation on the great tower of the fortress. The shout that rose from the multitude in the streets, the houses, and the roofs, tore the very air. In a few moments the governor was seen, pale and bleeding, without hat or sword, dragged along in the midst of a crowd of the royal guard, to whom he had surrendered with his feeble garrison, on the sole condition of sparing their lives. But what are conditions to the mob, rendered ferocious by feeling themselves masters? To the horror of De Walstein, no sooner had they seen the garrison and their unfortunate commandant disarmed, than they clamoured for their instant death, threw themselves upon the guard, tore them away, and began stabbing them with the fury of demons. De Launay fell under a hundred knives; his principal officers were butchered over his corpse; and, not content with those atrocities, the savages in their ferocious triumph decapitated them, hung their trunks to the cords of the lamps, and fixing their heads and hands on pikes, carried them to the sitting of the Civic Committee in the Place de Grève. The whole event in its sudden outbreak, its strange success, and its remorseless cruelty, was the emblem of the Revolution.

How De Walstein escaped, he could scarcely tell. In the last rush of the multitude to seize the unhappy prisoners, he had attempted to rescue a young officer, who had been already wounded by a musket-shot, and was evidently on the point of being massacred. The attempt cost him a stab of a butcher's knife in the arm; but he nevertheless contrived to draw the offi-

cer towards a recess which screened him for the moment. As they leaned against the wall, a door opened behind, and an old servant of the governor, terrified to death, gave them refuge, and instantly closed the door. It was the nephew of the governor who had been thus saved, and he was profuse in his acknowledgments.

The accident of having been flung into this corner probably saved both their lives. For the populace, now complete masters of the fortress, gave a vent to all the fury of men intoxicated with sudden success, and determined to destroy the last remnant of a building on which Paris had looked with terror for centuries. If the French had stopped with pulling down the Bastille, they would have earned the praise of every man of humanity and reason in Europe. It was to the monarchy what the inquisition was to the papacy—an embodying of its spirit—a sullen, fearful, and abhorred monument of all that was fearful in despotism; and the day which saw those gates torn down for ever, which were once like the gates of death, was a day of triumph, not for France alone but for the world.

As the old domestic led them through the vaulted passages and gloomy corridors, De Walstein fully forgave the wild turbulence which had overthrown the stronghold of arbitrary power, and, involuntary as his share in the exploit had been, he was not inclined to regret it. His young companion was inconsolable: he internally execrated the barbarism which had put his relative to death; but his grief was mingled with indignation at the negligence of the Court.

"Will you believe it," he exclaimed, "nothing could awake those fools at Versailles to a sense of our condition. My unfortunate uncle remonstrated with the War Minister until he actually gave up the idea, through fear of imputations on his personal nerve. We had full information for some days that the fortress was to be attacked. We knew even the sums of money which were showered among the rabble of the Fauxbourg. We knew that powder and ball were purchased, and to all this the Court turned a deaf ear; left the garrison of a place like this, commanding Paris, without twelve hours' bread and wine,

without ammunition for a siege of twenty-four hours; and what were our numbers to keep a capital of 600,000 people in order, exactly one hundred and ten men, of whom eighty were actual invalids? We were thus left to be sacrificed!

"But what will be the result? Will this shake the Ministry? Will the Court come to their senses at last?" eagerly asked De Walstein.

A loud roar, that rang round the building, stopped his speech. "They are bursting in," exclaimed the old domestic, "we must fly to the *Sou-terrainnes*."

"No," said the young officer; "I saw them once. They almost made a republican of me. And yet, if I stay here I must die; my wounds bleed. Well, it is better to perish on the pikes of the rabble, than die like a trampled worm in its hole." He fell back, fainting.

De Walstein instantly took him on his shoulders, rushed to the door, and after winding through a succession of passages—which gave him the strongest idea of the passages of some huge sepulchre—saw a massive door, which barred his further progress, swing backward under successive blows, fall into fragments, and let in upon him the whole formidable marshalling of the multitude. It was the picture of the Revolution in all its wild grandeur, its sanguinary horrors, and its colossal power. From the steps of the prison-gate on which he stood his eye ranged over a sea of human countenances, agitated by every disturbing and furious passion of mankind. Thousands and tens of thousands of pikes, mingled with banners of every colour and every fierce inscription, tossed above; musket shots, in token of triumph, were frequently discharged from the roofs and windows, which were still thick with people; and above the heads of this were hung, swinging on the lamp-ropes in the wind, the bleeding trunks of the soldiers and officers who had been slain, and whose heads grinned ghastly on the pikes in front of the line below—the first-fruits of a revolution of blood.

The apparition of De Walstein, standing in the centre of the doorway with a man apparently slain on his shoulders, was hailed with an universal shout. He expected to have been

put to death at the instant; the chance of things turned out otherwise. Some voice in the multitude had cried out, "that he was one of the victims of oppression who had made his escape after killing his jailer." An exploit of this kind was the true one for the time. De Walstein, to his utter astonishment, found himself metamorphosed into a street hero. He was now pulled down into the midst of the crowd by a hundred hands; and when he refused to part with his burden, they were marched together, with the roar of the populace before and round them, proclaiming them as trophies of the last state-prison that was ever to be seen in France. The procession moved to the Hotel de Ville, where another emblem of the movement, the body of M. de Hesseles, provost of the merchants, was hanging over the door. A letter from him to the governor of the Bastille, found in the pocket of the unhappy marquis, had sealed his fate. It had warned the governor of the attack, and detailed the preparations of the revolt. This was simply his duty as one of the chief magistrates of the city. But the "majesty of the people" had already felt its power; the magistrate was seized and carried off to undergo an examination, on the ground of treason to the populace. His trial never came; but, what was of more interest to his new masters, his death came without delay. A ruffian executor of popular justice stepped up to him, and shot him through the heart. The remaining process added his headless body to that of the Marquis De Launay, and he now swung at the door of the protectors of universal law, right, and liberty.

Fevered, weary, and heartsick, De Walstein threw himself on his bed that night, and having deposited his wounded friend at the house of one of his relatives, he took horse from Paris by daybreak. Convinced that tidings of this order must produce a commotion in every court of Europe; and that, as his regiment was always among the first to be called on service, his proper place was at its headquarters.

He reached Vienna with unusual activity; but the intelligence had reached it before him. His own part of the performance, too, had not been unrecorded, and he found on his table a letter of solemn remonstrance from

the Imperial Secretary, regretting, in the most official style, that an officer of his noble family, and in so conspicuous a corps, should have been seen openly aiding, and even heading the atrocities of a rebellion.

This was a blow for which he was unprepared. He flew to the Minister: his reception was cold. He flew to the Emperor: Joseph referred him to the Minister. From both he flew to his Colonel. The Colonel was a brave, bold man, much in the habit of speaking his mind, and attached to De Walstein.

"I shall insist on having this charge fully investigated," said the indignant captain.

"You may insist as you like; but nothing was ever fully investigated, nor will be, in Vienna; and the more the business advances, the farther will they be from truth and you from justice," said the Colonel.

"I must have a court-martial," said the Captain.

"Yes; and a sentence this time ten years," said the Colonel.

"They cannot refuse me at least a court of enquiry!" exclaimed the Captain.

"They can refuse, and will refuse you every thing except the liberty to drown yourself in the Danube, or shoot yourself through the head in the Prater; and either of those you can manage without asking their leave," said the Colonel.

"Then I shall resign my commission, and try some other corps," said the Captain.

"Then you will do the War Minister the greatest possible favour, for he wants your troop for a cousin of Carolina Hundfutz, the opera dancer. This is the way of the world; you must not growl over it. I did so once, fought a puppy aide-de-camp of the Emperor for some court story, and was stopped on my way to be a field-marshal. I shall never wear the aiguillette in consequence. Be warned by my example."

They parted, the Colonel shrugging up his shoulders, with the resignation of a philosopher, to the necessity of the case, and De Walstein ready to fling courts, sceptres, and ministers to the centre of the earth.

But there was one feeling that lurked in the depth of his soul, more powerful than all, yet invisible almost to himself. How would the tidings

of his disgrace—for to such his sensitive spirit felt that the letter of the secretary amounted—be received by Catharena Zadorinski. He perplexed himself with this meditation for some bitter hours, and was awakened from his melancholy reverie by seeing the flash of the torches behind one of the court carriages, rushing by to the French opera. He had suffered the evening to close round him in darkness, and the sudden glare illumined the room, and showed him in a mirror opposite to the casement the countenance of the one only being on earth whose opinion still seemed worth a moment's notice. She was radiant with diamonds, and still more radiant with smiles, which she appeared to be bestowing on the wearer of a superb uniform, sitting in the front of the carriage. The vision shot by, and left him in double gloom. He pondered for a while as to the advice of his friend the colonel, and his rapid escape from all the troubles of courts and commissions by a plunge in the Danube. But the princess at the opera, with the showy suitor by her side—all this was grave matter of thought. He threw his cloak round him, hurried through the streets like one already anxious for concealment, threw himself into an upper *loge* which commanded a view of the purple-lined box of the Imperial family, and there disposed himself for that most delicious of all enjoyments, the pleasure of watching the movements of a superb jilt, engaged in securing the soul of a distinguished admirer in the nets of Hymen.

In these days the French theatre was the theatre *par excellence*. In fact, the continental world of taste acknowledged no other. The Italian stage had long before sunk into burlesque and opera. Goldoni was the wit of the one, and Metastasio the manufacturer of the *libretti* of the other. No more expressive epitaph could be written on a dead stage. The Spanish theatre was in the library—the boards contained nothing but grimaces, and dancers of the Bolero. Calderon and Lope were known only on their tombstones, and read only by the cunning of French authorship, which robbed them for ideas. Germany was still in nearly the state in which it had been left by Arminius or the Deluge. Its poetry, strong and savage—its drama strong, but savage too—its

language voted by all the polished world, with Frederick of Prussia in its front, to be incapable of any thing but the phraseology of eating, drinking and fighting. France, light as a zephyr, and brilliant as a firework, led the way; delighted all, dazzled all, and deluded all. The French company in the Austrian capital was perfection, according to the connoisseurs. The theatre was the *chef-d'œuvre* of a French architect, its scenery alone was by an Italian pencil—for what Frenchman ever had a sense of the sublime; but all its sculptured pillars, its rose-festooned *loges*, all that was before the scenes, and all that was behind them too, was Parisian. The French capital itself scarcely furnished any thing more perfect than the select company of Artistes, who, on that stage, performed all the brilliancies and the pleasantries, the romantic loves and the gay stratagems of the *repertoire* of the French dramatic muse.

The "drame" was "Tarare," the most famous performance of the revolutionary stage; and so revolutionary that it would have been endured on no stage of the continent but that of Vienna itself. But Joseph the "philosopher," was of another calibre. The emperor loved to play in the political extravagances, as children love to play on the edge of a precipice. His faith in the aristocracy of the empire gave him courage to sport with the lightnings which were so soon to set Europe in a blaze. He looked on, and scoffed at the hazards which were in a few years to overflow the earth, like molten iron, pouring out red-hot from the furnace.

The drama began. It was well calculated to excite strong attention; it soon awakened still more disturbing impulses. It opened with a dialogue in the skies. Splendid and visionary forms descended, holding council upon the fates of human kind; and shaping those vast and daring ideas which were yet to be embodied in the destinies of nations. The visions were Fortune, Genius, Power, and the whole tribe of mighty influences which guide invisibly the wills, and influence the passions of the human race. The dialogue was lofty; the music wild, strange, and touching. The scenery, such as Italian talent would have conceived for the new Olympus of a new generation of Deities—regions basking

in the radiance of solar light, and thrones of pomp unstained by our sullen world.

The effect even of this commencement upon the audience was electric. They had seen nothing like it before. The mysticism of the German stage, just then beginning to exhibit that mysterious spirit which so deeply engages the human mind in all ages, was shallow to the strange depth and solemn grandeur of the dialogue. The French was tinsel to the substantial splendour of thought which seemed to be uttered by oracles, and conceptions which seemed to elevate them less to a higher rank than to a higher nature. If any man think this exaggerated, it is only a proof that he had not lived in 1789 and seen *Tarare*. If he had, doubt was impossible. It was the most profound artifice in the guise of the purest simplicity; the spirit of overthrow, with the wings and sceptre of an angel of light. It was temptation in its most magnificent appeal to the intellect—bold, brilliant, and revolutionary!

But there were at least two in that assembly who felt its full influence—the princess and De Walstein. Catharena Zadorinski was the daughter of an archduke, who had fallen at the head of an army in the Turkish campaigns. Her mother, of the family of a Polish Starast, had retired from Vienna, and employed her ample revenues and her remaining years in cultivating the mind of her only child. Brussels, Rome, Naples, Milan, and Vienna had been the successive scenes of her residence; and, at the age of five-and-twenty, still unmarried, and wholly indifferent to the solicitations of the crowd, who worshipped either her beauty or her domains, she had fixed herself at the Imperial court, the most distinguished ornament of a capital celebrated as the headquarters of native beauty.

But there is a fate in all things, and for all; and De Walstein was hers. She had seen more distinguished individuals—she had conversed with established wits—she had received homage worthy of a sultana from nobles with pedigrees reaching to the flood; and yet this grave, calm, and apparently insensible being deeply disturbed her equanimity. No sensation could be more surprising to herself; none more painful, humbling, and unaccountable. She had seen him but in

the few casual *fêtes* of the palace: before the night of the ball she had scarcely ever conversed with him; yet she had now found him out in all his obscurity, and gazed on every change of his countenance, as if it were of the highest import to her to know what was passing within. While all other eyes were fixed upon the performance, she had a more profound study in the features—now glowing, now pale; now flashing with sudden fervour, then sinking into a melancholy that looked almost despair. They were the mental mirror where she read all the spirit-stirring changes of the scene.

The author had laid his story in the East—and all glows with the heat and splendour of the land of the sun. The hero begins his career in the most obscure condition of life. He has been a forgotten infant, an unknown youth, a disregarded man. Unconscious of his powers, he has proposed to lead the life of a peasant. Accident throws an opportunity of distinction in his way. It is the sound of a trumpet to him, and marshals all his faculties like an army sprung out of the earth. He describes it as the first ray of the sun upon a hemisphere covered with clouds, suddenly gilding their sullen outlines, painting them with orient colours, and shaping them into masses of grandeur. It is a new creation, filling the vacant and formless space with vivid existence and various glory. Tarare the slave, becomes a soldier. His mind develops itself at every new achievement: his views become more enlarged at every upward step: he is continually ascending. The feeble inheritors of wealth, the worn-out possessors of honours, the indolent masters of thrones, yield before him like dust before the whirlwind. They sink before his fire like frost before the sunbeam. They are torn up and overwhelmed by his swift and unremitting advance, as the city on the seashore before the stormy rise of the ocean. He still advances; he is gigantic alike in his ambition and his genius; he at length is sovereign of the East; he is all soul and sword, but conquest has now done its work; he has only a more illustrious triumph before him; he casts aside the sword, and commands that it shall be cast aside by all nations; he sits the benevolent arbiter of the earth; he com-

mands, and commerce showers wealth on all mankind; he speaks the law of peace, and it is the law of all. For the great assembly of representatives from all kingdoms, he is the supreme legislator; for the temple of universal nature he is the high priest; from the central throne of the East he sends forth the combined dictates of majesty, power, and wisdom, like rays from a central luminary, to scatter the remotest darkness of the globe; he sits Tarare, the king of men.

The continued plaudits of the excited auditory, followed this superb performance scene by scene. Wild as its improbabilities were, and daring as was its language, there was a fascination in this rapid development of human faculties which kept them in a perpetual fervour. Even where the severity of the sarcasm passed all the bounds of courtly observance, it was either lost in the general admiration of its sparkling language, or it was so quickly followed by some lofty incantation against the pride of birth, the folly of prejudice, or the feebleness of absolute custom contending with salutary and magnificent change, that no time was left for censure. While the eye was gazing at the flash, it was in the opposite quarter, as bright and as penetrating as ever, and in both alike inaccessible.

Catharena Zadorinski sat within the shade of the imperial box, engaged, as she afterwards acknowledged, in contemplating the effect of the drama in the countenance of De Walstein. In its alternate melancholy and ardour, the light that passed over it, when some new and powerful expression of character was developed on the stage, and the feverish anxiety which deepened it like a cloud in the intervals of this strong and strange sympathy, told her that she saw there a being whose new existence was to be dated from that hour, a character of unconscious and involuntary power—a living Tarare.

The last scenes of the drama were still statelier than those which had already so deeply engaged the audience. Tarare, the conqueror, the king, and the legislator, was now to be more. The genii of fortune, power, and wisdom, again stood before the eye. They recited lofty sentiments, accompanied with delicious music, in the style of the ancient Chorus. He was now to be more than man; to be enrolled among

those mighty names which change cannot reach, to which history can add nothing, and to which time can only add a broader glory. All was now complete, the trial of mind had been accomplished, the supremacy of valour and virtue had been shown, and now the three sister destinies of man expanded their mighty wings. Tarare rose from the earth on a throne of gems. Clouds of crimson and gold followed the pomp upward, and gradually involved it from the eye. Trumpets and choral harmonies were heard, fainter as it rose, and the whole pomp slowly ascended like an ascending world.

Theatrical as all this was, the illusion was as complete as it was beautiful. It was as a lovely dream; but, unlike the dream, was not made to vanish with the morning. The curtain fell amid universal silence;—the emotion was too deep for applause. It was not until an actor came forward with some announcement for the following night, that the audience recovered their senses. Then the acclamations, unrestrained by the habitual etiquette of the court, burst forth, Joseph himself taking the lead. Catharena watched the *loge* where De Walstein still lingered, with his head leaning on his hand, and his eyes fixed on the stage, as if he still saw the pageant. She was yet more startled by seeing him suddenly spring from his seat, and with a surprised look at the solitude in which his reverie had left him, rush from the box. She too had unconsciously lingered until the theatre was left almost to themselves. Tears, prompted by she knew not what, filled her eyes. When she wiped them away, to her utter consternation she saw De Walstein intensely gazing at her; he had returned to give a parting glance, and was evidently a witness to her emotion. She could only wave her hand in return to his profound bow across the house; and, overwhelmed with sensations too disturbing to be called pleasure, and too much mingled with pleasure to be called pain, she hurried to her carriage, thence to her chamber, and hid her tears on the pillow.

A great crisis had come in the history of the European mind. France had already exhibited the symptoms of that frenzy which was first to astonish, then to alarm, and then to convulse the world. From the centre of

European brilliancy, she became the centre of a vast eruption, fed by the fiery discontents of all nations. Paris was the crater of the great volcano. Individual character displayed as extraordinary a change as national. The elegant frivolity of the higher ranks of France was no more; the simple gaiety of the multitude had equally vanished. All life became public; and all public life was a preparation for a desperate struggle. From among the highest circles of the noblesse sprung forth minds marked by all the stern, lofty, and daring features of the republican ages of Rome. Men, whose talents had been confined to a *chanson*, or whose knowledge of life had only pointed an epigram, suddenly spoke like the orators, and wrote like the satirists of antiquity. The States General, followed by the National Assembly, were the living theatres for which the rapidness of the ball-room and the opera were deserted. All was bold rhetoric, and still bolder ambition. But there was a spirit viewlessly ascending among those showy phantoms, wholly malignant and irresistible—the true type of the original tempter, who first dazzled, then deduced into revolt, and then plunged into ruin. The chief leaders of the public mind had been well known to the nation, and the astonishment, in their instance, principally arose from their rapid rejection of early habits. But there now appeared one among them, of whom the nation knew nothing but his extraordinary ability and his exhaustless enthusiasm. He was called Regnier, and by his eloquence in the municipal committees, had been fixed on for a deputy of Paris to the National Assembly. He was evidently in narrow circumstances: his dress was simple, even in a time when republicanism made a virtue of abjuring the dress of high life. How he lived no one knew; but conjectures were formed that he sustained himself by composing some of those brilliant national airs, which ran through France like a flame—but which were wholly of a higher school than the slight and transient melodies of France—or that he contributed to the *Moniteur* some of those memorable papers which arrested all eyes at the moment of their appearance. But all this still remained a question: he had no confidants; he lived in total seclusion; he associated but little with the Parisian lead-

ers; but when he took his place in the assembly, it was among the Girondists—that celebrated party who brought into the debates the showy eloquence and constitutional ardour of the South; but, unfortunately for their country and themselves, abandoned principle for popularity, thought that the mob was to be as much ruled by harangues as the legislature, and acted on the theory that the larger the concession to popular demands, the greater was the security of popular obedience. Those desperate misconceptions were ultimately paid for in their blood; and the showy and classic orators of the Gironde soon fell before the daggers of the rabble and the blade of the guillotine. Still, Regnier, though among them, was evidently not of them: he was cast in another mould, and had more the habits and style of an ancient cynic philosopher, than of a party which prided itself on reconciling republicanism with elegance, and charming the public eye from the atrocious displays of revolt to the studied graces of scholarship and society. Regnier's soul was bent upon larger objects. He contemplated results from the great crisis, which his associates narrowed to the possession of personal wealth and power.

His addresses to the Assembly were highly received; but he evidently disregarded public applause in all its shapes. The moment the debate was closed, he habitually shrank from the hands that were held out to congratulate him, hurried away from the Assembly, like one who hated the human voice, and buried himself in his solitary chamber.

"What do you think of Regnier to-day?" was the question of a deputy to the celebrated Lanjuinais.

"Just what I have thought of him from the first day I heard him," was the answer. "He would make a capital Catiline, except that he hates woman, wine, and war."

"What think you of a Cicero? he has eloquence enough?" said the inquirer.

"Perhaps so, for a modern; but did you observe him to-day, while the hall was ringing with applause, he made his retreat like a mastiff that has torn down a robber, and then leaves the affair to be finished by the police? He took the question by storm, and walked away from the breach, leaving us to enter and make what we would of the spoil. The old Roman would

have waited to hear the last whisper of acclamation. In short, the man is a problem."

But the great catastrophe hurried on. The populace had obtained the conviction that they were masters: and ruin was the consequence.

One evening as Regnier was returning from the sitting of the National Assembly, he was met by two men, who have since been among the historical characters of their age. One was Talleyrand, the other the Abbé Sieyès.

The conversation turned upon the great transaction of the day; the memorable seizure of the whole church-property of France.

"And what is your opinion Regnier?" asked the ex-bishop of Autun.

"The same as that of all good patriots, and as mine," interposed Sieyès. "Regnier is a man of too much experience in the world not to know that the nation has a right to the national property, be it in whose hands it may, and that the times require sacrifices besides."

"I am still unconvinced," said Regnier, with a countenance of great dejection. "The conduct of the Assembly has broken down a theory which I had been building for years; that men unbiased by private motives will always decide with honour. To-night I have witnessed an act of national robbery, and one committed for nothing."

"But you must allow that the property was national," said Sieyès.

"As much as the property of the woman who sells roasted chestnuts at the gate of the Tuilleries garden is national, and no more. As much as the money dropt into the alms box at Notre Dame is national. As much as a bequest to the *Maison des enfants trouvés* is national, and no more," emphatically said Regnier.

"You will either be a great man, or have your head cut off one of those days," said Sieyès with a half-smile.

"Perhaps both, and in quick succession," said the ex-bishop, with a still more sarcastic smile.

"But you both think as I do."

"I," said Sieyès, "am a Republican, but no Revolutionist."

"I," said Talleyrand, "am a Revolutionist, but no Republican."

"And what made either of you what he is?" enquired Regnier; "ambition, disgust, or philosophy?"

"I was neglected in my profession," was the answer of Sieyès. "I saw triflers and time-servers put over my head. I felt that I was already confined, and must die there, unless I had strength to break a hole for fresh air. I began, and found the work more amusing than I thought; I determined to break the whole coffin. In short, I wrote my pamphlet *Qu'est ce que le Tiers Etat*. I looked at my own work as it lay on my table; and I must acknowledge I looked at it with surprise—the vanity of authorship was not the motive. I felt my own language like the language of a stranger, and heard it like the sound of a trumpet. I had converted myself—what might it not be in the eyes of France, then maddening? It was the very song of revolution, for a people that were at that moment longing only for the music and the words. I showed the manuscript to my friend the Duc de Biron. He was more struck with it even than I had been. 'You have the thunderbolt in your hand; you must be a Jove,' said he; 'I had rather be a comfortable Canon,' was my answer. 'Well, we shall see.' He took the pamphlet in his hand, and showed it to the prime minister. De Bienne glanced over it, advised me to burn it without delay, and desired me to present myself at his next levee. I congratulated myself on my success in frightening a prime minister, and spent the day in dreaming of purple and fine linen for life."

"What good genius rescued you from the calamity of spending ten thousand livres a-year?" asked Regnier, as he glanced at the meagre frame of the Abbé.

The fortunate folly of the Archbishop. Rank was then curiously attained in France. De Bienne, when an abbé, had distinguished himself by the ardour of his sonnets to the declining beauties of Madame de Pompadour. For this he had been made a bishop. He was next discovered to be one of the most capital billiard players at Versailles. For this he was made an archbishop. He was now in the high-road of preferment, wrote charades for the ladies of honour, songs for the private re-unions of Trianon, and epigrams on Neckar. As they could not make him a pope, they made him prime minister of France. I went to his levee; but he was busy with some great lords, and

passed me by. I went a second time. He was busy with great lords again, and again passed me by. I resolved that no man living should insult me a third time; and on his next levee, instead of presenting myself to be passed by, I sent him the first copy of my pamphlet that came from the press—a thing which he could not pass by. I had now launched my thunderbolt, and it crushed him. In a week he was no longer minister. The flame spread; it awoke France; it blazed round the throne; and it tore up the foundations of the church. I am poor, but I am revenged; I am known, and I shall not be forgotten."

"I," said Talleyrand, "had to complain, not of man, but of nature—not of the world, but of my wet nurse. She let me fall on the ground one day, and thus, in my cradle, decided my career for life. A broken limb in France is worse than a broken character. I wished to be a soldier; but I was considered good for nothing, and was therefore made a priest. I never liked my calling, and therefore I rejoiced in the prospect of change. I was made a bishop, for which I was unfit. I am now a member of the Assembly; and it depends upon myself to show whether I am fitted for a legislator."

"The career is bold, the road broad, and the prize incomparable; but may not the Revolution have reached its height already? May it not go down as it rose, and leave the land in total darkness?" asked Regnier.

"No," said Talleyrand; "it is already a fixed star. It has taken its position. It can neither rise nor set for ever."

"It is a comet," said Sieyes; "clowns wonder at its blaze, and fools think that its tail is come to set the world on fire. Yet it is harmless, however splendid; it is within the laws of the system; it will fulfil its course, and then pass away and be unthought of for five hundred years to come. All republics have done the same."

"It is neither! I am beginning to open my eyes," exclaimed Regnier, with great emotion. "It is a torch that will be given from the hand of the philosopher into the hand of the politician, and by him into the hand of the mob; by them it will be flung upon the church, the throne, and the assembly. Its blaze will ascend; the

fame and the fortunes of France will swell the conflagration, until it is quenched in blood. Its last spark will be trampled out by the heel of the soldier." His words were delivered with involuntary energy.

The group were silent for a few minutes. They walked forward without a word to the spot where they were to part; there they paused.

"Regnier, you are no patriot; but you are a philosopher," said Sieyes.

"Regnier, you are no patriot; but you are a prophet," said Talleyrand. They parted; and from that hour the three never met again.

Time advanced rapidly. Regnier had become a member of the famous club of the Cordeliers. His singular zeal made him soon distinguished. He was in the midst of one of his proudest orations on the day when the startling intelligence of the march of the Duke of Brunswick across the frontier, at the head of 140,000 men, was brought to the sitting. He suddenly abandoned the topic on which he had been speaking. He displayed the resources of a nation determined to resist; the feebleness of an invader, the misery of chains, the glories or freedom. The crowd listened with fixed admiration, or burst into unanimous applause. In the midst of one of those acclamations, a single, deep, but powerful voice cried out—"Brunswick is the butcher; but who gave him the axe?" "The King!" was the universal roar. The voice was Danton's, and from that hour all was decided. The guillotine was to govern.

All the rest is quickly told. At midnight the tocsin rang. At six in the morning the Sections took post with their cannon in front of the Tuileries. Regnier's fancy, inflamed by the constant excitement of the time, was filled with the impression that the only hope of repelling the invasion which thus threatened a free people, was the power of compelling the sovereign to join the nation against the invaders. A royal declaration, the dismissal of ministers clearly incapable of guiding the state, and a royal command to Brunswick and his hussars to retire, were to be accomplished only by a display of the national force in the presence of the king. The Revolution had, till now, been a revolution of the bureau—it was now to be a re-

volution of the field. Regnier was chosen by acclamation to head the march of the Faubourg St Antoine, which had constantly taken the lead, and now sent a column of fifteen thousand men. The St Marceau sent ten thousand. Column on column rolled along. He had chosen France as his country, and he was pledged to her regeneration.

The palace exhibited a force capable of making a victorious resistance, or, in the worst event, of inflicting a terrible retaliation. Eight hundred of the royal Swiss guard were drawn up in front of the Tuilleries. The grenadiers of several battalions of the national guard formed line with the Swiss; and the windows of the palace were crowded with nobles, personal friends, and attendants of the royal family, armed, and determined to resist to the last moment. The sight checked the bravado of the heads of the insurrection; and Regnier had scarcely ordered his cannon to be brought forward, and his musketeers to form, when an order came from the Committee at the Hotel de Ville, to attempt the removal of the Swiss, by negotiation with the king. Regnier received the order with an indignant smile, and in the fever of the moment was about to rush to the charge; but the deputies insisted on his compliance, and on his accompanying them to the royal presence.

He dismounted, and led the way. It was the first time that he had entered the palace since his democratic fervour. He had seen it in its glory: the contrast now was extreme. The stairs and galleries were crowded with a multitude of men and women of rank, equally helpless, and all equally expecting massacre. The architectural beauty of this vast pile was defaced by neglect and the rudeness of the Parisian mobs, which had lately penetrated the saloons: the paintings were torn down, and the sculptures mutilated—all was ominous of royal ruin. Regnier, though full of the exultation of Republicanism, was not a Vandal, and he only regretted that liberty should be so much of the barbarian. But it was when he reached the royal presence that he felt the true change. The deputation, forcing their way to the spot where sat the royal family, encircled by a few of their guards, began the delivery of their message.

Regnier's eyes were fixed on the group of royalty and sorrow; the king, harmless and helpless; the dauphiness, a pale but noble countenanced girl, deeply aware of the terrors round her, yet calm; the dauphin, still a child, but intelligent and graceful. But it was the queen who fixed every eye, and whose superiority of character deserved, in that hour of fearful trial, to fix the eyes of the world. He had seen her, in her days of brilliancy, the sovereign—he saw her now, in the day of humiliation, and regarded her as the first of human beings. Her handsome countenance, though pale and worn, had been elevated by the strong emergencies of her time; and the mixture of feminine sensibility with heroic grandeur invested her, to Regnier's quick imagination, with something almost supernatural. The deputation delivered their message, and turned to withdraw; Regnier continued gazing on this exalted and unhappy woman. They left the saloon, and Regnier remained. The increasing tumult of the Sections, impatient for the attack, was heard below; and the name of their favourite chief, Regnier, was loudly called. But his mind had undergone a revulsion. In that moment the sight of fallen greatness, and of noble beauty undone, had changed his whole spirit, and he felt as if a new existence had begun within him. He threw himself at the queen's feet, pressed her hand to his lips, and offered his life to her service. While the whole circle gazed in astonishment at this striking conversion, Regnier advanced to the balcony, took the tricolored cockade from his hat, threw off his tricolored scarf, his sabre and pistols, and flung the whole into the square; then, turning to the *garde du corps*, asked for a musket, and took his stand among them. A smile from the unhappy Marie Antoinette, showed that she had seen this gallant act of devotion, and it bound the noble proselyte to her cause for ever.

But there was no further time for royal gratitude. The whole body of the Sections rushed into the Place du Carousel, and commenced a heavy fire upon the troops. It was answered by volleys from the Swiss, and a continual discharge from the palace windows. The populace staggered under the fire, and, after a severe loss, fell back. Regnier's military *coup d'œil* saw the

decisive moment, and called out to the troops to charge. They hesitated: he rushed from the casement, was in the court in an instant, and with a royal flag waving in his hand, threw himself forward into the midst of the rebels. But his noble effort was misunderstood in the confusion. The few who followed him fell into disorder; and the multitude, pressed by fresh reinforcements pouring in from the city, rushed again upon the devoted Swiss. The fire now became terrible. Cannon and musketry poured a perpetual blaze against the troops, and the casements. All was shouts, imprecations, groans of the wounded, and the roar of artillery. At length one shout, which seemed to tear the heavens, told that the great gate of the palace was forced; and the thousands and ten thousands of the armed populace poured in with irresistible fury. Regnier, wounded and trampled in the general conflict, tore his way through the mass of bayonets, axes, and pikes, towards the saloon where he had last seen the royal family. With an effort which nearly exhausted his remaining strength, he reached the spot; but they were gone! A scream at the next moment pierced his ear, and he saw a group of the mob dragging a female along the gallery, apparently to fling her from one of the casements. He plunged into the crowd, and with one blow of his sabre severed the arm of a gigantic ruffian who had grasped her by the hair. He caught one glance of her countenance as she fell in his arms, and from that moment all disappeared from his eyes. He felt a sensation like death, and heard no more.

He awoke at last. How long he had slept he knew not; but the air that breathed round him was cool and fragrant, and the sounds of battle were no longer in his ears. He attempted to move, but he found his limbs singularly feeble; he made an effort to speak, but it was painful, and he gave it over; but as he opened his eyes, they fell on a mirror which showed him his face pale as death, greatly emaciated, and with a deep scar on his forehead. Recollection came slowly, but it came, and he looked round him; he was in a small but elegant chamber; he made a struggle to rise, and looked from the

casement; below him lay a large extent of lovely gardens, a broad river, spreading like a sheet of silver beyond; and the whole crowned with a distant view of ramparts, noble buildings, and gilded spires. This was not Paris! To what new world had he been carried? On what wings had he flown? His memory at length returned. He was in the loveliest portion of the noblest city of Germany. Before him were Schœnbrunn, the Danube, Vienna! Never was dreamer more entranced. But, when he turned, before him was at once the source and the interpreter of the mystery—Catharena Zadorinsky, leaning on the arm of the Prince, her uncle. She looked lovelier than ever. He was overwhelmed, and attempted to make his apologies.

"Count de Walstein," said the Prince, "Catharena has told me of the service which you rendered to her in that city of barbarians. It was immeasurable; and we have found ourselves only too happy in the opportunity to repay only a small part of the obligation. You are now in my palace, which I beg you to consider as perfectly at your service while you think proper."

"Monsieur Regnier," said Catharena, approaching him with a smile, "probably regrets that he saved the life of an aristocrat; but his recovery was the only thing wanting to our pleasure; and now we must leave him to his meditations."

"Princess," exclaimed De Walstein, "let the name of Regnier be forgotten with his frenzy. I feel like one emerged from the tomb. My life is due to your care. It would now be worthless without your friendship."

Explanations followed. The sudden abandonment of Vienna by the Count had excited universal surprise; but all enquiry was found to be hopeless; and after the wonder of a week it died away. But there was one to whom it was a source of deeper anxiety; and she brooded over it with feelings of that strange and sleepless interest which she had felt for the first time, and which have prompted half the wildest or noblest actions of human kind. She remembered Tarare; and when she heard that an extraordinary man, of whom none knew the origin or the country,

had started to the foremost rank of popular admiration in Paris; that his enthusiasm was of the loftiest order, his imagination a flame, and his eloquence a rapture, she became more and more convinced that she had discovered the fugitive. She found the family of the Austrian ambassador returning to France, and became the guest of her unhappy relative, the daughter of Maria Theresa. But public events had become so trying at this period, that all her feelings were absorbed in the perils of the royal family. The name of Regnier was even a source of bitter disappointment to her; for she never heard it pronounced in the circle of the Court but with some indignant remark at his power over the populace, and his fatal use of that power. On the terrible 10th of August, she had determined to abandon Paris, and was in the act of setting out to return, hopeless and heart-sick, to Germany, when the sight of the Sections marching to the assault of the palace, made her resolve to stay and perish with the Queen. She saw from the balcony Regnier riding at the head of his terrible column, and recognised him at once. In the agony of the moment, she longed that it might be her last. All doubt was now at an end. Seeing, with the quick sagacity of woman, that the monarchy was lost, she was approaching the royal apartments to share the fate of its inmates, when the armed multitude burst in. All that followed passed before her eyes with the rapidity, but the confusion, of a vision. She saw a tumult; she heard fierce voices; she saw dreadful visages; and from the midst of them all she saw the still more dreaded Regnier spring forward and kneel at the royal feet. The rest was all struggle, firing, the sight of slaughter, and the sounds of the dying. Rescued by De Walstein, Regnier no more, she had fainted in the throng of massacre; and when she opened her eyes, found herself flung among a mass of dead, with her rescuer insensible by her side.

"I thought you past away from the goods and evils of this earth," said Catharena; "yet I will acknowledge that, believing myself to be only awaiting the next dagger of the mob to follow you, I felt a weight taken from my heart, by knowing that you

died in the cause of loyalty; that you were the Hungarian noble once more; and that, with your last breath, you had abjured the infatuation of popular fame."

"That infatuation was your unconscious work, Catharena," said De Walstein. "I found myself irresistibly devoted to you from the first memorable evening of our meeting in the Imperial palace. The passion which lost Mark Antony the world, threw me first into despair, and then into frenzy. In Vienna I must be hopeless. In Paris I might achieve a new rank, unthought of by the haughty policy of my country. If I erred, it was for you. I resolved to be distinguished. The passion for power never was fed by such magnificent stimulants as in France. The throne would have fallen of itself; and the bold hands that combined to plunder it, scarcely more than anticipated the work of time. I bound myself never to come into your presence—never to write, speak, nor, if possible, think of you—until I could come possessing the highest rank of successful enterprise, and lay my trophies at the feet of the only woman whom I ever truly loved. But the day of the Tuilleries changed me at once; and this scar on my forehead, from the knife of the ruffian from whom I rescued you, is my only trophy of the Revolution. I could not have a prouder one—"

"And now," said the general, "that we may not be denounced by some of the police spies for a conspiracy against Prince Metternich or the Emperor of the Moon, I think that we had better separate for the night. Story-telling is not quite a matter of impunity on this side of the Alps, any more than it is on the other. But if you wish to confirm the facts, you have only to ride over with me to-morrow morning to Chateau Erlach, exactly three leagues off, where you shall have hunting for a week, or for a month, if you like. I will show half-a dozen as fine girls and boys as any in the Austrian dominions, with as handsome a mother at the head of them; and if you are not content with seeing the Princess Catharena Zadorinski, I will show you General Count de Walstein."

LECTOR ON THE LEGAL MERITS OF THE ILIAD.

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR,—The first-fruits of all my ideas are due to Maga, as the kind patroness of my schemes and studies. Encouraged by her favour I have been induced more earnestly than ever to consider the connexion of legal principles with life and literature; and, after much research and reflection, have arrived at the discovery of this important truth, *that in most of the great examples of fictitious narrative, the cardinal points of interest turn mainly upon questions of law.*

I intend, in the present letter, at once to illustrate this position, and to furnish a prospectus of future speculations of the same kind, by examining briefly, upon the best principles of jurisprudence, the foundation of the story of the Iliad. I do not here allude to the question between Paris and Menelaus in relation to Helen, although that matter deserves the best attention of a jurist, as an important chapter in ancient practice, regarding a description of injuries for which reparation is now obtained in a shorter and more satisfactory way. But I refer to the proper subject of the Iliad, as a poem employed in celebrating the wrath of Achilles. I affirm that the circumstances out of which the story thus springs are chiefly to be viewed as involving a legal question, and I add, that the interest of the event and the excellence of the epic, bear an exact proportion to the importance and difficulty of the points of law which are so raised.

The facts of the case may be shortly stated:—The Greeks, while engaged in the siege of Troy, having taken by storm some of the neighbouring towns, obtain possession of a large amount of plunder, including, among other articles, an assortment of ladies. A division of the spoil ensues, in which Agamemnon receives Chryseis as his share, or part of his share, the rest of the females being distributed among the other heroes, Achilles, Ajax, Nestor, &c. Thereafter a mortal pestilence, probably cholera, breaks out in the Grecian army, which, it is ascertained, proceeds from the displeasure of Apollo for the re-

tention of Chryseis, who is the daughter of his priest; whereupon Agamemnon, acting on the declared principle of promoting the common benefit,

Βελαμ' οὐκ ἔσσις ποτὶ πατρίαι, ἢ ἀπο-
λυσθαι,

surrenders Chryseis to her father, without ransom or reward. *Quid juris* as to Agamemnon's claim of recompense from the other Greeks on account of the loss thus sustained by him?

It will at once be seen that this question is equally difficult and important. The difficulty, as usual, proceeds from the conflict of opposing principles, each of which is undeniably correct within certain debatable limits, and each of which, if found applicable, will be decisive of the question.

1. On the one hand, there is the principle embodied in the maxim, *Res perit domino*, a thing perishes to its owner; or, in other words, the owner of an article is the party who must suffer by its loss. There is no doubt that if my horse or house is accidentally destroyed, even when lent to a friend, the loss is mine. The allotment of Chryseis to Agamemnon, transferred to him the *periculum* or risk of any event by which she might be carried off. Previously indeed to a division, and while she and the other articles of booty were *in medio*, the risk was with the whole body of the Greeks, who had a common property in the total undivided spoil. But as soon as a division was effected, that act, by passing the property of the lady to the leader of the army, subjected him also to the consequences of any contingency which might affect his prize. From that time forward he had exclusive right to the emoluments and advantages which might result from the chattel; and was bound, as the counterpart of this privilege, to bear the burden of its eventual loss or depreciation. Agamemnon speaks in high terms of the *εργα* or accomplishments of Chryseis, which, probably, consisted mainly in her skill in worsted work, and he had threatened her fa-

ther, that as she advanced in life she should be kept chiefly at work as a hand-loom operative.

Ἰστον πλαιχόμενον, καὶ ἴσον λῆχος ὑπτιόμενον.
In daily labours of the loom employ'd,
Or doom'd to deck the bed she once enjoy'd.

As it cannot be questioned that the King of men would have had the whole profits or benefits arising from the disposal or use of the articles so manufactured, without any accountability to the Greeks for the amount received, so he was the sole party to suffer from the untoward result of his speculation. *Cujus est commodum ejus debet esse incommodum.*

2. But there is another recognised principle of law which militates against the application of these views. It is a rule that recompense or contribution is due where a loss is sustained for the purpose and with the effect of producing benefit to another person, or to a community. This is the foundation of the *Lex Rhodia de jactu*, or law of general average in the case of jettison; and it extends to many analogous cases. The distinction between the range of this principle and the neighbouring territory, belonging to the rule of *res perit domino*, may in general be easily defined. If my goods, being on board of ship, are washed into the sea during a storm, it is I that suffer. But if, while these goods are no more in danger than the goods of others, a resolution is adopted to throw my property overboard to lighten the ship for the common safety, there is no doubt that contribution takes place, and that an average must be struck apportioning the loss among all concerned. Now it might be strongly contended here, that as the Greeks were all sailing in the same boat, and as Chryseis was thrown overboard for the general behoof, and so as to benefit the whole crew, Agamemnon was not to be the sole sufferer, but was entitled to indemnification from those who, without any immediate personal sacrifice, participated in the beneficial result. Agamemnon was, no doubt, exposed to the risk of Chryseis perishing individually by the plague, or in any other way in which she might be accidentally affected; and he could not, in such an event, have claimed compensation. But the case is more favourable for his demand where she is not lost accidentally, but surrendered

deliberately; and where the object is not specially to benefit her owner, but to save the whole army from injury.

3. But then again, it is not clear that this principle of contribution, as in the case of jettison, is properly applicable to the question in hand. It must be carefully considered whether Agamemnon and Chryseis are truly in the supposed situation of a merchant and his goods on board of ship in a storm, so as to be within reach of the rule contended for. There is certainly one speciality which raises a puzzle in the case, and which must be cleared away, or shown to be unimportant, before the analogy can fully hold. Chryseis in this case was the sole cause of the storm, which she is thrown overboard to elude. We have as yet had no principle or authority which disposes of this peculiarity. In the cases previously figured, there was no connexion between the danger impending, and the property sacrificed; at least, that property was in no way implicated in the origin of the danger. It is not in consequence of any part of the cargo being on board, that the winds and waves are induced to assail a vessel; nor is there in the elements a desire to get possession of one commodity more than another. But here Agamemnon or his merchandise was as a kind of Jonas in the ship, and scarcely therefore in the same favourable condition as the rest of the crew and cargo. This consideration might make a material alteration on the state of the question. I do not, in this view, remember any precise case in point, nor is the situation likely to occur often in real business. Equity, however, affords grounds for opposing any contribution in such circumstances. To take a fanciful, or perhaps a fabulous illustration, it seems pretty certain that, if various animals in company with a beaver were shot at by hunters, with an exclusive view to what the beaver could alone supply, the species of jettison which is said to be performed by that quadruped in such an emergency would not entitle him to come against his neighbours to make up the loss thus sustained. It may be plausibly argued, that Agamemnon was in an analogous position, and that he could have no claim for indemnification of a loss, which became necessary to avert the ruin which he and his property had

brought upon the community. Indeed, it might be said that those who had already suffered by the pestilence, or their widows and families, had a good claim of damages against him as the cause of the mischief.

4. To all which, however, it might be rejoined, on the part of Agamemnon, that the specialty here founded on made no difference on the case, or if it did, had a tendency rather to strengthen than to exclude his claim. It could not be seriously maintained that Agamemnon was personally responsible for the consequences of Chryseis's detention; and indeed the allusion to such a liability only showed the weakness of the argument on the part of the Greeks. He might have been so liable if any culpability had attached to him; but this was not the case,—or if there was culpability, it was of a kind that could not be pleaded by these parties, who had been jointly concerned in the transactions by which Chryseis was made captive, and were equally implicated in the cause, as they had been in the consequences, of Apollo's interference. It seemed, moreover, to be implied in the division of the spoil, that Agamemnon received Chryseis from the Greeks with a warranty that she was free from any peculiar defect of title, or from any latent danger attending her detention. At least, in the event of any such defect or danger unexpectedly emerging, the whole matter was liable to be opened up, and a *restitutio in integrum* must take place as far as practicable. It was out of the question that an individual should suffer the whole amount of a loss which was the result of the joint actings, and calculated to secure the joint benefit of the whole society.

It will be seen that other arguments would here come into play, such as the plea that there is no contribution in *tort*, or that the loss suffered by one of several wrongdoers gives him no claim of recompense against his comrades. But to these matters it is sufficient generally to allude.

It must be confessed that the whole question thus raised resolves itself into some of the prettiest points of law that ever emptied a client's pocket; and I am sure that the slight sketch which I have given of them must have contributed to raise even your own exalted opinion of Homer's ability. It thus appears that he was as great

in jurisprudence as he was in every other department. So nicely and skillfully have the scales been adjusted in the case we have been considering, that I confess I feel it almost impossible to tell on which side the balance inclines. My own leaning, on the whole, is in favour of Agamemnon; and I am disposed to think that this also was the view taken by old Mæonides himself. At least it appears to me that, with that admirable judgment and knowledge of nature which are peculiarly his own, he proceeds immediately to put Agamemnon as far in the wrong as he has hitherto been in the right, so as, in this way, to divide both the truth and the error of the case between the parties, and to preserve that sympathy for each which was essential to the interest of his story.

Agamemnon, I have said, appears to me to have been well founded in his general plea; but he is wholly mistaken when he comes to carry it out in detail. Supposing him entitled to compensation for the loss of Chryseis, he had no right to seize upon the goods of Achilles, or of any individual, to satisfy his claim. He could only ask, on his own principles, that a general average should be struck, and that each of the parties benefitted should pay his proportion. It is clear, in the same way, that Agamemnon himself must have borne a share of the loss; so that, in any view, he had a right not to the full value of the lady—but only to that value, *minus* his own proportion of it. This, however, and all other nice questions of adjustment of the average, are perhaps fitter for a broker's books of business, than for an epic poem, and in avoiding them as he has done, our sagacious bard has served several purposes at the same time.

It must, in conclusion, be confessed that there is not more of skill and ingenuity shown in raising these various questions of law, than of eloquence and ability in discussing them. Avoiding any pedantic or technical expressions, the principles at issue are sufficiently developed for all the purposes of poetry, and the leading speeches are extremely satisfactory. The splendid military talents of Achilles, as, till lately in the case of the Duke of Wellington, have tended unduly to obscure the lustre of his intellectual powers,

and it will here be found that he has handled several of the points in the most masterly manner. I certainly condemn, as much as Plato himself has done, some of the language which Achilles employs towards Agamemnon on the occasion, such as the very libellous line—

Οὐρεβαρις, κυνὸς ἀμμάτων ἔχων, κρεδινὸν
δ' ἱλαφοιο·

“O monster! mix'd of insolence and fear,
Thou dog in forehead, and in heart a deer.”

But for this strength of expression, an apology must be sought in the manners of the age. And how nobly has the hero pleaded the rights of private property in the following passage, enforcing them at the same time by some considerations, which, though not strictly pertinent, would at least be calculated to have much weight with a jury.

“What gen'rous Greek, obedient to thy word,
Shall form an ambush, or shall lift the sword?”

What cause have I to war at thy decree?
The distant Trojans never injured me:

To Phthia's realms no hostile troops they led,

Safe in her vales my warlike coursers fed;
Far hence removed, the hoarse-resounding main,

And walls of rocks, secure my native reign,

Whose fruitful soil luxuriant harvests grace,

Rich in her fruits, and in her martial race.

Hither we sail'd, a voluntary throng,

T'avenge a private, not a public wrong:

What else to Troy th' assembled nations draws,

But thine, ungrateful, and thy brother's cause?

Is this the pay our blood and toils deserve,
Disgraced and injured by the man we serve?

And dar'st thou threat to snatch my prize away,

Due to the deeds of many a dreadful day?

A prize as small, O tyrant! match'd with thine,

As thy own actions, if compared to mine.

Thine in each conquest is the wealthy prey,

Though mine the sweat and danger of the day.

Some trivial presents to my ships I bear,
Or barren praises pay the wounds of war.”

As observed, if I remember right, in the best criticisms on Homer that have ever appeared, Pope has here omitted the beautiful force of the original reference to Achilles's own prize, the *ὀλγόν τι φίλον τι*. But in other respects he has well rendered the passage; and with deference to much that has been said on the subject, I doubt whether any one has yet surpassed Pope as a translator of the Iliad. His translation is, at least, the most readable that we possess, and an unreadable translation of Homer must, of all others, be the most unlike the original.

I now, sir, dismiss this subject, with an attempt to embody in verse the views that might have been taken of the question we have now examined, if it had been professionally argued and formally decided. As a compliment to the native country of Maga, I adopt the language and machinery of the law of Scotland.

AGAMEMNON V. ACHILLES AND OTHERS.

Report the case, O heavenly Muse,

In which Atrides, King of Men,

In Themis' Court the Greeks pursues;

(O for the Bard's or Baron's* pen!)

Claiming another blooming beauty,

Or else a further share of booty,

Equal in value to Chryseis.

The ground on which he puts his plea is,

That he the lady has restored

To save these same defenders' bacon,

And so is left at bed and board

Quite solitary and forsaken.

On this account he asks decree

Finding the said defenders bound

All conjunctly and severally—

Damages claim'd — Ten Thousand Pound.

Achilles then, for self and friends,

Enters appearance, and defends.

Assuming Agamemnon's merit,

Which he, for one, might well dispute,

The maxim, *domino res perit*,

Was quite enough to end the suit.

Moreover, the pursuer's data

Could only found a claim *pro rata*.

For the pursuer then 'twas said:

The claim was clear as in *rem versum*;

The authorities, alive and dead,

Were many—he would not rehearse 'em:

* Mr Baron Hume, whose excellent Reports have been lately published.

But would refer her Lordship back to
The old *Lex Rhodia de jactu*.
Answer'd: that this is not a case
Where the *Lex Rhodia* can have place.
The loss for which this party's suing,
Is by a storm of his own brewing;
Which binds him at his private cost,
To pay for every thing that's lost.

Replied: no blame in this affair
Can lie at Agamemnon's charge;
Or if it does, 'tis but a share
Of what affects the Greeks at large.
The case thus comes to one short point,
Which seems decisive of the whole;
The blame and benefit are joint,
The loss should therefore not be sole.

Many more arguments were stated,
And all the questions well debated.

But some strong language pass'd in Court,
Which it is needless to report.
Themis, who, not to judge at random,
Made in the first place *avizandum*,
Decided that the claim was good,
For such a rateable percentage,
As when the whole result was view'd,
Would cover every man's advantage;
But so far as the total sum
Was ask'd from each in *solidum*,—
Or the pursuer sought to seize
Whichever lady he might please—
Sustain'd Achilles's defences,
Assoliz'd—and found no expences.

Yours ever,
very gratefully,
LEGULEIUS LECTOR.

MOUND PLACE, }
15th August 1840. }

THE VISIT TO THE LIONS.

"HER Majesty, struck with the great skill of Van Amburgh in managing those tremendous animals, expressed a wish to see them nearer; and accordingly, after the audience had retired, she, with several of the ladies of the Court and the Lords in Waiting, came upon the stage."—*Newspaper paragraph.*

Scene, Drury-Lane Theatre—Time, Midnight.

LION loquitur.

So, the curtain *has* dropt,
And Van Amburgh is gone:
Well, for one night at least
All our floggings are done.
But, by Jove! here come women,
And players, and pages,
If I play twice a-night
I must strike for more wages.

LIONESS.

I wonder what brings
All those odd people here;
All bowing and scraping,
And looking so queer.
I insist that they leave us
Alone in our straw,
Or I'll tell them my mind
With a touch of my paw.

LION.

Yet the young ones are passable
Smart-looking things,
Though too slim for my taste—
Too much giblets and wings.
But they'll plump up, and finish
Their tonnage in time,
And to wish for a change
In our diet's no crime.

LIONESS.

Lie still, you old dotard,
And shut your fool's eyes;
Those flirts are tough morsels—
So sleep, if you're wise.
Do you wish for a mouthful
Of muslin and lace;
Or a tongue that would frighten
The nose from your face?

LION.

I must own, love, I feel
An aversion to bones,
I'm weary of sawdust
And lying on stones.
I'd but eat half-a dozen,
My appetite's mild,
'Tis but a *bonne bouche*,
I'd begin by the child.

LIONESS.

By the child! why, you fool,
By the ghost of my dam!
Do you know *who she is*,
With her favourite lamb?
'Twere better you gulp'd
All those bedchamber lords,
And digested their breeches,
Their bagwigs, and swords.

LION.

Well, let me but sup,
Just to send me to sleep,
On that plump-visaged dangler
Who looks like a sheep.
He's fat, full, and fifty,
He'll never be miss'd ;
Besides, he'll disburden
The Queen's civil list.

LIONESS.

Oh Africa ! land of my heart,
How I grieved,
That I e'er from your dinners
And suppers was thieved ;
Where I lived on the choicest
Of fat and of lean ;
Now swallow'd a bullock,
Now bolted a queen.

LION.

Or see that thin marquis
Who shuffles along ;
Now sporting a snuff-box,
Now humming a song.
A thing of *bon ton*,
Who talks nonsense for bread ;
With his purse like his heart,
And his heart like his head.

LIONESS.

I'll pluck in with my paw
That small thing in the hat,
With the squeak of a weasel,
The soul of a rat.
Not a man in the nation
Will wish to bring back,
From the pit of my stomach,
My little Lord Jack.

LION.

Yes, my dear, *I'm* quite wrong,
And *you're* always quite right,
Yet those girls are so rosy,
Their shoulders so white,
That I feel my heart melting—
Now, don't pull my ears—
I've seen no such skins
Since I lunch'd in Algiers.

LIONESS.

Why, you villain ! What ! flirting ?
Pray look at these claws :
Lie down in your den,
Or I'll soon give you cause.

So—you like maids of honour !
Look well to your hide—
Sir, I have the same claws
That I had when a bride.

LION.

Well, I give up the question—
My love, I knock under ;
So spare me a peal
Of the family thunder.
Let the Bagwigs and Bedchambers
Prattle and laugh ;
I'm resign'd, and had rather
Eat sawdust by half.

LIONESS.

Have done with your nonsense ;
Still licking your jaws
At those girls—Why, you might
As well dine upon straws.

*Grand Chorus of Lions, Tigers, and
Panthers.*

And now, please your Majesty,
Having display'd
Such feats as throw all
Human brutes in the shade ;
Having caper'd such capers
As put on the shelf
Lord Normanby's leg,
Or the Premier himself ;
Having bellow'd like Lansdowne,
And fairly devour'd
A meal that might *almost*
Astonish Duke Howard ;
Having growl'd like grim Morpeth,
And lain on our back
To be dragg'd by the paws
Round our den, like Lord Jack ;
Having shown to your ladies
Our heads and our tails,
We beg but one favour—
Pray, knock down these rails.
We'll be honest as Whigs
When we get on the floor ;
So pull down those bars,
The Bar's always a bore.
We'll pluck out our teeth
And our talons—and *then*
You'll have only to whistle us
Back to our den.

ARETINO.

THE LATE JAMES SMITH.

Social qualities must be dear to mankind from the general regret which is felt when any one distinguished for them leaves the world. We can part with nine-tenths of what are called public men, with a very moderate sense of their loss to the community. If the whole Treasury Bench were decimated to-morrow, we question if a tear the more would be shed in the circuit of the globe. We equally question whether a very considerable mortality at the bar would occasion a national mourning; and we are fully convinced that many individuals who, from bustling and brawling in "the service of the public and themselves," have acquired a habit of thinking that the world could by no means go on without them, would, in twenty-four hours, be nowhere found recorded but in the parish register.

But this was not the case with him whose name heads these pages. There were few men mixing in general society by whom he was not known, and fewer still by whom his easy pleasantry, his gentlemanly manners, and his unwearied good-humour, were not noticed as they deserved. James Smith was a wit; yet we never remember to have heard of his falling into the grand error of wits—sarcasm. Obviously awake to the follies round him, he was never severe; nor did he ever attempt to reinforce his merriment by offences to propriety in any form. He never urged conversation, and never declined it. He was always ready with his remark or his repartee; but the remark was never invidious, and the repartee never carried any personal sting. To those who have had many opportunities of meeting professed wits, and who have found them often the most uncertain, capricious, and peevish of mankind, the pleasantry of James Smith always formed a happy exception. He was among the best, because the safest and easiest, conversationist whom we ever remember to have seen.

The talent of conversation is not quite so simple a thing as it is generally conceived. Even in the extensive and varied circle of London society, there have not been half-a-dozen in the last half-century, who

had established any kind of name in this rather private path to renown. A man may have considerable knowledge, may have seen a great deal of the world, and may, besides, know well the ambition of figuring in the conversational world, without the talents of a good conversationist. The late Sir James Mackintosh had all these—he had fluency of speech, and now and then brilliancy of conception. But he was given to talking over much—he often *prosed* alarmingly; his anecdotes were from hacks, his sentences had the formality, with but seldom the point of Johnson, and his recitations of verse, which were frequent and generally of merciless length, showed that he had taken the trouble of preparing his memory for the occasion, and that he was determined not to have his trouble thrown away.

"Conversation Sharpe," as he was called, was amusing and clever. But he repeated himself. Novelty is essential, and his was soon exhausted. The third time of meeting him was fatal to his charms.

Rogers, the poet of Memory, has abundance of anecdote: but it lies chiefly among the dead and gone. The mention of Sheridan acts upon him with the effect of a match put to a firework. The *composition* goes off in a long succession of explosions, all of the *bluest* kind, until every ear is tired, and then the *feu d'artifice*, in every sense, drops dead to the ground, and every one flies from the racket case. Yet he has mixed a good deal in society; not the best, however; for it has been chiefly with the set gathered round the table of Holland House, where people are assembled for the declared purpose of *talk*, a process which makes every thing as formal as a parade in St James's Park, as sets men minuet-dancing in odes, epodes, and "the last new tragedy," and of course reduces all conversation to the dregs of an article in the *Edinburgh Review*. What must be, for instance, the dying state of a conversation where the noble host has called on every body round the table to pull pencil and paper from his pocket, and write down on the spot the names of the ten most amusing

books that he had ever read ! And all those grown children have done the deed accordingly. A game at forfeits would have been rational, and a game at blind man's buff profitable, to those sexagenarian diversions.

Jekyll was a good converser, for he had wit ; though, as no man is perfect, his wit was often pun, and there are some specimens of it on record which are not to be mentioned to "ears polite." But the bar had made him too professional. He talked too much of old judges and their senilities ; and though always diverting, grew more *barristerial* ; until he grew little more than a relic of himself, and disappeared into his nightgown and slippers, and was no more for this world.

Canning was lively ; but he had not a fund of talk for all days. He had high spirits, but was uncertain ; and there were times when, like Hamlet, he seemed to think the earth "flat, stale, and unprofitable," and the sky a collection of pestilent vapours. The fluctuations of his public career might have, in some degree, accounted for this ; for admirable as his House of Commons talents were, he never felt himself recognised as one of the natural possessors of power. His obscure origin and narrow income, always placed him in the light of an adventurer before the very courteous, but very arrogant, aristocracy of England.

If he got high office, it was always regarded by them as a piece of luck, pretty much like the luck of an adventurer who goes into a gaming-house with a shilling in his pocket, and comes out with a thousand pounds. It was all accounted for by the turn of the die. No man in public life was so often thrown off and thrown on. Even his final possession of the highest office, produced only a gaze of astonishment from his own party, an instant secession of every man of rank among them, and that explosion of aristocratic scorn, which blew him over, singed and crippled as he was, into the ranks of the Whigs, who nursed his bruises until they smothered him. Want of birth may be compensated by great fortune, want of fortune by high birth ; but want of both is fatal to ministerial eminence in England.

But even in the midst of society,

Canning was often silent, sometimes singularly so ; melancholy, distract, and embarrassed ; though, at other times, lively, innocent, and entertaining. Low spirits killed him at last, and robbed the country of an elegant, cultivated, and not ill-disposed public mind.

Burke's reputation belongs to the last century. Johnson said of him that he "was always ready for talk, that he was never humdrum, that he spoke from the fulness of his mind." All excellent preparations, but still wanting the finish of conversation. His fault was, that he "declaimed" in society ; he was rapid, abrupt, and altogether too "political" for a master of conversation ; he frequently threw out fine ideas, but he was seldom happy in their expression. His excellence was with the pen in his hand. He then had time to contrast, arrange, and polish the beauty of his powerful conceptions. Of all the thinkers of England, living or dead, he was the most vivid, various, and imaginative. But this was the product of his desk ; there he carried his diamonds in the rough, and shaped and set them, until he offered them to the world flashing and sparkling, as no dealer in intellectual brilliants had ever exhibited them before. But Burke has left few conversational remembrances distinguished for either happiness or pungency, for easy elegance or pointed splendour.

Curran, the Irish barrister, had perhaps the highest conversational ability of any man of his day. He certainly had astonishing wit. There are more showy conceptions of Curran on record, than of any other man of his time or ours, and the period was remarkable for the animation and cultivated elegance of its society. Devonshire House and the Prince's table were the centres round which perpetual pleasantries gathered ; where a perpetual rivalry of wit was sustained ; and where political disappointments forced the associates to look for their resources in sportive contempt and showy ridicule. As men are forced by the gloom and tempest without, to shut their doors, light candles, and forget the inclemency of the night in double comfort and gaiety within—in those assemblages, all men learned to adopt the tone, if they could not seize the spirit, of the hour. Charles Fox

became a wit for the time, and wrote epigrams; Fitzpatrick turned poet, and wrote sentimental songs; Hare, Harding, Courtenay, and a crowd of those inferior names which float on the surface of gay society, and sink after the agitation of the day has passed—those notes in the sunshine, of whose existence no one would have dreamed but for the casual entrance of the beam, were all busy with their little lively contributions; and the showy and good-natured Duchess, and the not less showy and good-natured Prince, received all like divinities, equally welcoming the incense streaming from golden wine, and the fragrance of the flower.

Among orators, the professions, and public men in a body, there are now no conversationists of any repute. We live in degenerate days; and for our consolation, must only believe that we have found some other and better gifts in place of the old, or revert in our despair to the blue stocking of Lydia White, and those vigorous tea-givers, the Misses Berry. Lady Cork, too, rests at last. She gathers the flies of fashionable talk round her creamjug no more; she no longer lights her wax chandelier to bring fluttering round it all the bookworms, transformed into moths. She has given, for the last time in a hundred successive years, the funeral baked-meats of "dear Dr Goldsmith, and gay Mr Garrick, whose performance in a tie-wig, and the full uniform of a colonel of the guards, scarlet faced with blue, she always thought the most elegant thing in the world." The oldest Sappho on earth, or under it, her ladyship gives neither dinner nor supper more; and men of wit and many idle hours walk about town, not knowing where to deposit either the one or the other—peace be to her teakettle, her album, and her tongue!

The poets have not succeeded much as conversationists. They are generally heavy, decorous, and silent men, not often thinking in company, yet not the more lively for their want of thought. In general, the only way to rouse a coterie of poets, is to start the topic of some furious Quarterly or Scotch review of somebody or other. The effect is sometimes like dropping a shell, with the fusée burning, into a group of sleeping soldiers—every man who has any legs to

take care of, is on them at the instant; but the effect sometimes, too, goes the same length in both instances, and the parties run away.

The late William Sotheby was a favourite every where. He was a man of fortune, without any of the airs belonging to the "landed interest"—a man of general literature, without pedantry—and a poet, too, without pressing his poetry on any one, unless after a considerable term of acquaintance. This rendered his old friendship somewhat formidable; but it was seldom inflicted under an intercourse of four or five years; and by that time his bosom friends were sufficiently on their guard to escape, by very weak eyes, an habitual headache, an immediate engagement out of town, or some other ingenious expedient found effectual in previous cases of difficulty. Their escapes were, now and then, narrow enough.

"Take that tragedy home with you, and let me know your opinion of it as an old friend and an excellent critic, as I know you to be," said an author to his visiter. The friend put it in his pocket. On their next meeting, "Have you read my tragedy? and what do you think of it? I ask your candid opinion," said the author. "The fact is, I have not read it yet, but intend to take the first opportunity," said the old friend. "Then lose no time, I beg; for if you think that it will answer for either the press or the stage, I have *five* more ready, of which you shall have the first reading, in preference to any man in England," said the author. The old friend next day discovered that he had particular business at Paris or the Antipodes, and set off by the mail, returning the tragedy with a thousand regrets for its non-perusal.

We shall not say to whom all this happened; but from the moment that the story got wind, the word tragedy was enough to put all the old friends of the prolific author to flight, and he was forced to wait for the readers of another generation.

Scott was a pleasant converser; easy, affable, and well furnished. In Scotland he must have been peculiarly pleasing, from his nationality of topic. But England is not national; its taste abjures locality; and the moment that an Irishman begins to tell Irish stories, or a Scotchman talks of either

Highlands or Lowlands, they listen to him only as they would listen to a Welshman talking of Mertin or Owen Glendower. But Scott was always a favourite, from his natural civility and unwearied good humour. The late Lord Dudley was made to be a memorable man; but he was spoiled at nurse. From boyhood, he was what the provincials call *cracked*. He was not altogether mad, at least in the beginning of his career; but there were crevices in his cerebellum, through which external things streamed, like the street lamps through the cracks in shutters, strongly confusing the lights within. He had mingled in all the odd society of all the countries of Europe—a sort of voluntary exile in all the period of his youth, and picking up all odd kinds of knowledge, of which he never made the least use; something in the style of those geologist ladies and gentlemen who ramble about Derbyshire, hammer in hand, filling their reticules and pockets with fragments of mica and lime, and learning just enough to chatter of primary and secondary formations, till all the world runs away from them and the topic together. He lived upon a guinea a-day, or perhaps a shilling; and after this preparation for the life of an English legislator, returned to take upon himself the duties of a peerage, a great English landlord, and an estate of £75,000 a-year. To accumulate evil on evil, his friend Canning induced him to load his brain with the burden of office; and this crazy and curious hypochondriac came forth to mankind as secretary for foreign affairs. But the farce was too soon a tragedy. Poor Dudley grew wild, talked, did, and dreamed all kinds of eccentricities; threw up office—threw up the world after it; and, after holding imaginary conversation, often of the clearest order, with Julius Cæsar and Jack the painter, with Cleopatra and Madame de Staël, with Semiramis and Lady Holland, he suddenly died, leaving a million of pounds sterling and lands unlimited to a cousin, and nothing to mankind. Vathek Beckford was a clever converser; but this was fifty years ago. He was then clever in every thing. The finest musician, the most general linguist, the most scientific connoisseur, and the most brilliant romance-writer of his

day. He has since disappeared, abandoning the faculty of speech: he shut himself up for twenty years in the midst of a desert in Wiltshire, which he converted into a park and a palace. He has since abandoned the solitude, and gone to Bath, to prove that he despises mankind as much in the city as in the wilderness. He towers over the city of vapour-baths and scandal, exchanges civilities with nothing but his King Charles's spaniels, and wholly exercises the finest understanding of man in preventing the most acute senses in Europe from being annoyed by the sight of human beings, or the smell of dinners. For the latter purpose, he has his meals dressed in an opposite mansion; and for the latter he has built on his hill battlements lofty enough to defy any thing but an invasion of Titans.

Coleridge was not a converser: he was a lecturer. His sentences were dissertations; his very metaphors had beginning, middle, and end; his divisions were as numerous, parenthetical, and positive as those of a preacher of the Moravian connexion; and in the briskest conversation he seemed never able to disengage himself from the idea, that it was his duty at once to enlighten and astound the whole living race of mankind, besides leaving a handsome legacy for all generations to come. He was an honest man, and without a stain on his reputation except the praises of the small gang of literaturists who constantly followed him as flies wing and cling round a corpulent alderman. He wrote good poetry in his youth; but muddled his Helicon with metaphysics as he fell into years. It is remarkable that his politics purified as his poetry grew thick. Beginning with proposals for throwing off the incumbrances of coat and pantaloons, and founding an original commonwealth in the western wilderness, he ended with Christian habiliments, a cottage at Highgate, and in honest devotion to Conservatism. But he was no conversationist. He declaimed; he harangued; he talked long and loftily; his reveries were of the pagan *muthoi*, of Mesmerism, of the Samothracian impostures, and the profundities of science lost to mankind in the burning of the Alexandrian library. His mind was like one of the obelisks of his favourite land—wild, odd, antique,

covered with characters which, doubtless, meant something, but which no man could interpret, and puzzling every body with the question, why so much trouble was taken in vain.

In the "Literary Remains" of this amiable man, published by his nephew, the very first passage in a treatise on his belief, saves us the task of giving a specimen of his conversation.

"The absolute subjectivity, whose only attribute is the Good—whose only definition is, that which is essentially causative of all possible true being; the adorable *αγαθόν*, which, whatever is assumed as the first, must be presumed its antecedent, *εἰς*, without an article, and yet not as an adjective," &c. This we conceive to be in the purest style of the hieroglyphics, and to establish Coleridge's oracularity beyond all question.

James Smith held the office of solicitor to the ordnance, in which he succeeded his father, a man of respectability in his profession, and of considerable acquirement out of it, a member of the royal antiquarian societies, and acceptable to a large circle of society. His son was born on the 10th of February 1775, and was thus sixty-five at his death.

All tastes, good and bad, begin at school. James, at school in Chigwell, a village in Essex, in some boyish exploit found Hoole's Ariosto. This was rather a leaden entrance to the gardens of the muse; for if bad translation were within the statute, Hoole must have been hung by any jury without leaving the box. Still the brilliancy of Ariosto gleams through all the mire so carefully em-plastered over it by the clerk of the India House; the volume became dear to him, from its being the first that ever touched his poetic sensibilities; and Hoole had the honour, of which he could never have dreamed, of giving the first impulse to a poet.

It is pleasing, and perhaps singular, to find in a man of society, and remarkably attached to that society, even the remnants of the unadulterated tastes of boyhood. In the memoir, by his accomplished brother Horace Smith, we are told that, "for the village of Chigwell and its pleasant neighbour-

hood, James Smith cherished in after life a marked and unvaried predilection, rarely suffering a long interval to elapse without paying it a visit, and wandering over the scenes that recalled the truant excursions of himself and his chosen playmates, or the solitary rambles and musings of his youth. The whole of the surrounding country, every picturesque view, 'each alley green and bosky bourn,' nay, every individual field and tree, remained so firmly pictured on his mind, that he could immediately detect the smallest alteration since his first arrival at the school. Not even the many and growing infirmities of his later years, were suffered to interfere with these visits. To the spots whither a carriage or a horse could not carry him, he hobbled upon crutches, and thus contrived to reach the secluded nook or the sequestered stream, where he had read or bathed fifty years before."

Among the last of his verses, and at a period not long before his death, he wrote a "Chigwell" reminiscence in his own light and flowing style.

"School, that in Burford's* honour'd time

Rear'd me to youth's elastic prime,
From childhood's airy slumbers;
School, at whose antique shrine I bow,
Sexagenarian pilgrim now,
Accept a poet's numbers."

He then sketches the chief pictures of his recollection.

"Pent in by beams of mouldering wood,
The parish stocks stand where they stood,
Did ever drunkard rue 'em?

I dive not in parochial law,
Yet this I know, I never saw
Two legs protruding through 'em.

* * * * *
Yon pew, the gallery below,
Held Nancy, pride of Chigwell row,
Who set all hearts a-dancing;
In bonnet white, divine brunette,
O'er Burnet's field I see thee yet
To Sunday church advancing.

Seek we the churchyard; there the yew
Shades many a swain whom once I knew,
Now nameless and forgotten.
Here towers Sir Edward's marble bier,
Here lies stern Vickery, and here
My father's friend, Tom Cotton."

* The name of the master.

After some further glances at the undistinguished spot where the "rude forefathers of the village sleep," he touches on himself.

"World, in thy ever-busy mart
I've acted no unnoticed part :

Would I resume it? Oh no.

Four acts are done; the jest grows stale ;

The waning lamps burn dim and pale,
And reason asks, Cui bono."

His love for pleasant cajolery was exhibited in his youth, by a *hoax* upon the editor of an established magazine, in the shape of a series of letters, containing grave accounts of some "remarkable antiquarian discoveries," the startling nature of which attested his inventive powers, yet which were conceived with sufficient skill to avoid exciting suspicion. What added to the zest of this juvenile pleasantry was, that his father and several of his antiquarian friends who were regular readers of the magazine, expectedly commented on those fictitious statements, without ever dreaming that the waggish author was sitting by their sides.

Steadily pursuing his profession under his father, he yet occasionally contributed to the lighter literature of the day, but without a name. The re-opening of the theatre of Drury-Lane at length gave him a topic, which, in conjunction with his brother, he turned to remarkably piquant, and even productive, account.

The theatre, after having been in a state of bankruptcy for the quarter of a century before, had brought its accounts suddenly to a close by the help of a fire, which, beginning no one knows how, ended in reducing the whole structure to ashes, with the additional effect of compelling Sheridan to acknowledge, what all the world knew already, that he was not worth a shilling. But when was a theatre without dupes? The town was filled with plans, prospectuses and projects for restoring the drama, saving the national credit for the stage, honouring the immortal memory of Shakspeare, and so forth. And finally, a sufficient sum was raised to build the theatre once more. As Sheridan was nominally a Whig, though no man more hated the party, and as the Whigs have always assumed to themselves all the taste and talent of the country, as well as every thing else

that is to be got by assumption, they took the whole management into their own hands, and Lord Holland, in virtue of his poetical renown (!) we may suppose, and his having nothing else in the world to do, constituted himself the "great Apollo" of the shrine. As the encouragement of national genius was among the declared purposes of the lordly and patriotic managers, they clubbed among them all exactly fifty pounds, which were to be the premium of the best address for the opening night, October 10. Those addresses were to be sent under concealed names, and the decision was to be made by a committee. It was justly enough observed, that the only question on the subject was, whether the folly or the penury of the proposal was the more conspicuous. Nothing could be clearer than that no writer of any eminence would submit himself to such a judgment; and that the reward was at once ridiculous as an excitement to the national genius, and contemptible as individual remuneration. The preface to the "rejected addresses," amuses itself with the idea—"one hundred and twelve addresses have been sent in, each signed and sealed as per order. Many of the public prints have censured the *taste* of the committee in thus contracting for addresses, as they would for nails—by the gross. But it is surprising that none should have censured their *temerity*. One hundred and eleven of the addresses must, of course, be unsuccessful. To each of the authors, thus infallibly classed with the *genus irritabile*, it would be very hard to deny, at least, six stanch friends who consider his the best of all possible addresses, and whose tongues will be as ready to laud him as to hiss his adversary. Those, with the potent aid of the bard himself, make seven foes per address, and thus will be created seven hundred and seventy-seven implacable auditors prepared to condemn the strains of Apollo himself,—a band of adversaries which no prudent manager would think of exasperating." The idea of writing imitations of the more popular writers of the day as prologues, sent in under their initials, was thrown out in casual conversation by Ward, the secretary of the committee. The hint was instantly adopted; yet nothing but the most active ingenuity could have been

in time for the opening, for it was but six weeks off. The brothers now partitioned the poets between them—Horace went on a visit to Cheltenham, and on their next meeting the task of each was completed. This joint operation was not quite new to them, for they had, some years before, written imitations of Horace, entitled *Horace in London*, in which they had divided the task between them; and thus accustomed to co-operate, the machinery at least was easily put in motion again. In the "Rejected Addresses," the labour was fairly enough divided. James wrote, No. 2. The Imitation of Wordsworth. No. 5. The Imitation of Cobbett. No. 7. The Imitation of Southey. No. 18. The Imitation of Coleridge. No. 15. The Imitation of Theatrical Sing-Song. No. 16. The Imitation of the Morning Post. No. 17. The Imitation of Crabbe. Nos. 18, 19, and 20. *Travesties of Macbeth*, George Barnwell, and the Stranger. He also wrote the first stanza of the clever Imitation of Lord Byron,—"*Cai bono.*"

"Sated of home, of wife, of children tired,
The restless soul is driven abroad to roam;

Sated abroad, all seen, but nought admired,

The restless soul is driven to ramble home.

Sated of both, beneath old Drury's dome,
The fæd Ennui awhile consents to pine;

There growls and curses, like a deadly gnome,

Scorning to view fantastic Columbine.

Viewing with shame and hate the non-sense of the nine."

The general pleasantries of the work caught the town. The idea had the lightness that amuses the loungers of literature, while a good deal of the performance exhibited the skill that gratifies higher tastes; yet the history of this work does but little honour to the forecast of London publishers. The authors carried their manuscript to the principal names of the trade, and offered it, in the first instance, for the mere chance of publication. Thus goes the tale:—

"Our manuscript was perused, and returned to us, by several of the most eminent publishers. Well do we remember betaking ourselves to one of the craft in Bond Street, whom we found in a back parlour, with his gouty leg propped upon

a cushion, in spite of which warning he diluted his luncheon with several glasses of Madeira. 'What have you already written?' was his first question; an interrogatory to which we had been subjected in almost every instance.—'Nothing by which we can be known.'—'Then I am afraid to undertake the publication.'—We presumed to suggest, that every writer must have a beginning, and that to refuse to publish for him until he had acquired a name, was to imitate the sapient mother who cautioned her son against going into the water until he could swim.—'An old joke—a regular Joe,' exclaimed our companion, tossing off another bumper. 'Still older than Joe Miller,' was our reply; for, if we mistake not, it is the very first anecdote in the *faceties* of Theocles.—'Ha, sirs,' resumed the bibliopoliist, 'you are learned, are you? So, so! Well, leave your manuscript with me; I'll look it over to-night, and give you an answer to-morrow?'—Punctual as the clock, we presented ourselves at his door the following morning, when our papers were returned to us with the observation—'These trifles are really not deficient in smartness; they are well, vastly well for *beginners*, but they will never do—never. They would not pay for advertising, and without it I should not sell fifty copies.'"

At last they applied to Miller, a dramatic publisher in Bow Street, Covent Garden. He had the good sense to undertake the publication at his own risk, allowing half the profits, as he observed, "*should there be any.*" The work, however, rapidly succeeded as it deserved; but then came the minor alarms as to its reception by the bards whom it caricatured. Yet they seem all to have had the good sense to laugh at the burlesque. Sir Walter Scott, with his usual pleasantries, said of the imitation of *his* style, "I certainly must have written this myself." Lydia White, the well-known entertainer of the wits, was more nervous. Having invited one of the brothers to dinner, and afterwards recollecting that William Spencer was to have been of the party, wrote a note to Spencer to put him off, saying that a "man was to be at her table whom he would not like to meet!"

"Pray, who is this whom I should not like to meet?" enquired the poet.

"Oh," answered the lady, "one of those who made that shameful attack upon you."

"The very man on earth I should

like to meet," rejoined the lively and careless bard.

But a still better thing was the criticism of a Leicestershire clergyman. "I do not see why those Addresses should have been rejected," observed this matter-of-fact reader; "I think some of them very good." Simpletonism could scarcely go further.

Whether contented with the success of this clever *jeu d'esprit*, or afraid of future failure, or too lazy to attempt any thing better, or actually unequal to higher efforts, James Smith lay down at once upon his laurels, and he continued to lie on them for twenty years. This is not the secret for permanent fame; but what did *he* care about being in the mouths of men, or being blown through the trumpet of posterity? He had an easy income, a quiet life, no household, but a good, fat old housekeeper, who had carried his keys for thirty years; no offspring but some very pleasant songs; and no business but a slight official routine, which gave him leisure to wander where and when he would. No life could be more suited to his tastes, or more fitted to his condition. It is true that such is not the life of the high ranks of intellect; of men born to achieve fame; of the benefactors of their country; or of the "riders in the political whirlwind," and "rulers in the public storm," nor perhaps of men desirous to leave an impression of usefulness behind them; but it was at least as useful as that of nine-tenths of men of easy incomes, and much more pleasant than most of those of the highest.

But he was not altogether idle, even in authorship. While his brother Horace, abandoning poetry, devoted himself to popular novel-writing, James conspired with Mathews against the dulness of mankind, and produced a succession of those lively performances, which, under the names of "Trips to Paris" and "America," and "Country Cousins," so often made the circuit of England, and amused all the lovers of harmless pleasantry.

Still there was a great deal of shrewdness in his sport, and none could expose with happier skill the affectations of the city portion of this province of brick called London. Its sharing in the habits of high life was a perpetual topic of his neat and po-

lished ridicule. The annual migration of the citizens to watering-places has, it is true, almost ceased to be a legitimate object of ridicule, the watering-places now being their only resources for fresh air, from the enormous distension of London. But the annoyances which even now must be encountered at every watering-place by a comfortable citizen, accustomed to the snugness of home; the miserable substitutes for furniture; the customary extortion; and the frequent exposure to storm, where he came expressly to enjoy sunshine and calm, are as fair and obvious topics for gay satire as could be chosen.

"We lodge on the Steipe, in a bow-window'd box,
That beckons upstairs every whirlwind that knocks.
The sun hides his head, and the elements frown;
But nobody now spends his Christmas in town."

The sufferer then recapitulates the enjoyments of old times in the city, and contrasts them with the disasters forced upon him by the necessity of growing genteel—

"At Brighton I'm stuck up in Donaldson's shop,
Or walk upon bricks till I'm ready to drop,
Throw stones at an anchor, look out for a skiff,
Or view the chain pier from the top of the cliff,
Till winds from all quarters oblige me to halt,
With an eye full of sand, and a mouth full of salt;
But still, I am suffering with folks of renown,
For nobody now spends his Christmas in town."

Among the whims of fashionable life, was that of going to the sea-side in the depth of winter. Yet, with some of the "*Grand Monde*," there was a reason for this in the rather beggarly wish to avoid the usual Christmas hospitalities in their own great mansions. A narrow domicile avoided a large expenditure, and got rid of the balls and dinners which would be expected in the midst of their tenantry and constituents. But their being followed there by those who have neither tenantry nor constituents, is the burlesque, and all that

they can gain is exposure to the tempests of the season. This is all told with a national shudder.

"In gallop the winds at the fall of the moon,
And puff up my carpet like Sadler's balloon.
My drawing-room rug is besprinkled with soot,
And there is not a lock in the house that will shoot,
At Mahomet's steam-bath I lean on my cane,
And murmur in secret, "Oh Billiter Lane!"

And this misery is not palliated to the unfortunate exile by the slightest sympathy or civility on the part of those higher ranks whom he pays so much for aping. The burlesque of his vexations grows—

"The duke and the earl are no cronies of mine;
His majesty never invites me to dine;
The marquis won't speak, when we meet on the pier,
Which makes me suspect that I'm nobody here;
If that be the case, why then, welcome again,
Twelfth-cake and Snap-dragon in Billiter-lane."

From being a constant resident in London, which he justified on system, saying that London was the best place in summer, and the *only* place in winter, and from his social habits, he was *au fait* at all the ludicrous views of every rank of life. The language of those very stupid affairs called conversazioni cannot be better described than in these lines—

"All subjects were touch'd upon—none were discuss'd.
'You've seen the Laplanders? Where's Mathews? Poor Perry!
Scott wrote them. I know it. Who told you so? Terry.
A song. Mr Broadhurst—hush! Silent, O Moyle!
I'm told that they actually dine on train oil.
Have you sold out your fives? No; I'm not in a hurry—
Me adsum qui feci.—Lord Byron to Murray.
Lady Crimson, you've got something black on your cheek.
Camporesi and Ronzi di Begnis don't speak!

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What's o'clock? Hampton Court? Yes; we dined at the Toy.

I don't like the Pirate as well as Rob Roy. Dear me, how excessively pretty! Red candles.

Is Lillibullero Rossini's? No; Handel's. I'll hold by the brass balustrades.—So will I.

Not going? Yes. When? Glad to see you. Good bye.

The office of City Laureate ought to have been revived for James Smith. His wit would have given it a repute which it never had before. Even the Poet Laureate does not seem to have been very proud of his honours; but the sack and the salary are something. In the hands of our bard we should have had an abundance of gay caricature, as the scenes of public life shifted to his eye. The arrival of the Emperor of Russia, at the close of the Revolutionary war, was one of the "wonders" of an age of wonders, and was immediately hitched into a poem, of which we give but a fragment or two. The Emperor had refused to accept of a residence in one of the royal palaces, and fixed himself in the Pulteney Hotel in Piccadilly.

"In Lord William's dell, near the Pulteney Hotel,
What multitudes every day wander!
They scamper like imps, to indulge in a glimpse
Of the mighty, renown'd Alexander."

Madame de Staël, who had come to England, as she fearlessly acknowledged, to look for a husband for herself, or failing that, for her daughter, among "the English philosophers," as she called them, possessing from fifty to a hundred thousand a-year, had been the great lion of London for a month before, but the arrival of a greater left her in solitude.

Poor Madame de Staël is quite pushed to the wall,
Chased by the Czar and the Duchess;
And since his retreat, even Dix-huit
Must not walk as he may on his crutches.
Clerks run from their quills, haberdashers their tills—

John Bull is a great goosy gander;
Even Kean is forgot; we are all on the trot

For a gaze on the great Alexander.

The Emperor was remarkable for a manly simplicity in all his habits; but the Russians are famous for

dandyism, when they descend into the civilized regions of the earth. They have a faculty of imitation which hardens into a necessity; and the younger part of the imperial suite, if memorable for nothing else, were distinguished for the most extraordinary caricatures, of a mixture of French and German fashions. Alexander himself did not escape the name of "the Seythian dandy," though no man deserved it less. He was a bold, honest, high-spirited chieftain, who had done more to crush Napoleon than all the rest of the Alliance put together, and whose courage inspired the Allies, as his firmness sustained their counsels in the most difficult periods of the most trying and terrible war that Europe had ever seen.

"He dresses with taste, he is small in the waist,

I beheld him with Blucher and Platoff;
The Hetman appears, with his cap on his ears,

But the Emperor rides with his hat off.

"He sits on a throne, with a leg on each zone—

No monarch on earth can be grander—
Half an hour after dark, the rails in the park

Are scaled to behold Alexander!"

James Smith, like every man of sense in England, and every man of principle, was a Conservative; but no man was less a talker on that most commonplace of all subjects, politics. His enjoyment was conversation; and he must have seen too many instances of the inroad which this trite verbiage makes on it, to suffer himself to be led into the temptation. "My political opinions," he gallantly said, "are those of the lady who sits next to me; and as the fair sex are generally—

'Perplex'd, like monarchs, with the fear of change,'

I constantly find myself *Conservative*."

Some of his *bon mots*, on this and other subjects, were happy.

"Mr Smith," said a gentleman, across the table, "you *look* like a Conservative."

"Certainly, sir," was the reply, "my crutches remind me that I am no member of the *movement party*."

As solicitor, he had an office in a

large house in Austin Friars. However, another James Smith taking chambers in the same building, considerable confusion arose, from the letters of each falling into the hands of the other. They met accordingly to remedy this inconvenience, and it was agreed that the only resource was, that either should take chambers some where else. The question then was, "which."

"Nothing can be more easily decided," said he. "You came last; and, as James the Second, *you* ought to abdicate."

The stage was always his delight, and it must be acknowledged that it was then a much more amusing and intelligent establishment than it is now. It had a continual succession of pleasant performances; its performers were of a more popular order—and its actresses not unfrequently became the wives of men of rank and public name. Nothing theatrical escaped his pen; and he gave a list of these marriages, in lines whose ease and liveliness were not unworthy of Boufflers or Chaille.

"Farren, Thalia's dear delight!

Can I forget the fatal night,

Of grief unstained by fiction;

(Even now the recollection damps,)

When Wroughton led thee to the lamps

In graceful valediction."

She married the Earl of Derby, after a long courtship, in which the lady conducted herself with as much prudence as the old earl did with gallantry. The next was Miss Brunton, who married the Earl of Craven.

"The Derby prize by Hymen won,

Again the god made bold to run

Beneath Thalia's steerage;

Sent forth a second Earl to woo,

And captivating Brunton too

Exalted to the peerage."

The next was Miss Searle, a remarkably elegant creature, who, after delighting the metropolis by her dancing and grace as a pantomime actress, married Heathcote, one of the most fashionable men of his time.

"Awhile no actress sought his shrine

When lovely Searle in Columbine

Each heart held "cabin'd, cribb'd in."

Her dark-blue eye and tresses loose,

Made the whole town dub "Mother Goose"

Chef-d'*œuvre* of Tom Dibdin."

In Dibdin's pleasant memoirs, he gives the history of this *chef-d'œuvre* with the parental particularity of one describing the progress of a favourite child. He had offered it to Harris, the manager, for three or four successive years, and each time met with a repulse; though Dibdin was a favourite, and the manager was reckoned remarkable for his tact in what was likely to please the audience. At length a Christmas pantomime having been delayed by its arranger, until there was a chance of there being no pantomime at all—a calamity which was not to be encountered under any circumstances—Harris, in his last perplexity, bade Dibdin show him his “confoundedly stupid pantomime.” It was performed, and was the most successful in stage annals. The whole town rushed to see it; it was played through a great part of the season, and its net produce was, as far as we recollect, upwards of L.20,000. Dibdin was elevated immediately to the laureateship of pantomime; he soared to the highest rank of clown and pantaloon bards; and Harris, though he never would acknowledge that he had been in the wrong, and called it a “confoundedly stupid pantomime” to the last, gave its author the patent of supremacy in providing all future sport for the Christmas holidays.

The next favourite of Hymen was Miss Bolton, a very pretty and well connected young person, who married Lord Thurlow, nephew of the great lord.

“Thrice vanquish'd thus, on Thespian soft
Heart-whole from Cupid's toil,

I caught a fleeting furlough;
Gay's “Newgate Opera” charm'd me
then;

But Polly sung her requiem when
Fair Bolton changed to Thurlow.”

Then followed the marriage of Miss O'Neil to Sir William Becher; an event which deprived the stage of a very striking performer; incomparably the best actress since Siddons.

“Those wounds some substitute might
heal;

But what bold mortal bade O'Neil

Renounce her tragic station—

Tæte, talent, beauty to trepan:

By Jove! I wonder how the man

Escaped assassination.

I felt half bent to wing my way

With Werter, on whose table lay

Emilia Galotti.

Stunn'd, like a skater by a fall,
I saw with unobscured Hughes Ball
Elope with Mercandotte.

This was one of the theatrical marriages. Mercandotte was a beautiful girl, a Spaniard, who appeared as a *danseuse* at the Italian Opera; Hughes Ball was a young man of the fashionable circles, who, from his fortune, and his lavish expenditure of it, was called the “Golden Ball;” but the verse does some slight injustice to the parties, there was no elopement, the marriage was regular, and we have never heard of any of the natural consequences of elopement in their instance. We believe that Mercandotte was as blameless a wife as she was a beautiful woman.

To complete the number, we have seen the following stanza—written, we have not heard by whom.

Last of this dear, delightful list,

Most follow'd, wonder'd at, and miss'd,

In Hymen's edds and evens:

Old Essex caged our nightingale,

And finish'd thy theatric tale,

Enchanting Kitty Stephens.”

The late Earl of Essex, a man of accomplishment in his day, and of taste to the end, married Miss Stephens a few years since, and on his death left her a large dowry. Her conduct had always been meritorious, and her character was as unstained as her style was pure, delicate, and English. She had been for a long period in the first rank of native singers, and by her prudence and popularity had made a handsome fortune before her retirement from the stage.

But he could be grave, and some of his verses exhibit powers which might have obtained a higher name. An ode to Sentiment—evidently modelled on Gray's Ode to Adversity, “Daughter of Jove, relentless power,” has fine lines. They were provoked by the intolerable “pathetic” of vulgar comedy.

Daughter of dulness, canting dame,

Thou nightmare on the breast of Joy,

Whose drowsy morals, still the same,

The stupid soothe, the gay annoy;

Soft cradled in thy sluggish arms,

Even footpads prate of guilt's alarms,

And pig-tail'd sailors, sadly queer,

Affect the melting mood, and drop the
pitying tear.

When first, to tickle Britain's nose,
 Hugh Kelly raised his leaden quill,
 Thy poppies lent the wish'd repose,
 And bade the gaping town be still."

Then comes the enumeration of her allies.

" Soliloquy, with clamorous tongue,
 That brings the Lord knows what to
 view ;

And Affectation, pert and young,
 Swearing to love the Lord knows
 who,

Still round the midnight caldron caper,
 Warm Charity, with Newland's
 paper."

Still, his " Imitations " are the most carefully executed of all his performances. They are among the most dexterous in the language. The charms of an imitation is to give character without caricature, and to touch upon the oddity of the original without offence to either the author or the reader. In this sense what can be better than the commencement of the Imitation of Kehama ? Southey himself must have laughed at it.

" I am a blessed Glendoveer !

'Tis mine to speak, and yours to hear.

Midnight ! yet not a nose

From Towerhill to Piccadilly snored.

Midnight ! yet not a nose

From Indra drew the essence of repose.

See with what crimson fury,

By Indra fan'd, the god of fire ascends
 the walls of Drury.

" Tops of houses, blue with lead,

Bend beneath the landlord's tread,

Master and prentice, serving-man and
 lord,

Nailor and tailor,

Grazier and brazier,

Through streets and alleys pour'd.

All, all abroad to gaze,

And wonder at the blaze."

The Imitation of Scott has even some of the graces of his rich and picturesque style, where natural objects are to be described.

" On fair Augusta's towers and trees
 Flitted the dreary midnight breeze,
 Curling the foliage as it past,
 Which from its moon-tipp'd plumage cast
 A spangled light, like dancing spray,
 Then reassumed its still array.
 When, as night's lamp unclouded hung,
 And down its full effulgence flung,

It shed such soft and balmy power,
 That cot and castle, hall and bower,
 And spire and dome, and turret height,
 Appear'd to slumber in the light."

Then comes the pleasant burlesque of those abrupt bursts with which Scott loved to astonish the ear ; those sudden and startling plunges from the softest words and gentlest images into expressions on the very verge of extravagance.

" As Chaos, which, by heavenly doom,
 Had slept in everlasting gloom,
 Started with terror and surprise

When light first flash'd upon her eyes,
 So London's sons in nightcap woke,

In bedgown woke her dames,

For shouts were heard 'mid fire and
 smoke,

And twice ten hundred voices spoke—

' The playhouse is in flames. '

The volumes give some of his letters, which are written in the easy and unaffected style of his general conversation. We think that more of them ought to have been given, for more undoubtedly might have been found. He was perpetually corresponding ; and as he always carried on a sort of Platonic passion with the whole sex, or at least with all the young and agreeable of them, who came in his way, we recommend the search to the editor for his next edition. In one of these letters he mentions having met *the* Guiccioli, who gave him some slight reminiscences of Byron. Every recollection of the lordly poet is interesting, yet we wish that it had come from a purer source than the Italian.

" When he (Byron) dined with me," said the lady, " he ate no meat. Still haunted by a dread of growing fat, he very much injured his health ; yet his figure notwithstanding grew larger. Oh, he was very handsome—beautiful eyes and eyelashes. I had occasion to go to Ravenna upon some family business. We settled that he should not accompany me. At that time several people were plaguing him to go to Greece. ' Ah ! ' he said in a sportive manner, ' let fourteen captains come and ask me to go, and go I will. ' Well, fourteen captains came to him, and said, ' Here we are, will you now go. ' He was ashamed to say he had only been joking, so it ended in his undertaking to go.

" * * * * * He was not well when he set out. In Greece they wanted

to bleed him—he would not be bled, so he died.”

The countess seems to have told her story without any of the embarrassment which might have been presumed on the occasion; but they order those matters in a peculiar way on the other side of the Channel.

“Count D’Orsay set me down in Craven Street. ‘What was all that Madame Guiccioli was saying to you just now?’ he inquired. ‘She was telling me that her apartments are in the Rue de Rivoli, and that if I visited the French capital, she hoped I would not forget her address.’ ‘What! it took her all that time to say that?’ ‘Ah, Smeeth, you old humbug, that won’t do.’”

In the spring of 1839, a violent attack of influenza, aggravated by a severe access of gout, completely de-

range his whole system, and condemned him to a five months’ confinement. From this he rallied by an excursion to Tunbridge wells; but towards the close of the year he sank again. Though an abstemious man, he had suffered from the gout for many years; had for the latter years of his life been forced to use a stick, which at last was superseded only by a crutch; and he finally shrunk from society, and lay upon the sofa, until that too was to be exchanged for a calmer place of rest. He had always expressed himself anxious that his last illness should not be attended with protracted pain; and this he was spared. He died on the 24th of December 1839, in his house in Craven Street, London, in the 65th year of his age, and was buried in St Martin’s Church.

ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION, &c.

THE Royal Academy have just closed their Exhibition, not without the parting malediction of Joseph Hume, and the benediction of better men. Either circumstance is no small praise. There are, who in the bitterness of a discontented spirit, revile the very sun setting in his glory, and would will his never rising. Some are envious of splendour they cannot reach, and hate the mind that produces it. But we need not repeat such truisms; our task is to make our comments upon the works exhibited; and we resume these, our annual remarks, with feelings of the greatest good-will to the Royal Academy, and the British artists, not members, who have contributed works of very great merit. We shall, nevertheless, offer our criticism with great freedom; and, if it be occasionally severe, we can with safety assert it will be without personal dislike to any artist.

"Amicus Plato, magis amica veritas."

Remembering many former Exhibitions, we cannot but congratulate artists in general and the public, upon the gradual disappearance of vulgarities, and rejoice to find the arts taking higher ground. There is now little taste for that style of painting which was termed "Low Life." May the day be not far distant that shall see its total extinction! The wonderful mechanism of the Flemish school, the admiration and high value set upon works merely on that account, in defiance of subject, have too long fostered a bad taste; we are happy to see that the more gross and vulgar of that school are less sought after, and a growing competition for the elegant familiar. It is in this particular line that our present artists excel: and as it is one that admits of much feeling, tenderness, and beauty, its ascendancy may be admitted without regret. It cannot be denied, at the same time, that we are making advances in a higher walk, scarcely *pari passu*. It is said that many hundred pictures have been rejected this year—if they were worse than some that are exhibited, they must have been bad indeed. Surely it would be more kind to reject, than to place a picture where it cannot be seen; and where only the

staring number and reference to the catalogue "damn with the faint praise" of having been admitted. And it is most absurd to hang pictures at the very top of the room, which, for their size and subjects, require to be seen near—if they will not bear the nearer view, reject them altogether. It should seem as if many an artist were thus victimized to the fancy of exhibiting a pyramid of frames. The smaller the pictures, the higher they are placed. A certain order and symmetry of framework is thus preserved; but it leads to a suspicion that the carver and gilder had been consulted in the display, and not the artist. When shall we have picture and statue galleries upon a good principle? They are all ridiculously too high. The strained eye seldom sees even correctly, and more seldom with pleasure. It is subjected to an intolerable glare; and the attitude is painful. Pictures should rather be placed below the eye than above it. There should be no straining of the sight. The softening of the eyelash and shade of the brow is advantageous to every effect of the pencil; and not a little so in that they furnish the spectator with a natural repose, and unconstrained leisure, without which the mind of taste can scarcely receive pleasurable sensations through the eye. We have more than once ventured to give hints upon this subject; and do so now the more readily; because we perceive an intimation from Sir Robert Peel, and believe it to be the general wish both in and out of parliament, that a gallery more worthy the nation should be constructed.

There has been again, this year, a lamentable lack of landscapes. Scenic views indeed there are; but very few pieces that can lay claim to be considered landscape, and those of no high pretensions. Perhaps there is not a decent attempt at composition in that walk of art. It may be said, in answer to this, what are the pictures of Turner, of Stanfield, of Martin, of Lee, of Creswick? They may be very bad or very good—but landscapes they are not. What then do we mean by landscape? The art of composing from natural scenery, in the same manner that historical painting is

composed from the human figure. It should be poetry—the materials indeed from nature, but converted by the mind into higher truths than are obvious to the common eye, to uncultured taste; and yet shall be so strong of nature as to be recognised and felt as such. If such be landscape, we are afraid the Exhibition has not possessed one.

The nearest approach to a good landscape that we remember to have seen at the Royal Academy, was a picture by a Danish artist, Fearnley. We have taken some pains to make enquiry respecting him; and learn that he in vain tried to sell his pictures in this country—in fact, that he met with no encouragement; but that, on his return to the Continent, his works readily sold. There was a modesty, a quiet sobriety in the picture we noticed, that was even assistant to the grand and sublime, and most unlike the flashy, gaudy, trashy style of more favourite landscape painters. We expected much for the future from his pencil, and regret to learn that he has left the country for lack of encouragement; while misapplied labour and parrot-colouring procure for far inferior talent, fame and emolument.

“Ex his virtutem discas, verumque laborem,
Fortunam ex aliis.”

The fact is, there is little real taste for art but in portrait—all is portrait, either of human or inhuman things; and what should be landscape are merely portraits of places—views. So it is with marine pieces. There are few specimens, and they not very good. Portrait in every form is in the ascendency. Ladies and gentlemen, young and old, figure and flourish in every conceivable attitude, and inconceivable expression. We have multitudes of the good, the bad, and indifferent. Valuable memorials must be handed down, and the far more profitable source, vanity, must be fed and flattered. There is ample scope and room enough in this walk of art; and there is plenty of talent exercised in it. Yet in viewing this great mass of portraiture annually exhibited on the walls, we are much struck with the difference that has taken place either in the character of mankind or in the art and method of portraying them. In the old galleries of Lely and Kneller we see men worthy to have swayed senates, commanded armies, to have hunted

in the parks, to have adorned in their walk the noble halls on which they now so complacently look down, or to have founded families still proud to show their “old familiar faces.” But for an ancestry, who will be proud in generations to come to point to the insignificant, too often positively mean, progenitors of their race? The lady portraits are more successful. Feminine grace and beauty, as perhaps they are more admired, appear to be more agreeable to the taste and talents of our artists. In every department of modern art, however, there is more of the actual than the poetical; certainly where there is an attempt to deviate from what is *commonly true*, the result is too often any thing but poetry. And here we cannot but lament the utter bewilderment of Turner's extravagant vagaries. He is now doing more mischief to art, than his more sound genius ever did good. His pictures are like those playthings for children's eyes, where bits of tinfoil and coloured glass are to be seen representing confusion, and nothing else. We shall speak of his pictures in this year's Exhibition as we come to them in our extracts from our notebook, to which it is now time to refer. There is a wide field—more than a thousand works of art—our review must be limited. We heartily wish that the admission were less general. It would be more for the public taste, and more beneficial to artists of real merit, if the numbers were greatly reduced and the standard higher.

EAST ROOM. No. 10. “The Reduced Gentleman's Daughter.” R. Redgrave.—As this is an exquisitely beautiful picture both as to design, character, colour, and execution, we cannot do wrong in copying from the catalogue the subject. “I had not waited two hours when I was called up and found Mr Courtly and his lady at piquet; they frequently turned their eyes upon me, and seemed to discover many subjects of merriment, and they threw down their cards in hope of better sport. The lady called me to her, and began with an affected gravity to enquire what I could do; ‘but first tuck about and let us see your fine shape—well, what are you fit for, Mrs Mum?’—*Rambler*, No. 12. The picture, indeed, tells its own story. It is as perfect to the subject as any thing we have ever seen. The colouring is elegantly light, without any of the

gaudiness and fluster of colours into which a painter of less talent and feeling would have been tempted, according to the receipt of the age's fashion. The foolishness of Mr Courtly, the confident sport (perhaps we should say insolence, if the skill of the artist had not hidden it with beauty and half-mirthful coquetry) of his lady, are admirably expressed. There is just enough of contrast, and no more, in the distressed gentleman's daughter, whose mourning dress, and sensitive expression, serve to elicit the feeling of the subject, yet interfere not with the elegant lightness of the fashionable scene. If we must be critical, we do not quite like the colour of the background; and the maid bringing in coffee, might with advantage have been less vulgar; but the figure is Mrs Courtly, and probably the artist was afraid of the graceful beyond that character. There is not so pleasing a picture in the catalogue.

As a pendant to this, we here notice No. 21. "Nell Gwynne." C. Landseer, A.—"No sooner had she appeared with her oranges and play-bills, than the eyes of the young wits and men of fashion, who frequented the tavern and the theatres, were fixed upon her, anxious to know the story and birth of the handsome orange-girl."—Mrs JAMIESON'S *Beauties of the Court of Charles II.* This, though of quite a different handling, is of the same school—the elegant familiar; the colour varied, without being extravagant. It has quite an air of truth, considerable breadth in effect and execution: perhaps the countenances of the youths too much resemble each other, and are hardly expressive enough of the wit.

No. 13. "Citara, in the gulf of Salerno, looking towards the coast of Calabria." C. Stanfield, R.A.—This exemplifies the excellence and the defect of the artist. It has a great air of nature notwithstanding its conventional colouring. Mr Stanfield is too fond of drab, with blue shadows; whatever scene he paints, from whatever country, there is this peculiarity, as if he modelled his town views in a yellow clay, and painted from his models. It is this defect that makes his figures, which are numerous and scattered, too violent and spotty—too hard. His subjects are always well composed, but with a scenic view and character; that is, they are of the same

theatrical perspective from the same given distance; they are of a rule which deprives him of much variety—a rule best adapted to the theatre, but too limited for general picture. This, and his conventional colour, give his works too great a sameness; and, notwithstanding their first air of nature, we are forced, after a time, to suspect individual truth where all are alike and after the same receipt. Mr Stanfield reminds us of Loutherbou; but he has less daring and less variety; and Loutherbou certainly oftener deviated from the scenic rule. Yet is Mr Stanfield the best of our "*view*" painters.

No. 26. "Andromeda—Perseus coming to her Rescue." W. Etty, R. A.—What should induce a painter to select this subject, but the opportunity it offers of representing female beauty in distress? On this account the story has been often painted, and has often been the choice of poets. Yet what has Mr Etty made it? There is not the slightest pretension to beauty in Andromeda; and so imbecile and disagreeable is the attitude, that she resembles more the horror of horrors, one beyond that of Andromeda and the monster—a drunken woman. The star shooting into the iron dragon's mouth and out again, is a silly affectation, and only promotes laughter. As a companion to this, by the same artist, we here notice.

No. 30. "Mars, Venus, and Attendant disrobing her Mistress for the Bath."—A little more would have made this good; but Venus is not a beauty, nor quite graceful. We learn from this that Venus had a negress for her *femme-de-chambre* and certainly had worn stays. The colouring is good—a little more delicacy would have made the picture good.

No. 25.—"Olevans, near Subiaco, Roman States." W. Havell.—This is one of the disagreeably hot school. It is too well and too ill painted; too well not in some respects to remind one of nature, and so ill as to put one out of humour both with nature and art. Why will not Mr Havell consider that there may be such a thing as repose? But we forget that repose is, in our times, sadly out of fashion, which is further exemplified in

No. 27. "Bacchus and Ariadne." J. M. W. Turner, R.A.;—and to this we turn with instant pain, and

from it with great disgust. We are really very sorry to be compelled to speak as we must of Mr Turner. He either imposes upon himself or upon the public. It would be a great kindness to induce him to withdraw his strange performances; or the Hanging Committee do not do him and his former genius justice in not rejecting them. Here we have such an Ariadne and such a Bacchus as for ever, if the picture be remembered, must cast ridicule upon the subject, and is therefore injurious to the well-known Titian in the National Gallery, from which Turner (as one would think, malevolently) has burlesqued the figures. Ariadne is the oddest creature! Mr Turner has contrived to scratch in, we cannot say paint, at once a profile and a full face, but without shadow; so that Ariadne is something between an owl and the fish called old maid—old maid, however, with a numerous family, poor Bacchus and white doll Fauns. This has neither composition, nor execution, nor any beauty of any kind that we can see, and is altogether a melancholy absurdity. We find one rather startling novelty, that the sybil's temple was a ruin in the days of Bacchus.

No. 48. "Benvenuto Cellini presenting, for the approval of Pope Paul III., a silver censor of his own workmanship." Sir David Wilkie, R.A.—This is more than a resuscitation of Sir D. Wilkie's power; a very fine picture, painted with great breadth, and a great and unaffected simplicity. The Pope's head and whole figure is excellent; perhaps there is something a little hard in Benvenuto Cellini. Where we are so greatly gratified, we scarcely like to make a remark upon a trifling point; but as it shows a peculiarity which is better avoided, we will venture to remark that Sir David is not quite happy in his wiry manner of representing hair—it is slightly perceivable here.

No. 55. "Venice—the Bridge of Sighs."

"I stood upon a bridge, a palace and
A prison on each hand."—BYRON.

What a thing we have here! Venice treacle and white sugar; Venice going mad, like Tilburnia's maid, in white muslin, yet, on nearer look, it is white plaster. Where is the rich and gorgeous Venice? covered over like a twelfth cake.

No. 56. "Hope." W. Boxall.

"At evening time it shall be light."—
ZECH. xiv. 7.

This is too quiet and modest to attract attention in an exhibition glare. It is simple and of sweet expression, and very unpresumptively painted.

No. 61. "The Salutation to the Aged Friar." C. L. Eastlake, R. A.—This has much beauty, particularly in the expression of the female group; yet we think it injured in effect by the violent blue and red. If some of the latter had been, in the drapery, changed to green, and the blue made less blue, the harmony would have been better, and the intended simplicity would have better told. The violent contrast of hot and cold colours, when in any quantity, is always painful to the eye; we turn away, before we are satisfied with the subject, for repose. We wish that Mr Eastlake, who has great powers, and Uwins, who has a very beautiful picture here, would seriously study this matter. If they defend themselves by nature, we would suggest that there are times when we make artificial shade to shun the heat of midday nature, and endeavour to cool it into repose. Glare destroys sentiment.

No. 71. "Venice, from the Canale della Giudecca, chiesa de S. Maria." J. M. W. Turner, R. A.—Turner again! Is there any thing to enable us to put in a good word? There is. The sky is very natural, and has its due aerial perspective; all the rest is wretched: buildings as if built of snow by children in sport.

No. 72. "Scene from the Gentle Shepherd." A. Johnston.

"Last morning I was gay and early out,
Upon a dike I lean'd glowing about,
I saw my Meg come linkin o'er the lea;
I saw my Meg, but Maggy saw na me."

This is an indication that the painter could do better. The attempt to give the morning air is a failure—there is too much washy smoothness; yet the shepherd's figure is very good, and cleanly painted.

No. 91. "Temple of Vesta, Tivoli; taken soon after the falling of the old wooden bridge in 1829."—Here is another of Mr Havell's yolk-of-egg pictures. The mode of treatment, and particularly the many vile figures, make the scene like a vulgar fair which ought to be grand. A seller of umbrellas would have been an acquisition; for who would not have purchased a little shade?

No. 95. "Proserpina." H. Howard, R. A.

"That fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpine, gathering
flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gather'd."

This is melancholy indeed—we mean not the fate of Proserpine, for the sooner she gets out of such a landscape the better; but why should it be "out of the frying-pan into the fire?" Surely it is not poetical that Pluto should roast Proserpine, who "ruled the roast below." Why will painters have it that a nigger Pluto jumped out of the fire, like a roast chestnut, and took the beauteous flesh and blood of the daughter of Ceres into it, she being no salamander to endure it? Mr Howard has so long painted celestials in the skies, that he does not well comprehend their footing upon land: are the stars against him, that he should forsake Urania and all her train, or has he taken the heroic fit? "Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo." It is dreamy, and misty, and dingy, where it ought to be clear and distinct; and distinctly hard and doll-like in the figures, where a little more dreaminess would have been better. It is bad in colour as in composition. We are sorry that Mr Howard, R. A., should have exhibited this failure. We must go back to

No. 62. "Portrait of the Queen Victoria in the robes of state in which her Majesty meets the Parliament." Sir D. Wilkie, R. A.—There is a stiffness and formality in this that is unpleasant; it is like a wooden figure, such as we have seen a Dutch toy, standing, for lack of legs and feet, on a deep gilt base, meant to represent gold fringe; it appears loaded, that the figure may be sure to stand.

No. 100. A. E. Chalon.

"Le bas couleur de rose avec une jarretière d'argent."—LE DIABLE BOITEUX.

This is a very clever and pleasant diablerie.

No. 112. "A Sketch, for a picture from the Gentle Shepherd." Sir D. Wilkie, R. A.—This is very strange! One would imagine Sir David to be a sleep-walker, and that he had painted this odd thing with chance materials, and his finger for a brush.

No. 120. "Horses taken in to bait, the property of J. Marshall, Esq." E. Landseer, R. A.—This is very beautiful; but we cannot but think it in-

jured by the warm drab to which Landseer is so much addicted. His pictures in this Exhibition are all so perfect in their kind, that we think the last we see the best.

No. 121. "The Right Hon. Charles Christopher, Baron Cottenham, Lord High Chancellor." C. R. Leslie, R. A.—Though very well painted, there is rather formality than dignity in the figure and expression; the head is too small, perhaps, for the space of canvass. It certainly reminds us of the exclamation in the *Critic*, "O most accomplished Christopher!"

No. 125. "Milton dictating to his Daughters." Sir A. W. Callcott, R. A.—We are sorry to see Callcott forsake his own style, in which he excels all others, his sea-pieces and coasts, for such large designs, which lack sentiment and expression. This is black and weak; black, but not solemn.

No. 133. "First Love." W. Mulready, R. A.—This will make a very good engraving; for the expression is admirable. A country boy and girl, more of a tender than melancholy cast, yet they look as if they would be unfortunate in their love; but as a picture it is greatly injured by the peculiar colouring which Mr Mulready has of late adopted: it is "hot, hot, all hot." It might have been entitled "Love's Fiery Ordeal."

No. 18. "Tell me what I like." C. Brockey.—A very beautiful little picture of elegant beauty. A lady and her parrot, well penciled and coloured, and more pleasing in expression than the works of Metzù or Netcher, whom Mr Brockey has evidently studied. It is quite nature, and pleasing nature; why it bears its title, we cannot tell.

No. 122. "Peasantry returning from Naples to Sorrento." J. Bouterwick.—We particularly request Mr Uwins to look at this performance, to show him his own fault by his imitator. It is of the red-hot school. How delightfully true to nature is

No. 139. "Macaw, Love-birds, Terrier and Spaniel Puppies belonging to her Majesty." E. Landseer, R. A.—This would immortalize Landseer had he painted nothing else. His are not mere animals; they tell a story. You see them not only alive, but you see their biography, and know what they do, and, if the expression be allowed, what they think. The macaw has a biscuit in his claw, the

love-birds are fluttering, and the inimitable terrier is begging for a morsel from the magnificent "master of the feast." It is wonderfully executed; perhaps the brilliancy of the bird would not have been injured had the background been less white.

We are glad to see heads of character, such as "Portia." No. 137. J. Severn.—Though it is not quite a Portia, it is sweet. Were it a little more solidly painted, it would be better; it wants the force of nature. It is a good imitation of the pure of Raffaele. The portrait of the Marquess of Douglas and Clydesdale, by H. W. Pickersgill, R.A., fully keeps up the reputation of that admirable portrait-painter. It is all vigour.

In 149—"Lion Dog, (from Malta, the last of the tribe,) the property of H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent," E. Landseer, R.A., we have another instance of the poetical manner of this great artist—it is animal biography again. The placing the little shock-dog under the protection of Lion's nose, is very happy.

No. 155. "Sorrento, Bay of Naples," is clever, as all Mr Stanfield's pictures are; but his conventional drab colour is a great drawback upon our admiration. Such scenes certainly require the charm of local colour: at all events, the warm drab, as a conventional colour of his school, is not agreeable.

No. 174. "Banquet Scene in Macbeth." D. Maclise, R.A. elect.

"Act III. Scene 4.—A Room of State in the Palace—a Banquet prepared. MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX, Lords and Attendants. The Ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in MACBETH'S place.

Macbeth. Thou canst not say I did it;
never shake

Thy gory locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady Macbeth. Sit, worthy friends;—
my lord is often thus,

And hath been from his youth: pray you,
keep seat;

The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: if much you note him
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?"

We have copied the extract from the play, that it may be seen how far Mr Maclise has kept to his authority. Macbeth looks at the Ghost of Banquo, Lady Macbeth grasps manfully his

arm, and, with the motion of the other hand, addresses her guests. Macbeth and Lady Macbeth are in the centre of the picture, on each side are the guest tables, and the guests rise in astonishment and confusion. The Ghost of Banquo is a novelty—it is a visible shadow; that is, you see its filmy form, and see through it—the head alone, and why so is not clear, is darker and more opaque, rather verging into a positive substance. Macbeth is the very image of terror—every feature appears rigid with that expression, and he is starting as he sits back from the apparition. Lady Macbeth is standing. Hers is a fine commanding aspect; but it is undignified. It is fine as that of a bandit's wife—it is not Lady Macbeth. Her limbs too, her hand and arm, are too masculine and brawny. It should seem that Mr Maclise imagines Rosse's speech, "Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well," to have been spoken with a hidden meaning: for her expression is indignant, and of unconcealed command and stern authority, whereas her whole speech in the play is to sooth the guests, and is artful in the extreme. By the strong grasp she takes of Macbeth, we are to suppose she is on the point of turning to him, as Shakspeare has inimitably made her, with, "Are you a man?" No picture can perhaps give the scene, for these are the two moments. Would not the latter have been the best? Notwithstanding these remarks, it is a work of great power, and of a masterly hand and mind. It has strikingly the defects, as well as beauties, of Mr Maclise's manner. It may be considered, perhaps, somewhat too hard, too distinctly made out and painted up to the effect of each individual object, in the subordinate parts, as if he were not aware how much the grand and sublime owe to obscurity judiciously given. There is too much labour bestowed upon mere accessories. It would be more rich if it were less rich; the gorgeous of ornament, and display of power of painting, tend to overpower the sentiment. We doubt not, ere long, Mr Maclise will learn to subdue what is extravagant. With a little more simplicity, with an ambition for something higher than will be consistent with conspicuous and gorgeous accessories, he bids fair to form a school of English art of which the nation may be proud.

"The Portrait of H. R. H. the Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha," &c., by G. Patten, A., is of considerable power. There is evidently too much space above the head, which makes the figure look small.

No. 203. "Slavers throwing over the Dead and Dying—Typhon coming on." J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

"Aloft all hands, strike the topmast and
belay;

Yon angry setting sun, and fierce-edged
clouds

Declare the Typhon's coming.

Before it sweep your decks, throw overboard
The dead and dying—never heed their
chains.

Hope, hope—fallacious hope!

Where is thy market now?"—*MS. Fallacies of Hope.*

Whether the MS. was made for the picture, or the picture for the MS., they are very much alike, out of all rule and measure. The lines are, however, absolutely necessary to explain the piece—without them, past the imagination of man to find out. There is evidently a vessel riding in a chaos of red and yellow stuff, supposed to be meant for water, but that it quits the horizontal line and runs uphill. Of all the birds in the air, and all the fishes in the sea, what have we in the foreground? It is a black leg thrown overboard, and round it run fish great and small. There is a whale-like fish booming large in obscurity, which Mr Turner may mean to represent "Typhon's coming." Is it allegory? Between the vessel and the fish there is an odd object that long puzzled us. We may be wrong; but we have conjectured it to be a Catholic bishop in canonicals gallantly gone overboard, to give benediction to the crew, or the fish, or Typhon. Is it "Bishop Blaze," amid a dreadful conflict between sulphur and carmine? The fish claiming their legacy is very funny. What could have given rise to this dream of the colour pots? Here, too, is something quite miraculous—iron chains are floating! Is it meant to be poetical, that, as in the old woman's case, "water wouldn't quench fire," "fire wouldn't burn sticks"—so "water wouldn't swallow slavery's chains. There they are, however, and won't go down. They may make excuse that the water is no water after all, and has not an idea of liquidity. But it is too hard a task to account for any thing in this unaccountable performance.

No. 204. "Almsgiving." C. W. Cope—is a very simply elegant design. The expression of the principal figure is very sweet and pure. It is a pity it is so poor in colour.

No. 190. "The Greek Church of the Holy Nativity at Bethlehem," &c. By D. Roberts.—It is very interesting for its subject. It is very well painted, with high finish. We are convinced by this, as well as other pictures of Mr Roberts', that the peculiar warm drab colour which is so common in his and other artists' works, is a bad background for figures. In this piece they are very good, well coloured, and well executed; but they look hard; the drab colour is in fault. What is the substance meant to be represented? It is the same in all his subjects. We suspect there is somewhat of manner in it. Fine and good as Mr Roberts' finish and execution are, we doubt if a little more boldness and less of the enamel would not be an improvement in his style. His manner captivates at first by this peculiar quality; for that very reason the propriety of it is questionable: it became less agreeable to our eyes at every view.

No. 197. "Titian and Irene da Spilimbergo." W. Dyce.—This represents Titian reclining on the grass in the grounds of a villa, enjoying the conversation of the beautiful Irene. There is something so odd in this picture, that you are at first more disposed to laugh at it than to admire. It is, however, a clean picture, though in many parts affected, as in the whiteness of Irene's face; and certainly poor Titian, whom we never think of but with respect, is here too much of the sprawling Scaramouch or Jackpudding. There is an audacity in the picture, which, subdued, may make a painter.

No. 214. "Scene from Gil Blas." —Here Mr Maclise shows his power in grave humour. The piece is admirably painted. Gil Blas purchases his suit of blue velvet, and tries it on. We are not quite satisfied with Gil Blas, though Mr Maclise's conception of the character may be right. We will here notice his scene from "Twelfth Night," No. 381—it being in the same line. It is the vanity of Malvolio, who appears in Olivia's garden, "in yellow stockings and cross-gartered."

"Malvolio. Sweet lady!—ho—ho—
[Smiles fantastically.]

Olivia. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?"

Nothing can be more felicitous than the characters. *Olivia* is perfectly beautiful—so sweet, so delicate, and in such wonderment at her fantastic steward. The garden, too, is good. *Malvolio's* conceit is perfect. This is another instance of our success in the elegant familiar.

No. 230. "A subject from the Parable of the Ten Virgins." W. Etty, R.A.—The five wise virgins are above with the bridegroom, at an opening, over the door, at which the five foolish have in vain been crying for admittance. The conception is very good. The architecture simple, and very broadly treated, and with good sober colour, which well sets off the dresses of the foolish virgins, which are rich, and generally in good harmony with the general effect. It is near being a fine picture, and we hope Mr Etty will make it so, and receive our suggestions in good part; it is greatly injured by the fallen figure, which is ugly from its sprawling attitude—in fact, it is unsupported by the ground, and looks isolated, and besides, it is neither falling nor fallen, and looks a deformity in the picture. The one rushing from the door in despair, is capital. The wise over the doorway, and the bridegroom, want beauty and dignity; an hour or two might well be bestowed on this: there is too much very good to let it remain as it is.

No. 243. "The new Moon; or, I've lost my Boat, you shan't have your Hoop." J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—The painting does not belie the silliness of the title. "The new Moon, or,"—what can the moon have to do with the loss of a hoop and a boat? Who would have imagined this to be moonlight? It is far below even "moonshine." There is a red child squalling lustily. The moral is, that spoiled children of all ages do very silly things.

No. 252. "The Irish Whisky-Still." Sir D. Wilkie, R.A.—This is an interior—an Irish cabin. On one side is the mother with a child in arms; on the other, at the door, the father on the watch; in the centre, an elder boy attending the fire, the still at work. So simple is the subject; nor is there any thing in it whatever to create an interest. No one will care one farthing whether they are disco-

vered or not. The subject, therefore, must be viewed merely as a means to show the artist's skill in the subordinate parts of his art, in *chiaroscuro*, colour, texture, and imitation. In all these it is defective. It is unpleasantly scattered in effect; the colouring is monotonous; and, where in any degree varied, out of harmony. The texture is strange; of a wet and stringy character; and, as for exact imitation of nature, it is not happy. The woman's face could not have that white look in such a cabin. The child in arms is beautifully designed and executed; and the boy at the fire is very good indeed—the attitude youthful and naturally graceful. We observe in it Sir D. Wilkie's peculiar method of painting hair, the best caricature of which was his "Portrait, Master Donne," in the last year's exhibition. The smoke is liquid. We have no right to object to a painter's manner if it suits his subject. Here it does not; but where there are two manners, as shown in this and other pictures, in comparison with that of the Pope and Benvenuto Cellini, we may express regret that a man of Sir David's genius should not adhere to the best: again we repeat, we have never seen any thing from his hand of so much power as that picture.

No. 272. "Araby and a Pony," &c. A. Cooper, R.A.—It is difficult to give a preference to any one of Mr Cooper's portraits of horses; they are so evenly and equally well executed and coloured. He has the judgment to know that white and grey horses do not require dark backgrounds. With him there is no violence of this kind, no disagreement in effect between one part and another. The sky in this picture is very good.

No. 273, "The Bye-road." T. Creswick.—This is a true representation of a bye-road, where the sun, it may be said, delights to choose retirement, and playfully throws down his flickering lights. The quietness of such scenes is delightful; the effect of the sportive light is managed with very great truth. We cannot help thinking that the rest of the picture is too light, and rather destructive of the repose which the flickering light itself would not destroy. There is something extremely pleasing in all that comes from the pencil of this artist; yet here we will venture to remark, that the repose in No. 7,

(Octagon Room,) "The Ford," by Mr Creswick, is injured by the depth not being kept up—parts are too light, and perhaps the general colour too dark and brown; and the sides, one particularly, let you out of the scene, which would be more beautiful if more enclosed; for enclosure is the character after all.

No. 292. "The Dromos, or Outer Court of the Great Temple at Edfou in Upper Egypt." D. Roberts, A.—This view is taken from under the portico of the temple, looking towards the grand entrance, two-thirds of the columns being covered with sand. The temple itself is buried to the roof. This is a very striking scene; the columns rising in perspective out of the sand, retaining order over even desolation, and the grand simplicity of effect, are very solemn. A group in the centre, well painted, give a scale—nothing more is wanted. The other figures, though well painted, and perhaps truly representing character and costume, injure the picture. They are spots, and for display, and too obtrusive. One would have been enough, showing the distance to the centre.

Nothing can be finer than "Lion and Dash, the property of his Grace the Duke of Beaufort," by Landseer. As usual with him, it is an incident. The grandeur of Lion in repose is perfect.

No. 374. "Park Scenery," F. R. Lee, R.A.—This is an unfortunate choice of subject—in vulgar landscape—a tree without dignity upon an unsightly bank. Park scenery should have dignity and repose—a character of domain, expressive of nature's wealth and man's too. In this there is but a beggarly poverty. The ground is of a disagreeable drab; nor is it painted up to nature's truth, which alone can give a charm to such subjects. The sky, however, is good and true.

In No. 360, "Northwick Park," Mr Lee has avoided a fault conspicuous in the other. It is park-like, and has much beauty; the deer swimming across make an incident, give distance and importance. The right hand side does not well agree with the rest—is little in character, cold and leaden in colour, and looks poor and unfinished. Still we think, though there is much to admire in the picture, that Mr Lee's execution, and colouring, and texture, are too little after nature; and that

there is nothing in his subjects, or manner of treating them, to draw off attention from the defect. His style is too conventional for his subjects. How unlike are Ruysdael's and Hobbins's execution, transparency, and force? Mr Lee is decidedly a man of very considerable ability; but it is not always that such men, engaged as they often are in painting scenes for others' tastes, at least quite as much as for their own, see the deviations from the truth of nature, into which, by too much practice of one kind, they are led; and the artist's world is so much beset with flatterers, that just criticism seldom reaches the studio. We trust to Mr Lee's good sense, to take our observations according to their real value, and without offence. We would have him to be a landscape painter.

No. 343. "Avignon on the Rhone." C. Stanfield, R.A.—This is one of Mr Stanfield's views—certainly a beautiful scene—the distance not quite satisfactory. The drab and blue colouring, as usual, not agreeable.

No. 311. "Laying down the Law." E. Landseer, R.A.—Here paw is law. It is wonderfully fine. A large white poodle, we may truly call him Judge Poodle, lays his paw upon the law of the case. It is not to be disputed, as there are twelve dogs around him. They are meant, it is presumed, for the jury. The varied characters, from sagacity to stupidity, from acquiescence to doubt, are well given. The silkiness of the poodle's coat is a wonderful specimen of execution.

No. 393. "The Eve of the Deluge." J. Martin.

"And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth; and the Lord said, I will destroy man whom I have created from the face of the earth; and Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord.

The sun, moon, and a comet are represented in conjunction as one of the warning signs of the approaching doom. In the distance are the ocean, the mountains, and on a lofty promontory the Ark. In the middle ground "The forest trees, coeval with the hour When Paradise upsprung, So massy, vast, yet green in their old age;" the caverns and tents; the people revelling and resting. Upon the rock in the foreground, Methuselah, who has directed the opening of the scroll of his father Enoch, whilst agitated groups of figures, and one of the

giants of those days, are hurrying to the spot where Noah displays the scroll; and Methuselah having compared the portentous signs in the heavens with those represented in the scroll, at once perceives the fulfilment of the prophecy that the end is come, and resigns his soul to God.

We have extracted all that Mr Martin has inserted in the catalogue, because it is presumed he wishes it to be descriptive of the picture. After, however, reading the description, authority of Scripture, and poetry, we cannot but think Mr Martin has totally failed as to impression. Surely the eve of the Deluge, in all its portents, should be awfully represented. Here there is no awe. There is nothing to strike the eye as unusual in heaven or on earth but the sun, moon, and comet in conjunction, which, however, seem to be there in very amicable concord; and so clear and every-day a dappled look does the sky maintain, that at first one may doubt if sun, moon, and comet be not paper kites. A string or two in the hands of Methuselah and his company would have made the illusion perfect. Surely "a warning sign" should be significant. The outlines and general drawing of the hills is fine, though not inspiring awe; their colour rather gay than ominous. They appear snow hills, showing that sun, moon, and comet were as yet powerless, and that the scene has been shifted to the Arctic regions, where blue ice is pleasantly enough illuminated. We see nothing to indicate that there was any wickedness on the earth. The figures look very innocent, and pleasure-parties predominate. The colouring is in disagreeable contrast from the blue and white to the brown of the rock on which Methuselah is comparing signs that look not at all portentous. "The forest trees" before the flood, are very unlike any forest-trees since that awful event; nor do we see that they are as stated, "green in their old age." The perspective is questionable. There is but little composition or skilful putting together of parts in the picture.

We cannot do better than refer in this place to its companion, No. 509, "The Assuaging of the Waters," and here also we extract the passages quoted by Mr Martin:—

"And God remembered Noah, and every living thing, and all the cattle that were with him in the ark; and God made a wind to pass on the earth, and the waters assuaged. The fountains also of the deep, and the windows of heaven were stopped; and the rain from heaven was restrained.

"In the tenth month, on the first day of the month, were the tops of the mountains seen.

"And Noah sent forth a raven, which went to and fro until the waters were dried up from the face of the earth. And also he sent forth a dove.

"And the dove came in to him in the evening; and, lo, in her mouth was an olive-leaf plucked off; so Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the earth." —Gen. viii 1—11.

Should there not be in the representation of such a subject as this, an impression of the awful catastrophe of the drowned world, and, at the same time, of the Divine mercy which miraculously interposes for the recovery? There should be a grandeur, then, and a mystery, which, however feebly, might in some degree indicate the felt, yet invisible, hand of God, by which the fountains of the deep and the windows of heaven are stopped. This mystery might be partly in colour, partly in obscurity, in a glimmering light that should pervade, yet have undiscovered depths of the subsiding waters. But mystery is banished from our schools. If a modern were to paint infernal regions, he would let in the sun to every crevice, though Pluto, as the poet saith it, leap from his throne. A little more attention, merely to subdue what is outrageously light and violent in colour, would make this a good, a fine picture; but it would never duly represent the subsiding of the waters of the Deluge. The sudden blue of the sea on the right is out of all harmony, and serves no purpose. The rocks are well painted, with good drawing of detail; but it is detail for the most part thrown away: much less would have indicated the lines and their perspective. The mind and the eye are wearied by being directed too forcibly into a scrutiny of every crevice and cranny. It is the whole that should have absorbed the mind, and the eye should not have been compelled to mislead it. It would nevertheless, with alterations, be good as a common scene. The form and work of the water is of a

fine sweep, but it wants solemnity to make its power felt.

No. 416. "Fioretta." T. Uwins, R.A.—

"The innocent are gay."

COWPER's *Task*.

This is well named. A sweet and innocent girl playfully adorning herself with flowers. It is one of the pictures of the Exhibition to be coveted; it is all beauty; the design, expression, and colour all agree. It is the presence of joy in human form to banish care. We are the more delighted to praise and admire this picture, because we hope we see in it a promise that Mr Uwins will forsake the untamed heat and fierceness of his colouring. His flowers are the freshest, and have a vigour of execution that makes you think them flowers that will never fade.

No. 419. "Rockets and Blue-Lights (close at hand) to warn Steam Boats of Shoal Water," J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—At a distance this appeared to have some harmonious colouring, blues, reds, and yellows, not disagreeably distributed; but, on nearer view, we were totally at a loss to know what it meant. A thing more without form and shape of any thing intended we never saw, excepting that we did discover a man, or we should hardly say the man, but the red-hot poker he is holding in his hand by the hot end. As the figure looks a little cindery, perhaps the poker has done its work. Mr Turner's representation of water is very odd. It is like hair-powder and pomatum, not over-well mixed; here a little more of one than of the other, with occasional splashes of reds, blues, and yellows. These absurd extravagances disgrace the Exhibition not only by being there, but by occupying conspicuous places.

No. 424. "Taking up Trimmer Lines." F. R. Lee, R.A.—Scenes of so common a nature should, at least, have the brilliancy and charm of nature. This, too, wants repose, and is poor in execution.

No. 441. "The Slave Trade." L. Biard.—This is perhaps in reality the most powerful picture in the exhibition. It is not rendered so by any daring effect; for it is upon a principle entirely at variance with the forced and exaggerated in effect, in colour, and in execution. We cannot

but believe that the artist has seen what he represents, and has not thought of himself or his art, but bent his whole mind to faithfulness to his subject. There are evidently groups of two black nations, the conquerors and the conquered. The latter are brought in to be sold to the European slave-dealer, who lies at his length indolently and carelessly, while brutal tortures are inflicted. One young creature is being marked with a hot iron, and is writhing under the pain, brutally inflicted by an European sailor. A mother is grovelling on the ground, covering her child—a frightful figure of the "wild untutor'd savage;" some are tossing their arms about in despair—not as any other of the human race would throw their limbs; but with the peculiar action of a savage life. In the centre is an extended and fine figure of a man, by his ornaments a chief; stiff, perhaps with dogged obstinacy: a sailor lays his hand on his body, as if trying his vitality—whilst another is opening and examining his mouth: other conquered savages are being brought in—their necks fastened to a log. On the other side are the wild-looking heads of the poor creatures, and the lashes of the whip; breaking upon the red and murky sky, indicative of pestilential heat, the very air infected with the curse of slavery; there lies at anchor, towards the horizon, the horrid slave-ship—and boats are filling with wretches to be conveyed—the pestilential coast is under a thick haze. There is not an atom of the *presumption* of art. The principal figure of the conquerors is in the foreground, in perfect composure, his dark face skilfully brought out by tobacco-smoke. When we consider the difficulty of making a picture of so many dark groups, reversing the common practice, we cannot too much admire the judgment of Mr Biard in the entire management. We hope this picture will be engraved, and cheaply distributed: it is better than volumes upon the slave trade. It should be publicly exhibited in America. We have seen representations of horrors, of plague, pestilence, and famine—but we never saw a piece of more real deep pathos. We rejoice, too, that foreign artists make themselves known by thus exhibiting in this country—may it produce a noble emulation!

No 461. "Neapolitan Fisher-girls surprised Bathing by Moonlight." J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—If Mr Turner means discovered by the word surprised, we cannot agree with him, for it puzzles one to find any fisher-girls at all; but we will suppose the indistinct creatures we dimly see in no dim colour, are really the "maids who love the moon." We at first thought the red images in the red blaze had been "ignes fatui," knowing that Mr Turner has so often allowed his genius to be led astray by them. This is another of the absurd school which Mr Turner endeavours to establish—a return, perhaps, to the "infant school of art, *versus* the manly school of nature."

No. 482. "Prince Charles Edward and the Highlanders entering Edinburgh after the Battle of Preston." T. Duncan. — We are sorry that the description of this picture in the catalogue is too long to be admitted here. It tells its story admirably: the prince is just sufficiently conspicuous, and no more—there is ample room, therefore, for the other characters, —those who rejoice in the event, and the opponents to the cause. It is full of character, but is painted too much after Sir D. Wilkie's wet manner. Is there not a peculiarity in making the eyes of most of the figures too small?

No. 508. "Portrait of Mrs Bateman." F. Grant.—We admire this portrait much for its unaffected truth and simplicity—its unforced yet very pleasing tone of colour. We hail this absence of all violence of effect of colour in an artist so likely to promote a better taste in portraits than we commonly see on the Exhibition walls.

We may here, too, speak of the unobtrusive power of 507, "Portrait of Sir W. Follett," G. Stonehouse; and No. 448, "Portrait of a Lady," J. Watson Gordon—which we like for its truth, and disclaiming all adventitious aid of superfluous ornament. Indeed the love of ornament—of the gorgeous—is doing us much mischief: robes, jewels, and plate, are too often the evident intention of pictures, and the story the adjunct.

Why have the Academicians in the Octagon Room begun again with No. 1? It may puzzle many who first open their catalogues in it, of which we will give proof. Two gentlemen

behind us, had been looking at No. 14, "Thetis and Achilles," H. Corbould—in which Achilles is, as usual, in half armour, half nudity; and Thetis entire nudity, rising out of the water. These gentlemen referred to the catalogue. One reads—"No. 14. Portrait of his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, K.G., Hereditary Earl-Marshal of England."

"Well," says the other, "that now must be one of the early dukes."

"Yes," saith the first, "they wore those odd dresses in former days."

"Ay," saith the other, "it must have been a long time back."

Doubtless they thought Achilles's, or rather his Grace's, armour was a compliment to the corporation of cutlers of Sheffield, for whom the portrait was painted; and Thetis rising from the water was most probably Britannia, that "rules the waves."

No. 12. "Ruins, Egypt, Sunset." W. Müller. — Here the gigantic statues, with folded arms, look over the sandy plain solemnly grand. The deep red of the sunset towards the horizon purpling the distance, contrasted with the calm serenity above—a serenity that denotes the coming night—gives a poetical loneliness to the scene. We the more admire, because we are sure it is true. We have seen Mr Müller's sketches in Greece and Egypt, drawn and coloured upon the spot, and have never seen any more fine. They are very numerous, and admirably executed; indeed, a most valuable portfolio.

No. 34, "Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?" *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. Scene 1. R. S. Lauder.—We were much struck last year with Mr Lauder's picture from Ravenswood, nor shall we soon forget it. His strong power of delineating character is shown in this picture; but it is hung too high to see it satisfactorily. Where the works of art exceed a thousand, it must be that many of great merit will remain unnoticed.

We fear that our observations upon pictures, so totally unconnected with each other, may have already been of too great extent for the reader's patience. We do not profess to criticise sculpture, but there is one statue so beautiful, (and we have not spoken to one person that has not equally admired it,) that we must notice it.

No. 1076, "Statue of a Girl going to Bathe." P. Macdowell.—It is so perfectly unaffected, so delicate, and expresses such innocent beauty, that it is quite fascinating. Those who are enamoured of certain antique rules and proportions may consider the arms too slender; for ourselves, we think it the more beautiful for this lifelike truth: whoever may possess it, we envy him.

We were very much pleased, likewise, with No. 1099, "Ino and the Infant Bacchus." J. H. Foley.—Bacchus is the infant god. There is great grace and beauty in every part; but we venture no more on sculpture, not being critics but admirers.

To this account of works of art in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, a notice of Mr Danby's picture of the Deluge may be very properly added. Why it was not exhibited at the Academy, we know not. It certainly would have made a very great sensation. The design is very simple. A mass of rock, on which are crowding a dense mass of human beings escaping from the rush of waters. Some who have reached the summit are precipitated thence; some are trampled upon by those who urge their upward way; some assist others in ascending the rugged rocks, rent asunder by an earthquake, which is supposed to have happened in the breaking up the foundations of the great deep. In the foreground is a tree rooted in a fragment overwhelmed; the tree has been the refuge of many wretched beings still clinging to it for life: a part is broken off, and on that too are strugglers for life. A serpent is coiled round one agonized figure; a lion is clinging to a branch; figures, in every attitude, as wildly cast by the overthrow, and in every effort to obtain safety, are mingled together, exhibiting human distress in every shape. On the right is a giant, killed by a mass of fallen rock, and a child: over these an angel of light is seen weeping. We do not, however, like the conception of this episode, nor

its execution. The faint tone of the angel and wings of prismatic colouring, are too little for so grand a subject, which should, as much as possible, be confined to the one idea of the coming universal desolation. The Ark on the horizon is likewise too small; it would have been better partially obscured: as it is, the eye too suddenly perceives it, and its smallness offends. The deluge from above and from below well unite. On the left is the sun, red and obscured, seen near the tops of the buildings of an overwhelmed city. This part of the picture, too, we do not quite like; it is too distinct. The waters are very fine in their swell and in-rushing. Their transparency, with the bodies seen in part beneath them, is finely managed. The scene is supposed to be lighted by a comet, which is indeed seen, but not with sufficiently awful effect. Excepting to the right, where the dark deluge of rain is very fine, we think Mr Danby has failed in the sky; it wants awful colour and depth. The light too is generally too white—wonderfully managed in its effects, so that the separation of the rocks shown by it, and their wet surfaces, are perfect in illusion. The picture is certainly a work of very high character; it is of a daring hand, and shows a most powerful genius. We well remember the effect produced by the "Opening of the Sixth Seal," by Mr Danby, some years ago. This picture, though differing much from that, is of the same powerful hand, and a conception of the same poetical mind. In illusion of effect we can only compare Mr Danby's picture to the Diorama; we think not of the picture, but of the scene. It is awfully grand. We look forward to great things from Mr Danby's easel. His aim is high, his conceptions poetical, and his manner original; it seeks truth of effect, and to bring it out with the utmost strength. We understand the picture will be exhibited in the provincial towns, as was the "Opening of the Sixth Seal."

STYLE.

No. II.

It is a natural resource, that whatsoever we find it difficult to investigate as a result, we endeavour to follow as a growth; failing analytically to probe its nature, historically we seek relief to our perplexities by tracing its origin. Not able to assign the elements of its theory, we endeavour to detect them in the stages of its development. Thus, for instance, when any feudal institution (be it Gothic, Norman, or Anglo-Saxon) eludes our deciphering faculty, from the imperfect records of its use and operation, then we endeavour conjecturally to amend our knowledge, by watching the circumstances in which that institution arose; and from the necessities of the age, as indicated by facts which have survived, we are sometimes able to trace, through all their corresponding stages of growth, the natural succession of arrangements which such necessities would be likely to prescribe.

This mode of oblique research, where a more direct one is denied, we find to be the only one in our power. And, with respect to the liberal arts, it is even more true than with respect to laws or institutions; because remote ages, widely separated, differ much more in their pleasures than they can ever do in their social necessities. To make property safe and life sacred—that is every where a primary purpose of law. But the intellectual amusements of men are so different, that the very purposes and elementary functions of these amusements are different. They point to different ends as well as different means. The drama, for instance, in Greece, connects itself with religion; in other ages, religion is the power most in resistance to the drama. Hence, and because the elder and ruder ages

are most favourable to a ceremonial and mythological religion, we find the tragedy of Greece defunct before the literary age arose. Aristotle's era may be taken as the earliest era of refinement and literary development. But Aristotle wrote his *Essay on the Greek Tragedy* just a century after the *chef d'œuvre* of that tragedy had been published.

If, therefore, it is sometimes requisite for the proper explanation even of a law or legal usage, that we should go to its history, not looking for a sufficient key to its meaning in the mere analogies of our own social necessities, much more will that be requisite in explaining an art or a mode of intellectual pleasure. Why it was that the ancients had no landscape painting, is a question deep almost as the mystery of life, and harder of solution than all the problems of jurisprudence combined. What causes moulded the tragedy of the ancients could hardly be guessed, if we did not happen to know its history and mythologic origin. And with respect to what is called *Style*, not so much as a sketch—as an outline—as a hint could be furnished towards the earliest speculations upon this subject, if we should overlook the historical facts connected with its earliest development.

What was it that first produced into this world that celebrated thing called *Prose*? It was the bar, it was the hustings, it was the *Bema* (or *Bema*.) What Gibbon and most historians of the Mussulmans have rather absurdly called the pulpit of the Caliphs, should rather be called the rostrum, the Roman military *suggestus*, or Athenian *bema*. The fierce and generally illiterate Mahometan harangued his troops; preach he could not; he had no subject for preaching.* Now this

* "*No subject.*"—If he had a subject, what was it? As to the great and sole doctrines of Islam—the unity of God, and the mission of Mahomet as his chief prophet, (i. e. not validator, but interpreter)—that must be presumed known to every man in a Mussulman army, since otherwise he could not have been admitted into the army. But these doctrines might require expansion, or at least evidence? Not at all; the Mussulman believes them incapable of either. But at least the Caliph might mount the pulpit, in order to urge the primary duty of propagating the true faith? No; it was not the primary duty; it was a secondary duty; else there would have been no option

function of man, in almost all states of society, the function of public haranguing was for the Pagan man, who had no printing-press, more of a mere necessity, through every mode of public life, than it is for the modern man of Christian light: for as to the modern man of Mahometan twilight, his perfect bigotry denies him this characteristic resource of Christian energies. Just four centuries have we of the Cross propagated our light by this memorable invention; just four centuries have the slaves of the Crescent clung to their darkness by rejecting it. Christianity signs her name; Islamism makes her mark. And the great doctors of the Mussulmans, take their stand precisely where Jack Cade took *his* a few years after printing had been discovered. Jack and they both make it felony to be found with a spelling-book, and sorcery to deal with syntax.

Yet with these differences, all of us alike, Pagan, Mussulman, Christian, have practised the arts of public speaking as the most indispensable resource of public administration and of private intrigue. Whether the purpose were to pursue the interests of legislation, or to conduct the business of jurisprudence, or to bring the merits of great citizens pathetically before their countrymen; or (if the state were democratic enough) oftentimes to explain the conduct of the executive government—oftentimes, also, to pro-

secute a scheme of personal ambition; whether the audience were a mob, a senate, a judicial tribunal, or an army; equally (though not in equal degrees) for the Pagan of twenty-five hundred years back, and for us moderns, the arts of public speaking, and consequently of prose as opposed to metrical composition, have been the capital engine—the one great intellectual machine—of civil life.

This, to some people, may seem a matter of course; "would you have men speak in rhyme?" We answer, that when society comes into a state of refinement, the total uses of language are developed in common with other arts; but originally, and whilst man was in his primitive condition of simplicity, it must have seemed an unnatural, nay an absurd, thing to speak in prose. For in those elder days, the sole justifying or exciting cases for a public harangue, would be cases connected with impassioned motives. Rare they would be, as they had need to be, where both the "hon. gentleman" who moves, and his "hon. friend" who seconds, are required to speak in Trimeter Iambic. Hence the necessity that the oracles should be delivered in verse. Who ever heard of a prose oracle? And hence, as Grecian taste expanded, the disagreeable criticisms whispered about in Athens as to the coarse quality of the verses that proceeded from Delphi. It was like bad Latin from Oxford. Apollo him-

allowed—tribute, death, or conversion. Well, then, the Caliph might ascend the pulpit, for the purpose of enforcing a secondary duty? No, he could not; because that was no duty of time or place; it was a postulate of the conscience at all times alike; and needed no argument or illustration. Why, then, what *was* it that the Caliph talked about? It was this:—He praised the man who had cut most throats; he pronounced the funeral panegyric of him who had had his own throat cut under the banners of the Prophet; he explained the prudential merits of the next movement or of the next campaign. In fact, he did precisely what Pericles did—what Scipio did—what Cæsar did; what it was a regular part of the Roman Emperor's commission to do, both before a battle and after a battle, and, generally, under any circumstances which made an explanation necessary. What is now done in "general orders," was then committed to a *visé voce* communication. Trifling communications probably devolved on the six centurions of each cohort (or regiment); graver communications were reserved to the Emperor, surrounded by his staff. Why we should mislead the student by calling this solemnity of addressing an army from a *tribunal*, or *suggestus*, by the irrelevant name of preaching from a pulpit, can only be understood by those who perceive the false view taken of the Mahometan faith and its relation to the human mind. It was certainly a poor plagiarism from the Judaic and the Christian creeds; but it did not rise so high as to conceive of any truth that needed or that admitted intellectual development, or that was susceptible of exposition and argument. However, if we will have it that the Caliph preached, then did his Lieutenant say *Amen*. If Omar was a paragon, then certainly Caled was his clerk.

self, to turn out of his own temple, in the very age of Sophocles, such Birmingham hexameters as sometimes astonished Greece, was like our English court keeping a Stephen Duck, the thrasher, for the national poet-laureate, at a time when Pope was fixing an era in the literature. Metre fell to a discount in such learned times. But, in itself, metre must always have been the earliest vehicle for public enunciations of truth among men, for these obvious reasons:—

1. That, if metre rises above the standard of ordinary household life, so must any truth of importance and singularity enough to challenge a public utterance. 2. That, because religious communications will always have taken a metrical form, by a natural association of feeling, whatsoever is invested with a privileged character will seek something of a religious sanction, by assuming the same external shape; and 3. That expressions, or emphatic verbal forms, which are naturally courted for the sake of pointed effect, receive a justification from metre, as being already a departure from common usage to begin with, whereas, in plain prose, they would appear so many affectations. Metre is naturally and necessarily adopted in cases of impassioned themes, for the very obvious reason, that rhythmus is both a cause of impassioned feeling, an ally of such feeling, and a natural effect of it; but upon other subjects *not* impassioned, metre is also a subtle ally, because it serves to introduce, and to reconcile with our sense of propriety, various arts of condensation, of antithesis, and other rhetorical effects, which, without the metre (as a key for harmonizing them) would strike the feelings as unnatural, or as full of affectation. Interrogations, for example, passionate ejaculations, &c., seem no more than natural, when metre (acting as a key) has attuned and prepared the mind for such effects. The metre raises the tone of colouring, so as to introduce richer tints, without shocking or harshly jarring upon the presiding key, when without this semi-conscious pitching of the expectations, the sensibility would have been revolted. Hence, for the very earliest stages of society, it will be mere nature that prompts men to metre: it is a mode of inspiration—it is a pro-

mise of something preternatural; and less than preternatural cannot be any possible emergency that should call for a public address. Only great truths could require a man to come forward as a spokesman: he is then a sort of interpreter between God and man, his creature.

At first, therefore, it is mere nature which prompts metre. Afterwards, as truth begins to enlarge itself—as truth loses something of its sanctity by descending amongst human details—that mode of exalting it, and of courting attention, is dictated by artifice, which originally was a mere necessity of nature raised above herself. For these reasons, it is certain that men, challenging high authentic character, will continue to speak by metre for many generations after it has ceased to be a mere voice of habitual impulse. Whatsoever claims an oracular authority, will take the ordinary external form of an oracle. And after it has ceased to be a badge of inspiration, metre will be retained as a badge of professional distinction;—Pythagoras, for instance, within five centuries of Christ, Thales or Theognis, will adopt metre out of a secondary prudence; Orpheus and the elder Sibyl out of an original necessity.

Those people are, therefore, mistaken who imagine that prose is either a natural or a possible form of composition in early states of society. It is such truth only as ascends from the earth, not such as descends from heaven, which can ever assume an unmetrical form. Now, in the earliest states of society, all truth that has any interest or importance for man will connect itself with heaven. If it does not originally come forward in that sacred character, if it does not borrow its importance from its sanctity; then, by an inverse order, it will borrow a sanctity from its importance. Even agricultural truth, even the homeliest truths of rural industry, brought into connexion with religious inspiration, will be exalted (like the common culinary utensils in the great vision of the Jewish prophet,) and transfigured into vessels of glorious consecration. All things in this early stage of social man are meant mysteriously, have allegoric values; and week-day man moves amongst glorified objects. So that if any

doctrine, principle, or system of truth, should call for communication at all, infallibly the communication will take the tone of a revelation; and the holiness of a revelation will express itself in the most impassioned form—perhaps with accompaniments of music, but certainly with metre.

Prose, therefore, strange as it may seem to say so, was something of a discovery. If not great invention, at least great courage would be required for the man who should first swim without the bladders of metre. It is all very easy talking when you and your ancestors, for fifty generations back, have talked prose. But that man must have had *triplex æs* about his *præcordia*, who first dared to come forward with pure prose to a people who had never heard any thing but metre. It was like the case of the first physician who dared to lay aside the ample wig and gold-headed cane. All the Jovian terrors of his professional being laid aside, he was thrown upon his mere natural resources of skill and good sense. Who was the first lion-hearted man that ventured to make sail in this frail boat of prose?

We believe the man's name is reputed to have been Pherecydes. But as nothing is less worth remembering than the mere hollow shell of a name, where all the pulp and the kernel is gone, we shall presume Herodotus to have been the first respectable artist in prose. And, what was this worthy man's view of prose? From the way in which he connected his several books or "*fyttes*" with the names of the muses, and from the romantic style of his narratives, as well as from his using a dialect which had certainly become a poetic dialect, in literary Greece, it is pretty clear that Herodotus stood, and meant to stand, on that isthmus between the regions of poetry and blank unimpassioned prose, which in modern literature is occupied by such works as *Mort d'Arthur*. In Thucydides, we see the first exhibition of stern philosophic prose. And, considering the very brief interval between the two writers, who stand related to each other, in point of time, pretty much as Dryden and Pope, it is quite impossible to look for the solution of their characteristic differences in the mere graduations of social development. Pericles, as a young

man, would most certainly ask Herodotus to dinner, if business or curiosity ever drew that amiable writer to Athens. As an elderly man, Pericles must often have seen Thucydides at his levees; although by that time the sacrifice of his "social pleasure ill exchanged for power," may have abridged his opportunities of giving "feeds" to literary men. But will any body believe that the mere advance of social refinement, within the narrow period of one man's public life, could bring about so marvellous a change, as that the friend of his youth should naturally write very much in the spirit of Sir John Mandeville, and the friend of his old age like Machiavel or Gibbon? No, no; the difference between these two writers does not reflect the different aspects of literary Greece at two eras so slightly removed, too great to be measured by that scale; as though those of the picturesque Herodotus were a splendid semi-barbarous generation, those of the meditative Thucydides, speculative, political, experimental,—but we must look to subjective differences of taste and temperament in the men. The men, by nature and by powerful determination of original sensibility, belonged to different orders of intellect. Herodotus was the Froissart of antiquity. He was the man that should have lived to record the Crusades. Thucydides, on the other hand, was obviously the Tacitus of Greece, who (had he been privileged to benefit by some metempsychosis dropping him into congenial scenes of modern history,) would have made his election for the wars of the French League, or for our Parliamentary war, or for the colossal conflicts which grew out of the French Revolution. The one was the son of nature, fascinated by the mighty powers of chance or of tragic destiny, as they are seen in elder times moulding the form of empires, or training the currents of revolutions. The other was the son of political speculation, delighting to trace the darker agencies which brood in the mind of man—the subtle motives, the combinations, the plots which gather in the brain of "dark viziers," when entrusted with the fate of millions, and the nation-wielding tempests which move at the bidding of the orator.

But these subjective differences were not all: they led to objective differences,

by determining each writer's mind to a separate object. Does any man fancy that these two writers imagined, each for himself, the same audience? Or again, that each represented his own audience as addressed from the same station? The earlier of the two, full of those qualities which fit a man for producing an effect as an artist, manifestly comes forward in a theatrical character, and addresses his audience from a theatrical station. Is it readers whom he courts? No, but auditors. Is it the literary body whom he addresses—a small body every where? No, but the public without limitation. Public! but what public? Not the public of Lacedæmon, drunk with the gloomy insolence of self-conceit—not the public of Athens, amiably vain, courteous, affable, refined: No, it is the public of universal Hellas, an august congress representing the total civilization of the earth: so that of any man not known at Olympia, prince, emperor, whatever he might call himself, if he were not present in person or by proxy, you might warrantably affirm that he was *homo ignorabilis*—a person of whose existence nobody was bound to take notice; a man to be ignored by a grand jury. This representative *champ de Mai*, Herodotus addressed. And in what character did he address it? What character did he ascribe to the audience? What character did he assume to himself? Then he addressed sometimes in their general character of human beings; but still having a common interest in a central network of civilization, investing a certain ring-fence, beginning in Sicily and Carthage, whence it ran round through Lybia, Egypt, Syria, Persia, the Ionian belt or zone, and terminating in the majestic region of *Men*—the home of liberty—the Pharos of truth and intellectual power—the very region in which they were all at that moment assembled. There was such a collective body dimly recognised at times by the ancients, as corresponds to our modern Christendom, and having some unity of possible interest by comparison with the unknown regions of Scythias, Indias, and Ethiopias, lying in a far wider circle beyond; regions that, from their very obscurity, and from the utter darkness of their exterior relations, must at times have been looked to with eyes of anxiety—

as permanently harbouring that possible deluge of savage eruption which, about 150 years after, did actually swallow up the Grecian colony of Bactria, (or Bokhara) as founded by Alexander; swallowed it so suddenly and so effectually, that merely the blank fact of its tragical catastrophe has reached posterity. It was surprised probably in one night, like Pompeii by Vesuvius; or, like the planet itself by Noah's flood. Or more nearly its fate resembled those starry bodies which have been seen, traced, recorded, fixed in longitude and latitude for generations; and then suddenly are observed to be *missing* by some of our wandering telescopes that keep watch and ward over the starry heavens. The agonies of a perishing world have been going on; but all is bright and silent in the heavenly host. Infinite space has swallowed up the infinite agonies. Perhaps the only record of Bactria was the sullen report of some courier from Susa, who would come back with his letters undelivered; simply reporting that on reaching such a ferry on some nameless river, or such an outpost upon a heath, he found it in possession of a fierce unknown race—the ancestors of future Affghans or Tartars.

Such a catastrophe, as menacing by possibility the whole of civilization, and under that hypothetical peril as giving even to Greece herself an interest in the stability even of Persia her great enemy, a great resisting mass interjacent between Greece and the unknown enemies to the far north-east or east, could not but have mixed occasionally with Greek anticipations for the future; and in a degree quite inappreciable by us who know the geographical limits of Asia. To the ancients, these were by possibility, in a strict sense, infinite. The terror from the unknown Scythians of the world was certainly vague and indistinct; but, if that disarmed the terror or broke its sting, assuredly the very same cause would keep it alive: for the peril would often swell upon the eye, merely from its uncertain limits. Far oftener, however, those glorious certainties revolved upon the Grecian imagination which presented Persia in the character of her enemy, than those remote possibilities which might connect her as a common friend against some horrid enemy

from the infinite deserts of Asia. In this character it was that Herodotus at times addressed the assembled Greece, at whose bar he stood. That the intensity of this patriotic idea intermitted at times; that it was suffered to slumber through entire books; this was but an artist's management which caused it to swell upon the ear all the more sonorously, more clamorously, more terrifically, when the lungs of the organ filled once more with breath, when the trumpet stop was opened, and the "foudroyant" style of the organist commenced the hailstone chorus from Marathon. Here came out the character in which Herodotus appeared. The *Iliad* had taken Greece as she was during the building of the first temple at Jerusalem—in the era of David and Solomon—a thousand years before Christ. The eagle's plume in her cap at that era was derived from Asia. It was the Troad, it was Asia that in those days constituted the great enemy of Greece. Greece universal had been confederated against the Asia of that day, and, after an *Iliad* of woes, had triumphed. But now another era of 500 years has passed since Troy. Again there has been an universal war raging between Greece and a great foreign potentate. Again this enemy of Greece is called Asia. But what Asia? The Asia of the *Iliad* was a petty maritime Asia. But Asia now means Persia; and Persia, taken in combination with its dependencies of Syria and Egypt, means the world, *ἡ οἰκουμένη*. The frontier line of the Persian empire "marched" or confined with the Grecian; but now so vast was the revolution effected by Cyrus, that, had not the Persians been withheld by their dismal bigotry from cultivating maritime facilities, the Greeks must have sunk under the enormous power now brought to bear upon them. At one blow the whole territory of what is now Turkey in Asia, viz. the whole of Anatolia and of Armenia, had been extinguished as a neutral and interjacent force for Greece. At one blow, by the battle of Thymbra, the Persian armies had been brought nearer by much more than a thousand miles to the gates of Greece.

That danger it is necessary to conceive, in order to conceive that subsequent triumph. Herodotus—whose

family and nearest generation of predecessors must have trembled after the thoughtless insult offered to Sardis, under the expectation of the vast revenge prepared by the Great King—must have had his young imagination filled and dilated with the enormous display of Oriental power, and been thus prepared to understand the terrific collisions of the Persian forces with those of Greece. He had heard in his travels how the glorious result was appreciated in foreign lands. He came back to Greece with a twofold freight of treasures. He had two messages for his country. One was—a report of all that was wonderful in foreign lands; all that was interesting from its novelty or its vast antiquity; all that was regarded by the natives for its sanctity, or by foreigners with amazement, as a measure of colossal power in mechanics. And these foreign lands, we must remember, constituted the total world to a Greek. Rome was yet in her infant days, unheard of beyond Italy. Egypt and the other dependencies of Persia composed the total map south of Greece. Greece, with the Mediterranean islands, and the eastern side of the Adriatic, together with Macedon and Thrace, made up the world of Europe. Asia, which had not yet received the narrow limitation imposed upon that word by Rome, was co-extensive with Persia; and it might be divided into Asia *cis-Tigritana*, and Asia *trans-Tigritana*; the Euxine and the Caspian were the boundaries to the north; and to one advancing further, the Oxus was the northern boundary, and the Indus the eastern. The Punjab, as far as the river Sutlege, that is, up to our present British cantonments at Ludiana, was indistinctly supposed to be within the jurisdiction of the Great King. Probably he held the whole intervening territory of the late Runjeet Singh, as now possessed by the Sikhs. And beyond these limits all was a mere path of ideal splendour, or a dull repetition of monotonous barbarism.

The report which personal travels enabled Herodotus to make of this extensive region, composing neither more nor less than the total map of the terraqueous globe as it was then supposed to exist, (all the rest being a mere *Nova Zembla* in their eyes,) was one of two revelations which the great traveller had to lay at the feet of

Greece. The other was a connected narrative of their great struggle with the King of Persia. The earth bisected itself into two parts—Persia and Greece. All that was not Persia was Greece: all that was not Greece was Persia. The Greek traveller was prepared to describe the one section to the other section; and having done this, to relate in a connected shape the recent tremendous struggle of the one section with the other. Here was Captain Cooke fresh from his triple circumnavigation of the world: here was Mungo Park fresh from the Niger and Timbuctoo: here was Bruce fresh from the coy fountains of the Nile: here was Phipps, Franklin, Parry, from the Arctic circle: here was Leo Africanus from Moorish palaces: here was Mandeville from Prester John, from the Cham of Tartary, and from the golden cities of Hindostan; from Agra and Lahore of the Great Mogul. This was one side of the medal; and on the other was the patriotic historian who recorded what all had heard by fractions, but none in the whole series. Now, if we consider how rare was either character in ancient times, how difficult it was to travel where no license made it safe, where no preparations in roads, inns, carriages, made it convenient; that even five centuries in advance of this era, little knowledge was generally circulated of any region, unless so far as it had been traversed by the Roman legions; considering the vast credulity of the audience assembled—a gulf capable of swallowing mountains; and, on the other hand, that here was a man fresh from the Pyramids and the Nile, from Tyre, from Babylon, and the temple of Belus—a traveller who had gone in with his sickle to a harvest yet untouched—that this same man, considered as an historian, spoke of a struggle with which the earth was still agitated; that the people who had triumphed so memorably in this war, happened to be the same people who were then listening; that the leaders in this glorious war, whose names had already passed into spiritual powers, were the fathers of the present audience; combining into one picture all these circumstances—one must admit that no such meeting between giddy expectation, and the very excess of power to meet its most clamorous calls, is likely to have occurred before or since upon

this earth. Hither had assembled people from the most inland and most illiterate parts of Greece; people that would have settled a pension for life upon any man who would have described to them so much as a crocodile or ichneumon. To these people, the year of his public recitation would be the meridian year of their lives. He saw that the whole scene would become almost a dramatic work of art: in the mere gratification of their curiosity, the audience might be passive and neutral; in the history of the war, they became almost actors, as in a dramatic scene. This scenical position could not escape the traveller-historian. His work was recited with the exaggeration that belongs to scenic art. It was read probably with gesticulations by one of those thundering voices, which Aristophanes calls a “damnable” voice, from its ear-piercing violence.

Prose is a thing so well known to all of us, most of our “little accounts” from shoemakers, dressmakers, &c., being made out in prose—most of our sorrows and of our joys having been communicated to us through prose, and very few indeed through metre, (unless on St Valentine’s day,) that its further history, after leaving its original Olympic cradle, must be interesting to every body. Who were they that next took up the literary use of Prose? Confining our notice to people of celebrity, we may say that the House of Socrates (*Domus Socratica* is the expression of Horace,) were those who next attempted to popularise Greek prose; viz. the old gentleman himself, the founder of the concern, and his two apprentices, Plato and Xenophon. We acknowledge a sneaking hatred towards the whole household, founded chiefly on the intense feeling we entertain that all three were humbugs. We own the stony impeachment. Aristotle, who may be looked upon as literary grandson to Socrates, is quite a different person. But for the rest we cherish a sentimental (may we call it a Platonic?) disgust. As relates to the style, however, in which they have communicated their philosophy, one feature of peculiarity is too remarkable to pass without comment. Some years ago, in one of our four or five Quarterly Reviews, (Theological it was, Foreign, or else Westminster,) a critical opinion was delivered with

respect to a work of Coleridge's, which opens a glimpse into the true philosophy of prose composition. It was not a very good-natured opinion in that situation, since it was no more true of Coleridge than it is of every other man who adopts the same aphoristic form of expression for his thoughts; but it was eminently just. Speaking of Coleridge's "Aphorisms," the reviewer observed—that this detached and insulated form of delivering thoughts was, in effect, an evasion of all the difficulties connected with composition. Every man as he walks through the streets may contrive to jot down an independent thought; a short-hand memorandum of a great truth. So far as that purpose is concerned, even in tumultuous London,

"Puræ sunt plates, nihil ut meditantibus obstat."

Standing on one leg you may accomplish this. The labour of composition begins when you have to put your separate threads of thought into a loom; to weave them into a continuous whole; to connect, to introduce them; to blow them out or expand them; to carry them to a close. All this evil is evaded by the aphoristic form. This one remark, we repeat, lifts up a corner of that curtain which hangs over the difficult subjects of style and composition. Indicating what is *not* in one form, it points to what *is* in others. It was an original remark, we doubt not, to the reviewer. But it is too weighty and just to have escaped meditative men in former times; and accordingly the very same remark will be found 150 years ago expanded in the *Huetiana*.

But what relation has this remark to the House of Socrates? Did they write by aphorisms? No, certainly; but they did what labours with the same radical defect considered in relation to the true difficulties of composition. Let us dedicate a paragraph to these great dons of literature. If we have any merely English scholars amongst our readers, it may be requisite first to inform them that Socrates himself wrote nothing. He was too much occupied with his talking—"ambitiosâ loquelâ." In this respect, Socrates differed, as in some others that we could mention, from the late Mr Coleridge—who found time both for talking and for writing at the least ten

volumes octavo. From the pupils of Socrates it is that we collect his pretended philosophy: and as there were only two of these pupils who published, and as one of them intensely contradicts the other, it would be found a hard matter at *Nisi Prius* to extract any verdict as to what it was that constituted the true staple of the Socratic philosophy. We fear that any jury, who undertook that question, would finally be carted to the bounds of the county, and shot into the adjacent county like a ton of coals. For Xenophon uniformly introduces the worthy hen-pecked philosopher as prattling innocent nothings, more limpid than small beer; whilst Plato never lets him condescend to any theme below those of Hermes Trismegistus, or Thomas Aquinas. One or other must be a liar. And the manner of the philosopher, under these two Boswellian reporters, is not less different than his matter: with Xenophon, he reminds us much of an elderly hen, superannuated a little, performing "the hen's march," and clucking vociferously: with Plato, he seems much like a deep-mouthed hound in a chase after some unknown but perilous game; much as such a hound is described by Wordsworth ranging over the aerial heights of Mount Righi, his voice at times muffled by mighty forests, and then again swelling as he emerges upon the Alpine breezes; whilst the vast intervals between the local points from which the intermitting voice ascends, proclaim the storm-like pace at which he travels. In Plato, there is a gloomy grandeur at times from the elementary mysteries of man's situation and origin, snatches of music from some older and Orphic philosophy, which impress a vague feeling of solemnity towards the patriarch of the school, though you can seldom trace his movement through all this high and vapoury region: you would be happy, therefore, to believe that there had been one word of truth in ascribing such colloquies to Socrates; but how can that be, when you recollect the philosophic *vappa* of Xenophon, seems to pass the deciphering power of Cædipus.

Now, this body of inexplicable discord between the two evangelists of Socrates, as to the whole sources from which he drew his philosophy, as to the very wells from which he raised it, and the mode of medicating the

draught, makes it the more worthy of remark that both should have obstinately adopted the same disagreeable form of composition. Both exhibit the whole of their separate speculations under the form of dialogue. It is always Socrates and Crito, or Socrates and Phædrus, or Socrates and Ischomachus; in fact, Socrates and some man of straw or good humoured nine-pin set up to be bowled down as a matter of course. How inevitably the reader feels his fingers itching, to take up the cudgels instead of Crito for one ten minutes! Had we been favoured with an interview, we can answer for it that the philosopher should not have had it all his own way: there should have been a "scratch" at least between us; and instead of waiting to see Crito punished without delivering one blow that would "have made a dent in a pound of butter," posterity should have formed a ring about us, crying out—"Pull baker, pull devil!"—according as the accidents of the struggle went this way or that. If dialogue must be the form, at least it should not have been collusive dialogue. Whereas, with Crito and the rest of the men who were in training for the part of disputants, it was a matter of notoriety—that, if they presumed to put in a sly thrust under the ribs of the philosopher, those about Socrates, *οι ἀμφὶ τοῦ Σωκράτους*, would kick them into the kennel. It was a permanent "cross" that was fought throughout life between Socrates and his obsequious antagonists.

As Plato and Xenophon must have hated each other with a theological hatred, it is a clear case that they would not have harmonized in any thing if they had supposed it open to evasion. They would have got another atmosphere had it been possible. Diverging from each other in all points beside, beyond doubt they would have diverged as to this form of dialogue, had they not conceived that it was essential to the business of philosophy. It is plain from this one fact, how narrow was the range of conception which the Socratic school applied to the possible modes of dealing with polemic truth. They represented the case thus:—Truth, they fancied, offered itself by separate units, by moments, (to borrow a word from dynamics,) by what Cicero calls "apices rerum" and

"punctiuncula." Each of these must be separately examined. It was like the *items* in a disputed account. There must be an auditor to check and revise each severally for itself. This process of auditing could only be carried on through a brisk dialogue. The philosopher in monologue was like a champion at a tournament with nobody to face him. He was a chess-player with no opponent. The game could not proceed. But how mean and limited a conception this was, which lay as a basis for the whole Socratic philosophy, becomes apparent to any man who considers any ample body of truth, whether polemic truth or not, in all its proportions. Take Warburton's *Divine Legation of Moses*, and imagine a Socratic man dealing with that. How does Warburton establish that Moses held such a legation? He lays down a syllogism, the *major* of which asserts a general law with regard to false or unsound religions,—viz., that no such religion could sustain itself, or rear itself, to any height or duration without the aid of a particular doctrine,—viz., the doctrine of a resurrection. This is the *major*; then for his *minor*. Warburton maintains, that the Mosaic religion *did* sustain itself without that doctrine. Whence the conclusion follows formally—that, having accomplished what was hopeless for a merely human invention, the Mosaic dispensation could not have been such a human invention; that it enjoyed a secret support from God; and that Moses was truly what he represented himself—God's ambassador. Consider how little the Platonic and Xenophontic mode of philosophizing would apply to this case. You may see fit to deny the entire major proposition of the bishop, and yet you may find it impossible to quarrel with the separate arguments, with each of them or with all of them, on which the major is built. All may be unexceptionable; and yet, when the record is closed, you may see cause to say,—“Bishop, your materials are good; but they are not strong enough to support the weighty column which you have built upon them.” But, this is an objection which cannot be made until you have heard him to the end. You must suspend; whereas the Socratic man never *does* suspend. A man who brings an alphabet of rea-

sons, which are professedly to avail cumulatively in proof of his thesis, will not consider himself answered because you object to P or Q amongst his arguments. "My proofs are separate and independent," he replies; "it is my glory that I can afford to give you a pawn or so, and yet win the game." Another mode of proceeding against the bishop would be this:—you might concede his major, and utterly deny, as many men have denied, his minor. But whether you see cause to go against the upper or lower proposition; against the rule, or against the subsumption under the rule; equally you find that the Socratic mode of process is quite unavailing, or availing only by accident. And even this is not by any means the worst case supposable. Here, by the supposition, you have a long train of arguments, which may be valid as a *cumulus*, notwithstanding that, Socratically, you might find this or that in particular to be a hollow nut. And again, such a train may be supposed, to which, Socratically, you force an assent *seriatim* and *articulatum*; all the *items*, what the Romans called the *nomina* in a creditor's account, are unimpeachable; and yet, as a whole, as the "tottle of a whole," you protest against them as insufficient for the *probandum*. They are good; but not good for so much. They are available, and for the length of a mile, suppose; but they do not reach the three miles of the object in question. In the first case, Socrates negatives some of the parts, and yet he cannot negative the result. He is partially victorious, and yet is beaten as to the whole. In the second case, Socrates affirms all the parts, and yet cannot affirm the result. He is universally victorious in the detail, and yet is beaten upon the whole question. Yet, in all this, we repeat—the Socratic weakness is not adequately exposed. There is a far larger and subtler class of cases where the arguments for and against are not susceptible of this separate valuation. One is valid only through and by a second, which second again is involved in a third; and so on. Thus, by way of a brief instance, take all the systems of political economy which have grown up since Turgot and Quesnel. They are all polemic—that is, all have moulded themselves in hostility to some other

ideas—all had their birth in opposition. But it would be impossible to proceed Socratically with any one of them. If you should attempt to examine Ricardo sentence by sentence, or even chapter by chapter, his apologist would loudly resist such a process as inapplicable. You must *hold on*—you must keep fast hold of certain principles until you have time to catch hold of certain others—seven or eight, suppose; and then from the whole taken in continuation, but not from any one as an insulated principle, you come into a power of adjudicating upon the pretensions of the whole theory. The doctrine of value, for example—could you understand that taken apart? could you value it apart? As a Socratic logician, could you say of it either *affirmatur* or *negatur*, until you see it coming round and revolving in the doctrines of rent, profits, machinery, &c., which are so many functions of value; and which doctrines first react with a weight of verification upon the other?

These, unless parried, are knock-down blows to the Socratic, and therefore to the Platonic philosophy, if treated as a *modus philosophandi*; and if that philosophy is treated as a body of doctrines apart from any *modus* or *ratio docendi*, we should be glad to hear what they are. For we never could find any either in Plato or Xenophon, which are insisted on as essential. Accidental hints and casual suggestions cannot be viewed as doctrines in that sense which is necessary to establish a separate school. And all the German Tiedemanns and Tennemanns, the tedious men and the tenpenny-men, that have written their twelve or their eighteen volumes *viriliter* upon Plato, will find it hard to satisfy their readers unless they make head against these little objections; because these objections seem to impeach the very *method* of the "Socraticæ Chartæ," and except as the authors or illustrators of a method, the Socratici are no school at all.

But are not we travelling a little out of our proper field, in attacking this method? Our business was with this method considered as a *form of style*, not considered as a *form of logic*. True, O rigorous reader. Yet digressions and moderate excursions have a license. Besides which, on strict consideration, doubts arise

whether we have been digressing. For whatsoever acted as a power on Greek prose, through many ages, whatsoever gave it a bias towards any one characteristic excess, becomes important in virtue of its relations to our subject. Now, the form of dialogue so obstinately maintained by the earliest philosophers, who used prose as the vehicle of their teaching, had the unhappy effect of impressing from the earliest era of Attic literature a colloquial taint upon the prose literature of that country. The great authority of Socrates, maintained for ages by all sorts of fables, naturally did much to strengthen this original twist in the prose style. About fifty years after the death of Socrates, the writings of Aristotle were beginning to occupy the attention of Greece; and in them we see as resolute a departure from the dialogue form as in his elders of the same house the adherence to that form had been servile and bigoted. His style, though arid from causes that will hereafter be noticed, was much more dignified, or at least more grave and suitable to philosophic speculation than that of any man before him. Contemporary with the early life of Socrates was a truly great man, Anaxagoras, the friend and reputed preceptor of Pericles. It is probable he may have written in the style of Aristotle. Having great systematic truths to teach, such as solved existing phenomena, and not such as raised fresh phenomena for future solution, he would naturally adopt the form of continuous exposition. Nor do we at this moment remember a case of any very great man who had any real and novel truth to communicate, having adopted the form of dialogue, excepting only the case of Galileo. Plato, indeed, like Galileo, demanded geometry as a qualification in his students—that is, in those who paid him a *δίδακτρα*, or fee for the privilege of personally attending his conversations; but he demanded no such qualification in his readers; or else we can assure him that very few copies of his *Opera Omnia* would have been sold in Athens. This low qualification it was for the readers of Plato, and still more for those of Xenophon, which operated to diffuse the reputation of Socrates. Besides, it was a rare thing in Greece to see two men sounding the trumpet on behalf of a third.

And we hope it is not ungenerous to suspect, that each dallied with the same purpose as our Chatterton and Macpherson, viz. to turn round on the public when once committed and compromised by some unequivocal applause, saying, "Gentlemen of Athens, this idol Socrates is a phantom of my brain: as respects the philosophy ascribed to him, I am Socrates."

But in what mode does the conversational taint, which we trace to the writings of the Socratici, enforced by the imaginary martyrdom of Socrates, express itself? In what forms of language? By what peculiarities? By what defects of style? We will endeavour to explain. One of the Scaligers (if we remember it was the elder,) speaking of the Greek article *ὁ, ἡ, το*, called it *loquacissima gentis flabellum*. Now, *pace superbissimi viri*, this seems nonsense; because the use of the article was not capricious, but grounded in the very structure and necessities of the Greek language. Garrulous or not, the poor men were obliged by the philosophy of their tongue to use the article in certain situations. And, to say the truth, these situations were very much the same as in English. Allowing for a few cases of proper names, participles, or adjectives postponed to their substantives, &c., the two general functions of the article were,—1. to individualize, as, *e. g.* "It is not any sword that will do, I will have the sword of my father;" and 2. the very opposite function, viz., to generalize in the highest degree—a use which our best English grammars wholly overlook—as *e. g.*, "Let the sword give way to the gown;" not that particular sword, but every sword, where each is used as a representative symbol of the corresponding professions. "The peasant presses on the kibes of the courtier," where the class is indicated by the individual. In speaking again of diseases, and the organs affected, we usually accomplish this generalization by means of the definite article. We say, "He suffered from a headache;" but also we say, "from the headache;" and invariably we say, "He died of the stone," &c. And though we fancy it a peculiarity of the French language to say, "*Le cœur lui étoit navré de douleur*," yet we ourselves say, "The heart was

affected in his case." In all these uses of the definite article, there is little real difference between the Greek language and our own. The main difference is in the negative use—in the meaning implied by the absence of the article, which, with the Greeks, expresses our article *a*, but with us is a form of generalization. In all this there was nothing left free to the choice. And Scaliger had no right to find any illustration of Greek levity in what was unavoidable.

But what *we* tax as undignified in the Greek prose style, as a badge of garrulity, as a taint from which the Greek prose never cleansed itself, are all those forms of lively colloquialism, with the fretfulness, and hurry, and demonstrative energy of people unduly excited by bodily presence and by ocular appeals to their sensibility. Such a style is picturesque no doubt; so is the Scottish dialect of low life as first employed in novels by Sir Walter Scott: that dialect greatly assisted the characteristic expression: it furnished the benefit of a Doric dialect; but what man in his senses would employ it in a grave work, and speaking in his own person? Now, the colloquial expletives, so profusely employed by Plato, his *αἰ*, his *ὦ*, &c., the forms of his sentences, the forms of his transitions, and other intense peculiarities of the chattering man, as opposed to the meditating man, have crept over the face of Greek literature; and though some people think every thing holy which is printed in Greek characters, we must be allowed to rank these forms of expression as mere vulgarities. Sometimes, in Westmoreland, if you chance to meet an ancient father of his valley, one who is thoroughly vernacular in his talk, being unsung by the modern furnace of revolution, you may have a fancy for asking him how far it is to the next town. In which case, you will receive for answer pretty nearly the following words:—"Why like, it's gaily nigh like, to four mile like." Now, if the prurieny of your curiosity should carry you to torment and vex this aged man, by pressing a special investigation into this word *like*,

the only result is likely to be that you will kill *him*, and do yourself no good. Call it an expletive, indeed! a filling up! Why, to him it is the only indispensable part of the sentence; the sole fixture. It is the balustrade which enables him to descend the stairs of conversation, without falling overboard; and if the word were proscribed by Parliament, he would have no resource but in everlasting silence. Now, the expletives of Plato are as gross, and must have been, to the Athenian, as unintelligible as those of the Westmoreland peasant. It is true the value, the effect to the feelings, was secured by daily use, and by the position in the sentence. But so it is to the English peasant. *Like* in his use is a modifying, a restraining particle, which forbids you to understand any thing in a dangerous, unconditional, sense. But then, again, the Greek particle of transition, that eternal *ἔ*, and the introductory formula of *μή* and *ὅ*, however earnestly people may fight for them, because in fact Greek, is now past mending. The *ἔ* is strictly equivalent to the *whereby* of a sailor: "whereby I went to London; whereby I was robbed; whereby I found the man that robbed me." All relations, all modes of succession or transition are indicated by one and the same particle. This could arise, even as a license, only in the laxity of conversation. But the most offensive indication of the conversational spirit, as *presiding* in Greek prose, is to be found in the morbid energy of oaths scattered over the face of every prose composition which aims at rhetorical effect. The literature is deformed with a constant roulade of "by Jove," "by Minerva," &c., as much as the conversation of high-bred Englishmen in the reign of Charles II. In both cases, this habit belonged to a state of transition; and if the prose literature of Greece had been cultivated by a succession of authors as extended as that of England, it would certainly have outworn this badge of spurious energy. That it did not, is a proof that the Greek literature did not reach the consummation of art.

TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR.

PART XI.

"FORTUNA SEVO leta negotio, et
 Ludum insolentem ludere pertinat,
 Transmutat incertos honores,
 Nunc mihi, nunc ali benigna.
 Laudo manentem: si CELESSES QUATIT
 PENNAS, RESIGNO QUE DEDIT, ET MEA
 VIRTUTE ME INVOLVO, PROBAMQUE
 PAUPERIEM SINE DOTE QUERO."
Hor. Carm. Lib. III. 49.

[SEVERAL legal topics have been touched upon in these papers, which seem to have attracted some little attention amongst legal readers, as, at least, would appear from various communications—some at considerable length, some anonymous, others not—addressed, through the publishers, to "The Author of Ten Thousand a-Year, in Blackwood's Magazine." The principal matters thus discussed are, *the power of an heir, in the lifetime of his ancestor, (to speak popularly, though not with legal accuracy, since nemo est hæres viventis,) to convey away his expectancy in fee, so as to bind himself, and those claiming under him, by estoppel on the subsequent descent of the estate.* On this point have been received several communications—one of them from, perhaps, the greatest lawyer in England. 'Tis doubtless an important point; and where doctors differ I am not presumptuous enough to volunteer an opinion, though I entertain a pretty decisive one. Those who think that I am wrong, had better, perhaps, again refer to their books. Mine I had consulted pretty anxiously before sending off my MS. to the press. The next point is, the effect given by Lord Widdrington, C.J., at the trial, (in which he is represented as being subsequently confirmed by the decision of the Court of King's Bench,) to the ERASURE in the deed of confirmation. From two letters I learn that three or four clients of the writers of them have conceived great alarm on this subject, and have directed all their deeds to be overhauled, and, in case of an erasure being discovered, submitted to eminent counsel! Such erasures have been discovered, it would seem, in two instances. In one, the counsel differed from Lord Widdrington; in the other he agreed.

The question, then, here is, Whether, when an ancient deed (i. e. upwards of thirty years old, after which period a deed is said to prove itself) is produced from the proper custody in support of the rights of the party producing it, and there proves to be an erasure in it in an essential part of the deed—such deed ought to be rejected, unless the erasure can be accounted for; or admitted upon the presumption that such erasure occurred before the execution of the deed? Now, upon this point also I have formed a pretty strong opinion, and referred again to the authorities; and venture to give in my adhesion to the opinion of Lord Widdrington and his court. It is rather singular that, about a fortnight ago, Lord Brougham, in delivering the judgment of the House of Lords in three appeal cases from Scotland, each of which was a case depending upon the effect of an erasure, expressly declared the Scotch law to be to the effect laid down in these papers, and decided accordingly, admitting the cases to be full of grievous hardship—in one instance, a widow losing the whole of the provision which had been made for her by her deceased husband. Whether or not my notions of the English law on this subject are antiquated, and contrary to those entertained by the judges and the bar since I ceased practising. I leave for them who are competent to form an opinion to decide. As for several other communications of a different nature—some similarly, others differently addressed—surely, on consideration, the authors of them cannot expect any answer, nor yet construe silence into discourtesy.—Z.

—, near London,
 14th August 1840.]

RANK is very apt to attract and dazzle vulgar and feeble optics; and the knowledge that such is its effect, is unspeakably gratifying to a vain and ignorant possessor of that rank. Of the truth of one part of this observation, take as an illustration the case of Tittlebat Titmouse; of the other, that of the Earl of Dreddlington. The former's dinner engagement with the latter, his august and awful kinsman, was an event of such magnitude as to absorb almost all his faculties in the contemplation of it, and also occasion him great anxiety in preparing for an effective appearance upon so signal an occasion. Mr Gammon had repeatedly, during the interval, instructed his anxious pupil, if so he might be called, as to the manner in which he ought to behave. He was—Heaven save the mark, poor Titmouse!—to assume an air of mingled deference, self-possession, and firmness; not to be overawed by the greatness with which he would be brought into contact, nor unduly elated by a sense of his own suddenly-acquired importance. He was, on the other hand, to steer evenly between the extremes of timorousness and temerity—that happy mean, so grateful to those able to appreciate the effort and object of those attaining to it. Titmouse was to remember that, great as was the Earl of Dreddlington, he was yet *but a man*—related, moreover, by consanguinity to him, the aforesaid Titmouse—who might, moreover, before many years should have elapsed, be himself Earl of Dreddlington, or at least Lord Drelincourt, and by consequence equally entitled, with the present possessor of that resplendent position, to the homage of mankind. At the same time, that the Earl's advanced years gave him a natural claim to the respect and deference of his young kinsman, whom, moreover, he was about to introduce into the sublime regions of aristocracy, and also of political society. Titmouse might derive a few ingredients of consolation from the reflection, that his income probably exceeded by a third that of the Earl of Dreddlington. This is the sum of Mr Gammon's *general* instructions to his eager and anxious pupil; but he also gave Titmouse many minor hints and suggestions. He was to drink very little wine—(whereat Titmouse de-

murred somewhat vehemently, and asked “How the d—l he was to *get his steam up?*”)—and on no account to call for beer or porter, to which plebeian beverages, indeed, he might consider himself as having bid a long and last adieu;—to say “my lord” and “your lordship,” in addressing the Earl—“my lady” and “your ladyship,” in addressing Lady Cecilia;—and, above all, never to appear in a hurry, but to do and say whatever he had to do and to say calmly; for that the nerves of aristocracy were very delicate, and could not bear a bustle, or the slightest display of energy or feeling. Then, as to his *dress*—Gammon, feeling himself treading on very doubtful ground, intimated merely that the essence of true fashion was *simplicity*—but here Titmouse grew fidgety, and his Mentor ceased.

During the night which ushered in the eventful day of Titmouse's dining with the Earl of Dreddlington, our friend got but very little sleep. Early in the morning he engaged a handsome glass-coach to convey him westward in something like style, and before noon his anxieties were set at rest by the punctual arrival of various articles of dress, and decoration, and scent—for Titmouse had a great idea of scents. His new watch and its brilliant gold guard-chain—his eyes gloat upon them. What, he thought, would he have been without them. About half-past three o'clock he retired to his bed-room, and resigned himself into the hands of the tip-top hairdresser from the Strand, whose agreeable manipulations, and still more agreeable small-talk, occupied upwards of an hour, Titmouse giving the anxious operator abundant notice of the high quarter in which his handiwork was likely soon to be scrutinized.

“Pray-a, can you tell me,” quoth Titmouse, drawlingly, shortly after Twirl had commenced his operations, “how long it will take me to get from this infernal part of the town to Grosvenor Square? *Dem* long way, isn't it, Mr What's-your-name?”

“Grosvenor Square, sir?” said Twirl, glibly, but with a perceptible dash of deference in his tone; “why it is, as one might say, a tolerable way off, certainly; but you can't well miss your way *there*, sir, of all places in town”——

"My coachman," interrupted Titmouse, with a fine air, "of course, had I thought of it, *he* must know."

"Oh! to be sure, sir. There's none but people of the most *highest* rank lives in that quarter, sir. Excuse me, sir, but I've a brother-in-law that's valet to the Duke of Ding-dong, there"—

"Indeed! How far off is that from Lord Dreddlington's?" enquired Titmouse, carelessly.

"Lord Dreddlington's, sir?—Well, I never! Isn't it particular strange, if that's where you're going, sir; it's next door to the Duke's—the very next door, sir?"

"'Pon my life, is it indeed? How devilish odd!"

"Know the Earl of Dreddlington then, I presume, sir?"

"Ya-a-s, I should think so; he's my—my—relation, that's all; and devilish near too!"

Mr Twirl instantly conceived a kind of reverence for the gentleman upon whom he was operating.

"Well, sir," he presently added, in a still more respectful tone than before, "p'raps you'll think it a liberty, sir; but, do you know, I've several times had the honour of seeing his lordship in the street at a little distance—and there's a—a family likeness between you, sir—'pon my word, sir. It struck me, directly I saw you, that you was like some nob I'd seen at the other end of the town." [Here Titmouse experienced pleasurable emotions, similar to those of a cat when you pass your hand down its glossy coat in the right direction.] "Will you allow me, sir, to give your hair a good brushing, sir, before I dress it? I always like to take the *greatest* pains with the hair of my quality customers. Do you know, sir, that I had the honour of dressing his Grace's hair for a whole fortnight together, once when my brother-in-law was ill; and though, p'raps I oughtn't to say it, but his Grace expressed the highest satisfaction at my exertions, sir."

"'Pon my life, and I should say you were an uncommon good hand—I've known lots worse, I assure you; men that would have spoiled the best head of hair going, by Jove!"

"Sir, you're very kind. I assure you, sir, that to do justice to a *gent's* hair requires an uncommon deal of practice, and a sort of *nat'ral* talent

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for it, besides. Lord, sir! how much depends on a gent's hair, don't it? Of two coming into a room, it makes all the difference, sir! Believe me, sir, it's no use being well-dressed, nay, nor good-looking, if as how the hair a'n't done, what I call, *correct*."

"By Jove, I really think you're nigh about the mark," said Titmouse; and after a pause, during which Mr Twirl had been brushing away at one particular part of the head with some vehemence. "Well," he exclaimed, with a sigh—"I'm *blest* if I can manage it, do what I will!"

"Eh? What's that? What is it?" enquired Titmouse, a little alarmedly.

"Nothing, sir; only it's what we gents, in our profession, calls a feather, which is the most *hobstinatest* thing in nature."

"What's a *feather*?" quoth Titmouse, rather faintly.

"Why, sir, 'tis when a small lot of hair on a gent's head *will* stick up, do all we can to try and get it down; and (excuse me, sir,) *you've* got a regular rattler!" Titmouse put up his hand to feel, Twirl guiding it to the fatal spot: there it was, just as Twirl had described it.

"What's to be done?" murmured Titmouse.

"I'm afraid, sir, you don't use our OSTRICH GREASE AND RHINOCEROS MARROW, sir!"

"Your *what*?" cried Titmouse apprehensively, with a dismally distinct recollection of the tragedy of the Cyanochaitanthropopoion, and the Damascus cream, and the Tetragmenon Abracadabra; matters which he at once mentioned to Mr Twirl.

"Ah, it's not *my* custom, sir," quoth Twirl, "to run down other gents' inventions; but my real opinion is, that they're all an imposition—a rank imposition, sir. I didn't like to say it, sir; but I soon saw there had been somebody a-practising on your hair."

"What, is it *very* plain?" cried Titmouse, starting up and stepping to the glass.

"No, sir—not so *very* plain; only *you've* got, as I might say, *accustomed* to the sight of it; but when it's properly curled, and puckered up, and frizzed about, it won't show—nor the feather neither, sir; so, by your leave, here goes, sir;" and, after about a quarter of an hour's more labour, he succeeded in parting it right down the

middle of the head, bringing it out into a bold curl towards each eyebrow, and giving our friend quite a new and very fascinating appearance, even in his own eyes. And as for the colour—it really was not so very marked, after all; a little purple-hued and mottled, to be sure, in parts, but not to a degree to attract the eye of a casual observer. Twirl having declared, at length, his labours completed—regarding Titmouse's head with a look of proud satisfaction—Titmouse paid him half-a-crown, and also ordered a pot of ostrich grease and of rhinoceros marrow, (the one being *suet*, the other *lard*, differently scented,) and was soon left at liberty to proceed with the important duties of the toilet. It took him a good while; but in the end he was supremely successful. He wore black tights, (*i. e.*, pantaloons fitting closely to his legs, and tied round his ankles with black ribands,) silk stockings, and shoes with glittering silver buckles. His white neckerchief was tied with great elegance, not a wrinkle superfluous being visible in it. His shirt-front of lace, had two handsome diamond pins, connected together by a little delicate gold chain, glistening in the midst of it. Then he had a white waistcoat edge, next a crimson one, and lastly a glorious sky-blue satin waistcoat, spangled all over with gold flowers inwrought—and across it hung his new gold watchguard, and his silver guard for his eyeglass, producing an inconceivably fine effect. His coat was of a light-brown, of exquisite cut, fitting him as closely as if he had been born in it, and with burnished brass buttons, of sugar-loaf shape. 'Twas padded also with great judgment, and really took off more of his round-shouldered awkwardness of figure than any coat he had ever before had. Then he had a fine white pocket-handkerchief, soaked in lavender water, and immaculate white kid gloves. Thus habited, he stood before his glass, bowing fifty different times, and adjusting his expression to various elegant forms of address—quite content. He was particularly struck with the combined effect of the two curls of his hair towards each eye, and the hair underneath his chin curved upwards on each side of his mouth in complete symmetry. I have ascertained from Mr Titmouse himself,

that on this memorable occasion of his first introduction to NOBILITY, every item of dress and decoration was entirely new; and when at length his labours had been completed, he felt great composure of mind, and a consciousness of the decisive effect he must produce upon those into whose presence he was so soon to be ushered. His "carriage" was presently announced; and after keeping it standing a few minutes, merely for form's sake, he gently placed his hat upon his head, drew on one glove, took his little ebony cane in his hand, and, with a hurried inward prayer that he might be equal to the occasion, stepped forth from his apartment, and passed on to the glass coach. Such a brilliant little figure, I will take upon myself to say, had never before issued, nor will perhaps ever again issue, from the Cabbage-stalk hotel. The waiters whom he passed, inclined towards him with instinctive reverence. He was very fine, to be sure; but who could, they justly thought, be dressed too finely that had ten thousand a-year, and was going to dine with a lord in Grosvenor Square? Titmouse was soon on his way towards that at once desired and dreaded region. He gazed with a look of occasional pity and contempt, as he passed along, at the plebeian pedestrians, and the lines of shops on each side of the narrow streets, till he began to perceive indications of superior modes of existence; and then he began to feel a little fidgety and nervous. The streets grew wider, the squares greater, hackney coaches (unsightly objects!) became fewer and fewer, giving place to splendid vehicles, coaches, and chariots, with one, two, and even three footmen clustering behind, with long canes, with cockades, with shoulder-knots; crimson, yellow, blue, green hammercloths, with burnished crests upon them, and sleek coachmen with wigs and three cornered hats, and horses that pawed the ground with very pride; ladies within, glistening in satin, lace, and jewels—their lords beside them, leaning back with countenances so stern and haughty; oh, by all that was magnificent! Titmouse felt himself getting now within the very vortex of greatness and fashion, and felt a frequent fluttering and catching of the breath. He was, however, now in for it—and there was no

retreat. As he neared Grosvenor Square, he heard, ever and anon, terrific thundering noises at the doors, opposite which these splendid vehicles drew up—as if the footmen were infuriated because the doors did not fly open of themselves, at the sound of the approaching carriage-wheels. At length he entered Grosvenor Square, that “pure empyrean” of earthly greatness. Carriages rolled haughtily past him, others dashed desperately onward: at each side of Lord Dreddlington’s house, were carriages setting down with tremendous uproar. Mr Titmouse felt his colour going, and his heart began to beat much faster than usual. ‘Twas quite in vain that he “hemmed” two or three times, by way of trying to re-assure himself: he felt that his hour was come; and would have been glad at the moment for any decent excuse for driving off home again, and putting off the evil day a little longer. Opposite the dreaded door had now drawn up Mr Titmouse’s glass coach; and the decent coachman—whose well-worn hat, and long, clean, but threadbare blue coat, and ancient looking top-boots, bespoke their wearer’s thriftiness—slowly alighting, threw the reins on his quiet horses’ backs, and gave a modest rat-tat-tat-tat at the door without ringing.

“What name shall I give, sir?” said he, returning to his coach, and letting down the loud clanking steps, with a noise for which Titmouse could have heartily kicked him.

“Titmouse—Mr Titmouse;” replied he, hurriedly, as the lofty door was thrown open by the corpulent porter, disclosing several footmen, with powdered heads, standing in the hall waiting for him.

“Mr Titmouse!” exclaimed the coachman to the servants—“When shall I come back for you, sir?”

“D— me, sir—don’t bother me,” faltered Titmouse; and the next moment was in the hands of the Philistines—the door was closed upon him. All his presence of mind had evaporated; the excellent lessons given him by Mr Gammon, had disappeared like breath from the polished mirror. Though Lord Dreddlington’s servants had never before seen in the house so strange an object as poor little Titmouse, they were of far too highly polished manners to appear to notice

any thing unusual. They silently motioned him up-stairs with a bland courteous air, he carrying his little agate-headed cane in one hand, and his new hat in the other. A gentlemanly person in a full black dress suit, opened the drawing-room door for him, with an elegant inclination which Titmouse very gracefully returned. A faint mist seemed to be in the drawing-room for a second or two; but quickly clearing away, Titmouse beheld, at the upper end, but two figures, that of an old gentleman and a young lady—in fact, the Earl of Dreddlington and Lady Cecilia. Now, that great man had not been a whit behindhand with the little being now trembling before him in the matter of dress; being, in truth, full as anxious to make an effective first appearance in the eyes of Titmouse, as he in those of the Earl of Dreddlington. And each had succeeded in his way. There was really little or no difference between them. The Right Honourable the Earl of Dreddlington was an old experienced fool, and Tittlebat Titmouse a young inexperienced one. They were the same species of plant, but grown in different soils. The one had had to struggle through a neglected existence by the dusty, hard, roadside of life; the other had had all the advantage of hothouse cultivation—its roots striking deep into, and thriving upon, the rich manure of sycophancy and adulation. We have seen how anxious was our little friend to appear as became the occasion, before his great kinsman; who, in his turn, had several times during the day exulted secretly in the anticipation of the impression which must be produced upon the mind of Titmouse by the sudden display, in the Earl’s person, of the sublimest distinction that society can bestow, short of royalty. It had once or twice occurred to the Earl, whether he could find any fair excuse for appearing in his full general’s uniform; but on mature reflection, governed by that simplicity and severity of taste which ever distinguished him, he abandoned that idea, and appeared in a plain blue coat, white waistcoat, and black knee-breeches. But on his left breast glittered the star, round his left knee glistened the garter, and across his waistcoat were the broad blue and red ribands of the Garter and the Bath.

His hair was white and fine; his cold blue eye and haughty lip gave him an expression of severe dignity; and he stood erect as an arrow. Lady Cecilia reclined on the sofa, with an air of languor and ennui that had become habitual to her; and was dressed in glistening white satin, with a necklace of large and very beautiful pearls. The Earl was standing in an attitude of easy grace to receive his guest, as to whose figure and height he was quite in the dark—Mr Titmouse might be a great or a little man, and forward or bashful. "Ah, my God!" involuntarily exclaimed the Earl to himself, the instant his eye caught sight of Titmouse, who approached slowly, making profound and formal obeisances. Lord Dreddlington was rooted to the spot he had occupied when Titmouse entered. If his servants had turned an ape into the drawing-room, the Earl could scarcely have felt or exhibited greater amazement than he now experienced for a moment. "Ah, my God!" thought he, "what a fool have we here? what creature is this?" Then it flashed across his mind;—"Is this THE FUTURE LORD DREELINCOURT?" He was on the point of recoiling from his suddenly-discovered kinsman in dismay, (as for Lady Cecilia, she gazed at him in silent horror,) when his habitual self-command came to his assistance; and, advancing very slowly a step or two towards Titmouse, who, after a hurried glance around him, saw no place to deposit his hat and cane upon except the floor, on which he accordingly dropped them, the Earl extended his hand, and bowed courteously, but with infinite concern in his features.

"I am happy, Mr Titmouse, to make your acquaintance," said the Earl slowly. "Sir, I have the honour to present you to my daughter, the Lady Cecilia." Titmouse, who by this time had got into a sort of cold sweat—a condition from which the Earl was really not *very* far removed—made a very profound and formal bow, (he had been taking lessons from a posture-master to one of the theatres,) first to the Earl, and then to Lady Cecilia, who rose about two inches from the sofa, and then sank again upon it, without removing her eyes from the figure of Titmouse, who went on bowing, first to the one and

then to the other, till the earl had engaged him in conversation.

"It gives me pleasure, sir, to see that you are punctual in your engagements. I am so too, sir; and owe no small portion of my success in life to it. Punctuality, sir, in small matters, leads to punctuality in great matters." This was said in a very deliberate and pompous manner.

"Oh yes, my lord! quite so, your lordship," stammered Titmouse, suddenly recollecting a part of Gammon's instructions; "to be sure—wouldn't have been behind time, your lordship, for a minute, my lord; bad manners, if it please your lordship!"

"Will you be seated, sir?" interrupted the Earl, deliberately motioning him to a chair, and then sitting down beside him; after which the Earl seemed, for a second or two, to forget himself, staring in silence at Titmouse, and then in consternation at Lady Cecilia. "I—I—" said he, suddenly recollecting himself, "beg your par—sir, I mean I congratulate you upon your recent success. Sir, it must have been rather a surprise to you?"

"Oh yes, sir—my lord, most uncommon, may it please your lordship—particular—but right is right—thank your lordship!"

"Oh Heavens! merciful Heavens! How horrid all this is! Am I awake, or only dreaming? 'Tis an idiot—and, what's worse, a *vulgar* idiot. My God! *And this thing may be Lord Dreelincourt.*" This was what was passing through Lord Dreddlington's mind, while his troubled eye was fixed upon Titmouse.]

"It is, indeed, Mr Titmouse," replied his lordship, "very true; sir, what you say is correct. Quite so; exactly." His eye was fixed on Titmouse, but his words were uttered, as it were, mechanically, and in a musing manner. It flitted for a moment across his mind, whether he should ring the bell, and order the servant to show out of the house the fearful imp that had just been shown into it; but at that critical moment he detected poor Titmouse's eye fixed with a kind of reverent intensity upon his lordship's star. 'Twas a lucky look that for Titmouse, for it began to melt away the ice that was getting round the little heart of

his august relative. 'Twas evident that the poor young man had not been accustomed to society, thought the Earl, with an approach towards the compassionate mood. He was frightfully dressed, to be sure; and as for his speech, he was manifestly overawed by the presence in which he found himself; [that thought melted a little more of the ice.] Yet, was it not evident that he had *some* latent power of appreciating real distinction? [the little heart that was under his lordship's star, here lost *all* the ice that had begun so suddenly to encrust it.] And again;—he has actually cut out the intolerable Aubrey, and is now lawful owner of Yatton—of ten thousand a-year.

"Did you see the review to-day, sir?" enquired the Earl, rather blandly. "His Majesty was there, sir, and seemed to enjoy the scene." Titmouse, with a timid air, said that he had not seen it, as he had been upon the river; and after a few more general observations—"Will you permit me, sir? It is from the House of Lords," said the Earl, as a note was brought him, which he immediately opened and read. Lady Cecilia also appearing engaged reading, Titmouse had a moment's breathing time and interval of relief. What would he have given, he thought, for some other person, or several persons, to come in and divide the attention—the intolerably oppressive attention of the two august individuals then before him! He seized the opportunity to cast a furtive glance around the room. It opened into a second, which opened into a third: how spacious each and lofty! And glittering glass chandeliers in each! What chimney and pier glasses! What rich crimson satin curtains—they must have cost twelve or fourteen shillings a-yard at least!—The carpets, of the finest Brussels—and they felt like velvet to the feet;—then the brackets, of marble and gold, with snowy statues and vases glistening upon each; chairs so delicate, and gilded all over—he almost feared to sit down on them.

What could the Quirks and Tag-rags think of this? Faugh—only to think for a moment of Alibi House and Satin Lodge!—Then there was the Lady Cecilia—a lady of high rank! How rich her dress—and how haughtily beautiful she looked as she re-

clined upon the sofa! [she was in fact busy conning over the new opera, coming out the next evening.] And the Earl of Dreddlington—there he was, reading, doubtless, some letter from the king or one of the royal family—a man of great rank—with star, garter, and ribands, red and blue—all just as he had seen in pictures, and heard and read of—what must that star have cost? [Ay indeed, poor Lord Dreddlington, it had cost you the labour of half a life of steadfast sycophancy, of watchful manœuvring, and desperate exertion!] And those ribands—he had never seen any of such a breadth—they must have been manufactured on purpose for the Earl!—How white were his hands! And he had an antique massive signet-ring on his forefinger, and two glittering rings at least on each of his little fingers—positively Titmouse at length began to regard him almost as a god:—and yet the amazing thought occurred that this august being was allied to him by the ties of relationship. Such were the thoughts and reflections passing through the mind of Titmouse, during the time that Lord Dreddlington was engaged in reading his letter—and afterwards during the brief intervals which elapsed between the various observations addressed to him by his lordship.

The gentleman in black at length entered the room, and advancing slowly and noiselessly towards the Earl, said, in a quiet manner, "Dinner, my Lord;" and retired. Into what new scenes of splendid embarrassment was this the signal for Mr Titmouse's introduction? thought our friend, and trembled.

"Mr Titmouse, will you give your arm to the Lady Cecilia?" said the Earl, motioning him to the sofa. Up jumped Titmouse, and approached hastily the recumbent beauty, who languidly arose, arranged her train with one hand, and with the other, having drawn on her glove, just barely touched the proffered arm of Titmouse, extended towards her at a very acute angle, and at right angles with his own body—stammering, "Honour to take your ladyship—uncommon proud—this way, my lady."—Lady Cecilia took no more notice of him than if he had been a dumb waiter, walking beside him in silence—the Earl following. To think that

a nobleman of high rank was walking behind him! Would to heaven, thought the embarrassed Titmouse, that he had two fronts, one for the Earl behind, and the other to be turned full towards Lady Cecilia! The tall servants, powdered and in light blue liveries, stood like a guard of honour around the dining-room door. That room was extensive and lofty: what a solitary sort of state were they about to dine in! Titmouse felt cold though it was summer, and trembled as he followed, rather than led, his haughty partner to her seat; and then was motioned into his own by the Earl, himself sitting down opposite a chased silver soup tureen! A servant stood behind Lady Cecilia and Titmouse; also on the left of the Earl, while on his right, between his lordship and the glistening sideboard, stood a portly gentleman in black, with a bald head and a somewhat haughty countenance. Though Titmouse had touched nothing since breakfast, he felt not the slightest inclination to eat, and would have given the world to have dared to say as much, and be at once relieved from a vast deal of anxiety. Is it indeed easy to conceive of a fellow-creature in a state of more complete thralldom, at that moment, than poor little Titmouse? A little frog under the suddenly-exhausted receiver of an air-pump, or a fish just plucked out of its own element, and flung gasping and struggling upon the grass, may serve to assist your conceptions of the position and sufferings of Mr Titmouse. The Earl, who was on the look-out for it, observed his condition with secret but complete satisfaction; here he beheld the legitimate effect of rank and state upon the human mind. Titmouse got through the soup—of which about half-a-dozen spoonfuls only were put into his plate—pretty fairly. Any where else than at Lord Dreddlington's, Titmouse would have thought it thin watery stuff, with a few green things chopped up and swimming in it; but now he perceived that it had a sort of superior flavour. How some red mullet, enclosed in paper, puzzled poor Titmouse, is best known to himself.

"The Lady Cecilia will take wine with you, Mr Titmouse, I daresay"—observed the Earl: and in a moment's time, but with perfect deliberation, the servants poured wine into the two

glasses. "Your ladyship's health, me lady"—faltered Titmouse. She slightly bowed, and a faint smile glimmered at the corners of her mouth—but unobserved by Titmouse.

"I think you said, Mr Titmouse," quoth the Earl some-time afterwards, "that you had not yet taken possession of Yatton?"

"No, my lord; but I go down the day after to-morrow—quite—if I may say it, my lord—quite in style."

"Ha, ha!"—exclaimed the Earl, gently.

"Had you any acquaintance with the Aubreys, Mr Titmouse?" enquired the Lady Cecilia.

"No, my lady—yes, your ladyship, (I beg your ladyship's pardon)—but, now I think of it, I had a slight acquaintance with Miss Aubrey." [Titmouse, Titmouse, you little wretch, how dare you say so?]

"She is considered pretty in the country, I believe?" drawled Lady Cecilia languidly.

"Oh, most uncommon lovely!—midding, only midding, my lady, I should say"—added Titmouse, suddenly; having observed, as he fancied, rather a displeased look in Lady Cecilia. He had begun his sentence with more energy than he had yet shown in the house; he finished it hastily, and coloured as he spoke—feeling that he had somehow committed himself.

"Do you form a new establishment at Yatton, sir?" enquired the Earl, "or take to any part of that of your predecessor?"

"I have not, please your lordship, made up my mind yet exactly—should like to know your lordship's opinion."

"Why, sir, I should be governed by circumstances—by circumstances, sir; when you get there, sir, you will be better able to judge of the course you should pursue."

"Do you intend, Mr Titmouse, to live in town, or in the country?" enquired Lady Cecilia.

"A little of both, my lady—but mostly in town; because, as your ladyship sees, the country is *devilish* dull—'pon my life, my lady—my lord—beg a thousand pardons," he added, bowing to both, and blushing violently. Here he *had* committed himself; but his august companions bowed to him very kindly, and he presently recovered his self-possession.

"Are you fond of hunting, Mr Titmouse?" enquired the Earl.

"Why, my lord, can't exactly say that I am—but your lordship sees, cases alter circumstances, and when I get down there among the country gents, p'r'aps I may do as they do, my lord."

"I presume, Mr Titmouse, you have scarcely chosen a town residence yet?" enquired Lady Cecilia.

"No, my lady—not fixed it yet—was thinking of taking Mr Aubrey's house in Grosvenor Street, understanding it is to be sold;" then turning towards the Earl—"because, as your lordship sees, I was thinking of getting into *both* the nests of the old birds, while both are warm"—he added, with a very faint smile.

"Exactly; yes—I see, sir—I understand you," replied Lord Dredlington, sipping his wine. His manner rather discomposed Titmouse, to whom it then very naturally occurred that the Earl might be warmly attached to the Aubreys, and not relish their being spoken of so lightly; so Titmouse hastily and anxiously added—"your lordship sees I was most *particular* sorry to make the Aubreys turn out. A most uncommon respectable gent, Mr Aubrey: I assure your lordship I think so."

"I had not the honour of his acquaintance, sir," replied the Earl, coldly, and with exceeding stiffness, which flustered Titmouse not a little; and a pause occurred in the conversation for a minute or two. Dinner had now considerably advanced, and Titmouse was beginning to grow a *little* familiar with the routine of matters. Remembering Gammon's caution concerning the wine, and also observing how very little was drunk by the Earl and Lady Cecilia, Titmouse did the same; and during the whole of dinner had scarcely three full glasses of wine.

"How long is it," inquired the Earl, addressing his daughter, "since they took that house?" Lady Cecilia could not say. "Stay—now I recollect—surely it was just before my appointment to the Household. Yes; it was about that time, I now recollect. I am alluding, Mr Titmouse," continued the Earl, addressing him in a very gracious manner, "to an appointment under the Crown of some little distinction, which I was solicited to accept, at the personal instance of

his Majesty, on the occasion of our party coming into power—I mean that of Lord Steward of the Household."

"Dear me, my Lord! Indeed! Only to think, your lordship!" exclaimed Titmouse, with infinite deference in his manner, which encouraged the Earl to proceed.

"That, sir, was an office of great importance, and I had some hesitation in undertaking its responsibility. But, sir, when I had once committed myself to my sovereign and my country, I resolved to give them my best services. I had formed plans for effecting very extensive alterations, sir, in that department of the public service, which I have no doubt would have given great satisfaction to the country, as soon as the nature of my intentions became generally understood; when faction, sir, unfortunately prevailed, and we were compelled to relinquish office."

"Dear me, my lord! How particular sorry I am to hear it, my lord!" exclaimed Titmouse, as he gazed at the disappointed statesman with an expression of respectful sympathy.

"Sir, it gives me sincere satisfaction," said the Earl, after a pause, "to hear that our political opinions agree"—

"Oh yes! my lord, quite; sure of that"—

"I assure you, sir, that some little acquaintance with the genius and spirit of the British constitution has satisfied me that this country can never be safely or advantageously governed except on sound Whig principles."—He paused.

"Yes, my lord; it's quite true, your lordship."

"That, sir, is the only way I know of by which aristocratic institutions can be brought to bear effectively upon, to blend harmoniously with, the interests of the lower orders—the people, Mr Titmouse." Titmouse thought this wonderfully fine, and sat listening as to an oracle of political wisdom. The Earl, observing it, began to form a much higher opinion of his little kinsman. "The unfortunate gentleman, your predecessor at Yatton, sir, if he had but allowed himself to have been guided by those who had mixed in public affairs before he was born," said the Earl with great dignity,—

"Pon my word, my lord, he was,

"I've heard, a d——d Tory!—Oh my lady! my lord! humbly beg pardon," he added, turning pale; but the fatal word had been uttered, and heard by both; and he felt as if he could have sunk through the floor.

"Shall I have the honour of taking another glass of wine with you, sir?" inquired the Earl, rather gravely and severely, as if wishing Mr Titmouse fully to appreciate the fearful breach of etiquette of which he had just been guilty. After they had bowed to each other, a very awkward pause occurred, which was at length broken by the considerate Lady Cecilia.

"Are you fond of the opera, Mr Titmouse?"

"Very, my lady—most particular," replied Titmouse, who had been there once *only*.

"Do you prefer the opera, or the ballet? I mean the music or the dancing?"

"Oh, I understand your ladyship. 'Pon my word, my lady, I prefer them both in their turns. The dancing is most uncommon superior; though I must say, my lady, the lady dancers there do most uncommonly—*rather*, I should say"—He stopped abruptly; his face flushed, and he felt as if he had burst into a perspiration. What the deuce was he about? It seemed as if some devil within were urging him on, from time to time, to commit himself. Good gracious! another word, and out would have come his opinion as to the shocking indecency of the ballet!

"I understand you, sir; I quite agree with you," said Lady Cecilia calmly; "the ballet *does* come on at a sad late hour; I often wish they would now and then have the ballet first."

"'Pon my life, my lady," quoth Titmouse, eagerly snatching at the plank that was thrown to him; "that is what I meant—nothing else, upon my soul, your ladyship."

"Do you intend taking a box there, Mr Titmouse?" inquired her ladyship, with an appearance of interest in the expected answer.

"Why, your ladyship, they say a box there is a *precious* long figure;—but in course, my lady, when I've got to rights a little with my property—your ladyship understands—I shall do the correct thing."

Here a very long pause ensued. How dismally quiet and deliberate was every thing! The very servants,

how noiselessly they waited! Every thing done just when it was wanted, yet no hurry, or bustle, or noise; and they looked so composed—so much at their ease. He fancied that they had scarce any thing else to do than look at him, and watch all his movements, which greatly embarrassed him, and he began to *hate* them. He tried hard to inspirit himself with a reflection upon his own suddenly acquired and really great personal importance; absolute master of Ten Thousand a-Year, a relation of the great man at whose table he sate, and whose hired servants they were; but then his timorously-raised eye would light, for an instant, upon the splendid *insignia* of the earl; and he felt as oppressed as ever. What would he not have given for a few minutes' interval and sense of complete freedom and independence? And were these to be his feelings ever hereafter? Was this the sort of tremulous apprehension of offence, and embarrassment as to his every motive, to which he was to be doomed in high life? Oh that he had but been *born* to it, like the Earl and the Lady Cecilia!

"Were you ever in the House of Lords, Mr Titmouse?" enquired Lord Dreddlington suddenly, after casting about for some little time for a topic on which he might converse with Titmouse.

"No, my lord, never—should most uncommon like to see it, my lord"—replied Titmouse, eagerly.

"Certainly, it is an impressive spectacle, sir, and well worth seeing."

"I suppose, my lord, your lordship goes there every day?"

"Why, sir, I believe *I am* pretty punctual in my attendance. I was there to-day, sir, till the House rose. Sir, I am of opinion that hereditary legislators—a practical anomaly in a free state like this—but one which has innumerable unperceived advantages to recommend it—Sir, our country expects at our hands, in discharge of so grave a trust—in short, if we were not to be true to—we who are in a peculiar sense the guardians of public liberty—if we were once to betray our trust—Let me trouble you, sir, for a little of that —," said the Earl, using some foreign word which Titmouse had never heard of before, and looking towards a delicately constructed fabric, as of compressed snow, that

stood before Titmouse. A servant stood in a twinkling beside him with his lordship's plate. Ah me! that I should have to relate so sad an event as presently occurred to Titmouse! He took a spoon; and, imagining the glistening fabric before him to be as solid as it looked, brought to bear upon it an adequate degree of force, even as if he had been going to scoop out a piece of Stilton cheese—and inserting his spoon at the summit of the snowy and deceitful structure, souse to the bottom went spoon, hand, coat-cuff and all, and a very dismal noise evidenced that the dish on which the spoon had descended with so much force—was no longer a dish. It was, in fact, broken in halves, and the liquid from within ran about on the cloth.

A cluster of servants was quickly around him.

A mist came over his eyes; the colour deserted his cheek; and he had a strange feeling, as if the end of all things was at hand.

"I beg you will think nothing of it—it really signifies nothing at all, Mr Titmouse," said the Earl, kindly, observing his agitation.

"Oh dear! Oh my lord—your ladyship—what an uncommon stupid ass!"

"Pray *don't* distress yourself, Mr Titmouse," said Lady Cecilia, really feeling for his evident misery, "or you will distress us."

"I beg—humbly beg pardon—please your lordship—your ladyship. I'll replace it with the best in London the very first thing in the morning." Here the servant beside him, who was arranging the table-cloth, uttered a faint sound of suppressed laughter, which disconcerted Titmouse still more.

"Give yourself no concern—'tis only a *trifle*, Mr Titmouse!—You understand?" said the Earl, kindly.

"But if your lordship will only allow me—expense is no object. I know the very best shop in Oxford Street!"

"Suppose we take a glass of champagne together, Mr Titmouse?" said the Earl, rather peremptorily; and Titmouse had sense enough to be aware that he was to drop the subject. It was a good while before he recovered even the little degree of self-possession which he had had since first entering Lord Dreddlington's house. He had afterwards no very

distinct recollection of the manner in which he got through the rest of dinner, but a general sense of his having been treated with the most kind and delicate forbearance—no *fuss* made. Suppose such an accident had occurred at *Satin Lodge*, or even *Alibi House*!

Shortly after the servants had withdrawn, Lady Cecilia rose to retire. Titmouse, seeing the Earl approaching the bell, anticipated him in ringing it, and then darted to the door with the speed of a lamplighter to open it, as he did, just before a servant had raised his hand to it on the outside. Then he stood within, and the servant without, each bowing, and Lady Cecilia passed between them with stately step, her eyes fixed upon the ground, and her lip compressed, with the effort to check her inclination to a smile—perhaps, even laughter. Titmouse was now left alone with Lord Dreddlington; and, on resuming his seat, most earnestly renewed his entreaties to be allowed to replace the dish which he had broken, assuring Lord Dreddlington that "money was no object at all." He was encountered, however, with so stern a negative by his lordship, that, with a hurried apology, he dropped the subject; the Earl, however, good-naturedly adding, that he had perceived the *joke* intended by Mr Titmouse, which was a very good one. This would have set off poor Titmouse again; but a glance at the face of his magnificent host sealed his lips.

"I have heard it said, Mr Titmouse," presently commenced the Earl, "that you have been engaged in mercantile pursuits during the period of your exclusion from the estates which you have just recovered. Is it so, sir?"

"Ye-e-e-s—sir—my lord—" replied Titmouse, hastily considering whether or not he should altogether *sink the shop*; but he dared hardly venture upon so very decisive a lie—"I was, please your lordship, in one of the greatest establishments in the mercery line in London—at the west end, my lord; most confidential, my lord; management of every thing; but somehow, my lord, I never *took to it*—your lordship understands?"

"Perfectly, sir; I can quite appreciate your feelings. But, sir, the mercantile interests of this great

country are not to be overlooked. Those who are concerned in them, are frequently very respectable persons."

"Begging pardon, my lord—no, they a'n't—if your lordship only knew them as well as I do, my lord. Most uncommon low people. Do any thing to turn a penny, my lord; and often sell damaged goods for best."

"It is very possible, sir, that there may exist irregularities of that description; but upon the whole, sir, I am disposed to think that there are many very respectable persons engaged in trade. I have had the happiness, sir, to assist in passing measures that were calculated, by removing restrictions and protective duties, to secure to this country the benefits of free and universal competition. We have been proceeding, sir, for many years, on altogether a wrong principle; but, not to follow out this matter further, I must remind you, sir, that your acquaintance with the principles and leading details of mercantile transactions—undoubtedly one of the mainsprings of the national greatness—may hereafter be of use to you, sir."

"Yes, my lord, 'pon my soul—when I'm furnishing my houses in town and country, I mean to go to market myself—please your lordship, I know a trick or two of the trade, and can't be taken in, my lord. For instance, my lord, there's Tag-rag—a-hem! hem!" he paused abruptly, and looked somewhat confusedly at the Earl.

"I did not mean *that* exactly," said his lordship, unable to resist a smile. "Pray, fill your glass, Mr Titmouse." He did so. "You are of course aware that you have the absolute patronage of the borough of Yatton, Mr Titmouse?—It occurs to me, that as our political opinions agree, and unless I am presumptuous, sir, in so thinking—I may be regarded, in a political point of view, as the head of the family—you understand, I hope, Mr Titmouse?"

"Exactly, my lord—'pon my soul, it's all correct, my lord."

"Well—then—the family interests, Mr Titmouse, must be looked after."

"Oh! in course, my lord, only too happy—certainly, my lord, we shall, I hope, make a very interesting family, if your lordship so pleases—I can have no objection, my lord!"

"It was a vile, a disgraceful trick,

by which Ministers popped in their own man for our borough, Mr Titmouse."

[Lord Dreddlington alluded to the circumstance of a new writ having been moved for, immediately on Mr Aubrey's acceptance of the Chiltern Hundreds, and, before the Opposition could be prepared for such a step, sent down without delay to Yatton, and Sir Percival Pickering, Bart., of Luddington Court, an intimate friend of Mr Aubrey's, and a keen unflinching Tory, being returned as member for the borough of Yatton, before the Titmouse influence could be brought for even one moment into the field; the few and willing electors of that ancient and loyal borough being only too happy to have the opportunity of voting for a man whose principles they approved—probably the last opportunity they would have of doing so.]

"Yes, my lord—Sir What-d'ye-call him *was* a trifle too sharp for us, in that business, wasn't he?"

"It has succeeded, sir, for the moment, but"—continued his lordship, in a very significant and impressive manner—"it is quite possible that their triumph may be of very short duration—Mr Titmouse. Those who, like myself, are at headquarters—let me see you fill your glass, Mr Titmouse. I have the honour to congratulate you, sir, on the recovery of your rights, and to wish you health and long life in the enjoyment of them."

"May it please your lordship, you're most uncommon polite"—commenced Titmouse, rising, and standing while he spoke—for he had had experience enough of society, to be aware that when a gentleman's health was drunk on important occasions, it became him to rise and acknowledge the compliment in such language as he could command—"and am particularly proud—a—a—I beg to propose, my lord, your lordship's very good health, and many thanks." Then he sat down; each poured out another glass of claret, and drank it off.

"It is extremely singular, sir, the reverses in life that one hears of."

[I cannot help pausing, for a moment, to suggest—what must have become of the Earl and his daughter, had they been placed in the situation of the unfortunate Aubreys.]

"Yes, my lord, your lordship's

quite true, 'pon my word!—Most uncommon *ups* and *downs*! Lord, my lord, only to fancy *me*, a few months ago, trotting up and down Oxford Street with my yard mea—" He stopped short, and coloured violently.

"Well, sir, however humble might have been your circumstances, it is a consolation to reflect that the Fates ordained it. Sir, there is nothing dishonourable in being poor, when it is not your own fault. Reverses of fortune, sir, have happened to some of the greatest characters in our history. You remember Alfred, sir!" Titmouse bowed assentingly; but had he been questioned, could have told, I suspect, very little about the matter.

"Allow me, sir, to ask whether you have come to any arrangement with your late opponent concerning the back-rents?" enquired the Earl, with a great appearance of interest.

"No, my lord, not yet; but my solicitors say they'll soon *have the screw on*, please your lordship—that's just what they say—their very words."

"Indeed, sir!" replied the Earl, gravely. "What is the sum to which they say you are entitled, sir?"

"Sixty thousand pounds, my lord, at least—quite set me up, at starting, my lord," replied Titmouse with great glee; but the Earl shuddered, and sipped his wine in silence.

"By the way, Mr Titmouse," said the Earl after a considerable pause—"I trust you will forgive me for suggesting whether it would not be a prudent step for you to go to one of the universities for at least a twelve-month!"

"Humbly begging your lordship's pardon, am not I too old?"—replied Titmouse—"Besides, I've talked the thing over with Mr Gammon!"

"Mr Gammon? Allow me, sir, to ask who that may be?"

"One of my solicitors, my lord; a most remarkable clever man, and an out-and-out lawyer, my lord. It was he that found out all about my case, my lord. If your lordship was only to see him for a moment, your lordship would say, what a *remarkable* clever man that is!"

"You will forgive my curiosity, sir—but it must have surely required very ample means to have carried on so arduous a lawsuit as that which has terminated so successfully?"

"Oh yes, my lord!—Quirk, Gammon, and Snap did all that; and, between me and your lordship, I suppose I shall have to come down a pretty long figure, all on the *naill*, as your lordship understands; but I mean them to get it all out of that respectable gent, Mr Aubrey." By quietly pressing his questions, the Earl got a good deal more out of Titmouse than he was aware of, concerning Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap; and conceived a special dislike for Gammon. The Earl gave him some pretty decisive hints about the necessity of being on his guard with such people—and hoped that he would not commit himself to any thing important without consulting his lordship, who would of course give him the advantage of his experience in the affairs of the world, and open his eyes to the designs of those whose only object was to make a prey of him. Titmouse began to feel that here, at length, he had met with a *real* friend—one whose suggestions were worthy of being received with the profoundest deference. Soon afterwards, he had the good fortune to please the Earl beyond expression, by venturing timidly to express his admiration of the splendid star worn by his lordship; who took the opportunity of explaining that and the other marks of distinction he wore, and others which he was entitled to wear, at great length, and with much minuteness—so as that he at length caused Titmouse to believe that he, Lord Dreddlington—the august head of the family—must have rendered more signal service, somehow or other, to his country than most men living. His lordship might not, perhaps, intend it; but he went on till he almost deified himself, in the estimation of his little listener! One very natural question was perpetually trembling on the tip of Titmouse's tongue; viz. how and when he could get a star and garter for himself.

"Well, Mr Titmouse," at length observed the Earl, after looking at his watch—"shall we adjourn to the drawing-room? The fact is, sir, that Lady Cecilia and I have an evening engagement at the Duke of Dunder-whistle's. I much regret being unable to take you with us, sir; but, as it is, shall we rejoin the Lady Cecilia?" continued his lordship, rising.

Up jumped Titmouse; and the Earl and he were soon in the drawing-room, where, besides the Lady Cecilia, sate another lady, to whom he was not introduced in any way. This was Miss Macspleuchan, a distant connexion of the Earl's late countess—a very poor relation, who had entered the house of the Earl of Dreddlington, in order to eat the *bitter, bitter bread of dependence*. Poor soul! you might tell, by a glance at her, that she did not thrive upon it. She was about thirty, and so thin! She was dressed in plain white muslin; and there were a manifest constraint and timidity about her motions, and a depression in her countenance, whose lineaments showed that if she could be happy she might be handsome. She had a most ladylike air; and there was thought in her brow and acuteness in her eye, which however, as it were, habitually watched the motions of the Earl and the Lady Cecilia with deference and anxiety. Poor Miss Macspleuchan felt herself gradually sinking into a sycophant; the alternative being that or starvation. She was very accomplished, particularly in music and languages, while the Lady Cecilia really knew scarcely any thing—for which reason, principally, she had long ago conceived a bitter dislike to Miss Macspleuchan, and inflicted on her a number of petty but exquisite mortifications and indignities; such, perhaps, as none but a sensitive soul could appreciate, for the Earl and his daughter were exemplary persons in the proprieties of life, and would not do such things *openly*. She was a sort of companion to Lady Cecilia, and entirely dependent upon her and the Earl for her subsistence. She was sitting on the sofa, beside Lady Cecilia, when Titmouse re-entered the drawing-room; and Lady Cecilia eyed him through her glass with infinite *nonchalance*, even when he had advanced to within a few feet of her. He made Miss Macspleuchan, as she rose to take her seat and prepare tea, a most obsequious bow: absurd as was the style of its performance, Miss Macspleuchan saw that there was politeness in the intention; 'twas, moreover, a courtesy towards herself, that was unusual from the Earl's guests; and these considerations served to take off the edge of the ridicule and contempt with which Lady

Cecilia had been preparing her to receive their newly-discovered kinsman. After standing for a second or two near the sofa, Titmouse ventured to sit himself down upon it—on the very edge only—as if afraid of disturbing Lady Cecilia, who was reclining on it with an air of languid hauteur.

"So you're going, my lady, to a dance to-night, as my lord says?" quoth Titmouse, respectfully—"hope your ladyship will enjoy yourself."

"We regret that you do not accompany us, Mr Titmouse," said Lady Cecilia, slightly inclining towards him, and glancing at Miss Macspleuchan with a faint and bitter smile.

"Should have been most uncommon proud to have gone, your ladyship," replied Titmouse, as a servant brought him a cup of tea.

"These cups and saucers, my lady, come from abroad, I suppose? Now, I dare say, though they've *rather* a funny look, they cost a good deal?"

"I really do not know, sir; we have had them a very long while."

"'Pon my life, my lady, I like them amazing!" Seeing her ladyship not disposed to talk, Titmouse became silent.

"Are you fond of music, Mr Titmouse?" enquired the Earl, presently observing the pause in the conversation to become embarrassing to Titmouse.

"Very, indeed, my lord: is your lordship?"

"I am rather fond of vocal music, sir—of the opera."

This the Earl said, because Miss Macspleuchan played upon the piano very brilliantly, and did not sing. Miss Macspleuchan understood him.

"Do you play upon any instrument, Mr Titmouse?" enquired Lady Cecilia, with a smile lurking about her lips, which increased a little when Titmouse replied in the negative, that he had once begun to learn the clarinet some years ago, but could not manage the notes. "Excuse me, my lady, but what an uncommon fine piano that is!" said he.—"If I may make so bold, will your ladyship give us a tune?"

"I dare say, Miss Macspleuchan will play for you, Mr Titmouse, if you wish it," replied Lady Cecilia, coldly.

Some time afterwards, a servant announced to her ladyship and the

earl that the carriage was at the door; and presently they both retired to their dressing-rooms to make some slight alteration in their dress;—the Earl to add a foreign order or two, and Lady Cecilia to place upon her haughty brow a small tiara of brilliants. As soon as they had thus retired—"I shall feel great pleasure, sir, in playing for you, if you wish it?" said Miss Macspleuchan, in a voice of such mingled melancholy and kindness, as must have gone to Titmouse's heart if he had possessed one. He jumped up, and bowed profoundly. She sate down to the piano, and played with exquisite taste, and great execution, such music as she supposed would suit her auditor—namely, waltzes and marches, till the door opened, and Lady Cecilia re-appeared drawing on her gloves, with the glittering addition which I have mentioned—followed presently by the Earl, who had removed the red riband, and added two little foreign orders.

"Well, sir," said he, with dignified affability, "I need not repeat how highly gratified I feel at our introduction to each other. I trust you will henceforth consider yourself no stranger here—"

"Oh, 'pon my life, my lord!" exclaimed Titmouse, in a low tone, and with a sudden and profound bow.

"And that on your return from Yorkshire," continued the Earl, drawing on his gloves, "you will let us see you: we both feel great interest in your good fortunes. Sir, I have the honour to wish you a good evening!" He extended his gloved hand to Mr Titmouse, whose hands he touched with little more than the ends of his fingers.

"We exceedingly regret that we must leave you, Mr Titmouse; but as we wish to leave the Duchess's early, in order to go to another ball, we must go early. Good evening, sir," and having dropped him a formal curtsy, she quitted the drawing-room followed by the Earl, Titmouse making four or five such bows as provoked a smile from all who witnessed them. The next moment he was alone with Miss Macspleuchan. Her unaffected good-natured address made him feel more at home within the next five minutes, than he had been since entering that frigid scene of foolish state—since being in the oppressive presence of the

greatness just departed. She felt at first a contempt for him bordering upon disgust, but which very soon melted into pity. What a wretched creature was *this* to be put into such a dazzling position! He soon got pretty communicative with her, and told her about the Tag-rags, Miss Tag-rag, and Miss Quirk, both of whom were absolutely dying of love for him, and thought he was in love with them, which was not the case—far from it.

Then he hinted something about a most particular uncommon lovely gal that had his heart, and he hoped to have hers, as soon as he had got all to rights at Yatton. Then he told her of the great style in which he was going down to take possession of his estates. Having finished this, he told her that he had been the morning before to see a man hanged for murdering his wife; that he had been into the condemned cell, and then into the press-room, and had seen his hands and arms tied, and shaken hands with him; and he was going on into such a sickening minuteness of detail, that to avoid it Miss Macspleuchan, who felt both shocked and disgusted, suddenly asked him if he was fond of heraldry, and, rising from the sofa, she went into the second room, where on an elegant and antique stand lay a huge roll of parchment, on a gilded stick, splendidly mounted and most superbly illuminated—it was about three quarters of a yard in breadth, and some ten or twenty yards in length. This was the *Pedigree of the Dreddingtons*. She was giving him an account of Simon de Drelincourt, an early ancestor of the Earl's, who had come over with William the Conqueror, and performed stupendous feats of valour at the battle of Hastings, Titmouse listening in open-mouthed wonder, and almost trembling to think that he had broken a valuable dish belonging to a nobleman who had such wonderful ancestors, not at the moment adverting to the circumstance that he was himself descended from the same ancestors, and had as rich blood in him as the Earl and Lady Cecilia—when a servant entered and informed him in a whisper that "his carriage had arrived." He considered that etiquette required him to depart immediately.

"Beg your pardon; but if ever you should come down to my estate in the

country, shall be most uncommon proud to see your ladyship."

"I beg your pardon; you are mistaken, sir," interrupted Miss Macspleuchan hastily, and blushing scarlet; the fact being that Titmouse had not caught her name on its having been once or twice pronounced by Lady Cecilia, and very naturally concluding that she also must be a lady of rank. Titmouse was, however, so occupied with his efforts to make a graceful exit, that he did not catch the explanation of his mistake; and bowing almost down to the ground, reached the landing, where the tall servant, with a very easy grace, gave him his hat and cane, and preceded him down stairs. As he descended, he felt in his pockets for some loose silver, and gave several shillings between the servants who stood in the hall to witness his departure; after which, one of them having opened the door and let down the steps of the glass coach, Titmouse popped into it.

"Home, sir?" inquired the servant, as he closed the door.

"The Cabbage-Stalk Hotel, Covent Garden," replied Titmouse.

That was communicated to the coachman, and off rumbled the glass coach. As soon as Titmouse had become calm enough to reflect upon the events of the evening, he came to the conclusion that the Earl of Dreddlington was a very great man indeed; the Lady Cecilia very beautiful, but rather proud; and Miss Macspleuchan (Lady Somebody, as he supposed,) one of the most interesting ladies he had ever met with, something *uncommon* pleasing about her; in short he felt a sort of grateful attachment towards her, which, how long it would have lasted after he had heard that she was only a plain Miss, and a poor relative, I leave the acute reader to conjecture.

Mr Gammon was with him about half-past nine o'clock the next morning, sufficiently anxious to hear how he had got on over-night. He was received by Titmouse in a manner totally different from that in which he had ever before been received by him; and concluded, for a few minutes, that Lord Dreddlington had been *pumping* Titmouse, had learned from him his position with respect to him, Gammon, in particular, and had injected distrust and suspicion into the

mind of Titmouse concerning him. But Gammon, with all his acuteness, was quite mistaken. The truth was, 'twas only an attempt on the part of poor Titmouse to assume the composed demeanour, the languid elegance, which he had observed in the distinguished personages with whom he had spent the preceding evening, and which had made a very deep impression on his mind. He drew out his words, looked as if he were half asleep, and continually addressed Gammon as "Sir," and "Mr Gammon," just as the Earl of Dreddlington had constantly addressed him—Titmouse. Our friend was sitting at breakfast, on the present occasion, in a most gaudy dressing-gown, and with the newspaper before him; in short, his personal appearance and manner were totally different from what Gammon had ever seen before, and he looked now and then at Titmouse, as if for a moment doubting his identity. Whether or not he was now on the point of throwing overboard those who had piloted him from amidst the shoals of poverty into the open sea of affluence, shone upon by the vivid sunlight of rank and distinction, Gammon did not know; but he contracted his brow, and assumed a certain sternness and peremptoriness of tone and bearing, which were not long in reducing Titmouse to his proper dimensions; and when at length Mr Gammon entered upon the delightful subject of the morrow's expedition, telling him that he, Gammon, had now nearly completed all the preparations for going down to, and taking possession of Yatton in a style of suitable splendour, according to the wish of Titmouse—this quickly melted away the thin coating of mannerism, and Titmouse was "himself again." He immediately gave Mr Gammon a full account of what had happened at Lord Dreddlington's, and, I fear, of a great deal more that might possibly have happened, but certainly *had not*; *e. g.* his lordship's special laudation of Mr Gammon as a "monstrous fine lawyer," which Titmouse swore were the very exact words of his lordship, and that he "should have been most happy to see Mr Gammon," and a good deal to the like effect. Also that he had been "most uncommon thick" with "Lady Cicely," (so he pronounced her name;) and that both

she and Lord Dreddlington had "pressed him very hard" to go with them to a ball *at a Duke's*! He made no mention of the broken trifle-dish; said they had nearly a dozen servants to wait on them, (only three sitting down to dinner,) and twenty different sorts of wine, and no end of courses, at dinner. That the earl wore a star, and garter, and blue riband—which Gammon erroneously thought as apocryphal as the rest; and had told him that he—Titmouse—might one day wear them, and sit in the House of Lords; and had, moreover, advised him most strenuously to get into Parliament as soon as possible, as the "cause of the people wanted strengthening." [As Lord Coke somewhere says, in speaking of a spurious portion of the text of Lytton, "*that arrow came never out of Lytton's quiver*"—so Gammon instantly perceived that the last sentence came never out of Titmouse's own head, but was that of a wise and able man and statesman.]

As soon as Titmouse had finished his little romance, Gammon proceeded to the chief object of his visit—their next day's journey. He said that he very much regretted to say that Mr Snap had expressed a very anxious wish to witness the triumph of Mr Titmouse; and that Mr Titmouse, unless he had some particular objection—"Oh none, 'pon honour!—poor Snap!—devilish good chap in a small way!" said Titmouse; and at once gave his consent—Gammon informing him that Mr Snap would be obliged to return to town by the next day's coach. The reader will smile when I tell him, and if a lady, will frown when she hears, that Miss Quirk was to be of the party—a point which her anxious father had secured some time ago. Mrs Alias had declared that she saw no objection, as Mr Quirk would be constantly with his daughter, and Gammon had appeared most ready to bring about so desirable a result. He had also striven hard, unknown to his partners, to increase their numbers, by the Tag-rage, who might have gone down, all three of them, if they had chosen, by coach, and so have returned. Gammon conceived that this step might not have been unattended with advantage in several ways; and would, moreover, have secured him a considerable source of amusement. Titmouse, however,

would not listen to the thing for one moment, and Gammon was forced to give up his little scheme. Two dashing young fellows, fashionable friends of Titmouse, (who had picked them up Heaven only knows where, but they never deserted him,) infinitely to Gammon's annoyance, were to be of the party. He had seen them but once, when he had accompanied Titmouse to the play, where they soon joined him. One was a truly disgusting-looking fellow—a Mr Yahoo—a man about five-and-thirty years old, tall, with a profusion of black hair parted down the middle of his head, and falling down in long clustering curls from each temple upon his coat collar. His whiskers, also, were ample and covered two-thirds of his face; and he had a jet-black tuft—an imperial—depending from his under lip. He had an execrable eye—full of insolence and sensuality; in short, his whole countenance bespoke the thorough debauchee. He had been, he said, in the army; and was nearly connected with some of the first families in the North. He was now a man of pleasure about town—which contained not a better billiard-player, as the admiring Titmouse had had several opportunities of judging. He was a great patron of the ring—knew all their secrets—all their haunts. He always had plenty of money, and drove about in a most elegant cab, in which Titmouse had often had a seat; and as soon as Mr Yahoo had extracted, from his communicative little companion, all about himself, he made it his business to conciliate his good graces by all the arts of which he was master—and he succeeded. The other chosen companion of Titmouse was Mr Algernon Fitz-Snooks, a complete fool. He was the sole child of a rich tradesman—who christened him by the sounding name given above; and afterwards added the patrician prefix to the surname, which also you see above, in order to gratify his wife and son. The youth never "took to business"—but was allowed to saunter about doing, and knowing nothing, till about his twenty-second year, when his mother died, followed a year afterwards by his father, who bequeathed to his hopeful son some fifty thousand pounds—absolutely and uncontrolledly. He very judiciously thought that youth was the time to

enjoy life; and before he had reached his thirtieth year, he had got through all his fortune except about five or six thousand pounds—in return for which, he had certainly got *something*; viz. an impaired constitution and a little experience, which *might*, possibly, be useful. He had a very pretty face—regular features, and interesting eyes; his light hair curled beautifully; and he spoke in a sort of lisp and in a low tone—and, in point of dress, always turned out beautifully. He, also, had a cab, and was a great friend of Mr Yahoo, who had introduced him into a great deal of high society, principally in St James' Street, where both he and Mr Yahoo had passed a great deal of their time, especially during the nights. There was no intentional mischief in poor Fitz-Snooks; nature had made him only a fool—his prudent parents had done the rest; and, if he fell into vice, it was only because he couldn't help it. Such were the chosen companions of Titmouse; the one a fool, the other a rogue—and “he must,” he said, “have them down to the jollifying at Yatton.” A groom and a valet, both newly hired the day before, would complete the party of the morrow. Gammon assured Titmouse that he had taken all the pains in the world to get up a triumphant entry into Yatton; his agents at Grilston, Messrs Bloodsuck and Son, attorneys—the Radical electioneering attorneys of the county—who were well versed in the matter of processions, bands, flags, &c. &c. &c., had by that time arranged every thing, and they were to be met, when within a mile of Yatton, by a procession. The people at the Hall, also, were under orders from Mr Gammon, through Messrs Bloodsuck and Son, to have all in readiness—and a banquet prepared for nearly a hundred persons—in fact, all comers were to be welcome. To all this Titmouse listened with eyes glancing, and ears tingling with rapture; but can any tongue describe his emotion, on being apprised that the sum of L.2500, in the banker's hands, was now at his disposal—that it would be doubled in a few weeks—and that a cheque for L.500, drawn by Mr Titmouse on the London agents of the Grilston bankers, had been honoured on the preceding afternoon? Titmouse's heart beat fast, and he felt as if he could have worshipped Gam-

mon. As for the matter of carriages, Mr Gammon said, that probably Mr Titmouse would call that morning on Mr Axle, in Long Acre, and select one to his mind—it must be one with two seats—and Mr Gammon had pointed out several which were, he thought, eligible, and would be shown to Mr Titmouse. That would be the carriage in which Mr Titmouse himself would travel; the second, Mr Gammon had taken the liberty of already selecting. With this, Mr Gammon (just as the new valet brought in no less than seven boxes of cigars ordered over-night by Titmouse) shook his hand and departed, saying that he should make his appearance at the Cabbage-Stalk the next morning, precisely at eleven o'clock—about which time it was arranged they were all to start. Titmouse hardly knew how to contain himself on being left alone. About an hour or two afterwards, Titmouse made his appearance at Mr Axle's. He carried on two businesses, one public, *i. e.* a coach-builder—one private, *i. e.* a money-lender. He was a rich man—a very obliging and “accommodating” person, by means of which he had amassed a fortune of, it was believed, a hundred thousand pounds. He never made a fuss about selling on credit, lending, taking back, exchanging, carriages of all descriptions; nor in discounting the bills of his customers to any amount. He was generally right in each case in the long run. He would supply his fashionable victim with as splendid a chariot, and funds to keep it some time going, as he or she could desire; well knowing that in due time, after they had taken a few turns in it about the parks, and a few streets and squares in the neighbourhood, it would quietly drive up to one or two huge dingy fabrics in a different part of the town, where it would deposit its burden, and then return to its maker little the worse for wear, who took it back at about a twentieth part of its cost, and soon again disposed of it in a similar way. Mr Axle showed Mr Titmouse very obsequiously over his premises, pointing out (as soon as he knew who he was) the carriages which Mr Gammon had the day before desired should be shown to him, and which Mr Titmouse, with his glass stuck in his eye—where it was kept by the pure force of muscular contraction—examined

with something like the air of a connoisseur—rapping with his agate-headed cane every now and then—now against his teeth, then against his legs. He did not seem perfectly satisfied with any of them; they looked “devilish plain and dull.”

“Hollo—Mr Axletree, or whatever your name is—what have we here? ‘Pon my soul, the very thing!”—he exclaimed, as his eye caught a splendid object—the state carriage of the ex-sheriff, with its gorgeously decorated panels: which, having been vamped up for some six or seven successive shrievalties—(on each occasion heralded to the public by laudatory paragraphs in the newspapers as entirely new, and signal instances of the taste and magnificence of the sheriff-elect,)—seemed now *perfunctus officio*. Mr Axle was staggered for a moment, and scarce supposed Mr Titmouse to be in earnest—Gammon having given him no inkling of the real character of Titmouse; but observing the earnest steadfast gaze with which he regarded the glittering object, having succeeded in choking down a sudden fit of laughter, he commenced a most tempting eulogium upon the splendid structure—remarking on the singularity of the circumstance of its happening just at that exact moment to be placed at his disposal by its former owner—a gentleman of great distinction, who had no longer any occasion for it. Mr Axle had had numerous applications for it already; on hearing which, Titmouse got excited. The door was opened—he got in; sate on each seat—“Don’t it hang beautifully?” enquired the confident proprietor, swaying about the head of the carriage as he spoke.

“Let us see, who was after it yesterday? Oh—I think it was Sir Goosey Gander; but I’ve not closed with him.”

“What’s your price, Mr Axletree?” enquired Titmouse rather heatedly, as he got out of the carriage.

After some little higgledy-boggledy Mr Titmouse bought it!!!—for there was nothing like closing at once where there was keen competition. Mr Gammon could not have seen it, when he was making his choice the day before. For the rest of the day he felt infinitely elated at his fortunate purchase, and excited his

imagination by pictures of the astonishment and admiration which his equipage must call forth on the morrow. Punctual to his appointment, Mr Gammon, a few moments before the clock struck eleven on the ensuing morning, drew up to the Cabbage-Stalk, as near at least as he could get to it, in a hackney coach, with his portmanteau and carpet-bag. I say, as near as he could; for round about the door stood a little crowd, gazing with a sort of awe on a magnificent vehicle standing there, with four horses harnessed to it. Gammon looked at his watch as he entered the hotel, and asked which of the sheriffs’ carriages was standing at the door. The waiter to whom he spoke seemed nearly splitting with laughter, which almost disabled him from answering that it was Mr Titmouse’s carriage, ready for setting off for Yorkshire. Mr Gammon opened his eyes involuntarily, turned pale, and seemed nearly dropping down.

“Mr Titmouse’s!” he echoed incredulously.

“Yes, sir—been here this hour at least packing; such a crowd all the while; every body thinks it’s the sheriff, sir,” replied the waiter, scarce able to keep his countenance. Mr Gammon rushed up stairs with greater impetuosity than he had perhaps ever been known to exhibit before, and burst into Mr Titmouse’s room. There was that gentleman, with his hat on, his hands stuck into his coat-pockets, a cigar in his mouth, and a tumbler of brandy and water before him. Mr Yahoo, and Mr Fitz-Snooks, and Mr Snap were similarly occupied; and Mr Quirk was sitting down with his hands in his pockets, and a glass of negus before him, with any thing but a joyful expression of countenance.

“Is it possible, Mr Titmouse?” commenced Gammon.

“Ah, how d’ye do, Gammon?—punctual!” interrupted Titmouse, extending his hand.

“Forgive me—but can it be that the monstrous thing now before the door, with a crowd grinning around it, is *your carriage*?” enquired Gammon with dismay in his face.

“I—rather—think—it is,” replied Titmouse, slightly disconcerted, but trying to look self-possessed.

“My dear sir,” replied Gammon,

in a kind of agony, "it is impossible! It never can be! Do you mean to say that you bought it at Mr Axle's?"

"I should rather think so," replied Titmouse, with a piqued air.

"He's been grossly imposing on you, sir!—Permit me to go at once and get you a proper vehicle."

"Pon my life, Mr Gammon, I think that it's a monstrous nice thing—a great bargain—and I've bought it and paid for it, that's more."

"Gentlemen, I appeal to you, confidently," said Gammon, turning in an agony to Mr Yahoo and Mr Fitz-Snooks.

"As for me, sir," replied the former coolly, at the same time knocking off the ashes from his cigar;—"since you ask my opinion, I confess I rather like the idea—ha! ha! 'Twill produce a *sensation*; that's something in this dull life!—Eh, Snooks?"

"Ay—a—I confess I was a little shocked at first, but I think I'm getting over it now," lisped Mr Fitz-Snooks, adjusting his shirt-collar, and then sipping a little of his brandy and water. "I look upon it now as an excellent joke;—egad, it beats Chitterfield hollow, though *he*, too, has done a trick or two lately."

"Did you purchase it as a joke, Mr Titmouse?" inquired Gammon with forced calmness, ready to expire with vexation and anger.

"Why—a—pon my life—if you ask me—wonder you don't see it! Of course I did!—Those that don't like it, may ride, you know, in the other."

"We shall be hooted at, laughed at, wherever we go," said he, vehemently.

"Exactly—that's the *novelty* I like," said Mr Yahoo, looking at Mr Gammon with a smile of ineffable insolence.

Mr Gammon made him no reply, but fixed an eye upon him, under which he became plainly rather uneasy. He felt outdone. Talk of *scorn*!—the eye of Gammon, settled at that instant upon Mr Yahoo, was its complete and perfect representative; and from that moment he, Mr Yahoo, felt something like *fear* of the eye of man, or of *submission* to it. When, moreover, he beheld the manner in which Titmouse obeyed Gammon's somewhat haughty summons out of the room, he resolved to make a friend of Gammon. Titmouse proved, however, inexorable

for once; he had bought and paid for the carriage; it suited his taste—and where was the harm of gratifying it? Besides, it was all ready packed—all was prepared for starting. Gammon gave it up; and, swallowing down his rage as well and as quickly as he could, endeavoured to reconcile himself to this infernal and most unexpected predicament.

It seems that Miss Quirk, however really anxious to go down to Yatton—to do any thing, in short, calculated to commit Mr Titmouse to her—was quite staggered on discovering, and shocked at seeing, the kind of persons who were to be their travelling companions. As for Mr Yahoo, she recoiled from him with horror as soon as she had seen him. What decent female, indeed, would not have done so? She had retired to a bedchamber soon after entering the Cabbage-Stalk, and, seeing her two unexpected fellow-travellers, presently sent a chambermaid to request Mr Quirk to come to her.

He found her considerably agitated. She wished earnestly to return to Alibi House; and consented to proceed on her journey only on the express promise of Mr Titmouse, that no one should be in the carriage in which she went except Mr Quirk and Mr Gammon—unless, indeed, Mr Titmouse thought proper to make the fourth.

Mr Quirk, on this, sent for Mr Gammon, who, with a somewhat bad grace, ("Confound it!" thought he, "every thing seems going wrong,") undertook to secure Mr Titmouse's consent to that arrangement.

While he was thus closeted for about five or ten minutes with Mr Quirk, one of the waiters informed Mr Titmouse that a lad had brought a parcel for him, which he, the aforesaid lad, was himself to deliver into the hands of Mr Titmouse. Accordingly there was presently shown into the room a little lad, in tarnished livery, in whom Titmouse recollected the boy belonging to Mr Tag-rag's one-horse chaise, and who gave a small parcel into Mr Titmouse's hands, "with Mrs and Miss Tag-rag's respects."

As soon as he had quitted the room, "By Jove! What have we here?" exclaimed Titmouse, just a *little* flustered as he cut open the string. In-

side was another parcel, wrapped up in white paper, and tied in a pretty bow, with thin satin ribands. This again, and another within it having been opened,—behold there were three nice cambric pocket-handkerchiefs, which, on being examined, proved to be each of them marked with the initials “T. T.” in hair; and Mr Yahoo happening to unfold one of them, lo! in the centre, was—also done in hair—the figure of a heart transixed with an arrow!!! Mr Yahoo roared, and Mr Fitz-Snooks lisped, “Is she pretty, Tit? Where’s her nest, any old birds?—eh?”

Titmouse coloured a little, then grinned, and put his finger to the side of his nose, and winked his eye, as if favouring the bright idea of Mr Fitz-Snooks. On a sheet of gilt-edged paper, and sealed with a seal bearing the tender words, “*Forget me not,*” was written the following:—

“SIR—Trusting you will excuse the liberty, I send you three best cambric pocket-handkerchiefs, which my daughter have marked with her own hair, and I beg your acceptance thereof, hoping you may be resigned to all that may befall you, which is the prayer of, dear sir, yours respectfully,

“MARTHA TAG-BAG.

“P. S.—My daughter sends what you may please to wish and accept. Shall we have the great happiness to see you here again?”

“SATIN LODGE, 1844 May 18—.”

“Oh! the naughty old woman! Fie! Fie!” exclaimed Mr Yahoo, with his intolerable smile.

“’Pon my soul, there’s nothing in it!”

“Where’s Satin Lodge?” enquired Mr Fitz-Snooks.

“It’s a country-house on the—Richmond road,” said Titmouse, with a little hesitation; and just then the return of Gammon, who had resumed his usual calmness of manner, relieved him from his embarrassment. Mr Gammon succeeded in effecting the arrangement suggested by Mr Quirk and his daughter; and within about a quarter of an hour afterwards, behold the ex-sheriff’s resplendent but cast-off carriage filled by Miss Quirk and Titmouse, and Mr Quirk and Gammon—the groom and valet sitting on

the coach-box; while in the other, a plain yellow carriage, covered with luggage, sat Mr Yahoo, Mr Fitz-Snooks, and Mr Snap, all of them with lighted cigars—Snap never having been so happy as at that moment.

Mr Titmouse had laid aside his cigar, in compliment to Miss Quirk, who had a long black veil on, and an elegant light shawl, and looked uncommonly like a young bride setting off—oh, Heavens! that it *had* been so!—on her wedding excursion. Mr Gammon slouched his hat over his eyes, and inclined his head downwards, fit to expire with vexation and disgust, as he observed the grin and tittering of the crowd around; but Titmouse, who was most splendidly dressed, took off his hat on sitting down, and bowed several times to, as he supposed, the admiring crowd.

“Get on, boys!” growled Mr Gammon; and away they went, exciting equal surprise and applause wherever they went. No one that met them but must have taken Titmouse and Miss Quirk for a newly-married couple—probably the son or daughter of one of the sheriffs, who had lent the state carriage to add *éclat* to the interesting occasion.

With the exception of the sensation produced at every place where they changed horses, the only incident worth noting that occurred during their journey, was at the third stage from London. As they came dashing up to the door of the inn, their advent setting all the bells of the establishment ringing, and waiters and ostlers scampering up to them like mad, they beheld a plain and laden dusty travelling-carriage, waiting for horses—and Gammon quickly perceived it to be the carriage of the unfortunate Aubreys! The travellers had alighted. The graceful figure of Miss Aubrey, her face pale, and wearing an expression of manifest anxiety and fatigue, was standing near the door, talking kindly to a beggar-woman, with a cluster of half-naked children around her; while little Aubrey was romping about with Miss Aubrey’s beautiful little spaniel, Cato; Agnes, looking on and laughing merrily, and trying to escape from the hand of her attendant. Mr and Mrs Aubrey were talking together, close beside the carriage-door. Gammon observed all this, and particularly that Mr Aubrey

was scrutinizing their appearance, with a sort of half-smile on his countenance, melancholy as it was.

"Horses on!" said Gammon, leaning back in the carriage.

"That's a monstrous fine woman standing at the inn door, Titmouse—eh?" exclaimed Mr Yahoo, who had alighted for a moment, and stood beside the door of Titmouse's carriage, looking with brutal eye towards Miss Aubrey. "I wonder who and what she is? By Jove, 'tis the face—the figure of an angel! egad, they're *somebody*; I'll look at their panels."

"I know who it is," said Titmouse, father faintly; "I'll tell you by and by."

"Now, now! my dear fellow. Our divinity is vanishing," whispered Mr Yahoo eagerly, as Miss Aubrey, having slipped something into the beggar's hand, stepped into the carriage. She was the last to get in; and as soon as the door was closed, they drove off.

"Who's that, Mr Titmouse?" enquired Miss Quirk, with a little eagerness, observing—women are very quick in detecting such matters—that both Gammon and Titmouse looked rather embarrassed.

"It's the—the Aubreys," replied Titmouse.

"Eh! By Jove—is it?" quickly enquired old Quirk, putting his head out of the window; "how very odd, to meet the old birds? Egad! their nest must be yet warm—ha, ha!"

"What! dear papa, are those the people you've turned out? Gracious! I thought I heard some one say that Miss Aubrey was pretty! La! I'm sure I thought—now what do *you* think, Mr Titmouse?" she added, turning abruptly and looking keenly at him.

"Oh! 'pon my life, I—I—see nothing at all in her—devilish plain, I should say—infernally pale, and all that!"

They were soon on their way again. Titmouse quickly recovered his equanimity, but Gammon continued silent and thoughtful for many—many miles; and the reader would not be surprised at it, if he knew as well as I do the thoughts which the unexpected sight of that travelling carriage of Mr Aubrey had suggested to Mr Gammon.

As they approached the scene of

triumph and rejoicing, and ascertained that they were within little more than a mile of the peaceful little village of Yatton, the travellers began to look out for indications of the kind which Mr Gammon had mentioned to Titmouse, viz. a band and procession, and an attendant crowd. But however careful and extensive might have been the arrangements of those to whom that matter had been entrusted, they were likely to be sadly interfered with by a circumstance which, happening just then, might, to a weaker and more superstitious mind than that of Mr Titmouse, have looked a little ominous,—namely, a tremendous thunder-storm. It was then about five o'clock in the afternoon. The whole day had been overcast, and the sky threatening; and just as the two carriages came to that turning in the road which gave them the first glimpse of the Hall—only, however, the tops of the great chimneys, which were visible above the surrounding trees—a fearful, long-continued flash of lightning burst from the angry heavens, followed, after an interval of but a second or two, by a peal of thunder which sounded as if a park of artillery was being repeatedly discharged immediately overhead.

"Mind your horses' heads, boys," called out Mr Gammon; "keep a tight rein."

Miss Quirk was dreadfully alarmed, and clung to her father; Titmouse also seemed disconcerted, and looked to Gammon, who was perfectly calm, though his face was not free from anxiety. The ghastly glare of the lightning was again around them—all involuntarily hid their faces in their hands—and again rattled the thunder in a peal that lasted more than half a minute, and seemed in frightful contiguity, as it were only a few yards above their heads. Down, then, came the long-suspended rain, pouring like a deluge, and so it continued, with frequent returns of the thunder and lightning, for nearly a quarter of an hour. The last turning brought them within sight of the village, and also of some fifty or sixty persons crowding under the hedges, on each side—these were the procession; musicians, bannermen, footmen, horsemen, all dripping with wet, surely a piteous spectacle to behold. Out, however, they all turned, true to their orders, as soon

as they saw the carriages, which immediately slackened their speed—the rain, also, somewhat abating. The flagman tried to unroll a wet banner, of considerable size, with the words—

“WELCOME TO YATTON!”

in gilded letters; while the band (consisting of a man with a big drum, another with a serpent, a third with a trumpet, a fourth with a bassoon, two with clarionets, and a boy with a fife) struck up—“See the conquering hero comes!” They puffed and blew lustily; bang! bang! went the drum; but the rain, the thunder, and the lightning wofully interfered with their harmony. ‘Twould have made your heart ache to see the wet flag clinging obstinately to the pole, in spite of all the efforts of its burly bearer! First, on horseback, was Barnabas Bloodsuck, (senior,) Esq.; beside him rode his son, Barnabas Bloodsuck, (junior,) Esq.; then came the Reverend Gideon Fleshpot, the vicar of Grilston, the only Radical clergyman in that part of the country; beside him, the Reverend Smirk Muddfint, a flippant, bitter, little Unitarian parson, a great crony of Mr Fleshpot, and his name singularly enough designating the qualities of his brain and heart. Next to these, alone in his one-horse chaise (looking like a pill-box drawn by a leech,) came the little fat Whig apothecary, Gargle Glistar, Esq. Following him came Going Gone, Esq., the auctioneer—the main prop of the Liberal side, being a most eloquent speaker—and Mr Hic Hæc Hoc, a learned schoolmaster, who taught the Latin grammar up as far as the syntax. Then there were Mr Centipede the editor, and Mr Woodlouse, the publisher and proprietor of the “YORKSHIRE STINGO,” for which, also, Mr Muddfint wrote a great deal. These, and about a dozen others, the flower of the “party” thereabouts, disdainful of the inclement weather, bent on displaying their attachment to the new Whig owner of Yatton, and solacing each his patient inner man with anticipation of the jolly cheer that awaited them at the Hall, formed the principal part of the procession; the rest, consisting of rather a miscellaneous assortment of scot-and-lot and pot-wallop-looking people, all very wet and hungry, and ever and anon casting a look of devout expectation towards

the Hall. Scarcely a villager of Yatton was to be seen stirring; nor did any of the tenants of the estate join in the procession; even had they not felt far otherwise disposed, they had luckily a complete excuse for their non-appearance in the deplorable state of the weather. Sometimes the band played; then a peal of thunder came; then a cry of “Hurra! Titmouse for ever! hurra!” then the band, and then the thunder, and rain! rain! rain! Thus they got to the park gates, where they paused, shouting, “Titmouse for ever! hurra—a—a!” Mr Titmouse bobbing about, now at one window, then at the other, with his hat off, in the most gracious manner. Really, it almost seemed as if the elements were conspiring to signalize, by their disfavour, Mr Titmouse’s assumption of Yatton; for just as he was passing under the old gateway, out flashed the lightning more vividly than it had yet appeared, and the thunder bellowed and reverberated among the woods as though it would never have ceased. The music and shouting ceased suddenly; carriages, horsemen, pedestrians quickened their pace in silence, as if anxious to get out of the storm; the horses now and then plunging and rearing violently. Titmouse was terribly frightened, in spite of his desperate efforts to appear unconcerned. He was as pale as death, and looked anxiously at Gammon, as if hoping to derive courage from the sight of his countenance. Miss Quirk trembled violently, and several times uttered a faint scream; but her father, old Mr Quirk, did not seem to care a pinch of snuff about the whole matter: he rubbed his hands together cheerily, chucked his daughter under the chin, rallied Titmouse, and nudged and jeered Gammon, who seemed disposed to be serious and silent. Having drawn up opposite the Hall door, it was opened by Mr Griffiths, with rather a saddened, but a most respectful look and manner; and in the same way might be characterised some six or seven servants standing behind him, in readiness to receive the newcomers. The half-drowned musicians tried to strike up “Rule Britannia,” as the hero of the day, Mr Titmouse, descended from his carriage, Mr Griffiths holding an umbrella for him, and bounded out of the rain with a hop, step, and a jump into the Hall, where

the first words he was heard to utter, were—

"What a devilish rum old place!" "God bless you! God bless you! God bless you, Titmouse!" exclaimed old Mr Quirk, grasping him by the hand, as soon as he had entered. Titmouse shook hands with Miss Quirk, who immediately followed a female servant to an apartment, being exceedingly nervous and agitated. Gammon seemed a little out of spirits; and said simply, "You know, Titmouse, how fervently I congratulate you."

"Oh! my dear boy, Tit, do, for Heaven's sake, if you do want the thunder and lightning to cease, order those wretched devils off—send them any where, but do stop their cursed noise, my dear boy!" exclaimed Mr Yahoo, as soon as he had entered, putting his fingers to his ears.

"Mr What's-your-name," said Titmouse, addressing Mr Griffiths, "I'll trouble you to order off those fellows and their infernal noise. There's a precious row making up above, and surely *one at a time!*"

"Ah ha, capital joke, by Jove! capital!" said Mr Fitz-Snooks.

"A—Titmouse—by Jupiter!" said Mr Yahoo, as, twirling his fingers about in his long black hair, of which he seemed very proud, he glanced about the hall, "this a'n't so much amiss! Do you know, my dear boy, I rather like it; its substantial, antique, and so forth."

"Who are those dem ugly old fellows up there?" presently exclaimed Titmouse, as, with his glass stuck into his right eye, and his hands into his coat pockets, he stood staring at the old-fashioned pictures standing round the hall."

"Some of them are ancestors of the Dreddlingtons, others of the Aubrey families. They are very old, sir," continued Mr Griffiths, "and are much admired, and Mr Aubrey desired me to say, that if you should be disposed to part"—

"Oh confound him, he may have 'em all, if that's what he wants; I shall soon send them packing off!" Mr Griffiths bowed, and heaved a very deep sigh. By this time the hall was crowded with the gentlemen who had formed part of the procession, and who came bowing and scraping to Titmouse, congratulating him, and wishing him health and happiness. As soon as

he could disengage himself from their flattering but somewhat troublesome civilities, his valet came and whispered, "Will you dress, sir? All is ready," and Titmouse followed him to the dressing-room which had formerly been young Mrs Aubrey's. 'Twas the first time that Titmouse ever experienced the attentions of a valet, and he was quite nonplussed at the multitudinousness and elegance of the arrangements around him. Such quantities of clothes of all sorts—dressing-implements, combs, brushes, razors, a splendid dressing-case, scents in profusion, oils, bear's-grease, four or five different sorts of soaps, &c. &c., &c., all this gave Titmouse a far livelier idea of his altered circumstances, of his having really become a gentleman, than any thing that he had up to that moment experienced. He thought his valet one of the cleverest and most obliging men in the world, only he oppressed him with his attentions, and at length Mr Titmouse said he preferred, *this* time, dressing alone, and so dismissed his obsequious attendant. In about an hour's time, having been obliged to summon Tweedle to his assistance after all, he had completed his toilet, and was ushered into the drawing-room, which, as well as the dining-room, was ready prepared for the banquet, forty or fifty covers being laid in the two rooms, and good substantial fare for at least as many more, in the servants' hall, where operations had already commenced. On entering the drawing-room, his appearance seemed to produce a great sensation, and after a little pause, the only county gentleman who was present advanced and introduced himself, his wife, and daughter. This was Sir Harkaway Rotgut Wildfire, Baronet, a tall and somewhat corpulent man of about fifty, very choleric and overbearing, his countenance showing the hard life he had led, his nose being red and his forehead and mouth beset with pimples. He had been a bitter political opponent of Mr Aubrey, and had once been a member for the county, but had so crippled his resources by hunting and horse-racing, as to compel the sacrifice of his town amusements, viz. his seat in the House of Commons, and Lady Wildfire's box at the opera. This had soured both of them not a little, and they had

sunk, as it were, out of the county circle, in which they had once been sufficiently conspicuous. Sir Harkaway had an eye to the borough of Yatton on the happening of the next election, as soon as he had obtained an inkling that the new proprietor of Yatton was a very weak young man; and hence his patronising presence at Yatton, in consequence of the invitation respectfully conveyed to him in Mr Titmouse's name, through Messrs Bloodsuck and Son. Besides Lady Wildfire and her daughter, both of whom had enquired with a sort of haughty curiosity about the lady who had accompanied Mr Titmouse from town—a point which had been at length cleared up to their satisfaction—there were about a dozen ladies, the wives of the gentlemen who had borne so distinguished a part in the triumphal procession. They looked rather a queer set, and none of them dared to speak either to Lady Wildfire or her daughter till spoken to by them. Never had old Yatton beheld within its walls so motley a group; and had the Aubreys continued there, hospitable as they were, accessible and charitable as they were, I leave the reader to guess whether such creatures ever *would* have found their way thither. By such guests, however, were the two principal tables crowded on this joyous occasion, and about half-past six o'clock the feast commenced, and a feast it certainly was, both elegant and substantial, nothing having been spared that money could procure. Mr Aubrey had a fine cellar of wines at Yatton, which, owing to some strange misunderstanding, had been sold by private contract, not amongst his own friends in the neighbourhood, as Mr Aubrey had intended, and imagined that he had directed, but to Mr Titmouse. Choice, indeed, were these wines, and supplied on the present occasion in wanton profusion. Champagne, burgundy, and claret flowed like water, and the other wines in like manner; but which last were not, like the former class of wines, confined to the two principal rooms, but found their way into the servants' hall, and were there drunk without stint. Merriement echoed uproariously from all parts of the old Hall, and Mr Titmouse was universally declared to be a very fine fellow, and likely to become by far the most popular man in the

county. The Reverend Mr Fleshpot said grace, and the Reverend Mr Muddflint returned thanks; and shortly afterwards Sir Harkaway arose, and, his eye fixed firmly on the adjoining borough, and also on the jolly table which promised to be ever open to him at Yatton, he proposed the health of the distinguished proprietor of Yatton, in certainly a somewhat fulsome strain. The toast was received with the utmost enthusiasm; the gentlemen shouted and jingled their glasses on the table, while the ladies waved their handkerchiefs; indeed the scene was one of such overpowering excitement, that Miss Quirk burst into tears, overcome by her emotions; her papa winking very hard to those about him, and using every exertion in his power to point the attention of those present to the probability that a very near and tender relationship was going to exist between that young lady and Mr Titmouse. Mr Gammon, who sat next to Titmouse, assured him that it was absolutely necessary for him to make a speech to the company in acknowledgment of the compliment which had just been paid him.

"I shall put my foot in it—by jingo I shall! You must help me!" he whispered to Mr Gammon, in an agony of trepidation and a mist of confusion, as he rose from his chair, being welcomed in the most enthusiastic manner by applause of every kind, lasting for several minutes. At length, when the noise had subsided into a fearful silence, he stammered out, prompted incessantly by Mr Gammon, something exceedingly like the following, if, indeed, he did not use these very words.

"Mr—I beg pardon—Sir Harkaway, and gentlemen—gentlemen and ladies, am most uncommon, monstrous—particular happy to—to—(eh? *what* d'ye say, Mr Gammon?) see you all here—at this place—here—at Yatton."—(*Applause.*) "Ladies and gentlemen—I say—hem!—unaccustomed as"—(*much applause*, during which Titmouse stooped and whispered to Gammon, "Curse me if I can catch a word you say!") "Happy and proud to see you all here—at Yatton—homes of my ancestry—known to you all—centuries. Enjoyed yourselves, I hope—(*great applause*)—and hope you'll often come and do the same—(*still greater applause.*) Par-

ticular glad to see the ladies—(*applause*)—often heard of the beauties of Yatton—never believed it—no—beg pardon, mean I now see them—(*applause*.) Am fond of horses—(*applause*)—racing, hunting, and all that.” (Here Sir Harkaway, extending his hand, publicly shook that of the eloquent speaker.) “Sorry to turn out the—the old bird—tut—nest not *his*—mine all the while—(*emotion*)—hear him no ill-will—(*applause*.) Political principles—(*profound silence*)—good old Whig principles—(*loud applause*)—rights of the people—religious liberty and all that (*vociferous applause*)—found at my post in the hour of danger—enemy stole a march on me—(*great laughter and applause*.) Won’t detain you—ladies and gentlemen—drink your good healths, and many happy returns of the day.” Down sat Mr Titmouse, exhausted with this his maiden speech; and quite overpowered, moreover, by the extraordinary applause with which he was greeted at its conclusion. In due course many other toasts were drank. “*Lady Wildfire and the married ladies*.” “*Miss Wildfire and the single ladies*.” “*Sir Harakway Rotgut Wildfire*.” “*Religious Liberty*,” (to which Mr Mudflint responded in a very eloquent speech.) “*The Liberty of the Press* ;” “*Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, the enterprising, skilful, and learned professional advisers of Mr Titmouse*.” Dancing was now loudly called for; and the hall was speedily prepared for it. By this time, however, it was past eleven o’clock: the free potations of all the men, and indeed of more than one of the ladies, were beginning to tell, and the noise and confusion were very great. Fierce confused sounds issued from the servant’s hall, where it proved that a great fight was going on between Pumpkin the gardener, and a man who insisted on shouting “Titmouse for ever—down with the Tory Aubrey!” Pumpkin had much the best of it, and beat his opponent, after a severe encounter, into silence and submission. Then there were songs sung in all the rooms at once—speeches made, half-a-dozen at the same time; in short, never before had such scenes been witnessed, or such uproar heard, within the decorous, the dignified, and venerable precincts of Yatton. Scenes

ensued which really baffle description. Mr Titmouse, of course, drank a great quantity of wine, although Mr Gammon never left his side, and checked him fifty times when he was about to fill his glass; and the excitement produced by wine, will I trust, in some measure, mitigate the reader’s indignation at hearing of a little incident which occurred, in which Titmouse was concerned, and which, about half-past three or four o’clock in the morning, served to bring that brilliant entertainment to a somewhat abrupt and rather unpleasant termination. Scarcely knowing where he was, or what he was about, I am sorry to say, that while standing, as well as he could, beside Miss Wildfire, to dance for the fifth time with her—a plump, fair-faced, good-natured girl of about nineteen or twenty—he suddenly threw his arms round her, and imprinted half-a-dozen kisses on her forehead, lips, cheek, and neck, before she could recover from the confusion into which this extraordinary assault had thrown her. Her faint shriek reached her father’s ears, while he was, in a distant part of the room, persecuting Miss Quirk with his drunken and profligate impertinences. Hastily approaching the quarter where his daughter’s voice had issued, he beheld her just extricated from the insolent embrace of the half-unconscious Titmouse, and greatly agitated. With flaming eye and outstretched arm, he approached his unfortunate little host, and seizing hold of his right ear, almost wrung it out of his head, Titmouse quite shrieking with the pain it occasioned. Still retaining his hold, uttering the while most fearful imprecations—he gave him three violent kicks upon the seat of honour, the last of which sent him spinning into the arms of old Mr Quirk, who was hurrying up to his relief, and who fell flat on the floor with the violent concussion. Then Miss Quirk rushed forward and screamed; a scene of dreadful confusion ensued; and at length the infuriated and half-drunken baronet, forced away by his wife and his daughter, quitted the Hall, and got into his carriage, uttering fearful threats and curses all the way home; without once adverting to the circumstance, of which also Lady Wildfire and her daughter were not aware, that

he had been himself engaged in perpetrating the very same kind of misconduct which he had so severely and justly punished in poor Titmouse. As for Mr Yahoo and Mr Fitz-Snooks, they had been in quest of the same species of amusement the whole night; and had each of them, in pursuing their adventures in the servants' hall, very narrowly escaped much more serious indignities and injuries than had fallen to the lot of the hospitable owner of the mansion.

About half-past four o'clock, the sun was shining in cloudless splendour, the air cleared, and all nature seeming freshened after the storm of the preceding day; but what a scene was presented at Yatton! Two or three persons, one with his hat off, asleep; another grasping a half-empty bottle; and a third in a state of desperate indisposition, were to be seen, at considerable distances from each other, by the side of the carriage-road leading down to the park-gates. Four or five horses, ready saddled and bridled, but neglected, and apparently forgotten by both servants and masters, were wandering about the fine green old court opposite the hall door, eating the grass, and crushing with their hoofs the beautiful beds of flowers and shrubs which surrounded it. Mr Glyster's gig had got its wheels entangled with the old sundial,—having been drawn thither by the horse, which had been put into it at least two hours ago; opposite the hall-door stood the post-chaise which had brought Mr and Mrs Mudflint and their daughter. The latter two were sitting in it, one asleep—the other, Mrs Mudflint, anxiously on the look-out for her husband, from time to time calling to him, but in vain; for about half an hour before, he had quitted the room where he, Mr Fleshpot, Mr Going Gone, and Mr Centipede had been playing a rubber at whist, till they almost all of them fell asleep with their cards in their hands, and made his way to the stables, where, not finding his chaise in the yard, or his horses in the stalls, he supposed his wife and daughter had gone home, whither he followed them by the footpath leading through the fields which stretched along the high-road to Grilston; and along which said fields he was, at that moment, staggering, hiccupping, not clearly understanding where he was,

nor where he had last seen his wife and daughter. Candles and lamps were still burning and glimmering in some of the rooms; and in the servants' hall there were some dozen or so, who, having awoke from a deep sleep, were calling for more ale, or wine, or whatever else they could get. Some of the old family servants had fled hours ago from scenes of such unwonted riot, to their bed-rooms, and, having locked and barricaded the doors, gone to sleep. Mr Griffiths sate in an old arm-chair in the library, the picture of misery; he had been repeatedly abused and insulted during the night, and had fled thither, unable to bear the sight of the disgusting revelry that was every where around going forward. In short, at every point that caught the eye, were visible the evidences of the villanous debauchery that had prevailed for the last seven hours; and which, under the Titmouse dynasty, was likely to prevail at all times thereafter. As for Mr Titmouse, half stunned with the treatment he had experienced at the hands of Sir Harkaway, he had been carried to bed—to the late bed-room of Mr and Mrs Aubrey—where his excessive, and miscellaneous, and large-continued potations, aiding the effect of the serious injuries which he had sustained, he lay sprawling on the bed, half undressed, in a truly deplorable condition. Mr Glyster, who had been summoned to his bed-side upwards of an hour before, sate, now nodding in his chair, beside his patient; and pretty nearly in a state of similar exhaustion were his valet and the housekeeper, who had, from time to time, wiped her eyes and sobbed aloud when thinking of past times, and the grievous change that had come over old Yatton. Mr Yahoo, Mr Fitz-Snooks, Mr Snap Mr Quirk, and Miss Quirk, (the last having retired to her bed-room in alarm, at the time of Titmouse's mischance,) were in their respective chambers, all of them probably asleep. Poor Hector, chained to his kennel, having barked himself hoarse for several hours, lay fast asleep, no one having attended to him, or given him any thing to eat since Mr Titmouse's arrival. Gammon had fled from the scene, in disgust and alarm, to his bed-room, some three hours before, but unable to sleep—not, however, with excess of wine, for he had drunk

but a very few glasses—had arisen about four o'clock, and was at that moment wandering slowly, with folded arms and downcast countenance, up and down the fine avenue of elm-trees, where, it may be recollected, Mr Aubrey had spent a portion of the last evening of his stay at Yatton.

Such is *my* account—and as fair an account as I know how to give of the matter; but it is curious to observe how very differently the same thing will strike different people. As soon as the grateful Mr Centipede had recovered from the excitement occasioned by the part he had taken in the memorable occasion above described, he set to work with the pen of a ready-writer, and in the next number of the "Yorkshire Stingo," there appeared the following interesting account of the

"FESTIVITIES at YATTON-HALL, on the occasion of POSSESSION being taken by TITMUSE, ESQUIRE.

"Yesterday this interesting event came off with signal éclat. Notwithstanding the very unfavourable state of the weather, about five o'clock in the evening an imposing cavalcade, comprising many of the leading gentry and yeomanry of this part of the county, on foot and on horseback, preceded by an admirable band, and a large and splendid banner, bearing the inscription—"Welcome to Yatton," went out to meet the above gentlemen, whose cortege, in two carriages, made its appearance in the village about half-past five. The band immediately struck up "See the Conquering Hero comes!" which, however, was nearly drowned in the shout which welcomed the new proprietor of the noble estate of Yatton. His carriage was of the most tasteful, splendid, and unique description, and attracted universal admiration. Mr Titmouse repeatedly bowed through the carriage windows, in graceful acknowledgment of the cordial welcome and congratulations with which he was received. He was dressed in a light-blue surtout, with velvet collar, full black stock, and a rich velvet waistcoat of plaid pattern. His countenance is handsome and expressive, his eye penetrating, and his brow strongly indicative of thought. He appears to be little more than twenty-five years old; so that he has before him the prospect of a long and brilliant career of happiness and pub-

lic usefulness. Tables were spread in all the chief apartments, groaning beneath the most costly viands. All the luxuries of the season were there; and the wines (which we believe were those of Mr Aubrey) were of the first description. Grace was said by the exemplary vicar of Grilston, the Rev. Mr Fleshpot; and the Rev. Mr Mudflint returned thanks. Sir Harkaway Rotgut Wildfire (whose amiable lady and accomplished daughter were present) proposed the health of Mr Titmouse in a brief, but manly and cordial address; and the manner in which Mr Titmouse acknowledged the toast, which was drunk with the greatest possible enthusiasm—the simplicity, point, and fervour which characterised every word he uttered—were such as to excite lively emotion in all who heard it, and warrant the highest expectations of his success in parliament. Nothing could be more touching than his brief allusions to the sufferings and privations which he had undergone—nothing more delicate and forbearing than the feeling which pervaded his momentary allusions to the late occupant of Yatton. When, however, he distinctly avowed his political principles as those of a strong and decided Whig—as those of a dauntless champion of civil and religious liberty among all classes of his Majesty's subjects—the applause was long and enthusiastic. After dinner, the great hall was cleared for dancing, which was opened by Mr Titmouse and Miss Wildfire; Lady Wildfire being led out by the Honourable Mr Yahoo, an intimate friend of Mr Titmouse. We should not omit to mention that Miss Quirk (the only daughter of Caleb Quirk, Esq., the head of the distinguished firm of Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, of London, to whose untiring and most able exertions is owing the happy change which has taken place in the ownership of the Yatton property) accompanied her father, at the earnest request of Mr Titmouse, who danced several sets with her. Sir Algernon Fitz-Snooks, a distinguished fashionable, also accompanied Mr Titmouse, and entered with great spirit into all the gaieties of the evening. The 'light fantastic toe' was kept 'tripping' till a late, or rather very early hour in the morning—when the old hall was once more (for a time) surrendered to the repose

and solitude from which it has been so suddenly and joyously aroused." [In another part of the paper was contained a bitter and abusive paragraph, charging Mr Aubrey with being a party to the "flagrant and iniquitous job," by which Sir Percival Pickering was returned for the borough; and intimating pretty distinctly, that Mr Aubrey had not gone without "a consideration" for his share in the nefarious transaction.]

A somewhat different account of the affair appeared in the "*YORK TRUE BLUE*" of the same day.

"We have received one or two accounts of the orgies of which Yatton Hall was yesterday the scene, on occasion of Mr Titmouse taking possession. We shall not give publicity to the details which have been furnished us—hoping that the youth and inexperience of the new owner of Yatton (all allowance, also, being made for the very natural excitement of such an occasion) will be allowed in some measure to palliate the conduct then exhibited. One fact, however, we may mention, that a very serious *fracas* arose between Mr Titmouse and a certain well-known sporting Baronet, which is expected to give employment to the gentlemen of the long robe. Nothing, by the way, could be more absurd and contemptible than the attempt at a 'Procession' which was got up—of which our accounts are ludicrous in the extreme. Will our readers believe it, that the chief personages figuring on the occasion, were the editor and publisher of a certain low Radical paper—which will no doubt, this day, favour its readers with a flaming description of this 'memorable affair?'"

Titmouse, assisted by his anxious valet, made a desperate attempt to get up, and make his appearance the next day at dinner. Aided by a glass of pretty strong brandy and water, he at length got through the fatiguing duties of the toilet, and entered the drawing-room, where his travelling companions were awaiting his arrival—dinner being momentarily expected to be announced. He was deadly pale; his knees trembled; his eyes could not bear the light; and every thing seemed in undulating motion around him, as he sunk in silent exhaustion on the sofa. After a few minutes' continu-

ance, he was compelled to leave the room, leaning on Gammon's arm, who conducted him to his bed-room, and left him in charge of his valet, who got him again into bed, where he lay enduring much agony, (Dr Goddard being sent for,) while his friends were enjoying themselves at dinner.

Snap had set off the ensuing day for town, by the first coach, pursuant to the arrangement already spoken of; but I think that old Mr Quirk would have made up his mind to continue at Yatton until something definite had been done by Titmouse, in two matters which absorbed all the thoughts of the old gentleman—his daughter, and the *Ten Thousand Pounds* bond. Miss Quirk, however, intense as was her anxiety to become the affianced bride of Titmouse, and as such the mistress of the delightful domain where at present she dwelt only as a guest—and in a very embarrassing position—was not so blind to all perception of womanly delicacy as to prolong her stay at Yatton; and at length prevailed upon her father to take their departure on the day but one after that on which they had arrived. Mr Quirk was perfectly wretched; he vehemently distrusted Titmouse—he feared and detested Gammon. As for the former gentleman, he had not made any definite advances whatever towards Miss Quirk. He had not afforded to any one the slightest evidence of a promise of marriage, either express or implied. He chattered to Miss Quirk an infinite deal of civil nonsense—but that was all, in spite of the innumerable opportunities afforded him by the lady. Was Titmouse acting under the secret advice of that deceitful devil Gammon?—thought Mr Quirk, in an ecstasy of perplexity and apprehension. Then as to the other matter—but there Gammon had as deep a stake, almost, in proportion, as Quirk himself. On the morning of his departure, he and Gammon had a very long interview, in which they several times came to high words; but in the end Gammon vanquished his opponent as usual; allayed all his apprehensions; accounted for Titmouse's conduct in the most natural way in the world—look at his position just now, the excitement, the novelty, the bewilderment, the indisposition he was experiencing: surely, surely that was

not a moment to bring him to book ! In short, Gammon at length brought Quirk, who had received the first intimation of the matter with a sudden *grunt* of surprise and anger, to acknowledge the propriety of Gammon's remaining behind, to protect Titmouse from the designing Yahoo that had got hold of him ; and solemnly pledged himself, as in the sight of Heaven, to use his utmost efforts to bring about, as speedily as possible, the two grand objects of Mr Quirk's wishes. With this the old gentleman was fain to be satisfied ; but entered the chaise which was to convey Miss Quirk and himself to Grilston, with as rueful a countenance as he had ever exhibited in his life. Mr Titmouse was sufficiently recovered to be present at the departure of Miss Quirk, who regarded his interesting and languid looks with an eye of melting sympathy and affection. With half a smile and half a tear, she slipped into his hand, as he led her to the chaise, a little sprig of heart's ease, which he at once stuck into the button-hole of his coat.

" 'Pon my soul—must you go ? Devilish sorry you can't stay to have seen some fun !—The old gent (meaning her father) don't quite seem to like it—he, he !" said he in a low tone : then he handed her into the chaise, she dropping her veil to conceal the starting tear of mingled disappointment, and desire, and disgust—and they drove off, Titmouse kissing his hand to her, as he stood upon the steps ; and, as soon as they were out of sight, he exchanged a very significant smile with Mr Gammon.

The next day, Titmouse rose about ten o'clock, almost entirely recovered from his indisposition. Accompanied by Mr Yahoo and Mr Fitz-Snooks, with whom he was conversing as to the course he should take with reference to Sir Harkaway—whom, however, they advised him to treat with silent contempt, as he, Titmouse, was clearly in the wrong—he took a stroll, about noon, down the path leading to the park gates. They all three had cigars in their mouths, Titmouse walking between them, as odious-looking a little puppy, sure, as man ever saw—puffing out his smoke slowly, and with half-closed eye, his right hand stuck into his coat pocket, and resting on his hip. These three

figures—Heaven save the mark!—were the new lord of Yatton and his select friends !

" By jingo, surely here comes a parson," quoth Titmouse ; " what the d—l can he want with me ?"—'Twas Dr Tatham, who slowly approached them, dressed in his Sunday suit, and leaning on his old-fashioned walking-stick, given him many, many years ago by the deceased Mrs Aubrey.

" Let's have some sport," said Fitz-Snooks.

" We must look devilish serious—no grinning till the proper time," said Yahoo.

" Hollo—you, sir !" commenced Titmouse, " who are you ?" Dr Tatham took off his hat, bowed, and was passing on.

" *Devilish* cool, upon—my—soul—sir !" said Titmouse, stopping, and staring impudently at the worthy little Doctor, who seemed taken quite by surprise.

" My worthy old gentleman," said Yahoo, with mock respect, " are you aware who it was that asked you a question ?"

" I am not, sir," replied Dr Tatham quietly, but resolutely.

" My name is Tittlebat Titmouse, at your service—and you are now in my grounds," said Titmouse, approaching him with an impudent air.

" *Have* I really the honour to address Mr Titmouse ?" enquired Dr Tatham, somewhat incredulously.

" Why, 'pon my life I *think* so, unless I'm changed lately : and by Jove, sir—*now*, who are you ?"

" I am Dr Tatham, sir, the vicar of Yatton ; I *had* intended calling at the Hall to offer my compliments, but I fear I am intruding"—

" Devil a bit—no, 'pon honour, no ! you're a very good old fellow, I don't doubt—is that little church outside, yours ?"

" It is, sir," replied Dr Tatham, seriously and sternly ; his manner a little abashing the presumptuous little coxcomb who addressed him.

" Oh—well—I—I—'pon my soul, happy to see you, sir—you'll find something to eat in the Hall, I dare say"—

" Do you preach there next Sunday ?" enquired Mr Yahoo, whose gross countenance filled Dr Tatham with unspeakable aversion.

" I preach there *every* Sunday, sir,

twice," he replied, gravely and distantly.

"You see, sir," lisped Fitz-Snooks, "the prayers are so—so—*devilish* long and tiresome—if you could—eh?—shorten 'em a little?"—

Dr Tatham slowly turned away from them, and, disregarding their calls to him, though their tone of voice was greatly altered, walked back again towards the gate, and quitted the park, for the first time in his life, with feelings of mortal repugnance. On reaching his little study, he sat down in his old arm-chair, and fell into a sad reverie that lasted more than an hour, and then he got up to go and see the old blind stag-bound fed—and he looked at it, licking his hands, with feelings of unusual tenderness; and the little Doctor shed a tear or two as he patted its smooth grey old head.

On Saturday morning, Mr Titmouse, at Mr Gammon's instance, had fixed to go over the estate, accompanied by that gentleman, and by Mr Waters and Dickons, to give all the information required of them, and point out the position and extent of the property. To an eye capable of appreciating it, in what admirable order was every thing! but Titmouse quickly tired of it, and when about a mile from the Hall, discovered that he had left his cigar-box behind him; at which he expressed infinite concern, and, greatly to the annoyance of Gammon, and the contempt of his two bailiffs, insisted on returning home; so they re-entered the park. How beautiful it was! Its gently undulating surface, smooth as if overspread with green velvet; trees, great and small, single and in clumps, standing in positions so picturesque and commanding; the broad, babbling, clear trout-stream winding through every part of the park, with here and there a mimic fall, seen faintly flashing and glistering in the distance; herds of deer suddenly startled amid their green pastures and silent shades, and moving off with graceful ease and rapidity; here and there a rustic bridge over the stream; here an old stone bench placed on an elevation commanding an extensive prospect; there a kind of grotto, or an ivy-covered summer-house; then the dense, extensive, and gloomy woods, forming a semicircular sweep round the back of the Hall; all around, nearly as far

as the eye could reach, land of every kind in the highest state of cultivation, plentifully stocked with fine cattle, and interspersed with snug and substantial farms.

All this, thought Titmouse, might do very well for those who fancied that sort of thing; but as for *him*, how the devil could he have thought of leaving his cigars behind him! Where, he wondered, were Yahoo and Fitz-Snooks? and quickened his pace homeward.

On Gammon the scene they had been witnessing had made a profound impression; and as his attention was now and then called off from contemplating it by some ignorant and puerile remark of the proprietor of the fine domain, he felt a momentary exasperation at himself for the part he had taken in the expulsion of the Aubreys, and the introduction of such a creature as Titmouse. That revived certain other thoughts, which led him into speculations of a description which would have afforded uneasiness even to the little idiot beside him, could he have been made aware of them. But the cloud that had darkened his brow was dispelled by a word or two of Titmouse. "Mr Gammon, 'pon my soul you're devilish dull to-day!" said he. Gammon started; and with his winning smile and cheerful voice, instantly replied, "Oh, Mr Titmouse, I was only thinking how happy you are; and that you deserve it!"

"Yes; 'pon my soul it ought all to have been mine at my birth! Don't it tire you, Mr Gammon, to walk in this up-and-down, zig-zag, here-and-there sort of way? It does me, 'pon my life! What would I give for a cigar at this moment!"

The next day was the Sabbath, tranquil and beautiful; and just as the little tinkling bell of Yatton church had ceased, Dr Tatham rose, in his reading-desk, and commenced the prayers. The church was quite full, for every one was naturally anxious to catch a glimpse of the new tenants of the squire's pew. It was empty, however, till about five minutes after the service had commenced, when a gentleman walked slowly up to the church-door; and having whispered an enquiry of the old pew-opener which was the squire's pew, she led him into it—all eyes settled upon him, and all struck with his appearance, his

calm keen features, and gentlemanly figure. 'Twas, of course, Gammon; who, with the utmost decorum and solemnity, having stood for near a minute with his hat covering his face, during which time he reflected that Miss Aubrey had sate in that pew on the last occasion of his attendance at the church, turned round, and behaved with the greatest seriousness and reverence throughout the service, paying marked attention to the sermon. Gammon was an unbeliever, but he thought Dr Tatham a very sensible man, who was most probably in earnest; and he felt disposed to admit, as his eye glanced round the attentive and decent congregation, that the sort of thing was not without its advantages. Almost all present took him for Titmouse, and watched every turn of his countenance with intense interest; and, in their simplicity, they rejoiced that Mr Aubrey's successor was, at all events, so grave and respectable-looking a man; and they fancied that he frequently thought of those whose seat he was occupying with kindness and regret. About the middle of the service, the doors of the

church being wide open, the congregation beheld three gentlemen smoking cigars, and laughing and talking together, approaching the porch. They were dressed very finely indeed; and were supposed to be some of the great friends of the new squire. They stopped when within a few yards of the church; and after whispering together for a moment, one of them, having expelled a mouthful of smoke, stepped forward to the door, holding his cigar in one hand, and with the other taking off his hat. There was a faint smirk on his face, (for he did not catch the stern countenance of Gammon anxiously directed towards him,) till he beheld Dr Tatham's solemn eye fixed upon him, while he made a momentary pause. Titmouse blushed scarlet; made a hesitating but most respectful bow; and, stepping back a few paces, replaced his hat on his head, and lit his cigar from that of Mr Fitz-Snooks, perhaps unconsciously, within view of more than half the congregation. Then the three gentlemen, after Mr Titmouse had spoken a word or two to them, burst out into a laugh, and quitted the churchyard.

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PART XII.

"FORTUNA SEVO leta negotio, et
Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,
Transmutat incertos honores,
Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.
Laudo manentem : SI Celeres quatit
Pennis, RESIGNO QUÆ DEDIT, ET MEA
VIRTUTE ME INVOLVO, PROBAMQUE
PAUPERIEM SINE DOTE QUÆRO."
Hor. Carm. Lib. lii. 49.

AUBREY's sudden plunge into the cold and deep stream of trouble, had—the first shock over—served, as it were, to brace his nerves. 'Tis at such a time, and on such an occasion, that the temper and quality of the soul are tried; whether it be weak in seeming strength, or strong in seeming weakness. How many are there, walking with smiling complacent confidence along the flowery bank, who, if suddenly bidden to *strip and enter*, would turn pale and tremble as they reluctantly prepared to obey the stern mandate; and, after a convulsive shudder, a faintshriek, a brief struggle, disappear from the surface paralysed, never to be seen again! In such a point of view, let me hope that the situation of Aubrey, one of deepening difficulty and danger—the issue of which, hid in the darkness of the future, no earthly intelligence can predict—will excite in the thoughtful reader an anxiety not unmingled with confidence.

The enervating effects of *inactivity* upon the physical structure and energies of mankind, few can have failed to observe. Rust is more fatal to metal than wear. A thorough-bred racer, if confined in stable or paddock,

or a boxer, born of the finest muscular make, if prematurely incarcerated in a jail, will, after a few years, become quite unable to compete with those vastly their inferiors in natural endowments and capabilities; however, they may, with careful training, be restored to the full enjoyment and exercise of their powers. Thus is it with the temper and intellect of man, which, secluded from the scenes of appropriate stimulus and exercise, become relaxed and weakened. What would have become of the glorious spirit and powers of Achilles, if his days had all melted away in the tender, delicate, emasculating inactivity and indulgence of the court of Lycomedes? The language of the ancient orator concerning his art may be applied to *life*, that not only its greatness, but its enjoyment, consists in action—*action—ACTION*. The feelings, for instance, may become so morbidly sensitive, as to give an appearance of weakness to the whole character; and this is likely to be specially the case of one born with feelings of superior liveliness and delicacy, if he moves only in the regions of silent and profound abstraction and contemplation—in those refined re-

gions which may be termed a sort of paradise, where every conceivable source of enjoyment is cultivated for the fortunate and fastidious occupants, to the very uttermost, and all those innumerable things which fret, worry, and harass the temper, the head, and the heart of the dwellers in the rude regions of ordinary life—most anxiously weeded out; instead of entering into the throng of life, and taking part in its constant cares and conflicts—scenes which require all his energies always in exercise, to keep his place and escape being trodden under foot. Rely upon it, that the man who feels a tendency to shrink from collision with his fellows, to run away with distaste or apprehension from the great practical business of life, does not enjoy complete moral or intellectual health—will quickly contract a silly conceit and fastidiousness, or sink into imbecility and misanthropy; and should devoutly thank Providence for the occasion, however momentarily startling and irritating, which stirs him out of his lethargy, his cowardly lethargy, and sends him among his fellows—puts him, in a manner, upon a course of training; upon an experience of comparative suffering, it may be of sorrow, requiring the exercise of powers of which he had before scarcely been conscious, and gives him presently the exhilarating consciousness that he is exhibiting himself—a man; “ay, every inch”—A MAN.

“It is probable,” says a very acute and powerful writer of the present day, Mr Foster, in his Essay on “Decision of Character”—“that the men most distinguished for decision, have not, in general, possessed a large share of tenderness; and it is easy to imagine that the laws, according to which our nature is formed, will with great difficulty allow the combination of the refined sensibilities, with a hardy, never shrinking, never yielding constancy. Is it not almost of the essence of this constancy, to be free from even the *perception* of such impressions as cause a mind, weak through susceptibility, to relax, or to waver?—No doubt, this firmness consists partly in overcoming feelings—but it may consist partly, too, in not having them.” The case I am contemplating is perhaps the difficult, though by no means, I am persuaded

ed, uncommon one—of a person possessing these delicate sensibilities, these lively feelings; yet with a native strength of character, beneath which, when the occasion for its display has arisen—when it is placed in a scene of constant and compulsory action, will fully evince and vindicate itself. It is then “that another essential principle of decision of character,” to quote from another part of the same essay, “will be displayed; namely, a total incapability of surrendering to indifference or delay the serious determinations of the mind. A strenuous WILL must accompany the conclusions of thought, and constantly urge the utmost efforts for their practical accomplishment. The intellect must be invested, as it were, with a glowing atmosphere of passion, under the influence of which the cold dictates of reason take fire, and spring into active powers.”

There is, indeed, nothing like throwing a man of the description we are considering upon his own resources, and compelling him to exertion. Listen, ye languid and often gifted victims of indolence and *ennui*, to the noble language of one gifted with as great powers as perhaps were ever vouchsafed to man—Edmund Burke!

“DIFFICULTY is a severe instructor, set over us by the Supreme ordinance of a parental guardian and legislator, who knows us better than we know ourselves, as he loves us better, too. *Pater ipse colendi, haud facilem esse viam voluit.* He that wrestles with us, strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill; our antagonist is our helper. This amicable contest with difficulty, obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations; it will not suffer us to be superficial.”

The man whose disposition is one of sterling excellence, despite the few foibles which it may have contracted in comparative solitude and inactivity, when he is compelled to mix indiscriminately with the great family of man, oh, how patient and tolerant becomes he of the weakness and errors of others, when thus constantly reminded of, and made to feel, his own! Oh, how pitiful! how very pitiful is he!—how his heart yearns and overflows with love, and mercy, and charity towards his species, *individually*—whose eye looks on their grievous

privations, their often incurable distress and misery!—and who penetrates even to those deserted quarters—

“Where hopeless anguish pours her moan,
And lonely want retires to die!”

It may be that some of the preceding observations are applicable to many individuals of the purest and most amiable characters, and powerful and cultivated intellects, in the higher classes of society, whose affluence exempts them from the necessity of actively intermingling with the concerns of life, and feeling the consciousness of individual responsibility, of having a personal necessity for anxious care and exertion. A position of real precariousness and danger, is that which is requisite for developing the energies of a man of high moral and intellectual character, as it will expose to destruction one of a contrary description. I have endeavoured, in previous portions of this history, to delineate faithfully the character of Mr Aubrey—one (how idle and childish would have been the attempt!) by no means *perfect*, yet with very high qualities; a noble simplicity, generous, confiding, sincere, affectionate: possessing a profound sense of religion, *really influencing his conduct in life*; an intellect of a superior order, of a practical turn, of a masculine strength,—as had been evidenced by his successful academical career, his thorough mastery of some of the most important and difficult branches of human knowledge, and by his superior aptitude for public business. He was at the same time possessed of a sensibility that was certainly excessive. He had a morbid tendency to pensiveness, if not melancholy, which, with a feeble *physical* constitution, was partly derived from his mother, and partly accounted for by the species of life which he had led. From his early youth he had been addicted to close and severe study, which had given permanence and strength to his naturally contemplative turn. Permit me also to observe, that he had not, moreover, with too many of his means and station, entered, just at the dawn and bloom of manhood, upon that course of dissipation which is a sure and speedy means of destroying “the freshness of thought and of feeling,” and inducing a lowered tone of feeling,

and a callousness which some consider necessary to enable them to pass through life easily and agreeably. He, on the contrary, had stepped out of the gloom and solitude of the cloister into the pure and peaceful region of domestic life, with all its hallowed and unutterable tendernesses, where the affections grew luxuriantly; in the constant society of such women as his mother, his sister, his wife, and latterly, his lovely children. Then he was possessed, all this while, of a fine fortune—one which placed him far beyond the necessity for anxiety or exertion. With such tastes as these, such a temperament as his, and leading such a life as his, is it surprising that the tone of his feelings should have become somewhat relaxed? The three or four years which he had spent in Parliament, when he plunged into its fierce and absorbing excitement with characteristic ardour and determination, though calculated to sharpen the faculties, and draw forth the resources of his intellect, subjected him to those alternations of excitement and depression, those extremes of action and re-action, which were not calculated to *correct* his morbid tendencies. Therefore there came up to him a messenger from Heaven, with trouble and affliction in his countenance, telling him to descend from the happy solitude of his high mountain, into the dismal hubbub and conflict in the plain beneath. He came down with humility and awe, and with reverent resignation; and was instantly surrounded.

A weak man would have been confused and stunned, and so sunk helpless into the leaden arms of despair. But it was not so with Aubrey. There was that dormant energy within, which, when appealed to, quickly shook off the weakness contracted by inaction, and told him to *be up and doing*; and that, not with the fitful energy of mere impulse, but the constant strength of a well-regulated mind, conscious of its critical position; and also of a calm inflexible determination to vanquish difficulty, and escape the imminent danger, however long and doubtful might prove the conflict. Above all, he was consoled and blessed by the conviction, that nothing could befall him that was not the ordination of Providence,

———“supremely wise,
Alike in what it gives and what denies;”

that His was the ordering of the sunshine and the gloom, the tempest and the calm of life. This was—this is—as the humble writer of these pages (who has had in his time his measure of anxiety and affliction) has in his soul a profound and intimate persuasion and conviction of—the only source of real fortitude and resignation, amidst the perplexities, and afflictions, and dangers of life. Depend upon it, a secret and scarce-acknowledged disbelief, or at least doubt and distrust of the very existence of God, and of his government of the world—HIS REAL PRESENCE AND INTERFERENCE with the men and the things of the world—lies at the bottom of almost all impatience and despair under adverse circumstances. How can he be impatient, or despairing, who believes not only the existence of God, and his moral government of the world, but that He has mercifully vouchsafed to reveal and declare expressly that the infliction of suffering and sorrow is directly from Himself, and designed solely for the advantage of his creatures? *If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not? We have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence: shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father of spirits, and live? For they verily for a few days chastened us after their own pleasure; but he for our profit, that we might be partakers of his holiness. Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless, afterwards, it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness, unto them which are exercised thereby. Wherefore, lift up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees.* While thus benignantly teacheth the voice of God, thought Aubrey, shall I rather incline mine ear to the blighting whisper of the Evil One—a liar, and the father of a lie, who would fain that I should become a fool, saying within my heart *there is no God*—or, if I cannot but believe that there is one, provoking me to charge Him foolishly, to curse Him and die? Not so, however, had Aubrey read the Scriptures—not so had he learned the Christian religion.

The last time that we caught a glimpse of the ruined family of the Aubreys, they had arrived nearly at the end of their long and melancholy

journey from Yatton to the metropolis. When before had such been the character of their journey to town? Had they not ever looked forward with pleasure towards the brilliant gayeties of the season; their reunion with an extensive and splendid circle of friends—and he to the delightful excitement of political life—the opening of the parliamentary campaign? Alas, how changed now all this! how gloomy and threatening the aspect of the metropolis, whose dusky outskirts they were entering! with what feelings of oppression—of vague indefinite apprehension—did they now approach it: their spirits heavy, their hearts bleeding with their recent severance from Yatton! And distress, desertion, dismay, seemed associated with the formidable name of “London.” They had now no place of their own awaiting, thoroughly prepared for them, their welcome arrival—but must drive to some quiet and unexpensive family hotel for temporary shelter. As their eyes caught familiar point after point in their route through the suburbs—now passed at a moderate pace, with a modest pair of horses; formerly dashed through by them in their carriage-and-four—there were very few words spoken by those within the carriage. Both the children were fast asleep. Poor Kate, as they entered Piccadilly, burst into tears: her pent up feelings suddenly gave way, and she cried heartily; Mrs Aubrey also shedding tears. Mr Aubrey was calm, but evidently oppressed with profound anxiety. Still he affectionately grasped their hands, and, in something designed for a cheerful tone and manner, besought them to restrain their feelings, and thank Heaven that so far they had got on safely.

“I shall be better presently, Charles,” said Miss Aubrey passionately, burying her face in her handkerchief, “but I feel quite afraid of London!”

Over the pavement they rattled, meeting carriages rolling in all directions—for it was about the dinner hour, and in the height of the season; and it was the casual but vivid evidence thus afforded of their desolate position, this sudden glimpse of old familiar scenes, which had momentarily overcome the fortitude of Miss Aubrey. They drove to a quiet family hotel

in a retired street running parallel with Piccadilly; they were all wearied, both in mind and body, and after a very slight repast, and much anxious and desponding conversation, they bade each other affectionate adieus, and retired to rest. They rose in the morning refreshed with repose, and in a much more tranquil mood of mind than could have been expected.

"Now, we enter," said Aubrey, with a cheerful smile, "upon the real business of life; so we must discard sentiment—we must not think of the past, but the future."

At their request, they, shortly after breakfast, accompanied him to the house agent, who had been commissioned by Mr Runnington to look out two or three residences such as, on their arrival in town, they might easily select from. One was particularly recommended to them; and, after due enquiry, within three days after their arrival in town, they engaged it. 'Twas a small, but convenient, airy, and comfortable house, within five minute's walk of Hyde Park, and situated in Vivian Street—a recent street—and as quiet and retired as they could have wished. The rent, too, was moderate—fifty pounds a-year. Though none of the houses in the street were large, they were all strictly private residences, and had an air of thorough respectability. Mr Aubrey's house had but one window to the dining-room, and two to the drawing-room. The passage and stair-case were sufficiently commodious, as were the rooms. At the back of the house was a small garden, about twenty yards in length, and about ten yards in width, with several lilacs, laburnums, and shrubs; and a considerable portion of the wall was covered with ivy. Was not this a delightful place for the children to play about in? The back parlour, a somewhat small room certainly, looked into this garden; and that room was at once appropriated to a study for Mr Aubrey. Within a week's time, all their luggage, furniture, &c., had arrived in town from Yatton; and they had quite sufficient to furnish their little residence out of the wreck of the furniture and equipments of the old Hall—adapted, as it was, under the tasteful superintendence of Mrs and Miss Aubrey, with equal regard to elegance, simplicity, and economy. How busy were they all

for a fortnight! Many and many an irrepressible sigh, and rebellious tear, would the sight of these old familiar objects, in their new situation, occasion there! Some half-dozen family pictures hung upon the wall. Over the mantel-piece was suspended a piece of beautiful embroidery—by poor old Mrs Aubrey, many years before—of the arms of the family. In the dining-room was the old high-backed chair in which she had sate for twenty years and more. In the drawing-room was Miss Aubrey's favourite cabinet, and Mrs Aubrey's piano; and in both the rooms were to be seen every where the delicate traces of dear, dear, graceful, and elegant woman—touching nothing that she adorns not! What with the silk curtains, and a carpet of simple but tasteful pattern, and the various articles of furniture and ornament, all possessing a kind of *old family air*—all from Yatton, I declare there was a kind of richness about the general aspect of the room; and when Mrs Aubrey and Miss Aubrey came to fetch Mr Aubrey out of his study to witness the completion of their labours, he gazed round him, looked at each object, and then at the two dear fond beings standing beside him, awaiting his opinion with womanly eagerness; but he could not express his feelings. He kissed each of them very tenderly, and in silence, and then they were a little overcome. His study, also, though *very* small, was as snug and comfortable as a book-worm could desire. All the sides were covered with books, and in the middle was the library-table and arm-chair which he had used in Grosvenor Street. That they were not incessantly and very painfully reminded of the contrast afforded by their present to their former circumstances, I do not pretend to assert; but it very, very seldom formed a topic of *conversation* between any of them. When, however, the little bustle and occupation of arranging their house was over, and Mrs Aubrey and Kate were left a good deal to themselves—Mr Aubrey being either absent from home, or in his study, engaged in matters of the last importance to them all—then they would talk together with increasing eagerness and excitement about past times, and their recent troubles and bereavements; not displaying, then—sweet

souls!—quite that degree of resignation and fortitude which they strove to exhibit in the presence of Mr Aubrey.

"Some natural tears they dropt, but wiped them soon." They passed a good deal of their time in-doors in needle-work, *practical* family needle-work, an art in which they were not particularly accomplished, but which they quickly acquired from a sempstress whom they kept engaged constantly in the house for several weeks. Then sometimes they would sit down to the piano; at other times they would read—on all occasions, however, frequently falling into conversation on the all-engrossing topic of their expulsion from Yatton. Sometimes, they could scarcely refrain from a melancholy smile, when they remarked upon their shrunken personal importance, "Really, Agnes," said one day Miss Aubrey, "I feel just as one can fancy a few poor newly shorn sheep must feel! So light and cold! So much *less* than they were half an hour before! Surely they must hardly know what to make of themselves!"

"Then, I suppose, mamma," said Charles, who was sitting on a stool beside them—making believe to write on a small slate—"I am a *little* sheep." They both looked at the child, and frequently thought of Him who "*tempests the wind* to the shorn lamb."

Their proximity to the parks was delightful, and many a pleasant hour did they pass there with the children; and then returning home, would occupy themselves with writing letters—and long ones they usually were—to early and loved friends, especially to Dr Tatham, with whom Miss Aubrey kept up a constant correspondence. I ought to have mentioned before, that Mr Aubrey, in bringing his favourite valet up to town with him, had no other design than, with that kind thoughtfulness for which he was remarkable, to have an opportunity of securing for him a good situation; and that he succeeded in doing, after about a fortnight's interval; but the poor fellow was quite confounded when he first heard that he was to quit the service of Mr Aubrey, and, almost falling on his knees, begged to be permitted to continue and receive no wages, and he should be a happy man. Mr Aubrey

was, however, firm; and on parting with him, which he did with no little emotion, put two guineas into his hand as a present, and wished him health and happiness. The poor fellow's deep distress at parting with the family sensibly affected them all, and reminded them vividly of one of the latest and bitterest scenes at Yatton. On his departure, their little establishment consisted but of three female servants, a cook, a housemaid, and a nursemaid. It took them some little time to familiarize themselves with the attendance of a female servant at dinner! That was one little matter—and another was Charles' now and then complaining of being tired, and enquiring why his mamma did not drive in the carriage as she used to do, and how he liked to go with her! which brought home to them, in a lively manner, their altered circumstances—their fallen fortunes. Many, many were the anxious calculations they made together, of the probable amount of their annual expenditure—which at length, inexperienced as they were, they fixed at from £300 to £500, including every thing; Mrs Aubrey and Miss Aubrey eagerly assuring Mr Aubrey, and each other, that as for clothes—their wardrobe would, with care, last them for three or four years to come—so that *that* was an item which might be almost altogether excluded from the account; except, by the way, the children—yes, *they* should be always well-dressed; that all agreed upon. Then there was their education—oh, Kate would see to that! Could they, in this manner, with rigid, systematic economy, hold on their way for a-year or two? was a question they often asked one another, with beating hearts. If they could, then, they said, they should be happy; for they had *health*—they had peace of mind; their consciences were not oppressed by a sense of misconduct—and they were able to put their trust in Providence.

Mr Aubrey resolved to live in strict privacy; and they communicated their residence to but one or two of their numerous friends, and to them, only in confidence. To have acted otherwise, would have seriously interfered with the arrangements which, long ago contemplated, he had now fixed upon; it would be perpetually calling their attention to the contrast between former days and scenes, and the pre-

sent ; it would disturb their feelings, and might, moreover, subject them to kind and generous importunities and offers, which, however delicate, would be exquisitely painful and trying to an honourable pride. But it is time that I should proceed to give a more particular account of the position, the personal feelings and purposes and prospects of Mr Aubrey.

From the moment when Aubrey received the first intimation of the desperate assault about to be made upon his fortunes, he felt a conviction, whether arising from weakness, or superstition, or any other cause, it concerns me not here to say—that the issue would be a disastrous one for him; and, the first alarm and confusion over, with serious calmness, with deep anxiety, addressed himself to the determination of his future course of life. A man of his refined taste and feeling would inevitably appreciate exquisitely—with a most agonizing intensity—the loss of all those superior enjoyments—the *deliciæ* of life—to which he had been from his birth accustomed. *Semper enim delicatè ac molliter vixit.* I speak not here of the mere exterior “appliances and means” of wealth and station, but of the fastidious and sensitive condition of *feeling* and temper, which such a state of things is calculated to engender in a person of his description. He could part with the one; but how could he divest himself of the other? Even had he been alone in the world, and not surrounded with objects of the tenderest regard, whose safety or ruin was involved in his own—one of the results of his opponent’s success—namely, his claim to the meane profits—was calculated to fetter all his movements—to hang like a mill-stone round his neck; and that effect, indeed, it had. Still he played the man—resolved to act promptly, and with the best consideration he could give his critical position. He had not yet reached the prime of life; had a fair share of health; had been blessed with the inestimable advantages of a thorough—a first-rate education—and, above all, had followed out his early advantages by laborious and systematic study; and had not only made accurate, extensive, and valuable acquisitions, but learned how to use them—to turn them to practical account. What would, he thought, have become of him, had he—or those be-

fore him—neglected his education? Then he had acquired a considerable familiarity with business-habits, in the House of Commons; and had friends and connexions; who might be of essential service to him, if he could but first succeed in acquiring a position that would enable him to avail himself of them. Surely all *these* were cheering considerations; subject, however, always to the dreadful drawback to which I have alluded. Had he not even advantages superior to those possessed by many in entering upon some one of the scenes of honourable struggle for a livelihood, and for even distinction? He surveyed them all with much deliberation. The army and navy were of course out of the question. There was the *Church*: but no—his soul recoiled from the degradation and guilt of entering that holy calling from mercenary motives, merely as a means of acquiring a livelihood; and he would rather have perished, than prefer the prayer of one whose lamentable case is left on record—who *came and crouched for a piece of silver, and a morsel of bread, saying, put me, I pray thee, into one of the priest’s offices, that I may eat a piece of bread.* A personage of very high distinction in the Church—of eminent piety and learning—who was aware of the misfortunes of Aubrey, and well acquainted with his pure and exemplary character—his learning and acquirements—his fitness for the ministerial office—wrote to him, offering him every facility for taking orders, and assuring him that he need not wait long before very suitable provision would be made for him. Though he assured Mr Aubrey that he believed himself consulting the best interests, both of Mr Aubrey and of the Church—the scruples of Mr Aubrey were not to be overcome; and he wrote to the kind and venerable prelate, a letter declining his offers, and assigning reasons which filled him with profound respect for Mr Aubrey. Then literature, for which—for real substantial qualifications, was proverbially precarious. As for *teaching*—he felt quite unfit for it; he had not the least inclination for it; ’twas a cheerless scene of exertion; in which, as it were, he felt his *energies perishing in the using.* The *Bar* was the profession to which his tastes and inclinations, and, he hoped, his qualifications, pointed him. One of

the first things he did, on reaching London, was to apply for information to one consummately qualified to guide him in the matter. He wrote to the Attorney-General, soliciting an interview at his chambers upon the subject of entering the profession; and received an immediate answer, appointing ten o'clock on Saturday, on which day the Attorney-General expected to be free from public engagements. Precisely at that hour, Mr Aubrey entered the chambers of that distinguished person, whose arrival he anticipated. Poor Aubrey felt a little nervous and depressed as the fussy clerk showed him into the room—as *he fancied*, and only fancied—with an air of patronizing civility, as if aware of diminished personal consequence. He stood for a minute or two very close to Mr Aubrey, with a sort of confidence in his manner, as he rubbed his hands, and observed on the innumerable engagements of the Attorney-General, which slightly—*very slightly*—displeased Mr Aubrey, suggesting the idea of undue familiarity. He answered him therefore courteously, but with an evident disinclination to prolong the conversation, and was quickly left alone. Poor Aubrey's pride had taken the alarm. Was it possible that the man had been presuming to give him a hint not to occupy much of the Attorney-General's time? Was it even possible that it had been done in consequence of an intimation from the Attorney-General himself? Oh, no—his own good sense came presently to his assistance, and banished so absurd a notion. There were three tables in the room, and each was laden with briefs, some of them of prodigious bulk. Seven or eight very recent ones were placed on the table opposite to which his vacant chair was standing; the very sight of them oppressed Aubrey: how could one man's head manage so much? He was ruminating on such matters—and especially upon the powerful, versatile, and practised intellect which was requisite to get through so much, amidst all the harassing responsibilities and occupations of political office, when the Attorney-General entered. He was a tall and handsome man, about forty-five, with an extremely graceful and gentleman-like carriage—a slight dash of negligence in it; his manner fraught with cheerful composure. He

looked quite a man of the world; you would have thought that he could have nothing to do but lounge at his club, ride round the Park, and saunter into the House of Lords for an hour or two. There was not a trace of anxiety or exhaustion about him; yet he had been engaged during the whole of the preceding day conducting a great political cause, and not concluding his reply till nine o'clock at night! There was a playful smile about his mouth; his ample forehead seemed unfurrowed by a wrinkle; and his bright penetrating hazel eye seemed never the worse for wear with all the tens of thousands of brief sheets on which they had travelled for the last twenty years.

"Ha—Aubrey—I'm a few minutes behind time, I'm afraid!—How are you?" said he, with a cheerful air, grasping his saddened visitor by the hand.

"Good morning, Mr Attorney—*Cum tot sustineas, et tanta negotia, salus*," commenced Aubrey, pointing to the piles of briefs.

"Pho, my dear Aubrey; nonsense! They've enough of my time, surely, without grudging me half an hour's conversation with a friend—ah, ha!" They were both quickly seated—and within a minute or two's time the Attorney-General had got to *business*—the business of the visit. Aubrey perceived the rapidity of the movement; but nothing could be *kinder* than the manner of his companion, however distinct and decisive his intimation that time was very precious. He approved entirely of Mr Aubrey's coming to the bar, and strongly recommended him not to lose one day in entering upon the serious practical study of it; informing him, that within three years' time he would be eligible to be called to the bar. "I'll call you myself, Aubrey, if you will allow me," said he; but before that period had arrived, he had taken his seat upon the Woolsack, as Lord High Chancellor of England.

"Undoubtedly," said he, amongst other things, when pressed by Aubrey about the difficulties he should have to encounter, "the acquisition of the technical knowledge will be for some little time rather troublesome; but a twelvemonth's steady study by a man who is in earnest and accustomed to work, will make a vast inroad on it. Every thing you master, you see,

helps to master much more. Three years' serious application to the law by a man like you, will place you far a-head of the bulk of men at the bar. Besides, 'tis not the study but the *practice* of the law that teaches law most effectually. Always have an eye to *principle*, and resolve thoroughly to understand the smallest details; and it will be a wonderful assistance in fixing them for practical use in your mind, to learn as much as you can of the reasons and policy in which they originated. You'll find Reeve's History of the English Law of infinite service to you; I should read it in the evenings; 'tis full of interest in every point of view. I read every word of it, very carefully, soon after I left college; and, by the way, I'll tell you another book, by which I did the same—the State Trials: ay, by Jove, Aubrey, I read every word of them—speeches, examinations, cross-examination of witnesses, reply, and summing up. That's where I first learned how to examine and cross-examine a witness. Consider, the counsel employed were, you know, generally first-rate men. And then you learn a great deal of *constitutional* law. You ask how I get through so much? To be sure, one has 'enough to do, and I'm afraid I neglect a good deal; but the great secret is—*attention*, and to one thing at a time. The sun's rays scattered are comparatively powerless; condense them, they are irresistible:—but all this you know as well as I do. Certainly, law is difficult; but its difficulty is often greatly overrated, especially by imperfectly educated and ill-disciplined, *quick, sharp* men. You will find it a very different matter. What is wanted is a clear head, a good memory, strong common sense, an aptitude for analysis and arrangement; before these combined, the difficulties of law fly like the morning mist before the sun. *Tact* with the court and a jury is acquired by practice, to a considerable extent, in the absence even of natural endowments. And as for you, Aubrey—upon my honour, I've often listened with great satisfaction to you in the House; few ever made clearer statements of facts, or reasoned more closely and cogently than you did; with practice, you would have become a formidable debater. In your new profession you will find *facts* become quite different

things; flexible, elastic, accommodating—you may do any thing with them—twist, and turn, and combine; ha! ha! Aubrey!" [Here the Attorney-General laughed in the plenitude of his own conscious power.] "In a word, Aubrey, if you determine to get on at the bar, you will; and if you can but get a bit of a start at beginning; now there's Runnington's house—one of the very first in London—why if *they* would push you—your fortune's made. But you must make up your mind to wait a little: you can't get into a great business by a hop, step, and a jump, believe me. Certainly I have no cause to be dissatisfied; I've done pretty well; but I can tell you that eight years passed over me before I earned enough a-year to pay my laundress! With me, accident supplied the place of *connexion*: but only suppose how I must have worked in the meantime to be able to do business when it came to me. I know it's said that I was always an idle man; but people were a good deal mistaken about that matter, I can promise them! What *idiots* they were to suppose such a thing! Why, the first start I got lifted me into a business of a thousand a-year; and in the name of common sense, how could I have got through it, if I hadn't worked beforehand? Bah! Now, if Runnington will stand by you, I'll guarantee your making £500 your first year! and if they *won't*, why, don't despair, you'll have to wait a little longer; but it will come at last, depend on it, if you continue on the look-out! Besides, you can help *me* a little bit, eh? It will be a sort of introduction, you know; but we've time enough to see about that. I recommend you to get at once into the chambers of some hard-working man, with a good deal of general business, particularly pleading—let me see"—Here the Attorney-General paused and stroked his chin for about a minute, in a musing manner, "Ah! yes, there's Weasel, the very man for your purpose. He's a good pleader, and a very neat draftsman; gets through his work very *cleanly*—ah! Weasel's a clear-headed pains-taking man—all for law; and he's got a good deal of it. He's not a very polished person, Weasel, ha! ha! but he's an honourable, right-minded man—shall I introduce you? Well, by and by, I'll walk over with you. Books? oh! why—I

suppose you've looked into Blackstone? He's a fine fellow Blackstone, and deserves all that has been said in his praise. Many think that it's only to be glanced at, at the beginning of their studies; never believe it, he's good to the end of the chapter! I've a profound respect for Blackstone; it's the only book I've read four or five times through—ay, from cover to cover; he makes law lovely! Stick to Blackstone by all means! Reeves—oh! I mentioned *him*, you know. Then I should go, I think, to Coke on Littleton; but we shall have several opportunities of talking over *these* matters. I really believe, Aubrey, that you are doing a very wise thing in coming to the bar. If you've health, and the average opportunities, (though I think you will have *more*.) I'll undertake to say that in a few years' time you will realize an income—which you'll *earn*, as you did not the one you've lost; and you'll enjoy it, Aubrey, ten thousand times more! All that I can do for you, in every way, I will—command me! By the way," he added, assuming a somewhat anxious expression of countenance, and a manner very different from the free, buoyant, off-hand manner in which, for the last twenty minutes he had been speaking, (Aubrey feeling all the while the easy commanding power and simplicity of the splendid intellect with which he was communing,) "I'm almost afraid to ask; but how do you come on, about the—the *Mesne Profits*?"

"I have heard nothing whatever about them, as yet," replied Aubrey, sighing; his face suddenly overshadowed with gloom. A moment's pause ensued; which was interrupted by the Attorney-General saying, in a very earnest and feeling manner, "I hope to God you'll be able to get some favourable arrangement made! You've not seen any thing of Mr. Titmouse's attorneys, I suppose?"

"Oh, no! nor heard anything from them."

"I've had very little to do with them, Quirk, Gammon, and Snap; these are the people, eh?" Mr Aubrey nodded. "Old Quirk is a stubborn old wooden-headed fellow—an old hedgehog! Egad! that man's compounded more felonies, the old scamp, than any man in England! I should like to have him in the witness-box for a couple of hours, or so! I think I'd

tickle him a little," said the Attorney-General, with a bitter smile! "They say he's a confidential adviser to a sort of Thieves' Association. But there's Gammon: I've had several things to do with *him*. He is a superior man, that Gammon; a very superior man. A keen dog! I recollect him being principal witness in a cause when I was for the plaintiff; and he completely baffled Subtle—ah, ha, and well I recollect it!—" Subtle lost his temper at last, because he couldn't make Gammon lose *his*! Ah, how cleverly the fellow twisted and turned with Subtle for nearly an hour! ah, ha—Subtle looked so chagrined!—Have you seen Mr Gammon?"

"No, I've had no occasion."

"He has a pleasing, gentlemanlike appearance; rather a striking face. *He's* the man you'll have to deal with in any negotiations on the subject I named. You must mind what you're about with him. You mustn't think me intrusive, Aubrey; but, have they sent in their bill yet?"

Mr Aubrey involuntarily shuddered, as he answered in the negative.

"I'd give a trifle to know how the plague such people ever came to be concerned in such a case. 'Tis quite out of their way—which is in the criminal line of business!—They'll make their client pay for it through the nose, I warrant him!—By the way, what an inconceivable ridiculous little ass that Titmouse is—I saw him in court at York. If he'd only go on the stage, and act *naturally*, he'd make his fortune as a fool!"—Mr Aubrey faintly smiled at this sally; but the topics which the Attorney-General had just before touched upon, had not a little oppressed his spirits.

"As this is comparatively an idle day with me," said the Attorney-General, "and I've got ten minutes more at your service—suppose I go with you at once—nothing like the present moment—to Mr Weasel's?"

"I am greatly obliged to you," replied Aubrey—and both rose to go. "Say I shall be back in a few minutes," said the Attorney-General, in answer to his clerk, who reminded him, as he passed the clerk's door, that Mr Serjeant Squelch and Mr Putty would be there in a moment or two's time. As they crossed the court—"How do you do, Mr Putty," said the Attorney-General, with lofty civi-

lity to a grinning little confident personage who met him, exclaiming with flippant familiarity—"How do you do, Mr Attorney?—Coming to your chambers—you don't forget?—Consultation—eh?"

"I perfectly recollect it, Mr Putty, I shall return presently"—replied the Attorney-General, somewhat stiffly, and passed on, arm-in-arm with Mr Aubrey.

"Now, that forward little imp's name, Aubrey, is Putty. He was a glazier by trade; but just as he finished his apprenticeship, an uncle left him a few hundred pounds, with which—would you believe it?—nothing would suit him, but coming to the Bar—ah, ha!—The fellow's creeping into a little business, positively! They say he has a cousin who is one of the officers to the Sheriff of Middlesex, and puts a good many little things in his way! He's my junior in a criminal information against a newspaper, for charging his father-in-law—a baker, who supplies some work-house with bread—with making it of only one-third flour, one-third rye, and the remainder sawdust—ah, ha, ha!—I dared hardly look at the judges while I moved the Rule Nisi, for fear of laughing! This is the case in which we're going to have the consultation he spoke of—but here's Mr Weasel's." They mounted a narrow dingy-looking, well-worn staircase—and on the first floor, beheld "Mr WEASEL" painted over the door. On the Attorney-General knocking, as soon as his clear silvery voice was heard asking for Mr Weasel, and his dignified figure had been recognised by the clerk, who had one pen in his mouth, and another behind his ear—that humble functionary suddenly bent himself almost double three or four times; and with flustered obsequiousness assured the great man that Mr Weasel was quite at liberty. The next moment the Attorney-General and Mr Aubrey were introduced into Mr Weasel's room—a small dusky room, wretchedly furnished, the walls lined with book-shelves, well filled—and the table at which he was writing, and a chair on each side of him, covered with draft paper, which he was covering at a prodigious rate. He was, in fact, drawing a "Declaration" in an action for a *Breach of promise of Marriage*; (taking a hasty

pinch of fiery Welch snuff every three minutes;) and his task was rendered very difficult, by the strange conduct of the defendant—surely the most fickle of mankind—who, with an extraordinary inconsistency, not knowing his own mind for a day together, had promised to marry Miss M'Squint, the heart-broken plaintiff, *firstly*, within a reasonable time; *secondly*, on a given day; *thirdly*, on the defendant's return from the continent; *fourthly*, on the death of his father, (both of which events were averred to have taken place;) *fifthly*, when the defendant should have cut his wise teeth; (which it was averred he had,) and lastly, on "*being requested*" by the lady—which it was averred she had done, and in the most precise and positive manner, had been *ready and willing*, and then [what will the ladies say?] *tendered and offered herself to marry the said defendant*," who had then wholly neglected and refused "to do any such thing." One notable peculiarity of the case was, that all these promises had been made, and all these events had transpired in one particular place—and that rather an odd one, *viz.*, in "*the parish of Saint Mary Le Bow, in the ward of Cheap, in the City of London.*" If you had been better acquainted with Mr Weasel's associations and mode of doing business, you would have discovered that in his imagination, all the occurrences of life took place at the same spot! But to return—thus was Mr Weasel engaged when they entered. He was a bachelor, upwards of forty; was of spare make, of low stature, had a thin, sharp, sallow, face; there was an appearance about the eyes as if they were half-blinded with being incessantly directed to white paper; he had a furrowed forehead, a small pursed-up mouth—one hardly knew why, but really there was something about his look that instantly suggested to you the image of the creature whose name he bore. He was a ravenous lawyer, darting at the point and pith of every case he was concerned in, and sticking to it—just as would his blood-thirsty namesake at the neck of a rabbit. In law he lived, moved, and had his being. In his dreams he was everlastingly spinning out pleadings which he never could understand, and hunting for cases which he could not discover. In the daytime, however,

he was more successful. In fact, every thing he saw, heard, or read of—wherever he was, whatever he was doing, suggested to him questions of law that might arise out of it. At his sister's wedding (whither he had not gone without reluctance) he got into a wrangle with the bridegroom, on a question started by himself, whether an *infant* was liable for goods supplied to his wife before marriage; at his grandmother's funeral he got into an intricate discussion with a proctor about *bona notabilia*, with reference to a pair of horn spectacles, which the venerable deceased had left behind her in Scotland, and a poodle in the Isle of Man; and at church, the reading of the parable of the *Unjust Steward*, set his devout, ingenious, and fertile mind at work for the remainder of the service, as to the modes of stating the case now-a-days against the offender, and whether it would be more advisable to proceed civilly or criminally; and if the former, at law or in equity. He was a hard-headed man; very clear and acute, and accurate in his legal knowledge: every other sort of knowledge he despised, if, indeed, he had more than the faintest hearsay knowledge of its existence. He was a Cambridge man; and there had read nothing but mathematics, in which he had made a decent figure. As soon as he had taken his degree, he migrated to the Temple, where he had ever since continued engaged in the study, and then the successful practice, of the law, as a special pleader under the bar. He had a very large business, which he got throughably and rapidly. He scarcely ever went into society; when (as was seldom the case) he ventured out for a walk, he went (muttering to himself) at a postman's pace, to get the greatest quantity of exercise, in the smallest space of time. He was not a bad-tempered man, but had become nervous, fidgetty, and irritable. His tone of voice was feeble, his utterance hesitating, his manner hurried. What a laughable contrast between him and his visitor! The Attorney-General coming to Mr Weasel's chamber, suggested the idea of a magnificent mastiff suddenly poking his head into the little kennel of a querulous pug-dog; and I suppose Mr Aubrey might be likened to a greyhound accompanying the afore-

said mastiff! On seeing his visitors, Mr Weasel instantly got up, with a blush of surprise, and a little hurry and embarrassment of manner. His clerk put out a couple of chairs, and down they sat. The Attorney-General came to the point in half a minute, and the matter was very quickly settled; and it was arranged that within a day or two's time, as soon as the forms necessary for admitting Mr Aubrey to an Inn of Court should have been completed, he should commence his attendance at Mr Weasel's, from ten o'clock till five, daily.

"It's a comical looking little animal, isn't it?" quoth the Attorney-General, with a laugh, as soon as they had got out of hearing.

"Certainly, I don't feel particularly prepossessed"—

"Oh, pho! He's the very man for you—the very man. There's no nonsense with Weasel; you may learn an infinite deal of law from him, and that is all you want. He's a very inoffensive fellow; and I've no doubt you'll soon like his chambers greatly, if you're in earnest in studying the law. You go or not, of course, as you choose; whatever you do is perfectly voluntary; pay him his hundred guineas, and then, if you like, you may get many thousand pounds' worth out of him in the twelvemonth. Now, I must bid you good morning—I've really not another moment to spare. God bless you, my dear Aubrey; and," he added, with great kindness, and a very pointed manner, "when ever you may think it worth your while to talk over your affairs with me, come without notice or ceremony—wherever I may be, I shall be delighted to see you!" Then they parted. Mr Aubrey was not aware of a certain stroke of delicacy and generosity on the part of the Attorney-General; viz., that immediately on the *Rule* being discharged, he had sent for Mr Runnington, and insisted on returning every sixpence of his fees—upwards of six hundred guineas—desiring that Mr Aubrey should not be made acquainted with it, if by any means Messrs Runnington could conceal it from him!

A little fatigued and harassed by several important matters, which kept him engaged till a late hour in the afternoon, he reached Vivian Street in

a depressed and desponding mood. Just as he turned the corner, he beheld, at about twenty yards' distance, Mrs Aubrey and Miss Aubrey slowly walking homeward, on their return from the Park. Mrs Aubrey held Charles by the hand, who was dancing and frisking wildly about, and Miss Aubrey's beautiful little Cato she was leading along by a slender chain. They were in half-mourning; there was such an air of elegant simplicity about them—their figures, their carriage, so easy and graceful! Aubrey, as he neared them, gazed at them with mingled feelings of pride and tenderness.

"Oh, my papa! my papa!" suddenly exclaimed Charles, who, in turning round, had caught sight of his father, and ran eagerly down to him: with what a thrill of love did he take in his arms the beautiful breathless boy, and how his heart yearned towards his wife and sister, as they also turned quickly round to meet him, after a long day's absence! How inexpressibly dear were they to him—how, that day, he enjoyed their quiet little dinner-table—the romp with his children afterwards—and a long evening of eager and interesting conversation, after the little ones had gone to bed, Mrs Aubrey and Kate busy the while with some slight matter of needlework! They had received several letters from Yorkshire, which they read to him. One was from poor Doctor Tatham, who, though he concealed a good deal that would have occasioned needless pain, yet gave them a melancholy notion of the altered state of things at the Hall. Though it was rather late before they retired to rest on the evening of the ensuing Sunday, Mr Aubrey was to be found seated in his study by half-past four on Monday morning, perusing with profound attention, stimulated by the strong observation of the Attorney-General, the second volume of Blackstone's Commentaries—a work with which he had already a very tolerable familiarity. 'Twas really a thing to be proud of, that Mr Aubrey, with so many absorbing anxieties, such distracting apprehensions concerning the future, *could* command his attention in the way he did. To be sure, he felt that it was plainly life-and-death work with him; but he might have derived great encourage-

ment from perceiving himself possessed of that faculty of concentrating the attention, which the Attorney-General had spoken of as so essential an attribute of a lawyer. The way in which he parcelled out his time was this: From the time that he entered his study till breakfast-time, he resolved to read law—from ten o'clock till four or five, was to be spent at Mr Weasel's chambers—and the evenings were to be devoted to the society of his children, his wife, and sister, and also to certain occasional literary efforts, from which he hoped to derive some little increase to his means. This was severe work; but it was probably the most fortunate and salutary thing in the world for Aubrey, that his energies should be thus occupied, and his mind kept from the corroding effects of constant reflection upon his misfortunes, and dismal apprehensions concerning the future. After he had spent a few days in Mr Weasel's chambers, a good deal of his prejudice against that gentleman began to wear off. Mr Aubrey found him all that the Attorney-General had described him as being—a very acute and able lawyer, with a constant current of important, varied, and instructive business running through his chambers, and every disposition to render his utmost assistance to Mr Aubrey, whom he quickly found out to be a man of very superior intellect, and most seriously bent upon acquiring a knowledge of the profession. Mr Weasel was not blessed with the power of formally communicating elementary knowledge; Mr Aubrey had, as it were, to *extract* from him what he wanted, with something like a painful effort. The advantages of his position were the innumerable practical hints and suggestions as to the mode of dealing with miscellaneous business, which he derived from a watchful attention to whatever passed in chambers—to the mode in which Weasel hunted up and applied his law, and reduced the facts involved in litigation into legal shape and language, in the process of pleading. The penetrating eye of Mr Aubrey, thus closely fixed on every thing that came under his notice, quickly began to discover and appreciate the good sense, the practical utility of most of the positive rules of law which he saw in operation; and at the end of a fortnight or three

weeks, he began to feel interest in the study upon which he had so vigorously entered, and in which he felt himself making real progress. Mr Weasel, during even that time, perceived the prodigious superiority of Mr Aubrey over another pupil, who had nearly completed his second year in Mr Weasel's chambers, after a twelvemonth spent in a conveyancer's; not, of course, in respect of legal knowledge, but of intellectual power and aptitude for business. He would return to Vivian Street about six o'clock each day, a little fatigued with a very long day's work, (for he was never later than five o'clock in entering his study in the morning;) but quickly cheered and refreshed by the sight of the fond and lovely beings whom he there rejoined, and who had been counting the very minutes till he returned. Every day knit that little family together, if possible, in stronger bonds of love; for they clung to each other with a feeling of having been thrust out of the great gay world together, and sent, as it were, upon a pilgrimage afar, amidst scenes of increasing difficulty and danger. Every day that bore them further from their expulsion from Yatton, as it were, mellowed their recollections of past scenes, and poured upon their wounded feelings the soothing balm of pious resignation; and sometimes, also, faint and trembling beams of hope concerning the future would steal across the gloomy chambers of their hearts. Thank God, the view of the past presented to them no occasion for shame, for remorse, for self-condemnation! They trusted that, in their day of wealth and distinction, they had not been found wanting in the discharge of the duties imposed upon them. Therefore they had consolation from a view of the past. But the FUTURE—indeed—

"Shadows, clouds, and darkness rested on it."

Their hearts involuntarily fluttered and shrunk within them, when they gazed upon the threatening gloom that hung over it. Their straitened circumstances—an honourable poverty—had been a burden light, indeed, to bear. They were very happy in one another's company; their house, though small, was convenient, and even elegantly comfortable; they had health; Mr Aubrey had constan-

exercise for an active and vigorous mind, in the acquisition of the learning of a noble profession, the practice of which might possibly hereafter raise all of them to even affluence and distinction—at all events, might secure them the substantial comforts of life. But Mr Aubrey would have moments of heaviness and trepidation. When engaged in his little study, in the profound solitude and silence of the early morning, while he was thus straining his faculties to their utmost, on behalf of the sweet innocent beings—his wife—his children—his sister—sleeping above, he would sometimes lean back in his chair, with a very deep sigh, and sink into a reverie—oh, how sad and painful!—deepening occasionally into agony; but he would suddenly arouse himself, and resume his studies with a powerful effort at abstraction—with additional intensity of application. How could he be otherwise than momentarily *paralysed*, when he surveyed his alarming and tremendous pecuniary liabilities? Bills of costs—Heaven only knew to what amount—due to Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap; to his own attorneys, Messrs Runnington; and to Mr Parkinson; and then—sickening and fearful object!—the *Messe Profits*—what *was* to become of them all? The mind that, in the presence of such disturbing forces as these, could apply its energies so successfully as did that of Mr Aubrey to the acquisition of knowledge, with any degree of calmness, must surely have been of no common order, and have undergone no slight discipline; but, alas! alas! what could all this have availed him, unless he had been vouchsafed assistance from on high? When the *waters were come in unto his soul*; when he *was sinking in deep mire, where there was no standing*; when he *was come into deep waters, where the floods overflowed him*—whither was he to look but to one quarter, and that *above*, with earnest, and faithful, and constant supplication to the Almighty?

The constant apprehension of very great evil—*suspense*—is a state almost as terrible and insupportable, especially to those of lively susceptibilities, as that produced by the infliction of the evil. Every morning when Aubrey left home, he dreaded to think of what might happen before his return; and when he quitted the Temple, he

felt a sinking of the heart when he thought of what might have transpired in his absence. In fact, they all of them felt like those whom the ominous silence and repose of surrounding nature—a portentous calm and gloom overhead—fill with trembling apprehension of the coming storm. Their fears are quickened by the occasional falling of large spreading drops of rain through the sultry sky, not a breath of air stirring. Upward is oft turned the pale cheek and apprehensive eye towards the black accumulating clouds, from which may soon flame the destructive lightning—what, in such a case, is there to rely upon, but the mercy of Him around whose throne are clouds and darkness, and the whirlwind and tempest his ordering?

They were sitting one morning at their usual early and simple breakfast, and Mr Aubrey was reading aloud, for his wife and sister's suggestions, a second article which he had commenced overnight, designed for one of the Reviews—having about a fortnight before sent off his first effort, about which, however, he had as yet heard nothing; and Kate was playfully patting his cheek, and telling him that, for all he might say to the contrary, a particular expression was not, in her opinion, elegant English.

"It is, you puss of a critic," insisted Aubrey, with a good-natured laugh; and then, turning to Mrs Aubrey, "What do you say, Agnes?"

"Oh—why—I really like it very much as it is."

"I sha'n't alter it," said Aubrey, laughing.

"Then I'll alter it when you're gone," quoth Kate, with affected pertness, and, bringing her beautiful laughing face so near his own, with a kind of air of defiance, that he kissed her forehead, and said it should be as she chose.

Just then a knock at the door announced a visitor, who proved to be Mr Runnington. Why it was, they hardly knew; but they all slightly changed colour. He had called so early, he said, to ensure seeing Mr Aubrey before he went to the Temple; and, though he had been shown into the study, Mr Aubrey insisted on his joining the breakfast table.

"We've very plain fare for you, however," said he, as Mr Runnington yielded to his wishes.

Mr Aubrey perceived, with some uneasiness, that his kind and thoughtful countenance wore rather an anxious expression. And indeed so it was. When he looked at those who sate before him—interesting, elegant, yet with a plainly forced cheerfulness—reflected on the sufferings which they had passed through, and that which was in store for them—and for the first bitter instalment of which he had come to prepare Mr Aubrey—could he but feel very deep sympathy for them? As soon as he had retired with Mr Aubrey to the study, in a low tone he informed Mr Aubrey of his errand, which was to apprise him that, the evening before, Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap's BILL had come in.

"Well, show it me, if you please," said Mr Aubrey, calmly, extending his hand.

"My dear sir, why do you suppose I have it with me?" enquired Mr Runnington, with a concerned air. "You are not accustomed to such matters—God forbid you should! It is too bulky for me to have brought with me, and lies at our office."

"What is the amount of it, then?" enquired Mr Aubrey, dreading to hear the answer; while Mr Runnington took out of his pocket-book a slip of paper, which he handed to Mr Aubrey, and on which the latter read:—
'L.3946, 14s. 6d.' He gazed at it for some moments in silence, and became very pale. Mr Runnington could hardly bear to look at him, and think of the two lovely women in the adjoining room, who were so fearfully interested in the intelligence which had so dismayed Mr Aubrey.

"This is a very—large—amount," said he, at length, with forced calmness.

"It is a most serious affair," replied Mr Runnington, shaking his head, and sighing.

"Then there is yours—and Mr Parkinson's."

"Oh, Mr Aubrey—sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

"Will you oblige me, by saying, what is the probable amount of your bill?" enquired Mr Aubrey, with a calmness which seemed lent to him by despair.

"Oh! I assure you we have thought nothing at all about it, nor shall we for some time to come, Mr Aubrey. We have not the slightest intention of

troubling ourselves, or you, with the matter till you may be in a position to attend to it without serious inconvenience."

"But do favour me with something like a *notion*," pressed the unhappy Aubrey.

"Why—perhaps I am hardly doing right in mentioning it; but whenever our bill is sent in, it will be less by some six hundred and fifty pounds, by the noble generosity of the Attorney-General, who has returned all his fees"—

"Returned all his fees!" echoed Mr Aubrey, starting, while the colour rushed into his cheek, and the expression of his countenance was of pride struggling with astonishment, and gratitude, and admiration. He exquisitely appreciated the conduct of his distinguished friend; and at the same time felt a totally new and very painful sense of pecuniary obligation.

"I feel, Mr Aubrey, that I have broken my promise to the Attorney-General, who extracted from me a solemn pledge, to endeavour so to manage the matter as that you should never know it. What is it, after all—noble as it is—to the Attorney-General, with his L.12,000 or L.15,000 a-year?"

"Oh—do not talk *so*, Mr Runnington; I am overpowered, oppressed. Never in all my life have I experienced feelings like those by which I am now agitated!" He rose, and stood opposite the window for a few minutes—neither of them speaking. Then he returned to his seat.

"How much does that leave me your debtor?"

"Why—really it is hard to say, unprepared—I should imagine that our account is reduced to some L.1500 or L.1600—about which"—

"Then there is Mr Parkinson's," said Aubrey, in a low tone, but with a desperate air; presently adding—"Here are some L.6000 or L.7000 to start with; and *then* we come to the *mesne* profits—gracious, gracious God!" he suddenly added, with a visible shudder. He folded his arms convulsively, and gazed, for a second or two, at Mr Runnington, with an eye whose expression was overpowering. In his face Mr Runnington beheld no longer the mild and melancholy expression to which he had been accustomed, but a sternness and power were

apparent in his features, which he had not imagined them capable of exhibiting. They told of a strong soul thoroughly roused, and excited, and in agony. At that moment a knocking was heard at the door, as of very little fingers. "Come in!" exclaimed Mr Aubrey, with unusual quickness and sternness. The door was gently opened, and Charles' little face peeped into the room timidly, quite startled by the tone in which he had been addressed. "Come in, my child!" said Mr Aubrey, rather tremulously, when he observed the apprehensiveness overspreading the little features of his son. Charles immediately advanced, with a serious submissive air, saying—"This letter is just come—Mamma sent me with it."

"Give it me, Charles," said Mr Aubrey, extending his hand for it, while with the other he gently placed the child upon his lap—kissed him. "I'm not angry with you, Charles," said he tenderly.

"I've not been naughty, you know, dear papa?" said he with innocent surprise.

"No, no, my little love." The FATHER could say no more; but putting aside the child's flowing curly locks from his temples, as it were mechanically, he gazed on his little face for a moment, and then folded him in his arms with unspeakable tenderness. Mr Runnington rose, and stood for some moments gazing through the window, unwilling that his own emotion should be observed. When Mr Aubrey opened the letter, it proved to be from the publisher of the Review to which he had sent his article, enclosing a cheque for forty guineas, expressing an earnest desire that he would continue his contributions, and assuring him that the editor considered the article "in every way admirable." As soon as he had glanced over the letter—"You little messenger of hope and mercy!" he thought, again kissing his son, who sat passively gazing at the agitated countenance of his FATHER—"I cannot, I will not despair! You have brought me, as it were, a ray of light from heaven, piercing the fearful gloom of my situation: 'tis a token, surely, that I am not forgotten: I feel as though an angel, momentarily brightening the night of sorrow, had come and whispered in my ear—'COURAGE!' " His features began to

resume their natural serenity of expression. "Take it in to your mamma," said he, kissing little Charles, and dispatching him with the letter. Shortly afterwards, as soon as he had recovered the command of his manner sufficiently to avoid occasioning uneasiness to Mrs and Miss Aubrey, he proposed to Mr Runnington that they should walk towards the Temple; and bidding adieu to those whom he left behind him, without giving them an opportunity to ask him as to the nature of Mr Runnington's errand, but leaving them in high spirits at the letter which he had sent in to them, he quitted the house arm-in-arm with Mr Runnington. I am persuaded that if that gentleman had had no one to consult, he would have relieved Mr Aubrey altogether from liability to *him*; but he had four partners; their own pecuniary outlay had been considerable; and, therefore, the thing was really out of the question. As they walked along, in the course of much anxious conversation Mr Runnington told Mr Aubrey, that he considered Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap's bill to be extortionate; and that it might, on taxation—a process which he explained to Mr Aubrey—be reduced, probably, by at least *one-half*. But he also reminded Mr Aubrey of the power which they held in their hands, in respect of the mesne profits; and intimated his opinion, that in all probability they had made out their bill with an eye to such considerations, namely, that it should be discharged without rigorous scrutiny into its constituent items, before they would listen to any terms whatever for the payment of the mesne profits; and that Mr Aubrey's position, with respect to Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, was one which required the greatest possible deliberation and circumspection on his part, especially in the matter of the bill just delivered in by them.

"I see the whole," said Mr Aubrey, "comes to this: they will relieve me from liability to Mr Titmouse, for as much of what may be due to him, as they can divert into their own pockets!"

"That certainly seems very much like it," replied Mr Runnington, shrugging his shoulders; "but you will leave all such considerations and matters to us; and rely on our honour

and our discretion. At what may appear to us the exact moment for doing so with effect, depend upon our most cautious interference. We know, Mr Aubrey, the kind of people we have to deal with. Mr Titmouse is very likely to be merely a puppet in their hands—at least in those of Mr Gammon, who is a very long-headed man, and with whom, I have no doubt, our negotiations will have to be carried on."

"That is just what the Attorney-General said—and he invited me, moreover, to converse with him whenever I might consider that his advice would be useful."

"Could you have a better adviser? He has a most penetrating sagacity, long exercised—in short, his qualifications are consummate; and I should not hesitate about consulting him whenever we feel at a loss."

"Why should I disguise any thing from you, Mr Runnington?"—said Aubrey—"you ought to know the exact state of my affairs. I have a little family plate, which I could not bear to part with; my books; and the remnants of the furniture at Yatton, which I have saved in order to furnish our present residence. Besides this, the outside of all that I am possessed of—and I have no expectations, nor has my wife nor my poor sister, from any quarter—is a sum of about L.3000 in the funds, and L.423 at my banker's. Those are my circumstances; they appal me merely in stating them:—

Why, I owe double the sum I have named, for lawyers' bills only. I have not enough, without parting with my books and plate, to discharge even Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap's bill!"

"It would be cruel and absurd in me not to express at once, Mr Aubrey, my conviction that your situation is fearfully critical; and that your sole hope is in the treatment which may be expected from Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, and their client, Mr Titmouse. Serious as are, at present, your other liabilities—to that one, they are but as a bucket of water to the Thames. As we are talking, Mr Aubrey, in this candid and unrestrained manner, I will tell you my chief source of apprehension on your account, with reference to Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap: namely, that they may possibly speculate on your being able, if placed in real peril, to

call around you, in your extremity, a host of wealthy and powerful friends—as security, or otherwise”——

“They will find themselves, then, utterly mistaken. If they and their client are really capable of such shocking brutality—such wanton oppression—let them do their worst: I am resigned. Providence will find out a shelter for my wife and children, and my dear, devoted, high-spirited sister; and as for myself, rather than satiate the rapacity of such wretches, by plundering good-natured and generous friends, I will end my days in prison.”

Mr Aubrey was evidently not a little excited while he said this; but there was that in his tone of voice, and in his eye, which told Mr Runnington that he meant what he said; and that, as soon as it should have come to the point of oppression and injustice, no man could resist more powerfully, or endure with a more dignified and inflexible resolution. But Mr Runnington would fain hope that it would not come to such an issue. He consoled Mr Aubrey with assurances, that as for their own demand, it might stand over for several years; and that so, he was sure, would it be with the far lesser demand of Mr Parkinson; and that if, by a great effort, sufficient could be raised to discharge promptly the bill of Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, some much more favourable arrangement respecting the amount and mode of payment of the *mesne profits* might be effected—leaving Mr Aubrey, in the mean time, leisure to apply himself vigorously to his studies for the bar, for which Mr Runnington assured him that he considered him peculiarly qualified; and pledged himself to back him with all the influence he had, or could command.

“Gracious Heaven, Mr Runnington!” said Aubrey, with a little excitement, “is it not very nearly intolerable that I should pass the prime of my days in thralldom to such people as these? and be encircled by the chains of such a man as this Titmouse is represented as being? I will not call myself his foe, nor his victim; but I am the one through whose sudden destitution he has obtained a splendid fortune. I did not knowingly deprive him of it—he must be bereft of all the ordinary feelings of humanity, to place me, whom he has already stripped of all,

upon the rack—the rack of extortion! Oh! put me in his place, and him in mine—do you think I would not have been satisfied with what I had gained? Would I have alarmed and tortured him by calling for an account of what he had spent with a firm, a reasonable persuasion that it was his own? Oh, no! I could not only have forgiven him all, but endeavoured to secure him from future want.” He sighed. “Oh, that I were at this moment a free man! *pauper—sed in meo ere*; that I had but five hundred pounds to keep me and mine for a year or two—with a mind at ease and fit for study! but here we are, at the Temple. When shall we meet again—or shall I hear from you?”

“Very shortly,” replied Mr Runnington, who for the last few minutes had been listening to Mr Aubrey in respectful and sympathising silence; and, shaking him warmly by the hand, with much cordiality and fervency of manner, he pledged himself to do all in his power to promote his interests.

When Mr Aubrey arrived at Mr Weasel’s chambers, he looked dejected and harassed; but, with a noble effort of self-command, at once addressed himself, calmly and vigorously, to the business of the day. From time to time he peremptorily excluded the harassing thoughts and recollections arising out of his morning’s interview with Mr Runnington; and succeeded in concentrating his attention upon a case of more than usual intricacy and multifariousness of details, which Mr Weasel, having glanced over, had laid aside for a more leisurely perusal. He handed it, however, to Mr Aubrey, soon after his arrival, with something approaching to a secret satisfaction, in the expectation of its “proving too much for him;” but he was mistaken. Mr Aubrey left a little earlier than usual; but not before he had sent in the voluminous “case” to Mr Weasel’s room by the clerk, together with a half-sheet of draft paper, containing a brief summary of the results at which he had arrived; and which not a little surprised Mr Weasel. The case did not happen to involve much technical knowledge; but in respect of the imperfect manner in which it was drawn up, and the confusion worse confounded of the transactions themselves, out of which the question arose, required

patient persevering attention, strength of memory, and great clear-headedness. In short, Weasel owned to himself that poor Aubrey had taken a very masterly view of the case; and how would his estimate of his pupil's ability have been enhanced, by a knowledge of the situation in which he was placed,—one so calculated to distract his attention, and prevent that hearty and complete devotion to legal studies, without which Mr Weasel well knew how vain was the attempt to master them?

"Read Aubrey's opinion on that troublesome case—I mean the Cornish Bank?" enquired Weasel, taking a pinch of snuff, of Mr Thoroughpace, another pupil who had just taken his seat beside Mr Weasel, to see him "settle," [i. e., score out, interline, and alter,] a pleading drawn by the aforesaid Thoroughpace. That gentleman replied in the negative. "He's got a headpiece of his own, I can tell you. Egad, somehow or another, he always contrives to hit the nail on the head."

"I'd a sort of notion, the very first day he came, that he was a superior man," replied Thoroughpace. "He makes very few notes—seems to trust entirely to his head"—

"Ah! a man may carry that too far," interrupted Mr Weasel, thrusting a pinch of snuff up his nose.

"Then I wish I could," replied Thoroughpace. "Isn't there such a thing as making the hand engross the business of the head?" Mr Weasel—recollecting that in his library stood twelve thick folio volumes of manuscript "precedents," which he had been fool enough to copy out with his own hand during his pupilage, and the first year or two of his setting up in business—hemmed, and again applied to his snuff-box. "How do you get on with him in the pupil's room?" he enquired.

"Why, I didn't like him at first. Very reserved, and has a little *haut-tour*. Even now, though very courteous, he says little, seems entirely absorbed by his studies, and yet to have something or other on his mind."

"Ah! I dare say, law's no trifle, I warrant him. I dare say it teases him."

"By Jove! but I don't think it does. I never saw a man to whom it seemed to *yield* so easily. He's a

particularly gentlemanlike person; and there's something very attractive in his countenance. He seems highly connected. I've seen several notes come here for him with coronets on the seals, and several well-known"—

"You've heard of the great cause of *Doe d. Titmouse v. Jolter*, a Yorkshire ejectment case, tried only last Spring assizes? Well, he's the defendant, and has, I hear, lost every thing."

"You astonish me! By Jove, but he had need work!"

"Shall we set to work, Mr Thoroughpace?" said Weasel, suddenly, looking at his watch lying on his desk. "I've promised to let them have this plea by six o'clock—or they'll be signing judgment;" and plunging his pen into the inkstand, to work he went, *more suo*, as if such a man as his pupil, Mr Aubrey, had never existed. He was not a particularly hard-hearted man; but I believe that if a *capias ad satisfaciendum* (i. e. process to take the body into custody) against Charles Aubrey, Esquire, had come into Mr Weasel's chambers to settle, as requiring special accuracy,—after humming and hawing a bit—and taking an extra pinch of snuff, he would have settled it, marked his *seven-and-sixpence* in the corner, and sent it out with the other papers as a matter of course.

On Mr Aubrey's return home to dinner, he found that his sister had received another long letter from Dr Tatham, to which was appended a postscript mentioning Mr Gammon in such terms as suggested to Mr Aubrey a little scheme which he resolved to carry into effect on the morrow—namely, to call himself at the office of Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, and seek an interview with Mr Gammon, who, Dr Tatham stated, had quitted Yatton for town only the day before the doctor had written to Miss Aubrey. After a very restless and unhappy night, during which he was tormented with all kinds of dismal dreams, Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap figuring in each as the stern and mysterious arbiters of his earthly destiny, he resolved to put an end to his present insupportable suspense—to learn at once the extent of what he had either to hope or to fear—by calling that very afternoon at Saffron Hill. For that purpose, he quitted

Mr Weasel's at the early hour of three o'clock; and straightway bent his steps through Fetter Lane to Hatton Garden, and thence enquiring his way to Saffron Hill. He was not long in finding the house of which he was in quest, his eye being soon attracted by the great, gleaming brass-plate with "QUIRK, GAMMON, and SNAP," as prominent and threatening as ever those names had appeared to Titmouse in the day of his agony and suspense. He had stood gazing at them with idiot longing and vulgar apprehension, as the reader has seen. How very different a person now looked at them with feelings of intense interest and overmastering anxiety, as at the names of those who had him completely in their power—his fortunes, his *liberty*, his livelihood, and that of the dear beings whose interests, whose all on earth, whose personal safety were bound up in his. Mr Aubrey, with a jaded air, dressed in a buttoned black surtout, and with an umbrella under his arm, entered the hall, where were sitting and standing two or three strange-looking people—one suffering evidently great agitation; in fact, relatives of prisoners, whose trials for capital offences were coming on the next day at Newgate—and made his way into a room, on the door of which he read "Clerk's Room."

"Now sir, your business?" said a showily dressed Jewish-looking youth, lolling at a desk from which he did not move, and speaking in a tone of very disagreeable assurance.

"Is Mr Gammon within?" enquired Mr Aubrey, taking off his hat; and there was a certain something in his voice, countenance, and bearing that induced the personage he addressed to slip off his stool, and exhibit as courteous an air as he could possibly assume.

"Mr Gammon is in his room, sir, and alone. I believe he is rather busy—but I've no doubt you can see him."

The fact was, that at that moment Mr Gammon was engaged drawing up "Instructions to prepare Declaration" in an action for mesne profits, against Mr Aubrey! He had only the day before returned from Yatton, where circumstances had occurred which had quickened their intended proceeding against Mr Aubrey—as the first quarter to which, at Mr Tit-

mouse's suggestion, they were to look for a considerable supply of ready money. That morning, in the very room into which Mr Aubrey was to be presently shown, had taken place a long discussion between Mr Quirk and Mr Gammon, on the subject which had now brought to their office, Mr Aubrey. Mr Quirk was for making short work of it—for "going straight a-head"—and getting the whole £60,000, or security for the greater portion, and £20,000 down! Gammon, however, was of opinion that that was mere madness; that by attempting to proceed to extremities against so unfortunate a sufferer as Mr Aubrey, they could not fail of drawing down on themselves and their client universal execration; and, moreover, of driving Mr Aubrey desperate, and forcing him either to quit the country, or accept the protection of the insolvent laws. He had, at length, satisfied Mr Quirk that their only chance was in gentleness and moderation; and the old gentleman had, as usual, agreed to adopt the plan of operations suggested by Gammon. The latter personage had quite as keen a desire and firm determination as the former, to wring out of their wretched victim the very last farthing that there was the slightest probability of obtaining; for Titmouse had pointed to that quarter for the discharge of his ten thousand pound bond to the firm, and also their bill of costs to him, (which contained some three hundred items, slightly varied in language, that were also charged in their bill to Mr Aubrey;) then twenty—or at least fifteen thousand pounds, were to be handed over to himself, Titmouse; and all the rest that could be got, Mr Gammon might appropriate to his own use. His enquiries into Mr Aubrey's circumstances, had completely convinced him, that it would be impossible to extract any considerable sum from that unfortunate gentleman; and that if they could contrive to get their bill paid, perhaps substantial security for four or five thousand of the mesne profits, and his own personal security for the payment of any portion of the remainder, hereafter—they had better rest satisfied—and look for liquidation of their own heavy claim to a mortgage upon the Yatton estates. Mr Gammon had also proposed to himself certain other objects, in dealing with

Mr Aubrey, than the mere extraction of money from him: and, in short, prompted by considerations, such as those above intimated, he had come to the determination, an hour or so before Mr Aubrey's most unexpected visit, to be at once prepared with the necessary means for setting in motion legal proceedings for the recovery of the arrear of *meane profits*.

"Have I the honour to address Mr Gammon?" commenced Mr Aubrey, courteously, on being shown into the room—not announced by name, where Gammon sate busily engaged writing out the "Instructions" for framing the rack on which it was designed to extend the as yet unconscious Aubrey.

"Sir, my name is Gammon," he replied, colouring a little—rising from his chair, with an expression of very great surprise—"I believe I have the honour of seeing Mr Aubrey?—I beg you will allow me to offer you a chair"—he continued, placing one as far as he could from the table, and then, getting another, he sate down between Mr Aubrey and the table; expecting to hear his visitor at once open the subject of their bill, which they had so recently sent in.

"Will you suffer me, Mr Aubrey," commenced Gammon, with a bland and subdued air, not fulsome, but extremely deferential, "before entering on any business which may have brought you here, to express deep and sincere sympathy with your sufferings, and my *personal* regret at the share we have had in the proceedings which have ended so adversely for your interests? But our duty as professional men, Mr Aubrey, is often as plain as painful!"

"I feel obliged for your kind expressions of sympathy—but I cannot for a moment conceive any apology necessary. Neither I nor my advisers have ever had cause to complain of harsh or unprofessional treatment on your part. Your proceedings certainly came upon me—upon all of us—like a thunderstroke," said Mr Aubrey, with a subdued sigh. "I trust that you have given me credit, Mr Gammon, for offering no vexatious or unconscientious obstacles."

"Oh, Mr Aubrey, on the contrary, I am at a loss for words to express my sense of your straight-forward and high-minded conduct; and have often expressed my sentiments on that sub-

ject to Messrs Runningtons,"—Mr Aubrey bowed—"and again anxiously beg that you will give me credit for feeling the profoundest sympathy"—he paused, as if from emotion: and such might well have been excited, by the appearance of Mr Aubrey—calm, and melancholy—his face full of anxiety, and his figure, naturally slender, evidently somewhat emaciated. ["I wonder," thought Gammon, "whether he has any *insurances* on his *life*.—He certainly has *rather* a consumptive look: how could one ascertain whether he has insured? And where?"] "I trust, most sincerely, Mr Aubrey, that the mental sufferings you must have undergone have not affected your health?" enquired Gammon, with an air of infinite *concern*.

"A little, but thank God, not materially; I never was very robust," he replied, with a faint sad smile.

"[*How like his sister!*]"—thought Gammon, watching his companion's countenance with real interest.]

"I am not quite sure, Mr Gammon," continued Aubrey, "that I am observing etiquette in thus coming to you, on a matter which you may consider ought to have been left to my attorneys, and who know nothing of my present visit—but"—

"An honourable mind like yours, Mr Aubrey, may surely act according to its own impulses, with safety! As for etiquette, I know of no professional rule which I break, in entering into a discussion with you of any topic connected with the action which has recently been determined," said Gammon, cautiously and particularly on his guard, as soon as his penetrating eye had detected the acuteness which was mingled with the sincerity and simplicity of character beaming in the countenance of Mr Aubrey.

"I dare say you can guess the occasion of my visit, Mr Gammon?"

"[There goes our bill—whew!—What now?]" thought Gammon.]

Mr Gammon bowed, with an anxious, expectant air.

"I allude to the question yet remaining between your client, Mr Titmouse, and me—the *meane profits*"—

"I feared—I expected as much! It gave me infinite anxiety, as soon as I found you were approaching the subject!"

"To me it is really a matter of life and death, Mr Gammon. It is

one pressing me on almost to the very verge of madness!"

"My dear Mr Aubrey," said Gammon, in a tone and with a look which touched the heart of his agitated companion, "don't magnify the mischief. Don't—I beg—imagine your position one so hopeless! What is there to stand in the way of an amicable adjustment of these claims? If I had my way, Mr Aubrey—and if I thought I should not be acting the part of the unjust steward in Scripture—I would write sixty thousand farthings for sixty thousand pounds!"

"You have named the sum for which I believe I am legally liable to Mr Titmouse," said Mr Aubrey, with forced composure; "It is a sum as completely out of my power to pay, or secure—or even a quarter of it—as to give him one of the stars."

"I am aware, Mr Aubrey, that you must have had many calls upon you, which must have temporarily crippled your resources"——

"Temporarily!" echoed Mr Aubrey, with a sickening smile.

"I devoutly trust that it is only temporary! For your own and family's sake," he added quickly, observing the watchfulness with which his every look and word was regarded by his companion. "Any proposal, Mr Aubrey," he continued, with the same apparent kindness of manner, but with serious deliberation, "which you may think proper to make, I am ready—eager—to receive and consider in a liberal spirit. I repeat—If you had *me* only to deal with—you would leave this room with a lightened heart; but, to be plain and candid, our client, Mr Titmouse, is a very difficult person to deal with. I pledge my word of honour to you—[*Oh Gammon! Gammon! Gammon!*]*—*that I have repeatedly urged upon Mr Titmouse to release you from all the rents received by you previously to your receiving legal notice of the late proceedings." I suppose Gammon felt that this declaration was not received by Mr Aubrey as implicitly as the former desired and expected: for with a slight stiffness, he added, "I assure you, sir, that it is a fact. I have always been of opinion that the law is harsh, and even faulty in principle, which, in such a case as yours—where the possessor of an estate, to which he believed himself born, is ousted by a title

of which he had no previous knowledge, nor *MEANS* of knowledge"—— Gammon uttered this very pointedly, and with his eye fixed searchingly upon that of Mr Aubrey,—"requires the ousted party to make good the rents he had so innocently appropriated to his own use. That is my *opinion*, though it may be wrong. I am bound to say, however, that as the law now stands—if Mr Titmouse should, contrary to my advice—determine to stand upon his strict rights"——Gammon paused, shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and looked with melancholy significance at Mr Aubrey.

"I am entirely at his mercy! I understand. I do trust, however, that in the name of our common humanity, he will have some consideration for the helpless—the miserable situation in which I am so unexpectedly placed," said Aubrey, with mournful energy. "Never having imagined it necessary to save money"——

"Oh no—nor with such an income as yours was, to resort, I fear, to any of the ordinary modes—insurance, and so forth," interposed Gammon, with an easy air.

"No—no! nothing of the sort!"—"Ah!—the deuce you have not!" thought Gammon—"and I confess it was improvident of me. My situation is so deplorable and desperate, that disguise would be absurd, even could I stoop to it; and I declare, in the presence of Heaven, Mr Gammon, that without parting with the little remnant of plate I have preserved, and my books, I am unable to make up even the amount of your bill sent in the day before yesterday"——Gammon gazed at Aubrey, earnestly, but in silence—"and if my miserable remnant of means *be* so appropriated, we are *literally* beggars"——he paused, and his voice faltered.

"Indeed—indeed, you distress me beyond measure, Mr Aubrey," said Gammon, in a low tone.

"If you can but secure me a merciful interval, to prepare myself for the profession which I have entered—the Bar—whatever earnings I might obtain, after saving a bare maintenance for myself and family, shall be devoted faithfully to liquidate the heavy claims upon me! For myself, Mr Gammon, I do not care about living upon bread and water for the next ten years; but there are others——"

his voice trembled. "Sir, by every consideration which a gentleman may be influenced by, I conjure you to interfere between me and utter immediate ruin!" This was the real thrilling language of the heart; but it failed to produce the least impression upon Gammon, exciting only intense chagrin and disappointment. "Oh that it were but in my power," said he, with great energy, "to send you out of this room a free man! If I alone were to be consulted, I would instantly absolve you from all demands—or at least give you your own time, and take no other security than your honour."

"Oh! what a happy—happy man! what a happy family should we be if only!"—he could not finish the sentence, for he was greatly moved.

"Here's a kettle of fish," thought Gammon to himself, and bending down his head, he covered his eyes with his hands;—"worse, far worse than I had suspected. I would take five pounds for all my residuary interest in the sixty thousand pounds! I've not the least doubt that he's speaking the truth. But the *bill* part of the business is highly unsatisfactory! I should like old Quirk to be here just now! Surely he must be able to get security? Such friends and connections as his. If one could only get them to join him in security for ten thousand pounds—stay—that won't exactly do, either; I must have my thumb upon him."]

"I am so profoundly affected by the situation in which you are placed, Mr Aubrey," said Gammon, at length appearing to have subdued his emotion, and feeling it necessary to say something, "that I think I may take upon myself to say the instructions which we have received shall not be acted upon, come what may. Those must be really monsters, not men, who could press upon one in your position; and that such should be attended by one who has succeeded to your former advantages, is inconceivably shocking. Mr Aubrey, *you shall not be crushed*—indeed you shall not, so long as I am a member—perhaps not the least influential one—in this firm, and have any influence with your formidable creditor, Mr Titmouse. I cannot do justice to my desire to shelter you and yours, Mr Aubrey, from the storm you dread so justly." There was a warmth, an energy in Gammon's

manner, while saying all this, which cheered the drooping heart of poor Mr Aubrey. "What I am about to say, Mr Aubrey, is in complete confidence," continued Gammon, in a low tone. Mr Aubrey bowed, with a little anxious excitement in his manner. "May I rely upon your honour and secrecy?"

"Most implicitly, Sir. What you desire me to keep within my own breast, no one upon earth shall know from me."

"There are serious difficulties in the way of serving you. Mr Titmouse is a weak and inexperienced young man, naturally excited to a great pitch by his present elevation, and already embarrassed for want of ready money. You may imagine, sir, that his liabilities to us are of considerable magnitude. You would hardly credit, Mr Aubrey, the amount of mere money out of pocket for which he stands indebted to us; our outlay during the last two years, having considerably crippled our pecuniary resources, in an extensive practice like ours, and driven us to incur liabilities, which are beginning to occasion my partners and myself considerable anxiety. Of course, Mr Aubrey, we must look to Mr Titmouse to be speedily reimbursed; he insists upon our immediately calling upon you; and I have reason to suspect that he has at his elbow one or two very heartless advisers, who have suggested this to him; for he follows it most pertinaciously. That he cannot meet the liabilities I have alluded to, out of his annual income, without swallowing it up entirely for eighteen months or two years, is certain. I regret to say that Mr Quirk and Mr Soap encourage his disposition to press you;—do not be alarmed, my dear sir!" he continued, observing the deadly paleness of Mr Aubrey, whose eyes were rivetted upon that of Gammon, "for I declare that I will stand between you and them, and it is enough for me to say that I have the power of doing so. I am the only person living who happens to possess the means of influencing Mr Titmouse; and I am determined to avail myself of them. Now, bearing in mind that I have no legal authority from him, and am, at the same time, only one of a firm, and assuring you that I am entailing a serious responsibility upon myself in what I am

doing, let me throw out for your consideration my general notion of what I think ought to be done—merely my off-hand notion.”

“I perfectly understand; I listen with inexpressible anxiety,” said Mr Aubrey.

“Had I been consulted, we should have proposed to you, with reference to our bill (which I candidly acknowledge contains a much more liberal entry than would be allowed on taxation, and which is none of *my* doing,)—Gammon knew the credit for candour which this acknowledgement of a fact of which Messrs Runnington would quickly apprise him on looking at the bill, was likely to obtain for him with Mr Aubrey—“I say, I should have *proposed* to you, in the first instance, the payment of our bill by instalments, during the next three or four years, provided you could have obtained partial security. But I am only one of three, and I know the determination of Mr Quirk and Mr Snap, not to listen to any proposal with reference to the *meane* profits, which is not based upon—in short, they say, *the bill must be paid without being looked into*—I mean,” he added quickly, “without its being subjected to the harassing and protracted scrutiny which a distrustful, an ungrateful client, has it too frequently in his power to inflict. Oh, let me disguise nothing from you, my dear sir, in a conversation of this kind between two gentlemen,” continued Gammon with an admirable air of frankness, for he perceived that Mr Aubrey looked slightly staggered. “I am ashamed to acknowledge that that bill does contain exorbitant entries—entries which have led to very frequent and fierce disputes between me and my partners. But *what is to be done?* Mr Quirk is the monied man of the firm; and if you were to glance at the articles of our partnership”—Gammon shrugged his shoulders and sighed, —“you would see the tyrannical extent of power over his partners which, in virtue of that circumstance, he has secured! You observe how candid I am—perhaps foolishly so.”

[“I’ve not quite mastered him—I can tell it by his eye,”—thought Gammon—“is this a game of chess between us? I wonder whether, after all, Messrs Runningtons are aware of his being here—knowing his ability—

and have put him thoroughly on his guard? He is checking strong feelings incessantly, and evidently weighing every word I utter. Misery has sharpened faculties naturally acute.”]

“Pray do not say so, Mr Gammon; I fully appreciate your motives. I am devoured with anxiety for an intimation of the nature of the terms which you were about, so kindly, to specify.”

“Specify is perhaps rather too strong a term; but to proceed. Supposing, Mr Aubrey, the preliminary matter which I have alluded to, satisfactorily arranged, I am disposed to say that if you could find security for the payment of the sum of ten thousand pounds, within a year, or a year and a-half.”—[Mr Aubrey’s teeth almost chattered at the mention of it.]—“I—I—that is, *my* impression is—but it is only *mine*”—added Gammon, earnestly—“that the rest should be left to your own honour, giving at the same time a personal undertaking to pay, at a future—a very distant day—in the manner most convenient to yourself—the sum of ten thousand pounds more—making in all only one-third of the sum due from you; and receiving an absolute release from Mr Titmouse in respect of the remaining two-thirds, namely, forty thousand pounds.”

Mr Aubrey listened to all this with his feelings and faculties strung to the utmost pitch of intensity; and when Gammon had ceased, experienced a transient sense, as of the fearful mountain that had pressed so long on his heart, moving.

“Have I made myself intelligible, Mr Aubrey?” enquired Gammon, with a kind but serious air.

“Perfectly—but I feel so oppressed and overwhelmed with the magnitude of the topics we are discussing, that I scarcely at present appreciate the position in which you would place me. I must throw myself, Mr Gammon, entirely upon your indulgence!”

Gammon looked a little disappointed.

“I can imagine your feelings, sir.” He took a sheet of paper and a pencil; and while he made a few memoranda of the arrangement which he had been mentioning—“You see,—the great result of what I have been hastily sketching off is—to give you ample time to pay the sums which I have named, and to relieve you, at once, absolutely from no less a sum than

FORTY THOUSAND POUNDS," said he, with emphasis and deliberation, "for which—and with interest—you would otherwise remain liable to the day of your death—there could be no escape—except, perhaps, into banishment, which with your feelings would be worse than death—for it would be a *dishonourable* exile—to avoid just liabilities—and those who bear your name—"

"Pray, sir, be silent!" exclaimed Mr Aubrey, in a tone that electrified Gammon—starting from his chair. His face was whitened; his eye glanced lightning at his companion. Dagon-like, Gammon had put forth his hand, and touched the ark of Aubrey's honour. Gammon lost his colour, and for the first time quailed before the majesty of man; 'twas also the majesty of suffering; he had been torturing a noble nature. Neither of them spoke for some time—Mr Aubrey continuing highly excited—Gammon gazing at him with unfeigned amazement. The paper which he held in his hand trembled; he was obliged to lay it down on his lap, lest Mr Aubrey should perceive his agitation.

"I am guilty of great weakness, sir," said at length Mr Aubrey—his excitement only a little abated. He stood erect, and spoke with stern precision; "but you, perhaps unconsciously, provoked the display of it. Sir, I am ruined; I am a beggar; we are all ruined; we are all beggars: it is the ordering of God, and I bow to it. Do you presume sir, to think that at last my honour is in danger? and consider it necessary, as if you were warning one whom you saw about to become a criminal, to expatiate on the nature of the meditated act by which I am to disgrace myself and my family?" Here they seemed suddenly standing around him, his lip quivered, his eyes filled, and he trembled with excessive emotion.

"This is a sally equally unexpected, Mr Aubrey, and, permit me to add, unwarrantable," said Gammon calmly, having recovered his self-possession. "You have entirely misunderstood me; or I have ill explained myself. Your evident excitement and distress touch my very soul, Mr Aubrey." Gammon's voice trembled. "Suffer me to tell you that I feel an inexpressible respect and admiration for you; and am miserable at the thought of one

word of mine having occasioned you an instant's uneasiness." When a generous nature is thus treated, it is apt to feel an excessive contrition for any fault or extravagance which it may have committed—an excessive appreciation of the pain it may have inflicted on another. Thus it was, that by the time Gammon had done speaking, Mr Aubrey felt ashamed and mortified at himself, and conceived an admiration of the dignified forbearance of Gammon, which quickly heightened into respect for his general character, and fervent gratitude for the disposition which he had evinced, from first to last, so disinterestedly to serve a ruined man. He seemed now to view all that Gammon had proposed in quite a new light—through quite another medium; and his excitable feelings were in some danger of disturbing his judgment.

"As I am a man of business, Mr Aubrey," said Gammon, with a very captivating smile—how frank and forgiving seemed his temper to Aubrey!—"and this is a place for business, shall we resume our conversation? With reference to the first ten thousand pounds, it can be a matter of future arrangement, as to the instruments by which its payment is to be secured; and as for the remaining ten thousand, if I were not afraid of rendering myself liable to Mr Titmouse for neglecting his interests, I should be content with your verbal promise—your mere word of honour, to pay it, as and when you conveniently could. But, in justice to myself, I really must take a *show* of security from you. Say, for instance, two promissory notes, for £5000 each, payable to Mr Titmouse. You may really regard them as matters of mere form; for, when you shall have given them to me, they will be deposited *there*," (pointing to an iron-safe,) "and not again be heard of, until you may inquire for them. The influence which I happen to have obtained over Mr Titmouse, you may rely upon my exercising with some energy, if ever he should be disposed to press you for payment of either of the instruments I have mentioned. I tell you candidly that they must be negotiable in point of form; and I assure you, as sincerely, that I will not permit them to be negotiated. *Now*, may I venture to hope that we understand each other,"

added Gammon, with a cheerful air; "and that if this be an arrangement which I shall be able to carry into effect, it is a sufficient evidence of my desire to serve you, and have the effect of relieving you from an immense load of anxiety and liability?"

"An immense—a crushing load, indeed sir, if you have but power to carry your views into effect," replied Mr Aubrey, with a sigh of anxiety, and a look of gratitude.

"Leave that to *me*, my dear sir; I will undertake to do it; I will move heaven and earth to do it—and the more eagerly and anxiously, for that I may thereby hope to establish a kind of set-off against the misery and loss which my professional exertions have contributed to occasion you!"

"I feel very deeply sensible of your very great—your unexpected kindness, Mr Gammon; but still, the arrangement suggested, is one which occasions me dreadful anxiety, as to my being able to carry out my part of it."

"Never, never despair, Mr Aubrey! Heaven helps those who help themselves; and I really imagine I see your powerful energies already beginning to surmount your prodigious difficulties! When you have slept over the matter, you will feel the full relief which this arrangement is so calculated to afford your spirits. Of course, too, you will lose no time in communicating to Messrs Runnington the nature of the arrangement which I have proposed. I can predict that they will be not a little disposed to urge you to complete it. I cannot, however, help once more reminding you, in justice to myself, Mr Aubrey, that it is *but* a proposition, in making which, I hope it will not prove that I have been carried away by my feelings much farther than my duty to my client or his interests"—

Mr Aubrey was afraid to hear him finish the sentence, lest the faint dawn of hope should disappear from the dark and troubled surface. "I will consult, as you suggest, sir, my professional advisers; and feel confident that they will feel as you predict. I feel bound to consult *them*"—

"Oh, certainly! certainly! I am very strict in the observance of professional etiquette, Mr Aubrey, I assure you; and should not think of going on with this arrangement, ex-

cept with them, acting on your behalf. One thing I have to beg, Mr Aubrey, that either you or they will communicate the result of your deliberations to *me*, personally. I am very desirous that the suggested arrangement should be broken to them by *me*. By the way, if you would favour me with your address, I would make a point of calling at your house either late in the evening or early in the morning."

[As if Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap had not kept eagle-eyes upon his every movement since quitting Yatton, with a view to any sudden application for a writ of *Ne Exeat*, which a suspicious movement of his towards the sea-coast might render necessary!]

"I am infinitely obliged to you, sir—but it would be far more convenient for both of us, if you could drop me a line, or favour me with a call at Mr Weasel's, in Pomegranate Court in the Temple."

Gammon blushed scarlet: but for this accidental mention of the name of Mr Weasel, who was one of the pleaders occasionally employed by Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap in heavy matters—in all probability Mr Aubrey might have had to exercise his faculties, if so disposed, upon a declaration of trespass for *mesne profits*, in a cause of "*TITMOUSE v. AUBREY*!"

"As you like—as you like, Mr Aubrey," replied Gammon, with difficulty, concealing his feelings of pique and disappointment at losing the opportunity of a personal introduction to Mr Aubrey's family. After a few words of general conversation, Gammon enquiring how Mr Aubrey liked his new profession, and assuring him, in an emphatic manner, that he might rely upon being supported, from the moment of his being called to the bar, by almost all the common-law business of the firm of "Quirk, Gammon, and Snap"—they parted. It had been to Mr Aubrey a memorable interview—and to Gammon a somewhat arduous affair, taxing to an unusual extent his power of self-command and of dissimulation. As soon as he was left alone, his thoughts instantly recurred to Aubrey's singular burst of hauteur and indignation; Gammon had a stinging sense of submission to superior energy—and felt indignant with himself for not having resented it. Setting aside this source of exquisite irritation

to the feelings of a proud man, Gammon felt a depressing consciousness that he had not met with his usual success, in his recent encounter with Mr Aubrey, who had been throughout cautious, watchful, and courteously distrustful. He had afforded occasional glimpses of the unapproachable pride of his nature—and Gammon had crouched! Was there any thing in their interview—thought Gammon, walking thoughtfully to and fro in his room—which, when Aubrey came to reflect upon—for instance—had Gammon disclosed too much about the extent of his influence over Titmouse? His cheek slightly flushed; a sigh of fatigue and excitement escaped him; and gathering together his papers, he began to prepare for quitting the office for the day.

Mr Aubrey quitted Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap's office with feelings of mingled exhaustion and despondency. As he walked down Saffron Hill—a dismal, deplorable neighbourhood! what scenes did he witness? Poverty and profligacy reveling on all hands in their wild and filthy excesses! Here was an Irishman, half-stupified with liquor and bathed in blood, having just been rescued from a dreadful fight in a low underground public-house cellar, by his squalid wife, with dishevelled hair and a filthy infant in her arms—who walked beside him cursing, pinching, and striking him—reproaching him with the knowledge that she and her seven children were lying starving at home; presently he fell down into the gutter, and she with her infant fell down over him!

There was a woman—as it were a bloated mass of filth steeped in gin—standing with a drunken smile, at an old clothes-stall, pawning for a glass of gin a dirty little shirt, which she had a few minutes before stripped from the back of one of her then half-naked children!

A little further on was a noisy crowd round two men carrying a shutter, on which was strapped the bleeding body (a handkerchief spread over the face,) of a poor bricklayer, fallen a few minutes before from the top of some scaffolding, and then in the agonies of death—leaving behind him a wife and twelve children, for whom he had slaved from morning to night, who were now ignorant of what had

befallen him, and that they were left entirely destitute.

There was a skinny little terrified urchin, about eight years old, with nothing to conceal his dirty, half-starved body, but a tattered man's coat, pinned round him; dying with hunger, he had stolen a villainous-looking bare bone—scarce a halfpenny worth of meat upon it; and a brawny constable, his knuckles fiercely dug into the poor little offender's neck, with his tight grasp, was leading him off to the police office, followed by his shrieking mother; from the police office he would be committed to Newgate, and thence, after two or three month's imprisonment, he would be flogged—miserable little wretch!—by the common hangman, (who had hanged the child's father some six months before,) and discharged—to return several times and undergo a similar process; then to be transported; and finally be hanged, as had been his father before him.

These startling scenes passed before Mr Aubrey, in the course of a five minutes' walk down Saffron Hill—during which period he now and then paused, and gazed around him with feelings of pity, of astonishment, of disgust, which presently blended and deepened into one feeling of horror. These scenes, to some so fatally familiar—*fatally*, I mean, on account of the INDIFFERENCE which their familiarity is apt to induce—to Mr Aubrey, had on them all the frightful glare of *novelty*. He had never witnessed any thing of the sort before; and had no notion of its existence. The people on each side of the Hill, however, seemed perfectly familiar with such scenes, which they seemed to view with the same stupid indifference with which a lamb led to the slaughter is beheld by one that has spent his life next door to the slaughter-house. The Jew clothesman, before whose door he stood for a second or two, arrested by the horrifying spectacle of the bleeding wretch borne along to the hospital—took the opportunity to assail him with insolent importunity. A fat baker, and a greasy eating-house keeper, stood each at his door. Oh, how utterly insensible to the ravenous want that flitted incessantly past them! The pallid spectres haunting the gin-palace at the corner, gazed with sunken lack-lustre eye and drunken apathy at the man borne by.

What scenes were these! And what other hidden scenes did they not indicate the existence of! "Gracious mercy!" thought Aubrey, "what a world have I been living in? And this dismal aspect of it exposed to me just when I have lost all power of relieving its wretchedness!"—here a thrill of anguish passed through his heart—"but, woe, woe is me! if at this moment I had a thousand times ten thousand a-year, how far would it go amidst the scenes similar to this, which abound in this one city? Oh God! what unutterable horror must be in store for those who, entrusted by Thee with an overflowing abundance, disregard the misery around them in guilty selfishness and indolence, or"—he shuddered—"expend it in sensuality and profligacy! Will Dives become sensible of his misconduct, only when he shall have entered upon his next scene of existence and punishment? Oh, merciful Creator! how is my heart wrung by the sight of such scenes as these? Awful and mysterious Author of existence, *Father of the spirits of all flesh*, are these states of being which Thou hast ordained? Are these thy children? Are these my fellow-creatures? Oh, help me! help me! my weak heart faints; my clouded understanding is confounded! I cannot—insect that I am!—discern the scope and end of thy economy, of thy dread government of the world; yet I know that *thou reignest! though clouds and darkness are around thee! Righteousness and judgment are the habitation of thy throne! with righteousness shall thou judge the world, AND THE PEOPLE WITH EQUITY!*"

Like as the lesser light is lost in the greater, so, in Aubrey's case, was the lesser misery he suffered, merged in his sense of the greater misery he witnessed. What, after all, was his position, in comparison with that of those now before and around him? What cause of thankfulness had he not, for the merciful mildness of the dispensation of Providence towards him and his? Such were his thoughts and feelings, as he stood gazing at the scenes which had called them forth, when his eye lit on the figure of Mr Gammon approaching him. He was threading his way, apparently lost in thought, through the scenes which had so powerfully affected Mr Aubrey, who stood eyeing him with a sort of uncon-

scious intensity, as if secure from his observation, till he was actually addressed by him.

"Mr Aubrey!" exclaimed Gammon, courteously saluting him. Each took off his hat to the other. Though Aubrey hardly intended it, he found himself engaged in conversation with Gammon, who, in a remarkably feeling tone, and with a happy flattering deference of manner, intimated that he could guess the subject of Mr Aubrey's thoughts, namely, the absorbing matters which they had been discussing together.

"No, I was not," said Aubrey, with a sigh, as he walked on—Gammon keeping easily beside him—"I have been profoundly affected by scenes which I have witnessed in the immediate neighbourhood of your office, since quitting it; what misery! what horror!"

"Ah, Mr Aubrey!"—exclaimed Gammon with a sigh, as they very slowly ascended Holborn Hill, separate, but side by side,—"*what a checkered scene is life! Guilt and innocence—happiness and misery—wealth and poverty—disease and health—wisdom and folly—sensuality and refinement—piety and irreligion—how strangely intermingled we behold them, wherever we look on life—how difficult to the philosopher to detect the principle!*"—

"Difficult?—Impossible! Impossible!"—exclaimed Mr Aubrey, thoughtfully.

"Comparison, I have often thought," said Gammon, after a pause—"comparison of one's own misfortunes with the greater misfortunes endured by others, is beneficial or prejudicial—consolatory or disheartening—according as the mind of him who makes the comparison is well or ill regulated—possessed, or destitute of moral and religious principle!"

"It is so, indeed," said Mr Aubrey; though not particularly inclined to enter into conversation, he was pleased with the tone of his companion's remark.

"As for me"—proceeded Gammon with a slight sigh—"the absorbing anxieties of professional life; and, too, a branch of professional life which, infinitely to my distaste, brings me constantly into scenes such as you have been observing, have contributed to render me less sensible of their real

character; yet can I vividly conceive the effect they must, when first seen, produce upon the mind and heart of a compassionate, an observant, a reflecting man, Mr Aubrey!"

Gammon looked a gentleman; his address was easy and insinuating, full of delicate deference, without the slightest tendency to cant or sycophancy; his countenance was an intellectual and expressive one; his conversation that of an educated and thinking man. He was striving his utmost to produce a favourable impression on Mr Aubrey; and, as is very little to be surprised at, he succeeded. By the time that they had got about twenty yards beyond Fetter Lane, they might have been seen walking together arm-in-arm. As they approached Oxford Street, they suddenly stumbled on Mr Runnington.

"God bless me, Mr Aubrey!" said he, surprisedly—"and Mr Gammon? How do you do, Mr Gammon?"—he continued, taking off his hat with a little formality, and speaking in a corresponding tone; but he was encountered by Gammon with greatly superior ease and distance, and was not a little nettled at it; for he was so palpably foiled with his own weapons.

"Well—I shall now resign you to your legitimate adviser, Mr Aubrey," said Gammon, with a smile; then, addressing Mr Runnington, in whose countenance pique and pride were abundantly visible,—“Mr Aubrey has favoured me with a call to-day, and we have had some little discussion on a matter which he will explain to you. As for me, Mr Aubrey, I ought to have turned off two streets ago—so I wish you good evening.”

Mr Aubrey and he shook hands as they exchanged adieus. Mr Runnington and he simply raised each his hat, and bowed to the other with cold politeness. As Mr Runnington and Mr Aubrey walked westward together, the former, who was a very cautious man, did not think fit to express the uneasiness he felt at Mr Aubrey's having entered into any thing like confidential intercourse with one whom he believed to be so subtle and dangerous a person as Mr Gammon. He was, however, very greatly surprised when he came to hear of the proposal which had been made up by Mr Gammon, concerning the meane profits, which, he said, was so

unaccountably reasonable and liberal, considering the parties by whom it was made, that he feared Mr Aubrey must be lying under some mistake. He would, however, turn it anxiously over in his mind, and consult with his partners; and, in short, do whatever they conceived best for Mr Aubrey—that he might depend upon. “And, in the mean time, my dear sir,” added Mr Runnington, with a smile designed to disguise considerable anxiety, “it may be as well for you not to have any further personal communication with these parties, whom you do not know as well as we do; but to let us negotiate with them in every thing!” Thus they parted; and Mr Aubrey entered Vivian Street with a considerably lighter heart than he had ever before carried into it. A vivid recollection of the scenes which he had witnessed at Saffron Hill, caused him exquisitely to appreciate the comforts of his little home, and to return the welcomes and caresses he received with a kind of trembling tenderness and energy. As he folded his still blooming but somewhat anxious wife fondly to his bosom, kissed his high-spirited and lovely sister, and fondled the prattling innocents that came clambering up upon his lap, he forgot the difficulties, but remembered the *lesson* of the day.

But I must return to Yatton, where some matters had transpired which are worth noticing. Though Mr Yahoo paid rather anxious court to Mr Gammon, who was very far too much for him in every way, 'twas plain that he dreaded and disliked, as much as he was despised by that gentleman. Mr Gammon easily extracted from Titmouse that Yahoo was endeavouring, from time to time, artfully to set him against his protector, Mr Gammon. This was *something*; but more than this—Yahoo, a bold, dashing scoundrel, was obtaining a growing ascendancy over Titmouse, whom he was rapidly initiating into all manner of vile habits and practices; and, in short, completely corrupting. But, above all, Gammon ascertained that Yahoo had already commenced, with great success, his experiments upon the purse of Titmouse. Before they had been a week at Yatton, down came a splendid billiard table with its appendages from London, accompanied by a man to fix it—as he did—in

the library, which he quickly denuded of all traces of its former character ; and here Yahoo, Titmouse, and Fitz-Snooks would pass a good deal of their time. Then they would have tables and chairs, and cards, cigars, and brandy and water, out upon the beautiful "soft, smooth-shaven lawn," and sit there playing *ecarté*, at once pleasantly soothed and stimulated by their cigars and brandy and water, for half a day together. Then Yahoo got up frequent excursions to Grilston, and even to York ; where, together with his two companions, he had "great sport," as the newspapers began to intimate with growing frequency and distinctness. Actuated by that execrable licentiousness with reference to the female sex, by which he was peculiarly distinguished, and of which he boasted, he had got into several curious adventures with farmers' girls, and others in the vicinity of Yatton, and even amongst the female members of the establishment at the Hall ; in which latter quarter Fitz-Snooks and Titmouse began to imitate his example. Mr Gammon conceived a fearful, a shuddering loathing and disgust for the miscreant leader into these enormities ; and, but for certain consequences, would have dispatched him with as much indifference as he would have laid arsenic in the way of a bold voracious rat, or killed a snake. As it was, he secretly caused him to experience, on one or two occasions, the effects of his good-will towards him. Yahoo had offered certain atrocious indignities to the sweetheart of a strapping young farmer ; whose furious complaints coming to Mr Gammon's ears, that gentleman, under a pledge of secrecy, gave him two guineas to be on the look-out for Yahoo, and give him the best taste, he knew how, of a pair of Yorkshire fiats. A day or two afterwards, the Satyr fell in with his unsuspected enemy. Yahoo was a strongly-built man, and an excellent bruiser ; but was at first disposed to shirk the fight, on glancing at the prodigious proportions of Hazel, and the fury flaming in his eyes. The instant, however, that he saw the attitude into which poor Hazel threw himself, Yahoo smiled, stripped, and set to. I am sorry to say that it was a good while before Hazel could get one single blow at his accomplished

opponent ; whom, however, he at length began to wear out. Then he gave him a miserable pommeling, to be sure ; and finished by knocking out five of his front teeth, viz. three in the upper, and two in the under jaw—beautifully white and regular teeth they certainly were ; and the loss of them caused him great affliction on the score of his appearance, and also not a little interfered with the process of cigar-smoking ; and would, besides, have debarred him from enlisting as a soldier, inasmuch as he could not bite off the end of his cartridge : wherefore, it would seem, that Hazel had committed the offence of *Mayhem* : Mr Gammon condoled heartily with Mr Yahoo, [on hearing of the brutal attack which had been made upon him, and as the assault had not been committed in the presence of a third party, strongly recommended him to bring an action of *trespass vi et armis* against Hazel, which Gammon undertook to conduct for him to—a nonsuit. While they were conversing in this friendly way together, it suddenly occurred to Gammon that there was another service he could render Mr Yahoo, and with equally strict observance of the injunction, *not to let his left hand know what his right hand did* ; for he loved the character of a secret benefactor. So he wrote up a letter to Snap, (whom he knew to have been treated very insolently by Yahoo,) desiring him to go to two or three flash bill-brokers and money-lenders, and ascertain whether they had any paper by them with the name of "Yahoo" on it :—and in the event of such being discovered, he was to act in the manner pointed out by Gammon. Off went Snap like a shot, on receiving this letter ; and the very first gentleman he applied to, viz. Suck'EM DRY, Esquire, proved to be possessed of an acceptance of Yahoo's for L.200, for which Dry had given only five pounds on speculation. He readily yielded to Snap's representation, that he would give him—Dry—a shy at Mr Yahoo, gratis—and put the document into the hands of Snap ; who forthwith delivered it, confidentially, to Swindle Shark, gent., &c., a little Jew attorney in Chancery Lane, into whose office the dirty work of Quirk, Gammon, and Snap was swept—in cases where they did not choose to appear. I wish the mutilated Yahoo could have

seen the mouthful of glittering teeth that were displayed by the hungry Jew, on receiving the above commission. His duties, though of a painful, were of a brief and simple description. 'Twas a plain case of *Indorse v. Acceptor*. The affidavit of debt was sworn the same afternoon; and within an hour's time afterwards, a thin slip of paper was delivered into the hands of the Under-sheriff of Yorkshire, commanding him to take the body of Pimp Yahoo, if he should be found in his bailiwick, and him safely keep—out of harm's way—to enable him to pay L.200 *debt* to Suck'em Dry, and L.24, 6s. 10d. *costs* to Swindle Shark. Down went that little "infernal machine" to Yorkshire by that night's post. Nothing could exceed the astonishment and concern with which Mr Gammon, the evening but one afterwards, on returning to the Hall from a ride to Grilston, heard Titmouse and Fitz-Snooks—deserted beings!—tell him how, an hour before, two big vulgar fellows, one of them with a long slip of paper in his hands, had called at the Hall, asked for the innocent unsuspecting Yahoo, just as he was putting his last ball into the pocket of the billiard-table—an admirable *coup*—and insisted on his accompanying them to the house of one of them, and then on to York Castle. They had brought a tax-cart with them for his convenience; and into it, between his two new friends, was forced to get the astonished Yahoo—smoking, as well as he could, a cigar, with which he had filled all his pockets, and swearing oaths enough to last the whole neighbourhood for a fortnight at least. Mr Gammon was quite shocked at the indignity which had been perpetrated, and asked why the villains had not been kept till he could have been sent for. Then, leaving the melancholy Titmouse and Fitz-Snooks to themselves for a little while, he took a solitary walk in the elm avenue, where—grief has different modes of expressing itself—he relieved his excited feelings by reiterated bursts of laughter. As soon as the *York True Blue* had, amongst other intimations of fashionable movements, informed the public that "*The Hon. Pimp Yahoo*" had

quitted Yatton Hall for York Castle, where he intended to remain and receive a large party of friends—it was astonishing how soon they began to muster and rally round him. "*Detainers*"—so that species of visiting cards is called—came fluttering in like snow; and, in short, there was no end of the messages of civility and condolence which he received from those whom he had obliged with his valuable countenance and custom.

Ah me, poor Yahoo, completely done! Oft is it, in this infernal world of ours, that the best concerted schemes are thus suddenly defeated by the envious and capricious fates! Thus were thy arms suddenly held back from behind, just as they were encircling as pretty, plump a pigeon as ever nestled in them with pert and playful confidence, to be plucked! Alas, alas! And didst thou behold the danger to which it was exposed, as it fluttered upward unconsciously into the region where thine affectionate eye detected the keen hawk in deadly poise? Ah me! Oh dear! What shall I do? What can I say? How vent my grief for The Prematurely Caged?—

"Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus
Tam chari capitis?"

Ergo *Yahdum* perpetuus *carcer*
Tenet? Cui Pudor, et *Justitiæ* soror,
Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas,
Quando ullum inveniet parem?

Multis ille bonis *sebilis* *abfuit!*
Nulli *sebilior*, quam tibi, *Tittlebat!* *
Tu frustra plus, heu! non ita creditum
Poetis *Yahdum* *creditores*—
Quem brevi semel horrido,
Nigro compulerit *Gammomius* gregi.
Durum!" †

Poor Titmouse was very dull for some little time after this sudden abduction of the bold and brilliant spirit, for whom I have above poured out the deep sorrows of my soul, and wished to bring an action, at the suggestion of Fitz-Snooks, against the miscreant who had dared to set the law in motion at Yatton, under the very nose of its lord and master. As soon, however, as Gammon intimated to him that all those who had lent Yahoo money, might now rely upon that gentleman's honour, and whistle back their money at their leisure, Titmouse burst out into a great rage, telling

* *Elegantius alii*—" *Titmuscul!*"

† *Hor. Carm. l. xxiv.*

Gammon that he, Titmouse, had only a day or two before lent Yahoo L.150, of good and lawful money of Great Britain; and that he was a "curst scamp," who knew he could not pay: and a Detainer, at the suit of "Tittlebat Titmouse, Esq.," was one of the very earliest that found its way into the Sheriff's-office, that gentleman becoming one of the very bitterest and most relentless creditors of the fallen Yahoo, except, perhaps, Mr Fitz-Snooks, who, having lent the amiable Yahoo no less than thirteen hundred pounds, remained easy all the while, under the impression that certain precious documents called "I.O.U.'s of the said Yahoo were as good as cash, was infinitely dismayed on discovering that it was otherwise; that he was not to be paid before all other creditors, and immediately; so he also sent a very special message in the shape of a detainer, backed by a great number of curses.

In process of time Mr Yahoo be-thought himself of getting "*white-washed*;" but when he came to be inspected, it was considered that he was not properly *seasoned*; so the operation was delayed for two years, under a very arbitrary statute, which enacted, "that if it should appear that the said prisoner had contracted any of his debts *fraudulently*, or by means of *false pretences*, or *without having had any reasonable or probable expectation at the time when contracted of paying the same*," &c. &c. &c., "or shall be indebted for damages recovered in any action for criminal conversation, or seduction, or for malicious injuries, &c. &c.," such prisoners should be discharged as to such debts and damages, so soon only as he shall have been in custody at the suit of such creditors for a period or periods not exceeding two years." Such is the odious restraint upon the liberty of the subject, which at this day, in the nineteenth century, is suffered to disgrace the statute law of England; for, in order to put *other Yahoos* upon their guard against the cruel and iniquitous designs upon them, I here inform them that the laws under which Mr Yahoo suffered his two years' incarceration, every one of his debts, &c., coming under one or other of the descriptions above-mentioned, are, *proh pudor!* re-enacted, and at this moment in force, as several most respectable

gentlemen, if you could get access to them, would tell you.

Yahoo having been thus adroitly disposed of, Mr Gammon had the gratification of finding that mischievous simpleton, Fitz-Snooks, very soon afterwards take his departure. He pined for the pleasures of the town, (which he had money enough to enjoy for about three years longer, with economy; after which he might go abroad, or to *the dogs*—wherever they were to be found.) 'Twas indeed monstrous dull at Yatton; the game, which Yahoo had given him a taste for, was so very *strictly preserved* there! and the birds so uncommon shy and wild, and strong on the wing! Besides, Gammon's presence was a terrible pressure upon him, overawing and benumbing him, in spite of several attempts which he had made, when charged with the requisite quantity of wine, to exhibit an impertinent familiarity, or even defiance. As soon as poor Titmouse had bade him good-by, shaken hands with him, and lost sight of him—he was at Yatton, *alone with Gammon*, and felt as if a spell were upon him—he was completely cowed and prostrate. Yet Gammon laid himself out to the very uttermost to please him, and re-assure his drooping spirits. Titmouse had got it into his head that the mysterious and dreadful Gammon had, in some deep way or other, been at the bottom of Yahoo's abduction and the disappearance of Fitz-Snooks, and would, by-and-by, do the same for *him*. He had no feeling of ownership of Yatton; but of being, as it were, only tenant-at-will thereof to Mr Gammon. Whenever he tried to re-assure himself, by repeating to himself that it did not signify—for Yatton was his own—and he might do as he liked, his feelings might be compared to a balloon, which, with the eye of eager and anxious thousands upon it, yet cannot get inflated sufficiently to rise one inch from the ground. How was it? Mr Gammon's manner towards him was most uncommonly respectful; what else could he wish for? Yet he would have given a thousand pounds to Mr Gammon to take himself off, and never show his nose again at Yatton! It annoyed him, too, more than he could express, to perceive the deference and respect which every one at the Hall manifested towards Mr

Gammon. Titmouse would sometimes stamp his foot, when alone, with childish fury on the ground, when he thought of it. When at dinner, and sitting together afterwards, Gammon would rack his invention for jokes and anecdotes to amuse Titmouse—who would certainly give a kind of laugh, exclaim, "Bravo! Ha, ha! 'Pon my life!—capital!—By Jove! Most uncommon good! you don't say so?" and go on, drinking glass after glass of wine, or brandy and water, and smoking cigar after cigar, till he felt fuddled and sick, in which condition he would retire to bed, and leave Gammon, clear and serene in head and temper, to his meditations. When, at length, Gammon broached the subject of their bill—a frightful amount it was; of the monies advanced by Mr Quirk, for his support for eight or nine months, on a liberal scale; and which mounted up to a sum infinitely larger than could have been supposed; and lastly, of the bond for ten thousand pounds, as the just reward to the firm for their long-continued, most anxious, and successful exertions on Titmouse's behalf—Titmouse mustered up all his resolution, as for a last desperate struggle; swore they were robbing him; and added, with a furious snap of the fingers, "they had better take the estate themselves—allow him a pound a-week, and send him back to Tagrag's." Then he burst into tears, and cried like a child, long and bitterly.

"Well, sir," said Gammon, after remaining silent for some time, looking at Titmouse calmly, but with an expression of face which frightened him out of his wits, "if this is to be really the way in which I am to be treated by you—I, the only real *disinterested* friend you have in the world, (as you have had hundreds of opportunities of ascertaining,) if my advice is to be spurned, and my motives suspected; if your first and deliberate engagements to our firm are to be wantonly broken"—

"I've been humbugged into making them," said Titmouse, passionately.

"Why, you little miscreant!" exclaimed Gammon, starting up in his chair, and gazing at him as if he would have scorched him with his eye, "Do you DARE to say so? If you have no gratitude—have you lost your memory? What were you when I dug you out of your dismal hole at

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Closet Court? Did you not repeatedly go down on your knees to us? Did you not promise a thousand times to do more than you are now called upon to do? And is this, you insolent little fellow!—is *this* the return you make us for putting you, a beggar—and very nearly, too, an idiot?"—

"You're most uncommon polite," said Titmouse, suddenly and bitterly.

"Silence, sir! I am in no humour for trifling!" interrupted Gammon, sternly. "I say, is *this* the return you think of making us; not only to insult us, but refuse to pay money actually advanced by us to save you from starvation—money, and days and nights, and weeks and months, and many months of intense anxiety, expended in discovering how to put you in possession of a splendid fortune?—Poh! you little wretched trifier!—why should I trouble myself thus? Remember—remember, Tittlebat Titmouse," continued Gammon, in a low tone, and extending towards him threateningly his long thin fore-finger, "I who made you, will one day—one single day—unmake you—blow you away like a bit of froth; you shall never be seen, or heard of, or thought of, except by some draper whose shopman you may be!"

"Ah!—'pon my life! Daresay you think I'm uncommon frightened! Ah, ha! Monstrous—particular good!" said Titmouse.

Gammon perceived that he trembled in every limb; and the smile which he tried to throw into his face was so wretched, that, had you seen him at that moment, and considered his position, much and justly as you now despise him, you must have pitied him. "You're always now going on in this way—it's so very likely! Why, 'pon my soul, am not I to be a LORD one of these days? Can you help that? Can you send a lord behind a draper's counter? 'Pon my soul, what do you say to that? I like that, uncommon"—

"What do I say?" replied Gammon, calmly, "why, that I've a great mind to say and do something that would make you—make you—fit to drown yourself in a rain tub."

Titmouse's heart was lying fluttering at his throat.

"Tittlebat, Tittlebat!" continued Gammon, dropping his voice, and speaking in a very kind and earnest

man manner, "if you did but know the extent to which an accident has placed you in my power! at this moment in my power! Really I almost tremble, myself, to think of it!" He rose, brought his chamber-candlestick out of the hall—lit it—bade Titmouse good-night, sadly but sternly—and shook him by the hand—"I may rid you of my presence to-morrow morning, Mr Titmouse. May you find a *truer*—a more powerful friend than you will have lost in me!" Titmouse never shrunk more helplessly under the eye of Mr Gammon than he did at that moment.

"You—you—*won't* stop and smoke another cigar with a poor devil, will you, Mr Gammon?" he enquired, faintly. "It's somehow—most uncommon lonely in this queer, large, old-fashioned"—

"Not to-night, thank you," replied Gammon—and withdrew, leaving Titmouse in a state of mingled alarm and anger—the former, however, predominating.

"By jingo!" he at length exclaimed, with a heavy sigh, after a reverie of about three minutes, gulping down the remainder of his brandy and water, "If that same gent, Mr Gammon, a'n't the—the—devil—he's the very best imitation of him that ever I heard tell of!" Here he glanced furtively round the room; then he got a little flustered; rang his bell quickly for his valet, and, followed by him, retired to his dressing-room.

The next morning the storm had entirely blown over. When they met at breakfast, Titmouse, as Gammon knew would be the case, was all submission and respect; in fact, he was evidently thoroughly frightened by what Gammon had said, and infinitely more by the *manner* in which he had said what he did say over-night. Gammon, however, preserved for some little time the haughty air with which he had met him: but a few words of poor Titmouse's, expressing his regret for what he had said when he had drunk too much—poor little soul!—over-night, and unqualifyingly submitting to every one of the requisitions which had been insisted on by Mr Gammon—quickly dispersed the cloud that was settled on Gammon's brow.

"Now, my dear sir," said he, very graciously, "You show yourself the gentleman I always took you for—and

I forget, for ever, all that passed between us so unpleasantly last night: I am sure it will never be so again: for now we *entirely* understand each other?"

"Oh yes—'pon my life—quite entirely!" replied Titmouse, meekly.

Soon after breakfast they adjourned, at Gammon's request, to the billiard-room; where, though that gentleman knew how to handle a cue, and Titmouse did not, he expressed great admiration for Titmouse's play, and felt great interest in being shown by him how to get a ball, now and then, into each pocket at one stroke, a masterly manœuvre which Titmouse succeeded in two or three times, and Gammon not once, during their hour's play. 'Twas upon that occasion that they had the friendly conversation in which Titmouse made the suggestion we have already heard of, viz., that Gammon should immediately clap the screw upon Aubrey, with a view to squeezing out of him at least sufficient to pay the L.10,000 bond, and their bill of costs, immediately; and Titmouse urged Gammon at once to send Aubrey packing after Yahoo to York Castle, as an inducement to an early settlement of the remainder. Gammon, however, assured Mr Titmouse that in all probability Mr Aubrey had not a couple of thousand pounds in the world.

"Well—that will do to begin with," said Titmouse, "and the rest *must* come, sooner or later."

"Leave him to me, my dear Titmouse, or rather to Mr Quirk—who'll *wring* him before he's done with him, I'll warrant him! But, in the meanwhile, I'll work day and night, but I'll relieve you from this claim of Mr Quirk, for, in fact, I have little or no real interest in the matter."

"You'll take a slapping slice out of the bond, eh? Aha, Mr Gammon!—But what were you saying you'd do for me?"

"I repeat, that I am your only disinterested friend, Mr Titmouse; I shall never see a hundred pounds of what is going into Mr Quirk's hands, who, I must say, however, has richly earned what he's going to get, by following my directions throughout. But I was saying that I had hit upon a scheme for ridding you of your difficulties. Though you have only just stepped into your property, and conse-

quently people are very shy of advancing money on mortgage, if you'll only keep quiet, and leave the affair entirely to me, I will undertake to get you a sum of possibly twenty thousand pounds."

"My eyes!" exclaimed Titmouse, excitedly; quickly, however, adding, with a sad air—"but then, what a lot of it will go to old Quirk?"

"He is rather a keen and hard—ahem! I own; but"—

"'Pon my life—couldn't we do the old gent?"

"On no consideration, Mr Titmouse; it would be a fatal step for you—and indeed for me."

"What! and can he do any thing, too? I thought it was only you."—The little fool had brought a glimpse of colour into Gammon's cheek—but Titmouse's volatility quickly relieved his Prospero. "By the way, 'pon my life—sha'n't I have to pay it all back again?—There's a go! I hadn't thought of that."

"I shall first try to get it out of Mr Aubrey," said Gammon, "and then out of another friend of yours. In the mean while, we mustn't drop the Tag-rags, just yet." They then got into a long and confidential conversation together; in the course of which, Titmouse happened to pop out a little secret of his, which till then he had managed to keep from Gammon, and which occasioned that gentleman a great and sudden inward confusion—one which it was odd that so keen an observer as Titmouse did not perceive indications of in the countenance of Gammon, viz. his—Titmouse's—fervent and disinterested love for Miss Aubrey. While he was rattling on with eager volubility upon this topic, Gammon, after casting about a little in his mind, as to how he should deal with this interesting discovery, resolved for the present to humour the notion, and got out of Titmouse a full and particular account of his original "smile"—the indelible impression she had made on his heart—the letter which he had addressed to her—[here Gammon's vivid fancy portrayed to him the sort of composition which must have reached Miss Aubrey, and nearly burst into a gentle fit of laughter]—and, with a strange candour—or rather, to do him justice, with that frank simplicity which is characteristic of noble natures—he at length described

his unlucky encounter with Miss Aubrey and her maid, in the winter; whereat Gammon felt a sort of sudden inward spasm, which by a sort of sympathy excited a twinging sensation in his right toe—but it passed away—'twas only a little juvenile indiscretion of Titmouse's; and Gammon, with rather a serious air, assured Titmouse that he had probably greatly endangered his prospects with Miss Aubrey.

"Eh? Why, de—vil take it! a n't I going to offer to her though she's got nothing?" interrupted Titmouse, with astonishment.

"True!—Ah, I had lost sight of that! Well—if you will pledge yourself to address no more letters to her, nor take any steps to see her, without first communicating with me—I think I can promise—hem!" he looked archly at Titmouse.

"She's a most uncommon lovely gal"—he simpered, sheepishly. The fact was that Gammon had conceived quite another scheme for Titmouse—wholly inconsistent with his pure, ardent, and enlightened attachment to Miss Aubrey; 'twas undoubtedly rather a bold and ambitious one, but Gammon did not despair; for he had that confidence in himself, and in his knowledge of human nature, which always supported him in the most arduous and apparently hopeless undertakings.

There was a visible alteration for the better in the state of things at Yatton, as soon as Messrs Yaboo and Fitz-Snooks had been disposed of. Now and then a few of the distinguished people who had honoured Mr Titmouse by going out in procession to meet and welcome him, were invited to spend a day at Yatton; and generally quitted full of admiration of the dinner and wines they got, the unaffected good-nature and simplicity of their hospitable host, and the bland, composed, and intellectual deportment and conversation of Mr Gammon. When rent-day arrived, Mr Titmouse, attended by Mr Gammon, made his appearance, from time to time, in the steward's room, and also in the hall, where, according to former custom, good substantial fare was set out for the tenants. They received him with a due respect of manner; but where was the cheerfulness, the cordiality, the rough, honest hearti-

ness of days gone by? Few of them stayed to partake of the good things prepared for them, which greatly affected Mr Griffiths, and piqued Mr Gammon: as for Titmouse, however, he said, with a laugh, "Curse them! let 'em leave it alone if a'n't hungry!" and any faint feeling of mortification he might have experienced, was dissipated by the amount of the sum paid into his bankers. Gammon was sensible that the scenes which had been exhibited at Yatton on the first night of his protégé's arrival, had seriously injured him in the neighbourhood and county, and was bent upon effacing, as quickly as possible, such unfavourable impressions, by prevailing on Titmouse to "purge and live cleanly"—at all events for the present.

Let me pause now, for a moment, to inquire, ought not this favoured young man to have felt happy? Here he was, master of a fine estate, producing him a very splendid rent-roll; a delightful residence, suggesting innumerable dear and dignified associations connected with old English feeling; a luxurious table, with the choicest liqueurs and wines in abundance; might smoke the finest cigars that the world could produce, from morning to night, if so disposed; had unlimited facilities for securing a distinguished personal appearance, as far as dress and decoration went; had all the amusements of the county at his command; troops of servants, eager and obsequious in their attentions; horses and carriages of every description which he might have chosen to order out—had, in short, all the "appliances and means to boot," which could be desired or imagined by a gentleman of his station and affluence. Mr Gammon was, though somewhat stern and plain spoken, still a most sincere and powerful friend, deeply and disinterestedly solicitous about his interests, and protecting him from villanous and designing adventurers; then he had in prospect the brilliant mazes of fashionable life in town—oh, in the name of every thing that this world can produce, and of the feelings it should excite, ought not Titmouse to have enjoyed life—to have been happy? Yet he was not; he felt, quite independently of any constraint occasioned by the presence of Mr Gammon, full of deplorable ennui, and wearisomeness inexpressible,

and which nothing could alleviate but the constant use of cigars and brandy and water. On the first Sunday after the departure of Fitz-Snooks, he was prevailed upon to accompany the devout and exemplary Gammon to church; where, barring a good many ill-concealed yawns and constant fidgetiness, he conducted himself with tolerable decorum. Yet still the style of his dress, his air, and his countenance, filled the little congregation with feelings of great astonishment, when they thought that *that* was the new Squire of Yatton, and for a melancholy moment contrasted him with his predecessor, Mr Aubrey. As for the worthy vicar, Dr Tatham, Gammon resolved to secure his good graces, and succeeded. He called upon him soon after having heard from Titmouse of his, Yahoo, and Fitz-Snooks' encounter with Dr Tatham, and expressed profound concern on hearing of the rude treatment he had encountered. There was a gentleness and affability—tempering at once and enhancing his evident acuteness and knowledge of the world—which quite captivated the little doctor. But, above all, the expressions of delicate sympathy and regret, with which he now and then alluded to the late occupants of Yatton, and towards whom the stern requisitions of professional duty had caused him to play so odious a part, and enquired about them, drew out almost all that was in the little doctor's heart concerning his departed friends. Gammon gazed with deep interest at the old blind stag-hound, and feeble old Peggy, and seemed never tired of hearing the doctor's little anecdotes concerning them. He introduced Titmouse to the vicar; and, in his presence, Gammon declared his (Titmouse's) hatred and contempt for the two fellows who were with him when first he saw Dr Tatham; who thereupon banished from his heart all recollection of the conduct which had so deeply hurt his feelings. Gammon, on another occasion, infinitely delighted the doctor by calling on a Monday morning, and alluding with evident interest and anxiety to certain passages in the doctor's sermon of the day before, and which led to a very lengthened and interesting discussion. In consequence of what then transpired, the doctor suddenly bethought himself of writing out an old sermon, which

he had once preached before the judges of assize—and which, during the week, he touched up with a good deal of care for the ensuing Sunday—when he had the satisfaction of observing the marked and undeviating attention with which Mr Gammon sate listening to him; and he afterwards stepped into the little vestry, and warmly complimented the doctor upon his performance. Thus it was that Dr Tatham came to pen a postscript to one of his letters to Mrs Aubrey, which I have formerly alluded to, and of which the following is a copy:—"P.S. By the way, the altered state of things at the Hall, I am of opinion, is entirely owing to the presence and the influence of a Mr Gammon—one of the chief of Mr Titmouse's solicitors, and to whom he seems very firmly attached. I have lived too long in the world to form hasty opinions, and am not apt to be deceived in my estimate of character; but I must say, I consider him to be a very superior man, both in character, intellect, and acquirements. He possesses great acuteness and knowledge of the world, general information, a very calm and courteous address—and above and beyond all, is a man of very enlightened religious feeling. He comes constantly to church, and presents a truly edifying example to all around, of decorum and attention. You would be delighted to hear the discussions we have had on points which my sermons have suggested to him. I preached one lately, specially aimed at him, which, thank God! I have every reason to believe has been attended with happy effects, and allayed some startling doubts which had been for years tormenting him. I am sure that my dear friend" (*i. e.* Mr Aubrey) "would be delighted with him. I had myself, I assure you, to overcome a very strong prejudice against him—a thing I always love to attempt—and have in a measure, in the present instance, succeeded. He speaks of you all frequently, with evident caution, but, at the same time, respect and sympathy."

This postscript it was, which, as I have already intimated, suggested to Mr Aubrey to seek the interview with Gammon which has been described, and during which it was frequently present to his mind.

While, however, under the pressure of Mr Gammon's presence and autho-

rity, Titmouse was for a brief while leading this sober retired life at Yatton—why, he hardly knew, except that Gammon willed it—a circumstance occurred which suddenly placed him on the very highest pinnacle of popularity in metropolitan society. I hardly know how to suppress my feelings of exultation, in retracing the rapid steps by which Mr Titmouse was transformed into a lion of the first magnitude. Be it known that there was a MR BLADDERY PIP, a fashionable novelist, possessed of most extraordinary versatility and power; for he had, at the end of every nine months, during the last nine years, produced a novel in three volumes—each succeeding one eclipsing the splendour of its predecessor, (in the judgment of the most able and disinterested newspaper critics)—in "the masterly structure of the plot"—the "vivid and varied delineation of character"—the "profound acquaintance with the workings of the human heart"—"exquisite appreciation of life in all its endless varieties"—"piercing but delicate satire"—"bold and powerful denunciations of popular vices"—"rich and tender domestic scenes"—"inimitable ease and grace"—"consummate tact and judgment"—"reflection co-extensive with observation"—"the style flowing, brilliant, nervous, varied, picturesque," *et cetera, et cetera, et cetera*. We have, in the present day, thank Heaven! at least a hundred such writers; but at the time about which I am writing, Mr Bladdery Pip was pretty nearly alone in his glory. Such was the man, to whom it suddenly occurred, on glancing over the newspaper report of the trial of *Doe on the Demise of Titmouse v. Joller*, to make the interesting facts of the case the basis of a new novel, on quite a new plan, which was approved of by no less than fifty ladies of rank, to whom the secret had been, in the strictest confidence, entrusted; and which was infinitely to transcend all his former works, and occasion quite a revolution in that brilliant and instructive species of literature. To work went Mr Pip, within a day or two after the trial was over, and in an incredibly short space of time had got to the close of his labours; practice had made him perfect, and given him infinite facility in the production of first-rate writing. The spirited publisher quickly set to

work to get the steam up. How skilfully he went to work! For some time there appeared numerous intimations in the daily papers, that "the circles of ton" were "on the *qui vive*" with expectation of a certain, &c. &c. &c.—that "disclosures of a very extraordinary character" were being looked for—"attempts made to suppress," &c. &c.—"compromising certain distinguished," &c., and so forth; all these paragraphs being in the unquestionable editorial style, and genuine indications of a mysterious undercurrent of curiosity and excitement, existing in those regions which were watched with reverential awe and constancy, by those in the lower regions. As time advanced, more frequent and distinct became the intimations of what was going forward, and what might be shortly expected, from the appearance of the long-promised work. Take, for instance, the following, which ran the round of every newspaper in town and country:—

"The efforts made to deprive the public of the interesting and peculiar scenes contained in the forthcoming novel, and to suppress it, have entirely failed, owing to the resolution of the author, and the determination of the publisher; and their only effect has been to stimulate and expedite their efforts. It will bear the exciting and piquant title—'TIPPETIWIINK'; and is founded on the remarkable circumstances attending the recent trial of a great ejectionment cause at York. More than one noble family's history is involved in some of the details which will be found in the forthcoming publication, for which, we are assured, there are already symptoms of an unprecedented demand. The 'favoured few' who have seen it, predict that it will produce a prodigious sensation. The *happy audacity* with which facts are adhered to, will, we trust, not lead to the disagreeable consequences that are looked for in certain quarters with some anxiety. When we announce that its author is the gifted writer of the 'THE SILVER SPURS'—'SPINNACH'—'TROTUM HALL'—'THE DEVIL'S CHALICE'—'THE PIROUETTE,' &c. &c. &c., we trust we are violating no literary confidence."

There was no resisting this sort of thing. In that day, a skilfully-directed play of puffs laid prostrate the whole reading and fashionable world, produ-

cing the excitement of which they affected to chronicle the existence. The publisher hit upon another admirable device. He had seven hundred copies printed off; and, allowing a hundred for a first edition, he varied the title-pages of the remaining six hundred by the words—"Second Edition"—"Third Edition"—"Fourth Edition"—"Fifth Edition"—"Sixth Edition"—and "Seventh Edition." By the time that the fourth edition had been announced, there existed a real rage for the book; the circulating libraries at the West End of the town were besieged by applicants for a perusal of the work; and "notices" and "extracts" began to make their appearance in the newspapers. The idea of the work was admirable. *Tippetiwink*, the hero, was a young gentleman of ancient family—the only child—kidnapped away in his infancy by the malignant agency of "the demon *Mowbray*," a distant relative, of a fierce and wicked character, who succeeded to the enjoyment of the estate, and would have come, in time, to the honours and estates of the most ancient and noble family in the kingdom, the *Earl of Frizzleton*. Poor *Tippetiwink* was at length discovered by his illustrious kinsman, by mere accident, in an obscure capacity, in the employ of a benevolent linen-draper, *Black-bag*, who was described as one of the most amiable and generous of linen-drappers; and, after a series of wonderful adventures, in which he displayed the most heroic constancy, the Earl succeeds in reinstating his oppressed and injured kinsman in the lofty station he ought always to have occupied. His daughter—a paragon of female loveliness—the *Lady Sapphira Sigh-away*—evinces the deepest interest in the success of *Tippetiwink*; and at length—the happy result may be guessed. Out of these few and natural incidents, Mr Bladdery Pip was pronounced at length, by those who govern, if they do not indeed constitute public opinion, to have produced an imperishable record of his genius, avoiding all the faults, and combining all the excellences, of all his former productions. The identity between *Titmouse* and *Tippetiwink*, *Lord Dreddlington* and *Lord Frizzleton*, *Lady Cecilia* and *Lady Sapphira*, and Mr Aubrey and "the demon *Mowbray*," was quickly established.

The novel passed speedily into the tenth edition; an undoubted, and a very great sensation was produced; extracts descriptive of the persons, particularly that of Titmouse, and the Earl, and Lady Cecilia, figuring in the story, were given in the London papers, and thence transferred into those all over the country. The very author, Mr Bladdery Pip, became a resuscitated lion, and had his portrait, looking most intensely intellectual, prefixed to the tenth edition. Then came portraits of "Tittlebat Titmouse, Esq.," (for which he had never sate,) giving him large melting eyes, and a very pensive face, and a most fashionable dress. The Earl of Dreddlington and Lady Cecilia became also a lion and lioness. Hundreds of opera-glasses were directed at once to their box; innumerable were the anxious salutations they received as they drove round the Park—and they drove round it three or four times as often as they had ever done before. 'Twas whispered that the King had read the book, and drank the Earl's health, under the name of Lord Frizzleton—while the Queen did the same for Lady Cecilia as Lady Sapphira. Their appearance produced a manifest sensation at both the levee and drawing-room—Majesty looked blander than usual as they approached: poor Lord Dreddlington and Lady Cecilia mounted in a trice into the seventh heaven of rapturous excitement; for there was that buoyant quality about their heads which secured them a graceful and rapid upward motion. They were both unutterably happy, living in a gentle, delicious tumult of excited feelings. Irrepressible exultation glistened in the Earl's eyes; he threw an infinite deal of blandness and courtesy into his manners wherever he was and whomsoever he addressed, as if he could now easily afford it, confident in the inaccessible sublimity of his position. It was slightly laughable to observe, however, the desperate efforts he made to maintain his former frigid composure of manner—but in vain; his

nervousness looked almost like a sudden, though gentle, accession of St Vitus' dance. Innumerable were the enquiries made after Titmouse—his person—his manners—his character—his dress, by her friends, of Lady Cecilia. Young ladies tormented her for his autograph. 'Twas with her as if the level surface of the Dead Sea had been stirred by the freshening breeze!

When a thing of this sort is once fairly set going, where is it to end? When fashion does go mad, her madness is wonderful; and she very soon turns the world mad. Presently the young men appeared in stocks—black satin stocks, embroidered, some with flowers, and others with gold, were worn every where, called "*Titmouse. Ties*;" and in hats, with high crowns and rims a quarter of an inch in depth, called "*Tittlebat's*." All the young blades about town, especially in the City, dressed themselves in the most extravagant style; an amazing impetus was given to the cigar trade—the shops were crowded, and every puppy that walked the streets puffed cigar-smoke in your eyes. In short, lively *Titmouse* might be seen running about the streets in all directions. As for Tag-rag, wonders befell him. A paragraph in a paper pointed him out as the original of Black-bag, and his shop as the scene of Titmouse's service. Thither quickly poured the tide of fashionable curiosity and custom. His business was soon trebled. He wore his best clothes every day, and smirked, and smiled, and bustled about in a perfect crowd in his shop, in a fever of excitement. He began to think of buying the adjoining premises, and adding them to his own; and set his name down as a subscriber of half-a-guinea a-year to the "Decayed Drapers' Association." These were glorious times for Mr Tag-rag. He had to engage a dozen extra hands; there were never less than fifty or a hundred persons in his shop at once; strings of carriages before his door, sometimes two deep, and struggles between the coachmen for precedence; in fact, he believed that the Millennium was coming in earnest.

THE TOURISTS.

ONCE Satan and Moloch
 Set out on their rambles,
 To refresh their old hearts
 With a view of our gambols ;
 For of late they had seen
 But a few of the men
 Who once brought the news
 Of this world to their den.

Since Napoleon "Le Grand"
 They had scarcely a hero ;
 In fact, the world's glories
 Were sinking to zero.
 So they came up to see
 What their old friends were doing,
 What mischief the soldiers
 And statesmen were brewing.

As they rose in the East,
 Moloch stepp'd on a skull ;
 "Aha!" said the fiend,
 "I see signs of Stamboul."
 Satan kick'd it away,
 And exclaim'd with a sneer,
 "That skull was Mahmoud's,
 Once my fav'rite Vizier.

"He murder'd his friends
 And he crouch'd to his foes ;
 The Sun of his Empire
 Went down, when he rose.
 And now Earth's crown'd idiots
 Will fight on his grave,
 But to see which shall prove
 Most the tyrant or slave."

When they rambled to Russia,
 And saw its gay Czar,
 Like a prince of the Opera,
 All riband and star,
 Said Satan, "This son
 Of the regions of sleet
 Has one-half of the world
 For a toy at his feet ;

Not content with the half,
 He's resolved to have all ;
 Though cities may burn,
 And millions may fall."
 "That will do," cried the pair,
 As they snuff'd up the gore ;
 Satan roar'd with delight—
 Moloch echo'd the roar.

Then they rambled to France ;
 All was fertile and fair ;
 The fields were all harvest,
 All fragrance the air.
 'Twas a sting to their hearts,
 And each cried with a groan,
 "What blockhead of clay
 Can deserve such a throne ?"

But they heard a wild shout,
 Smoke darken'd the sun,
 They heard the guns thunder,
 The war was begun !
 There was slaughter on sea,
 And slaughter on shore ;
 And the two rovers laugh'd
 Louder still than before.

Then they rambled to England,
 "Ah! here all is sage,"
 Said the pair. "All is Mind,
 In advance of the age."
 They saw loveliness spread
 On the hill and the dale,
 The church on the mount,
 And the cot in the vale.

They saw the proud forest
 Of masts on the Thames,
 They saw its bold people,
 Like earth's beacon flames.
 But they look'd on the reptiles
 That crept round Whitehall!
 And then they laugh'd longest
 And loudest of all.

ARETINO.

DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA.

BY MONS. A. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

THE concluding volumes of this work have lately appeared. In the two preceding ones, duly noticed by us, M. de Tocqueville examined the positive institutions of America. He had then a solid body of facts on which to rest his observations; and the clearness with which he analysed and exposed to view the working and tendencies of the democratic state of society exhibited in the United States, carried all his readers with him. Whether they liked or disliked the inferences to which his remarks seemed to point, they acknowledged, either promptly or reluctantly, that his statements, and his comments upon them, were fair, luminous, and most eminently instructive.

His treatment of the second part of his subject now under our review, is not, we conjecture, likely to meet with the same universal approbation and applause. These volumes are purely *reflective*; yet their author hardly commentates on any specific matter or matters whatsoever; but generalizes on wide and abstract systems and principles, which, from their very nature, reject those detailed investigations and solutions to which he would subject them. To give to generalization the preciseness and applicability of practical deductions, is quite impossible; and this is what M. de Tocqueville has attempted to do. Montesquieu, in his *Esprit des Loix*, generalizes all along, it is true; but he does so with a substratum of long-standing, indubitable, firmly established facts under him: he never moves for a moment from off this safe ground, except in one or two instances, to fall, as time has proved, into error; and besides, his generalizations occupy their proper place where they are good and profitable, high above and far removed from the movement and passions of the active world. The work on our table has reminded us of the *chef-d'œuvre* of Montesquieu. M. de Tocqueville seems to us to possess that patient thoughtful temper of mind, that masculine comprehensiveness of intelligence, that lucidity of perception and expression, which might

perhaps have enabled him, had he lived in earlier times propitious to great literary undertakings, to have written such a book as the *Esprit des Loix*. We are not sensible of any exaggeration in this remark; at the same time we pronounce, though with some diffidence and hesitation, his last production to be a *failure*. Its failure consists in its conception and plan, not in its execution.

The design of this production has been to take all the great questions which are actually agitating the civilized world, and to make of them (questions!) postulates and premises from which to deduce certain consequences. Monsieur de Tocqueville classes these very complex questions under two heads—Aristocracy and Democracy; and of these two primary elements of society, separating them in their predominance carefully from each other, he describes and predicates the effects with the utmost assurance. Herein, then, is the great original vice of his work; viz. that it has no foundation of admitted truths, or, as his foregoing volumes had, of substantial indisputable facts to stand upon. It is a superstructure of theorizings without any base to support it, and these theorizings M. de Tocqueville strives, from his first page to his last, to reduce and to bring down into close immediate application to the present unsettled and stormy state of the public mind in Europe—to gather them, as it were, into a body or code of reflections, for the prudential guidance of the perplexed politicians of this age. But his theoretic generalizations will not, of course, bear this confinement to special views and preconceptions; they burst into shivers under the unnatural constraint, and leave their author in strange bewilderment. Another peculiarity of this distinguished person tends also to give a confused uncertainty, quite correspondent to the inherent character of his theme, to the opinions he expresses: it is this—that he is a conscientious reasoner: and thus it happens that his strong overmastering love of truth, wrestles continually with the propositions he

would establish, and instead of contributing in any measure to their establishment, or to bring them even to a specious close, renders them more doubtful than previous to examination they might appear to be. His dissertations, in consequence, are a labyrinth of doubts; not a formation, but a *suspension of judgment* respecting every topic therein discussed, is the result in which they terminate. For our own parts, we think this may be as it should be. Decisions touching the transformation society is *said* to be undergoing, from the conflict of aristocratic and democratic principles, cannot be pronounced off-hand. In essaying to arrive at these decisions, however, with nothing but the distempered instabilities of recent and actual experience whereon to build them, M. de Tocqueville has broken down completely. His subject, contemplated through the medium through which he contemplates it—the troubled medium of a period described as one of transition—is, so to speak, made up of refractions which will not submit to condensation, which refuse to converge towards the focus he would arbitrarily assign them.

But from his work itself it is time we furnish an extract. Our first, somewhat abridged in our translation, will show the manner in which M. de Tocqueville discriminates equality from liberty, and an aristocratic from a democratic society. His two volumes are but an expansion of the two chapters from which we are about to quote the most striking passages—

“The first,” he says, “the most vivid passion that springs out of equality of condition, is the love of equality itself. I speak of it therefore first. Every one has remarked that at the present time, and especially in France, the passion for equality occupies with every new day a larger and larger place in the human heart. It has been said a hundred times that our contemporaries entertain a much more ardent and tenacious love of equality than of liberty; but the causes of this fact have not yet been clearly pointed out. This I shall now endeavour to do.

“An extreme point may be imagined in which liberty and equality meet and mix. I take for a supposition that all the citizens of a state concur in its government, and that each citizen has an equal right so to do. In this case, no distinctions existing between man and man, the exer-

cise of tyrannic power would be impossible; men would be perfectly free, because they would be perfectly equal; and they would all be perfectly equal, because they would be completely free. It is towards the realization of this ideal that a democratic people tend. This ideal is the most perfect form that equality can possibly assume; but it may have other forms, which, without being so complete, may be hardly less dear to democracies.

“Equality may be established in civil society, and not prevail in the political world. A species of equality may also be established in the political world without political liberty. Men may be equal indiscriminately among themselves, with the exception of one, who may be the master of all, and who may choose equally from among all the agents of his power. Other hypotheses may, too, be easily conceived, by which a very wide equality might consort with institutions more or less free, or not free at all.

“The passion which men entertain for liberty, and that which they entertain for equality, are in fact two distinct things; and I hesitate not to say, that among democratic nations they are two unequal things.

“A little reflection will show us, that in every age some dominant passion or fact exists which sums up in itself all popular sentiments and ideas. Now, the dominant passion which characterises the present age is the love of equality. Ask not what charm men in democratic epochs find in being equal, nor the particular reasons they may have for attaching themselves more obstinately to equality than to any of the other benefits they may derive from society. Equality forms the distinctive tendency of the period in which they live. This alone suffices to explain why they prefer it to every thing else. But, independent of this reason, there are others which dispose men habitually to prize equality above liberty.

“If a people could ever destroy or even diminish equality after it had struck firm root among them, they could accomplish this only by long and painful efforts; by modifying their social state, by abolishing their laws, by remodelling all their thoughts, by changing their habits and revolutionizing their manners. To lose political liberty, however, it suffices not to grasp it firmly. The hold on it once loosened, and it is gone. Equality, therefore, is cherished, not solely on its own account, but because it seems as if naturally it would last for ever. The blessings, too, which liberty procures, are of slow growth, and it is not always easy to trace them to their source; whilst the advantages of

equality are felt instantly, and their origin cannot be for a moment mistaken. Political liberty gives from time to time sublime pleasures to a certain number of citizens. Equality furnishes every day a multitude of small gratifications to every individual. Men can only enjoy political liberty at the cost of some sacrifices, and it is to be attained only by vigorous exertions. But the pleasures of equality are spontaneous. All the little incidents of private life give occasion to them every day, and to enjoy them it is only necessary to live.

"I am of opinion that all democratic nations have a natural taste for liberty. Left to themselves they love it, they cultivate it, and it is with grief they see it escape them. But for equality their passion is ardent, insatiable, invincible, eternal; they covet equality in liberty; but if they cannot so obtain it, they will hug it to their bosoms even in slavery. Poverty, subjection, barbarism they will endure, but not aristocracy.

"These observations are true at all times, but more especially so in ours. All who struggle against the irresistible power of equality, will by it be destroyed. In our days, liberty cannot be established without its support, and despotism itself can rest on no other foundation.

"Aristocratic institutions connect every man very straitly with many of his contemporaries. When classes are very distinct and kept separate, each of these classes becomes to those who belong to it a little country, more visible and more dear to him than the nation at large; and as in aristocratic societies all the citizens have their fixed stations, and rise in due gradations according to their ranks, the one above the other, it results that each individual among them has always some one above him whose protection is needful to him, and some one below him whose assistance he may claim.

"Men, then, who live in aristocratic ages, have nearly always social affinities beyond themselves, and are often disposed to forget their personal interests. In democratic ages, on the contrary, when the duties of each man towards the human race are more clear, disinterested devotion to particular persons becomes more rare: the bond of the affections is at the same time widened and loosened.

"Among democratic people new families spring up incessantly from obscurity, into which others fall. The course of time is interrupted every moment, the vestige of generations is effaced. Oblivion falls upon preceding periods, and of those which are to come no idea can be formed. Things close at hand alone interest.

"Aristocracy has made a long chain of

all the citizens of a state which has reached from the peasant to the king. Democracy is breaking this chain, and putting each link of it apart. Thus democracy not only makes every man forget his ancestors, but hides from him his descendants, and separates him from his contemporaries; it shuts him up in himself, imprisons him in the solitude of his own heart."

Now, in the above extract, equality and liberty are very finely discriminated from each other. Hitherto we felt convinced the two things have been confounded together; and that, in the popular apprehension, they continue to be so.

The mistake has thus arisen. Every beneficial advance society, in every age, has made, has been owing to a large measure of spontaneous energy being left to the people. This, when legalized, is called civil liberty; and by this liberty, wherever it has been most effectually carried out, so ample a scope is given to individual volitions and exertions, that, by a natural association of ideas, its extension to its utmost bounds is suggested, of which equality to a loose thinker may seem to be the logical consequence. Such a one will also confusedly deem equality to contain the first germ of liberty, as well as to be liberty's ultimate consummation, and will reason that, if its intermediate effects are so good, its full realization must be most excellent. In this manner, liberty and equality have come to be considered as but different degrees and states of the same principle. It is presupposed by great numbers that the two objects are so radically identic that they cannot be disjoined; and as liberty certainly does tend towards as real an equalization of men as their social relations will admit of, the assumption receives thereby countenance which greatly embarrasses those who have an internal conviction of its falsehood.

To draw, then, a strong line between the two principles, we would remark that equality resembles and differs from liberty precisely in the same way that despotism resembles and differs from government. Equality and despotism are both, in their purity, impracticable abstract conceptions. In exercise, they lose necessarily their ideal perfection, yet their abstract standard is for ever before them, and gives a tension to their working, which must needs be oppressive in the extreme. Liberty and government, on

the contrary, are compound complex things. They contain no abstruse *ideal*; they have no reference to any abstract standard of right. In practice and experience alone, they have their existence. They have no philosophic or metaphysic prototype to which they are constantly striving to conform. They are, in their own nature, compromises, accommodations, temperaments. They are thus plastic to all the varying conditions of humanity. They have no *absoluteness*, no seminal absolute theory to be developed and carried out within them. They have consequently *freedom*—large spaces to move in; whilst equality and despotism are both for ever under the direct constraint and inflicting the most rigorous tyranny, being continually strained up to attain a point of completeness which is perfectly unattainable.

M. de Tocqueville, then, has done good service in distinguishing so broadly, equality from liberty with respect to the *practical* effects of each; but we regret he has not discerned the still broader distinction that exists between their *essential* properties. Equality, as he has indeed cursorily admitted, contains an *ideal*; liberty contains *none*. This consideration alone shows them not only to be different from, but incompatible with each other.

We have at present to request the attention of our readers to the significance M. de Tocqueville affixes to the terms *democratic* and *aristocratic ages*. It might be thought that the title of a democratic age could only apply to a period or a country wherein democratic institutions and forms of government had exclusively or predominantly prevailed, or did so now; and as, in one part of the work before us, all allusion to the ancient republics of Greece and Rome, and to the Swiss and Italian republics, is expressly omitted, it might be inferred that the denomination could only be applicable to the United States of America during the greater part of one unelapsed century. And that, on the other hand, the title of an aristocratic age could be applied solely to nations and epochs, wherein aristocratic forms and institutions had absorbed or domineered over all others, or continued to have the precedence. But by this supposition it would seem that the mixed form of government, which,

especially in modern times, has obtained so extensive an establishment, is left totally out of consideration; and, in truth, totally out of consideration M. de Tocqueville leaves it. Yet does he not give the obvious significance we have mentioned to the words *aristocratic* and *democratic ages*.

By the phrase, aristocratic age, he means any age in which the aristocratic *spirit* has ascendantly pervaded society, which spirit has ever had a body of positive organs whereby to act. By a democratic age, he means any age in which a democratic *spirit* of that peculiar sort that embraces equality as its *sine quâ non*, has been ascendant, though this spirit has been without any legally organized means of action. By understanding his words in this sense, can one alone conceive how *nations* (the plural noun being always used) are spoken of as democratic, seeing there is only one nation to whom the epithet, in its strict acceptance, can be appropriate; and even in this vaguer sense, the word *ages* (in the plural) manifests a wonderful intrepidity of assumption; for one century has not yet gone by since the American declaration of independence; and it was subsequent to that event—at the outbreaking of the French Revolution in the year 1789—that the democratic spirit, which M. de Tocqueville has exclusively in his thoughts, was first fairly developed in France, and acquired here and there more or less favour throughout Europe. It is certain, nevertheless, that it is this very spirit, so newly exhibited, which, even granting for a moment (a concession we cannot seriously make) that it has displayed itself in America, has there but an experiment unproved to appeal to in its support, and is every where else but a wild fermentation of society, that M. de Tocqueville denominates emphatically, and very absurdly to our thinking, “democratic nations, democratic ages.” Aristocratic times, in which he seems to include the mixed times of aristocracy and democracy, are held up by him as passed or passing. The pure democratic future occupies his whole attention; and this inevitable future, according to him, is strangely spoken of as having already existed for centuries.

This observation leads us to note another fundamental vice in the plan of M. de Tocqueville's work; it is

this: That it is by design throughout anticipative; it depicts things which are not, which are yet, to say the most, but in these possible causes, as though they were, and were on the point of being full formed and established. He would regard the whole social and political condition of humanity as rapidly transforming, and as in principle already transformed, and the old social system of the world as worn out and ready to vanish away. His volumes are pervaded by this one thought. But on what, we would ask, is it founded? Simply on this: that in many civilized nations, the body of the people have recently acquired a great increase of knowledge and of power. Certainly this is a fact of immense importance, and must considerably modify government and society, as governments and society have been modified at former epochs by changes in the popular character not less momentous. But to reason from this, (as M. de Tocqueville manifestly does,) that an entire remould of the civil state of mankind is casting, and must inevitably be cast, appears to us to be preposterous, false, and pernicious. This notion, however, is somewhat widely entertained, or rather, being very obscure, it merits, like all obscure sentiments, better the name of a passion than of a notion; it is felt, not understood, and we will endeavour now to show how it has gained so extensive a prevalence.

It has sprung out of the great French Revolution. That Revolution had this prominent and peculiar feature: its scope was not confined to France, it embraced in its tendencies all people. Frenchmen were less its particular, than humanity at large was its general object. It aimed at the *universal*; its most potent spell-word was the *regeneration* of man. First principles were appealed to, not simply to give effect to a series of new measures, to specify reforms, or even to an entire new system of government separately and practically apprehended, but *for their own sakes*. The triumph of an elementary principle was regarded as infinitely more important than the establishment of any body of positive institutions possibly could be. Institutions were held only to be valuable inasmuch as they expressed, with the simplest directness, some metaphysical principle,

which might address mankind in the gross without any reference to national distinctions. The *real*, in brief, was sought in the *ideal*. A metaphysical ideal was thrust naked into the strife of active life, instead of being, as all the analogies of man's present nature and condition show it should be, covered up, fenced round, and kept apart by the numerous anomalies of the *real*, from all immediate contact with any but a remote refracted influence on the human mind and human affairs. But the French were ardent to get at, to *realize* the ideal, which is always an *universal*. And with respect to their *ideal of society*, the doctrine of equality seemed to comprise its very essence, and to be best adapted to carry it out into practice.

As far then as the Idealism of France has prevailed, that obscure presentiment of, and passion for, a general fundamental transformation of society is explained. We admit also that this passion is partially felt in many countries, and if we thought it predominant, we should be of the opinion which M. de Tocqueville evidently harbours; viz. that a completely new order of things, of one grand uniform character, aptly described by the words democracy and equality in *his sense*, was working out as far as civilisation extends.

This opinion forms another main artery of his work: he attributes the French sentiment on this subject to all nations. One cannot read a single chapter of his work without being struck by the conviction that all his observations, touching all people, are made from the meridian of Paris. There are, nevertheless, distinctions which go deep to be insisted on.

In the first place, we deny altogether that America, M. de Tocqueville's professed theme, is or ever has been in the slightest degree affected by the French passion. Certainly no two countries can exhibit so perfect a contrast as do America and France in this particular. The words democracy and equality have a notable diversity of signification in the apprehension of the Frenchman and of the American. The former sees in them, as we have said, an ideal; he maintains and defends them continually by abstract reasonings. The latter is quite insensible to those subtle perceptions, which give them all their value to the Frenchman. He understands them only as

practical things, and values them solely on account of their practical effects. Indeed, equality in the United States should more properly be called rude and exuberant freedom; for it wants the chief mark—passionate blindness—by which M. de Tocqueville has discriminated equality from liberty. It has in America arisen out of, and is associated with, no eccentric agitations of the spiritual man, but comes entirely from the *terra firma* man; it has grown out of circumstances; it has been fashioned by circumstances; external events have played their proper part; they have had their due directing force. Whereas, in France precisely the reverse has happened. Events there have had but a subordinate agency, whilst a transcendental, abstruse, visionary ideology, has taken the lead, and suppressed the legitimate guiding influence which events ought to exert. It is because we do not discern the slightest trace of this theoretic kind of equality in America, despite her unmixed democratic forms, that we believe civil liberty will last in that country; whilst these forms will, it is probable, undergo many modifications, and admit many new elements into their composition.

Again, let us look to England. The origin, the history, all the developments of British liberty are thoroughly of another stamp, of another school from that of France. We say not that of late years some seeds of the Gallican tree of liberty have not been sown amongst us, and put forth certain wild shoots; but the plant is not indigenous, and cannot be naturalized in our political clime. What, however, we chiefly wish to insist on is—that between English and French *minds* there is a still stronger antagonism than there is even between the civil constitutions of the two countries.

To illustrate our meaning: compare Cobbett with any French movement man or demagogue one may choose to select; compare attentively Major Cartwright with Lafayette, (two men who have many striking points of resemblance,) and the minds and views of these worthies, treating the same subjects, using the same terms, aiming apparently at the same results, as far as general expressions can indicate their purposes, will be found not divergent, for divergency

supposes an original agreement; but widely, and from the beginning, separate, informed by different principles, and seeking consummations which on the one hand the Englishman, and on the other the Frenchman, would reject with abhorrence. Two other examples of the incompatible qualities of the English and French genius, with respect to their political and social philosophy, are to be found in Godwin and Madame de Staël. Godwin's philosophic works discover prominently a French mind. Had he been born in France, and written in the French language, they would no doubt have had a high celebrity and an enduring popularity; whilst with us, after having excited surprise and a general contemptuous indignation for a season, they have sunk into oblivion, and are now regarded as little better than waste paper. Madame de Staël, on the contrary, was eminently English in all her sentiments, and for this reason; notwithstanding her incontestable superiority of talent, she is but scantily and grudgingly appreciated in France. Napoleon told her that her works were *not French*, and this criticism on his part was a just one. In England and in Germany she ranks very high; but Frenchmen invariably shrug their shoulders when they hear her praised.

Whatever changes, then, may be preparing for Great Britain, it is evident they will proceed from a *mind*, from a cast of intellect, altogether alien from that from which France must derive all her future destinies.

Further; as M. de Tocqueville assumes all along, that one common democratic destiny awaits all nations, and that the key-note of this destiny has been struck by France, he should make it appear that the probable determining causes of the future career of the people, are the same as the determining causes which must shape the fortunes of the French people; but from the great Revolution of '89 flows, and must flow the lifeblood of France. Are, then, the spirit and principles of that Revolution common to all civilized land? Partially we admit that spirit has spread throughout Europe, whilst it has left, we repeat, America intact. In words rather than in things, in detached facts, not in their scope and intent, the French Revolution is, we acknowledge, faintly re-

flected back from many countries. But whilst the mental and moral springs of action in different nations continue in the main distinct; whilst their national characters and all that goes to form them, are diametrically opposed to each other; whilst their hearts and wills are nationally set in opposite directions, and all their interior processes of thought move round different centres, we cannot recognise any similarity of condition between them, merely because intentions and aims, essentially separate and diverse, may be accompanied now and then by similar accidental circumstances, and are called by the same names.

It is not to be denied, nevertheless, that society is stirred and commoved every where very deeply, and that the universal movement goes to increase the power of the people. But the mistake of M. de Tocqueville is in this: He supposes this movement to be in all countries of the same nature, and to tend to like results; *i. e.*, that its French aspect is its general aspect, and that whatever is true of it in France, is true of it in all other parts of the world. Here we make our stand against him. We maintain especially that the description he has given of democracy and equality only describes the French conception of democracy and equality; and that in England, and more positively in America, this French idea is sternly reprobated and repudiated. With this conviction we cannot look forward to the future, as Frenchmen have got the habit of doing, as into a scene of things totally new—dissevered from all past experience, and to exhibit mankind in a position, and under relations such as they have never hitherto known. M. de Tocqueville's volumes, dubiously, and even contradictorily as his pictures are drawn, are burdened in their every page with this stupendous imagination.

But this imagination can never become a reality, except by reversing completely the natural order of human proceedings. That order *was* reversed in France at the great Revolution. Hence the imagination has received some countenance. Abstract philosophic theories of government usurped, at that period, that front place which material interests, which practical wants and advantages, should hold in the mind of a nation; and

these interests and these practicabilities, in their turn, exerted only that remote influence which it is the legitimate and most excellent property of theoretic wisdom to put forth. Mistaking the nature of man and of society, (being unbelievers in Christianity they could not do otherwise,) the French aimed at the *absolute* instead of the *relative*, and they continue to do so still. They are in action what the Germans are in speculation. Mystic and visionary thoughts, which a German might elaborately excogitate in his closet, they formerly endeavoured to realize with frantic violence, as they do now, having a better prospect of success, with a specious moderation. The National, the Constituent Assemblies, the Convention, the Girondists, Robespierre, Marat, Danton, St Just, were all visionists in the French style; and Messrs Cormenin, Mauguin, and many others actually playing distinguished parts in France, show that this breed of men is still there popularly ascendant. In other countries, however, they exist not, or are so thinly scattered, and are of so bastard a sort, as to be without any weight, political or moral, whatever. We insist emphatically upon the distinction we here make; for we are persuaded that it fundamentally subverts the whole fabric of M. de Tocqueville's anticipative reasonings and conjectures, touching the opening destinies of the civilized world.

When men base their social progress on *things to be done*, which come home to their business and bosoms, and not on ideas to be propagated, which make action mad when they are the proposed end of action, then we may be sure that all in the main is safe and right; for the ordinary agitations of communities, however great, have no tendencies whatever to produce those complete transformations of society, which spring always out of the irresistible predominance of some new *spiritual* principle, and never out of the common energies and activities of men, however high-wrought, enterprising, and ambitious these may be.

Instead, therefore, of dwelling so much on aristocratic and democratic ages, and equality, M. de Tocqueville would, in our judgment, have thrown a much truer light on the deep subject he has chosen to treat, had he shown where the passion for the *ideal*,

and where the passion for the *real*, rationally prevail, and had he seen in these two sources the probable formation of the proclivitous future which seems to inspire him with so much terror. It would then have been manifest to him, that there are no such great changes to be apprehended as he imagines; that the *Real* in the two freest countries on the face of the globe, is more than an overmatch for the *Ideal* in France, and is able to counterbalance and counteract its effects very sufficiently. But in lieu of contemplating the future through this medium, which we hold to be the true one, he has presupposed the French spirit, the spirit of the Revolution of '89, to be universal. America, England, his own country, and every land wherein popular movements are at all felt, are placed by him, in this respect, under the same category. He writes of France, and to France almost exclusively, even when he professes most directly to be occupied only with America. In France, he seems to fancy he has discovered the *Catholic* passion of all nations; and this notion, which forms the very base of the whole argument of his two volumes, falsifies radically all the dubious and frightened deductions he has drawn from it.

We must mention here, that M. de Tocqueville sometimes uses the term equality in the sense of liberty, and sometimes the term liberty in the sense of equality, despite the very able manner in which he has discriminated them from each other. This produces some confusion.

Before we proceed, we must return to the above extract, in order to protest most strongly against the assertion, that democratic nations—democratic in every sense but the French sense—or that nations, enjoying the largest measure of civil liberty society has ever experienced, entertain so frenzied a love of equality as to prefer it with slavery to liberty without it. Neither will we admit, but deny altogether, that these nations feel so deep a horror for aristocracy as our author maintains they do. Englishmen, the great body, the great majority of Englishmen, foster a rational, a profound admiration for the aristocratic institutions of their country. And there is no more remarkable feature in the national

character of the Americans, than the sentiment of homage which these real republicans, not in will but in fact—these real democrats, not in theory but positively, feel and express—though inconsistently with their civil constitution, and, therefore, with a reluctant awkwardness—for title, rank, station, and all those hereditary and conventional honours, which cannot exist in any state without some admixture of the aristocratic element. The assertion of M. de Tocqueville on which we are commenting, is true of France, and France only. There, indeed, a hatred of aristocracy, a *mania* for equality, an indifference for liberty, and an aptitude for slavery, all go hand in hand together.

We will now give another extract from the work before us, which will show what a thoroughly different being, from what he is at present, M. de Tocqueville would make of man, when the democratic change shall have passed fully upon him.

He is speaking of the literature, especially of the peculiar sources of poetry which will be opened, he imagines, to democratic ages. Now, poetry has ever been fed, from the remotest times down to the hour in which we live, from the same springs of emotion. Amidst all its infinite varieties, it has thus ever been *alter et idem*. Its inspirations have never been circumscribed. Of the fountains of which Homer, Shakspeare, and Milton drank, the humblest poet has drank. All have been moved by the same grand overpowering and sustaining *whole*, which we call *Nature*,—the universe of man; all have felt in its presence, like the prophet Daniel in the presence of the Almighty, overwhelmed, prostrated, strengthless, subdued into unspeakable humiliation; and all, touched by its touch, have sprung up, as the prophet did at the Divine voice of command, endued with a surprising amplitude of heart and vision. But some have been more, some less deeply moved, and their sensibilities have been differently affected. M. de Tocqueville, however, would have us to believe that poetry is no longer to operate in this way. Certain of its sources which have been hitherto the most inspiring, he assures us will, in democratic ages, be dried up; whilst others, he says, will be en-

larged. But if our thought be right, that poetry derives her very essence from nature at large, without restriction or limitation of any kind, to dry up any of her sources, which are not merely local and accidental, is to dry them all up together. And such a change in the character of poetry, as M. de Tocqueville supposes will come about, appears to us quite impossible, unless a correspondent change, not in governments, not in society, but in human nature itself, takes place at the same time. It is thus he writes upon the subject :—

“An aristocracy leads men naturally to the contemplation of the past, around which their imagination delights to hover. Democracy, on the contrary, gives men a sort of instinctive disgust for all that is ancient. In this respect, aristocracy is much the most-favourable of the two to poetry; for things assume grandeur in proportion as they are obscure and distant, and are thus more adapted to the purposes of poetical composition.”

But not only of the past does equality rob poetry, it disinherits her also of much of the present. In democratic societies men are very diminutive, and very much alike; every one sees in himself the likeness of all others; there is no illusion. The poets, then, who live in democratic ages can never venture to portray an individual; for an object which has only mediocrity in it, and which is thoroughly understood, can never raise the ideas to a poetic pitch. We conclude, therefore, that equality being established on the earth, would dry up most of the ancient sources of poetry.

Let us now see how she will discover new ones :—

“When doubt had unpeopled heaven, and the progress of equality had reduced each man to proportions better known and smaller, poets, not having yet discovered what they could put in the place of the immense objects which disappeared with the aristocracy, turned their regard towards inanimate nature. Losing sight of heroes and of gods, they undertook to paint rivers and mountains. Hence the origin, in the last century, of that poetry which is called descriptive. Some have thought that pictures of this kind, descriptions of the material and inanimate things which cover the earth, constitute the poetry suitable to democratic ages; but this I believe to be an error. The descriptive school of poetry, in my opinion, represents but an

epoch of transition; and I am convinced that democracy must eventually turn the imagination from all that is exterior to man, to fix it upon man alone.

“I have already shown that the idea of progress, and of the indefinite perfectibility of the human species, belonged to democratic ages.

“Democratic people care nothing for what *has been*, but their minds dwell willingly on what *will be*. In this direction their imagination has no limits; it has expansion and exaggeration into a measureless futurity.

“Thus a vast career may be opened to poets; grand conceptions, which the understanding cannot comprehend, must rise up before them. One door being shut upon the past, another will burst open into the future.

“In democratic ages, the extreme mobility of men, and their impatient desires, make them change almost unceasingly their place of abode. The inhabitants of different countries mix together, come face to face, talk together, imitate each other; they thus come to have but one common aspect. And it is not only the citizens of the same nation, but different nations also, by the same frequency of intercourse, must assimilate, and form altogether, to the eye of the spectator, but one vast democracy. The human race may thus, for the first time, be viewed under one grand figure—that of a universal democracy. This surely would be a noble and inspiring object for the contemplation of a poet.

“In democratic times faith in positive creeds wavers; and belief in any intermediate power, by whatever name it may be called, vanishes away. But, on the other hand, men are disposed to conceive a much vaster idea of the Deity, and of the Divine intervention in human affairs. Regarding the human race as one whole, they easily arrive at the conclusion that one design presides over the destinies of all, and in the actions of each individual they recognise the trace of a general plan, according to which the omniscient power rules over the entire family of men. Here, then, is another abundant spring of poetry open to democracies.

“The language, the costume, the daily actions of the people of a democracy, repel the imagination. Yet it is not necessary to ransack heaven and earth to discover an object, wonderful, full of contrasts, admirable and contemptible, full of light and full of darkness. To find this object, man has but to meditate on himself. He springs out of nothing, traverses time, and disappears for ever in the bosom of God. He is seen but for a

moment, flitting on the brink of two abysses—he falls, ‘and where is he?’”

We cannot forbear to add a few words on the passage just cited. Though abridged from the original, it contains the substance of a whole chapter. We would ask—Do not the past and the future appeal to our sensibilities, to our imagination, by the same law of our nature? Both affect us as spiritual beings, having sympathies and life which extend beyond our actual bodily duration. When we contemplate ancient ruins, cities, or sites, where great actions have been performed, where great men have lived; when we accompany Volney or Keith through the East, or tread over the ground of Greece or Italy, thronged and hallowed by grand historic recollections, do not our meditations carry us out of ourselves; and whilst they plunge us deep into the past, do they not simultaneously transport our dim thoughts into a boundless future? The past, indeed, is the only part of the electric chain of our immaterial existence which we can touch, and, which touched, brings to us an electric instantaneous conviction of the future. The past and future are essential counterparts of each other. Without the former we could have no conception of the latter. To imagine a people, therefore, especially the poets of a people, to be insensible, indifferent to all that has gone before them, and yet to be inspired by visions of things to come, is to imagine, in our opinion, an impossibility. The insensibility supposed is inconsistent with the supposed sensibility, and would manifest a cloddishness of temperament that would prove the poetic spirit to be totally extinct.

There is a murky sort of close horizoned future, however, we readily concede, but which it would be profanation to call *the* future even in an earthly sense, that may be anticipated without one spark of poetic fire, and with a consummate contempt for the past: it is the future of Radical newspapers, of turbulent election speeches, of gabbling demagogues. This is the future which M. de Tocqueville must have in his mind when he describes generations to come as divorced from all interest in times gone by, and as cold to the magnificence and charms of external nature. But we will take upon us to affirm, that should this kind of fu-

ture he fancies, he foresees, swell into such immense proportions before nations as he imagines, poetry, instead of finding inspiration therein, would be extinguished for ever by so anti-poetic a phenomenon. No communion with the ages of antiquity, with the preceding course and eventfulness of time—no communion with the surrounding creation of God, and yet poetry!! The very idea is preposterous.

Yet, withal, though these contemplations which most minister to the spiritual affections of man, which have the nearest affinities with his spiritual aspirations, are to lose caste, to be cashiered as it were, and turned out of service, men are to be profoundly religious! The religion, however, to which M. de Tocqueville alludes, is quite as independent of any creed as it is of any superstition. It is not then Christianity—it is natural religion. When all people become as one people through the operation of democracy, this religion, in contradiction to the experience of about two thousand years, is to exert an influence, of which, though existing for that long period, it has hitherto shown no symptom, and men are to probe their hearts, the mysteries of their being, and to feel the presence and to see the finger of God the more potently, according to the degree in which they are regardless of all that has gone before them—dead to the outward universe, divested of Christianity, revolving closely round themselves in narrow selfishness, and having for the bourn of their views the indefinite perfectibility of their species in *this world*, to be worked out, of course, through the medium of political agitations.

Alas! alas! these agitations, under such circumstances especially, instead of being ennobling and sublime, are, to say the best, but the furnace, the smithy of society; and so far from their noise, heat, and lurid smoke being capable of raising the thoughts either of poetry or religion, they are calculated inevitably, should they prevail to the extent democrats would foreshow, to debase, whilst they may apparently, in the lowest department of action, increase human energy, and to make the social man, in the narrowest, vilest sense, or rather the *city man*, so to predominate, as to deface, darken, and wellnigh to abrogate all

the pure and lofty aspects of our diviner nature.

We shall next furnish an extract which will exhibit more completely, though somewhat inconsistently with his preceding observations, M. de Tocqueville's sentiments touching the power he deems religion should exert on the new society which, according to his views, is to arise:—

"The legislators of democracies," he says, "and all upright and enlightened citizens, should endeavour unceasingly to exalt the thoughts of men, and give them a heavenly direction. It is incumbent on all those who are interested in the democratic future, to persevere in one common effort to sow and cultivate among the people spiritual tastes, an elevation of mind towards the Infinite, and a temperament quickly susceptible of immaterial pleasures.

"Materialism is always dangerous and demoralizing; but it is particularly to be dreaded by a democratic people; for democracy tends strongly to centre itself in material enjoyments; and this tendency, if fulfilled, must dispose men to believe that all is matter, and to plunge them into the exclusive pursuit of bodily and earthly gratifications. It is good, therefore, that they should see the peril to which they are exposed, and guard against it.

"When, then, *any religion whatever* has struck profound root in a democracy, care should be taken not to disturb it; on the contrary, it should be preserved anxiously as the most precious inheritance of aristocratic ages. And let none attempt to eradicate old religious opinions, in order to substitute new ones in their place, lest in the transition from one creed to another, the soul should find itself void of faith.

"Assuredly metempsychosism is not more reasonable than materialism; nevertheless, if it were necessary that a democracy should choose between the two, there would be no reason for hesitation; the citizen would be less brutalized in believing that his soul might pass into the body of a hog, than in believing he had no soul."

The reflection which first struck us on reading the above passage, was this: M. de Tocqueville avows the necessity of religion in every state, and intimates, at the same moment, that it is no matter what the religion may be. But it is this very sentiment, by him so emphatically expressed, that causes the irreligiousness of which he complains. If all religions have

an equal or the same sort of claim to regard, the inference is, that, in something common to them all, and not in any of their own peculiar doctrines, their essential truth resides. The recognition, however, of God and the soul, is all that they can be said generally to have in common; and that this is not sufficient, our author acknowledges by dwelling on the virtue of positive faiths, and the dreadful effects of men being left without them. Yet how is it possible to attach any supreme importance to any creed—and if creeds have not a supreme importance, they have none—when men are told that all creeds indiscriminately are good; that is, that they are but the shells, the housings, more or less convenient or inconvenient, of truths which exist quite independent of any of them. M. de Tocqueville's expression, "*any religion whatever*," justifies these remarks.

We would further observe, that the materialism which he so justly reprobates, comes not, in our judgment, from the physical and social welfare of communities, and from the propensity of men when prosperous to pursue with avidity material advantages and enjoyments, to which cause he seems to attribute it, (the contrary proposition, we think, might be triumphantly maintained;) but from that very view of religion which merges theology in philosophy, that he so evidently entertains. Materialism is but a *re-action* from this abstruse philosophy. The mind can find no rest, no establishment in metaphysics with reference to practical religious morality; and being taught that *intermediate* theology, so completely adapted to the *intermediate* nature of man, contains no essential verity not to be found purer in philosophy, it is thrown back from an abstraction into the other extreme; its ethical horizon becomes purely conventional, and the low and narrow range of thought consequent thereon, is almost dentic with materialist doctrines.

Thus, those who reason against materialism in the manner M. de Tocqueville has done, establish that which they would willingly overthrow. The words, "*any religion whatever*," mark precisely that advanced stage of incredulity when it hardens into materialism. The most capricious and absurd superstition mankind has ever

known, is represented to be better than this. M. de Tocqueville may think it, therefore, good to encourage any and every species of superstitious creed, since he regards the worst as better than none; but to pretend to recommend religion as *true*, and worthy of acceptance and belief by upholding *any religion whatever*, is to inculcate not religion, but fanaticism and superstition; and that so undisguisedly, and with so insulting a contempt for the popular understanding, that the people rightly and rationally repel such exhortations as attempts to juggle and impose upon them, and come to be materialists by the very argument that is levelled against materialism. The *any religion whatever* sentiment, indicates the deepest and most hopeless bathos to which infidelity can conduct men; and to suppose they can ascend out of this low depth by the power of the very sentiment that holds them down there, only proves most afflictingly the desperate helplessness of their condition.

We have yet another observation to make on this point, to which we beg our readers to give the most thoughtful attention; it is this:—There is in human life a *what ought to be*, as well as a *what is*, and prospectively a *what will be*; and the *what ought to be* has hitherto deeply impressed itself on individuals and on mankind. Being distinct from, it has, nevertheless, modified greatly the *what is* and the *what will be*; and to it all the moral good man has enjoyed, and all the mitigation of evil he has experienced, is to be ascribed. But it seems to us that the *any religion whatever* principle, goes to abolish the *what ought to be* out of life. We cannot conceive the existence of any standard of right and wrong, of any indications, finger-posts as it were, pointing out the moral meaning of society independent of religion. But religion in the abstract has nought but questions without solutions, and therefore can supply no directions. Of Christianity, in the abstract, nearly the same may be said. A general notion that Christianity is, in some wide sense, true, is little more than *believing at large* in all things and in nothing. Even in this state of mind, however, we admit men may have the guidance of a circumscribed prudential morality, which may suffice them as citizens during their short

existence upon the earth. But that they should form any even outline or definite conception either of their own ultimate destinies, or of the plan and design of the scene of things which is unfolding through all the generations of the human race, without definite positive convictions on the subject of religion, we hold to be quite impossible. Independent of religious convictions, then, there can exist in the mind no *what ought to be* in the contemplation either of the past or the future. What follows? Why, a species of fatality usurps the place of the *what ought to be*, and is considered as synonymous with it. The master passion and tendency, whatever it may be, of any age, is regarded as the sole guide to which men should submit themselves; and any one who ventures to suggest a *what ought to be* to the description of fatalists to whom we allude, is answered by the story of Mrs Partington, who wished to sweep back the tides of the sea, or by some remark having an equivalent signification. Now, we look upon this sort of fatalism that at present so extensively prevails, as the most portentously malignant sign that has ever menaced mankind. We are sorry to add that M. de Tocqueville seems to have abandoned his reason to it. Not only is his *any religion whatever* sentiment pregnant with it, though of this he appears to be quite unconscious, but throughout his work the *what will be* in his view swallows up the *what ought to be* completely; and then the evil he foresees in the *will be*, is sought to be counteracted by poor expedients and palliatives, after its true antagonist and controller, the *what ought to be*, has been banished as an impertinent nonentity from his mind.

One more extract, or rather a collection of paragraphs bearing on the same topic, which will exhibit M. de Tocqueville's opinion as to the final result—the consummation of democracy.

“Reflection on the preceding chapter,” he says, “will create surprise and alarm, by showing how all things concur in Europe to increase indefinitely the prerogatives of the central power—to render daily the independence of individuals more feeble, more subordinate, more precarious.

“All the democratic nations of Europe feel those general and permanent tendencies which impel the Americans towards centralization, and one may almost say

that every step they take towards equality, brings them nearer to despotism.

"Europe has experienced, during the last half century, many revolutions and counter-revolutions. But all these movements have one point of agreement. They have all shaken or destroyed the secondary powers of Government. The local privileges which the French nation had not abolished in countries conquered by the French arms, have been swept away by their native princes. These princes rejected all the novelties of the great revolution except centralization; this alone they have adopted and held fast.

"What I wish particularly to remark is: that all the various rights that in our time have been torn from classes, corporations, and individuals, have not gone to the construction of new secondary, intermediate powers, but have been concentrated in the hands of the sovereign. Every where the state is acquiring more and more authority to direct and control the most humble citizens, and to regulate their minutest affairs.

"Among aristocratic people the social power was confined to matters which had a direct and visible connexion with the national interests; it willingly left the citizens to their own free volitions in all the rest. The democratic nations of our day proceed differently. It is evident that most of our princes would not only govern an entire people, but seem to consider themselves responsible for the actions and the fortunes of each individual of their subjects; they appear to think they have a mission to guide and instruct each man, and to make him happy if need be even in spite of himself.

"Not only does the central power replace all the intermediate powers which have been abolished; but it works with more agility, with more vigour, with more independence than it has ever done before.

"All the Governments of Europe have recently prodigiously improved the administrative science; they have their hands much fuller than formerly, yet they accomplish their tasks with more order, more rapidity, and less expense than when they had comparatively but very little to do. The princes of Europe hold their delegates every day in a closer and closer dependence; they grow stronger by depriving individual energies of their individuality, and amassing them in their own service; they invent new methods to direct minutely their servants, and to superintend all the details of their duties. It is not enough for them to conduct their affairs by their agents; they undertake also to rule the conduct of their agents in their

affairs. In this manner the public administration does not only depend on the same power, but it is drawn more and more into the same place, and is entrusted to the fewest hands possible. Thus, whilst the Government centralizes its action, it increases its prerogatives: a double cause of force.

"There is another great cause of the extension of the power of sovereigns in European nations: it is the development of industry which the progress of equality favours.

Industry usually assembles multitudes of men in the same place; it establishes new and complicated relations between them. It exposes them to great and sudden alternatives of prosperity and calamity, during which periods the public tranquillity is often menaced. It may happen, too, that certain branches of industry endanger the health and even the lives of those who profit by them. Thus the industrious classes have more need of the interfering regulations of a Government than any other class, and it is natural that the central power should be thereby greatly enlarged and strengthened.

"I would now imagine under what new traits despotism may reappear in the world. I see an innumerable multitude of men, all equal, and all alike, who revolve restlessly round themselves, to procure the petty vulgar pleasures, beyond which they desire nothing. Each one of this great multitude, having retreated to his own habitation, is as it were a stranger, indifferent to the destinies of all the others; his children and his private connexions are to him all the world. As for the rest of his compatriots, he is close to them, but he sees them not; he touches them, jostles against them, but he feels not for them; he exists in himself and for himself; and if he possesses a family, at least he possesses no country.

"High above this great concourse of human beings is exalted an immense guardian power, charged to provide for their enjoyments, and watch over their fortunes. This power is absolute, regular, felt and seen every where in the minutest details of life, but gentle in exercise. It would resemble the paternal authority, if its object were to prepare children for manhood. But, on the contrary, its purpose is, to hold men in perpetual childhood. That the citizens should be happy, but also that they should be passive—such is its will. This sovereign authority would be the sole agent of their welfare, the sole arbiter in their affairs. It would shield them from danger, satisfy their wants, facilitate their pleasures, conduct their principal con-

cerns, direct their industry, regulate their successions, divide their inheritances; and divest them, were it possible, of the trouble of thinking, and the care of living.

"Thus, day by day, it would render the exercise of a free-will less necessary and more rare; it would confine, independent volition to the narrowest compass, and rob, little by little, each citizen of the use of his own reason. Equality prepares men for all these things; it disposes them to suffer them, and often even to regard them as benefits.

"After having thus taken into its powerful hands each individual, and cast him in its own mould, this sovereign power stretches its arm over society at large, covers its whole surface with a net of little complicated minute uniform rules, through which the most original minds, the most energetic genius, can never break, so as to be distinguished from the crowd. It does not break the will, it melts it into softness, supplies, guides it; it forces men rarely to act, but opposes unceasingly their spontaneous action; it does not destroy, but hinders birth; it does not tyrannize, but embarrasses, compresses, enervates, obtunds, extinguishes all free-will activities; and reduces every nation to the condition of a flock of timid and industrious animals, of which the government is the shepherd."

"I think it is much easier to establish an absolute and despotic government among a people where equality prevails, than among any other people; and I believe that, if ever such a government were once established over such a people, not only would it be extremely oppressive, but that men would be, by its operation, eventually deprived of many of the principal attributes of humanity.

"Despotism appears to me, then, to be particularly feared in democratic ages."

Such are the closing, the crowning opinions resulting from M. de Tocqueville's long and painful speculations and enquiries on the subject of democracy and equality. That despotism is almost inevitable, and liberty almost impossible in democratic states, is the judgment he delivers, as the solemn recapitulation of the lengthened arguments of his two volumes. That democracy will, however, triumph, he entertains no doubt; and this *will be*, bad and hateful as he represents it, blots so thoroughly the *ought to be* out of his mind, that he offers no single word in its defence.

But let us examine somewhat more closely the passages we have cited.

The despotism described is identified with centralization, and centralization with equality. Does not this of itself most strikingly prove how exclusively M. de Tocqueville thinks of France when he writes ostensibly of other nations, and how completely he would ascribe to these nations all that is true only of his own country. France is emphatically the land of centralization, which has been perfected there by equality, and which tends irresistibly to despotism. But centralization does *not* prevail in America—does *not* prevail in England—the two free lands which, as our previous observations are intended to show, supereminently antagonize with the spirit, moral and political, that bears sway in France. That centralization will however be established in these lands, and its consequent despotism, M. de Tocqueville takes for granted, because he fancies he perceives in them the same sort of equality to which he attributes the centralizing system that has become the radical, all-pervading principle of the French government.

Now, we have already shown that the French idea of equality, as defined by M. de Tocqueville, is repudiated both by Americans and by Englishmen; centralization, therefore, cannot spring up from that root among them. And we will at present farther demonstrate, that it must ever be by them abjured from a cause, to the utmost degree, positive and powerful.

England and America are both Protestant, and Protestantism *individualizes* men. Modern civil liberty owes its origin to municipal liberty, to charters granted to cities. Towards the latter end of the middle ages, this liberty put forth its first germs of growth, and in Catholic countries too. But the event proved that it was in its nature Protestant, though the word Protestant was not then known; for the mental freedom, the cultivation of literature in the Italian republics, that arose out of it, produced the Reformation; and wherever the Reformation was adopted, there it was adopted likewise, and flourished; and wherever the Reformation was rejected, there it died away, or was struck with sterility. But municipal liberty, the mother of national civil liberty, is essentially as *decentralizing* as Protestantism is *individualizing*: they both agree together. In Protestant

nations, therefore—that is, in nations where Protestantism fairly predominates—we find, in accordance with the origin and history, both of liberty and of the Protestant confession, which are twins, decentralization regarded as a fundamental fixed principle, as well of religions as of political freedom. M. de Tocqueville himself has descanted at length in the two first volumes of the work before us on the decentralized system of government that obtains in America. He remarks that there, every town, and almost every village, presents a separate centre of local independent authority. In England also the same system, not to the same extent, though in greater strength, has for many hundred years formed at once the very corner-stone and top-stone of the British Constitution. And it strikes us that it is to be boldly and extravagantly assumptive as a reason, or indeed almost beyond belief to lay it down, that this order of things, the product of a deeply and widely operative religious creed, having the cherished growth and experience of centuries to fortify it, having impressed prominent distinctions, or individual and national character constituting the base of all political theories, and being wrought into all the actions and habits of political life, should, in these nations, break down, give way, and be transformed into its direct opponent system centralization, by the magic power of equality—conceding for a moment this equality, whose property it is to sacrifice all things to itself, to be really, as a passion, prevalent among them. Such, however, is the assumption of M. de Tocqueville.

On the other hand, Catholicism is centralizing; and M. de Tocqueville would have done well, we think, had he attributed centralization in the first instance to Popery, its original source. He would then have seen how far it would probably spread, and where it would probably stop, and would not, in anticipation, have brought the whole civilized earth into its Briarean grasp—into its ensnaring pitiless networks. But neither Catholicism, nor Protestantism, nor Infidelity, has attracted any other than very superficial notice from him. This omission we regard as a deep defect in his work.

All the grand ruling influences of the world have their distinct pedigrees,

and it will not do to ascribe to an inferior series of the genealogical chain, that which may, with more force and directness, be ascribed to superior ones. But the superior series, comprising the most effective causes of all that is working out in society—viz. Catholicism, Protestantism, and Infidelity, M. de Tocqueville has passed over somewhat contemptuously, and has fixed his attention solely on the inferior series, Aristocracy, Democracy, and Equality, which, in truth, are different things, according as they respectively arise out of the different divisions of the superior series. Further, the infidelity proceeding from Catholicism and that proceeding from Protestantism form distinct and almost antagonistic orders of men; and we will take upon us to affirm, that it is quite impossible to understand or appreciate the movement of human affairs in all parts of the globe, without appreciating fully, as first and ever permanent causes, the operation of Christianity under its corrupt and under its purer form, and under the peculiar sorts of philosophic infidelity that have sprung severally out of these forms. We are afraid our meaning is obscure; but to make it clear we should be obliged to travel out of our immediate subject. What we mean to say is this, M. de Tocqueville has not taken into account the effects of the Romish and of the Reformed creed, or of infidel philosophy. The master influences which have shaped, and must in future shape, the destinies of nations, are thus by him unheeded, and to this we attribute the dubiety, the confusion, the contradictions, and inconclusiveness of all his speculations.

We cannot forbear to remark here that M. de Tocqueville mentions industry as a cause of centralization. But nothing can be more certain than that industry has had quite a contrary effect in Great Britain; that it has fortified, that it has surrounded decentralization with impregnable bulwarks which none can break through. Corporations, commercial companies, charters to bodies of merchants, agricultural, colonial, manufacturing interests, all separate, are the fortresses of decentralization, and are the unquestionable acquisitions of industry.

To conclude. We entertain no such terrible vision of the future as

that which haunts M. de Tocqueville. Even in France, with her combined equality and centralization, we cannot anticipate the establishment of that species of Chinese celestial empire which he has in the above extract so eloquently depicted. But in all his views it is evident "fear shakes the penell, fancy loves excess." Nevertheless, the true traits of democracy, fetched out by a master hand, are abundantly to be found in his volumes. To recommend this inevitable (he will have it) democracy to the world, he has come twice fully armed with his strong arguments before the public; but like Balaam who came to curse the children of Israel, and, overruled by the fiat of the Almighty, blessed them. So he, purposing to bless democracy, has, overmastered by rea-

son and conscience, the voice of God within him, cursed it.

The course of our preceding observations has prevented us from dwelling on the merits, the manifold excellences of M. de Tocqueville's work. We will say, therefore, briefly here, that many of its separate chapters are most precious, full of the treasures of deep thought; that all of them contain matter profoundly and carefully excogitated; and that his two volumes furnish a manual which will be constantly in the hands of conscientious thinkers on the subjects of what he has treated. Even those who oppose him as we do, will be greatly indebted to him for opening to them mines of reflection, which, without his strong help, might be closed for ever against them.

BADEN-BADEN.

August.—We are now in this gayest of watering-places; the rains which molested us in Paris, and on the road, left us at the Rhine, and with no other effect than the pleasant one of laying the dust on the roads, and washing it off the fields. Germany, which at this season in general looks as if it had been handsomely powdered over with rappee, now looks like a green card-cloth of the most liberal dimensions. All the English world are hurrying to the countless little spas that bubble up every where along the banks of the Rhine, three-fourths of them—I have no doubt three-fourths—artificial, and little more than the soda-water and ginger-beer machines of London on a ruder scale; but any thing answers the purpose for John Bull, who in fact does not come to drink this intolerable water, but to see sights, to ramble over a very pretty country, and to get rid of a little of that plethora of coin which seems to torment him more than any other sufferer in the world. Foreigners travel too; but it is to make money, not to spend. There is scarcely even an *Altesse Royale* here who does not regard a month or two at a spa, as a very convenient mode of reducing his household bills. As for the lower caste—the *foule* of the well-whiskered—their excursion is generally in the style of a lawyer's circuit: it is regular, de-

fined, and professional; roulette, hazard, and billiards are their statutes at large; and, like the lawyers, they move off, the moment they have cleared the calendar, and gleaned the clients of their final fee. The Englishman is the rambler, the gazer, and, after all, the only one who either comes abroad for the purpose of travelling, who enjoys it, or who deserves to enjoy it. Of course, there are English "*chevaliers d'industrie*," like the rest of the trade. But even they show the native unfitness for the calling. Nothing but a revolution of the earth's poles will ever teach the English knave the easy dexterity of the foreigner. He is awkward to the last, and instantly gives way before the superior smile of the Pole, the Frenchman, and even the German.

The road from the Rhine at Kehl is good, though the country is at first sandy, flat, and tiresome; but about halfway to Baden-Baden, which after all is not above an easy drive, the plain rises into hills, the sand gives way to fertility, little eminences, forest-crowned, are seen in front, and at last we enter the noble cup, the hollow of the hills, in which the little town seems carved and gilded in the centre, while villas and lodges answer the purpose of studs and ornamenting on the sides. Altogether, it forms a very pretty spectacle of nature and cultivation.

Baden-Baden owes its wealth to peace, but certainly some of its beauty to war. The old ramparts and ditches, broken down and filled up since the times when gunpowder was an element of state, and men shot each other for their livelihood, have made there, as in most other German towns, a fine promenade; and we walk, dance, and dine, where cannon and musketry were once the only game, and kings and princes held all the cards in their own hands. A crowd of hotels now take the place of barracks and military hospitals, and the Zachringershof, the Hirsch, and the usual glories of "the Green Dragons, Lions, and Stars," shine forth, in illustration of the native hospitality, for "a consideration."

We have already gone the round of the springs, which have as many diversities as there are tempers in a lunatic asylum; the fierce, the hot, the heady, the half cold, the frigid, but all unlike any other springs, and all a little "out of their mind." They carry on the likeness somewhat further, for now and then they make people mad who swallow them without precaution; or, as the medical oracles say, "without consulting a physician;" a principle which they inculcate with great perseverance, and, it may be supposed, not without profit. The famous Ursprung, the queen of the springs, is a fury; she raves and roars, and throws up vapour like a little volcano. The Bruhbrunnen foams and rages too; but the Höllenquelle (the Hell-spring) bursts from the rock with a red hue, and a heat that scalds off the fingers and toes of rash experimentalists: the colour is startling, and the German imagination, fond of Tartarus, fancies it to be alternatively the syringe of fiends, and the spouting of the overboiled tea-kettle of one who shall be nameless.

But the best thing in the bath system, is neither the water nor the wind, but the early rising. All the world are up here, as they ought to be every where else, at six, or even five in the morning; walking, riding, driving, breathing the fresh air, and wondering how it happened that they ever lay in bed till nine or ten. The effect on the "fat and greasy citizens" of a hundred well-fed cities is indescribable; and they attribute to nauseous water and well-fed physicians, the miracle which they might work for

themselves a thousand miles off. But the place is lively, pleasant, bustling, and gay, until one grows tired of being perpetually idle. There is incessantly something or other to see, and something to do; but the mind sees and does, after a while, with a feeling that the whole is too farcical for a rational being; and the spa is willingly left behind. They are all only suites of chambers in one great "Castle of Indolence," and, after a month, are as intolerable to a rational taste, as a dinner of sweetmeats is cloying to a sound appetite. I send you a post-chaise panegyric on the virtues of the place, written in a morning drive round the hills; a sort of moral panorama of this very pretty, volatile, and frivolous German "vanity fair."

(Extract from a MS. Journal.)

BADEN-BADEN.

If you're sick of your wife,
Or tired of your life,
Or with too many shillings are laden;
Or have headach or gout,
Or can swallow sour kroust,
Be off to divine Baden-Baden.

Put your trunk in a barrow,
And, straight as an arrow,
Take the steamer of Mr John Bleaden;
If you're sick in your berth,
You'll have more room for mirth
When you're once at divine Baden-Baden.

When at Antwerp you land
You will hear a full band,
Of a boy, an old woman and maiden;
But don't smile on the frows,
Remember your spouse,
And take wing for divine Baden-Baden.

When you're there, hide your trunk
From man, woman, and monk,
Unless all your sunshine you'd sadden;
You had better be shot
Than ask for a groat
In that place of all joys, Baden-Baden.

You must drink, drive, and dash,
You must scatter your cash,
If the hearts of the mighty you'd gladden;

For each duchess and highness

Hates all sorts of shyness :

"Pay"—'s the word in divine Baden-
Baden.

You'll see beaux of all sorts,

The *élite* of all courts ;

Whisker'd heroes from Russia and
Sweden ;

From " *La belle Italie* "

Chevaliers d'industrie :

All the world's in divine Baden-
Baden.

We have Field-Marshal Swamp,

And Baron von Scamp,

And the Margrave of " Great Fid-
dle-faden,"

And Le Comte Vaurien,

The most charming of men :

All is fashion in sweet Baden-
Baden.

We have belles from *La France*

Who kill at a glance,

All Venuses, mother and maiden.

In your purse if they dip,

Its last farthing they'll strip :

All is love in divine Baden-Baden.

You'll see Puckler Muskaw,

Metternich's old catspaw,

From his rambles in Egypt and
Aden ;

With his Israelite phiz,

Which the *demoiselles* quiz—

The Adonis of gay Baden-Baden.

Then there's Prince Charlatan,

Who drives his own van,

With a " harem " of levelness
laden,

All taking the air

Like wild beasts at a fair :

All is pleasure in gay Baden-
Baden.

Then all march in the morning,

The foggy air scorning,

To a concert of Weber or Haydn ;

While the swallowing of physis,

And groans of the phthisic,

Play their part in divine Baden-
Baden.

You'll see monarchs in pairs

With their *chargés d'affaires*,

At the pump of old Madame Von
Wreden ;

All holding their noses,

As her draught she composes,

The Hebe of sweet Baden-Baden.

You'll see frows of all shapes,

All melting as grapes,

(No snakes in this garden of Eden,)

Who'll play to your rental

The sweet sentimental :

There's *some* flirting in gay Baden-
Baden.

All is dancing and song,

All day and night long :

You'd think 'twas the bower of
Aladdin.

If the diamonds are glass,

And the lion's an ass—

'Tis the way in divine Baden-Baden.

If you're fond of hot nights,

Blue stockings, blue lights,

Fat professors from Leipsic and
Leyden ;

If your taste's for buffoons,

French counts, and baboons,

You're the man for divine Baden-
Baden.

If you'd lose wife or daughter,

Or relish ditch water,

Or your brains with French brandy
would madden,

You may empty your purse,

And be fit for a nurse,

In a week, in divine Baden-Baden.

ARETINO.

NATIONAL GALLERY—EXHIBITIONS, ETC.

THERE is not so beggarly a collector in the Queen's dominions, as The Nation. Sale after sale of pictures takes place. The Trustees for the Nation are purchasers but for themselves—the National Gallery is not to be enriched by their efforts but very sparingly; sparingly we should not say, indeed, but in reference to the number of pictures. Were there only two pictures in Sir Simon Clarke's collection worthy the notice of the trustees? Yes—three, it should seem. Yet for one they were outbid; the other Murillo has been given up to them, for the nation could not afford to purchase what Lord Ashburton did; and he gave it up to the National Gallery, as we understand Sir Robert Peel's explanation in the House, losing L.500 by the sacrifice: this is most handsome; but it is not to the credit of the nation so to accept the difference. The other picture, the Guido, appears to have been a real purchase at four hundred and ten guineas; so, while individuals could have the ambition, and could afford to purchase the finest pictures at thousands, the only secure bidding the nation could make was to the amount of a few hundreds; and some of these individuals were trustees. Surely pictures worthy the collection of Sir Robert Peel and Lord Ashburton, might have been considered fit for the National Gallery. Why, then, are not purchases made? "Oh! but they are made," it will be said; "see our new Murillo and Guido." Well, we see them, and reckon them as nothing. The trustees are doing nothing.

Even admitting these works to be worth their money, what are they—under three thousand pounds, during, we believe, the space of a year? If pictures were now, as they probably will be, extremely scarce—three pictures might be a great thing; but pictures, and valuable pictures, do come into the market, and the nation cannot or will not buy. Either way it is disgraceful. What is the cause of this? Are the trustees to blame, or the House of Commons—or both? There is the fact—deal with it as you may. We are daily losing opportunities; and the day will come that will show us they were golden opportuni-

ties. Is it that some of the appointed judges are no judges at all—and that others who are, do not like to take upon themselves the task, and are under the fear of the tasteless penny-wise—of the scrutiny of Joseph Hume? Is it that they have reason to believe that the House of Commons will be really niggardly, and desire no more purchases to be made? As it stands at present, the public have a right to call upon the trustees for the nation to account for their backwardness. Let the trustees say, we cannot properly execute the trust reposed in us, unless we are more liberally treated; then the nation will know what to do. Let their powers and means, too, be enlarged. Let them have, say twenty thousand pounds (a moderate sum) wherewith to exercise their judgment for the national benefit. If they have not the boldness to demand this, or reliance upon their own judgment, then choose other trustees less timid. It is better they should sometimes make bad purchases than make none. This stand-still business, or rather lack of business, is a lamentable affair—disgraceful to all parties, and ruinous to the public taste and interests. Who, of common sense and liberality, can admire the tact of those who, in Parliament, instead of having confidence in the trustees, or moving for the appointment of such trustees as they can have confidence in, set niggardly to work to criticise the merits of this or that after all paltry purchase? This is not the way to encourage men of taste and judgment to do their duty. Leave matters of criticism to those to whom it more pertains, to scrutinize with another view than that of preventing purchases, or giving discouragement. There will be reviews and periodicals enough of all kinds to undertake this wholesome task, and it is one required. Let the nation, at least, have confidence and liberality. There will then be enough to keep the appointed persons up to their duty; public opinion, if it has not yet done much in that respect, will not be long inefficient, when it is seen that power is given to them to effect the nation's object—a National Gallery.

We do not deny that the position of the trustees is, and must be, one at all

times of great difficulty. There is no responsibility more likely to be called to account, than that of taste; and those whose taste is the most exquisite, are most likely to shrink from a vulgar scrutiny, an illiberal questioning. Then, the actual knowledge and taste required are so great, that a haphazard choice of names, great in every other respect, may present but a very poor committee of taste. No man, therefore, conscious of ignorance in pictures, should consent to be a member of it; but that forbearance we can scarcely expect—fashion and vanity will do their work in this world, though the nation's trustees may not do theirs. The position is difficult, from the many doubts entertained, even by good collectors, and the differences of opinion known to exist upon works of art. But as the position is difficult—so is it the more honourable, if the duties attached to it be adequately performed. Now there is a miserable failure.

There is a general outcry against the building of the National Gallery—we have never yet heard it spoken of but with contempt—and doubtless it deserves all that has been said against it; but let not the faults of the exterior and the architect cover the faults within, of interior management and of the managers. Their great fault is, that they do little or nothing. We hear, indeed, hopes expressed publicly in Parliament—by those, too, who could, if they set about it, realize those hopes—that a gallery more worthy the nation should be built; but even here it is all talk, and the portion of the public who love art, are lukewarm upon the subject, when they see it occasionally thus taken up as a Parliamentary farce in a flourishing way, and ending in nothing; and while they see, on the other hand, the little probability there is, according to our rate of purchases, of having pictures to put into one.

We have said, it is *our* office to be critical upon the purchases; and we shall, therefore, with perfect freedom, give our opinion of these two pictures, the recent additions—"The Murillo and the Guido." The first is a favourable specimen of the master. We do not think this of the Guido. The "St John and Lamb" is a well known picture, and was purchased by Sir Simon Clarke in Paris. It, we believe, together with the "Good Shep-

herd," was a present from a Spanish grandee to the Marquis de Lassay, and from him went into the hands of a dealer. So far there is something of a pedigree attached to it; a matter of no little moment among collectors, especially with regard to the Italian and Spanish schools, whose excellence lying rather in the conception of subject and expression than in execution, their works are not so readily and certainly to be attributed to the hand of the masters whose names they bear. The subject is the child, St John. It is extremely simple in its composition. It is judiciously coloured, very simply, remarkable for the absence of all bright and violent colours. The chiaroscuro, too, is pleasing—the lights and shadows sweetly and tenderly falling into each other—the whole being rather of a deep and sombre cast. There is a great expression of goodness in the countenance, and of gentleness in the attitude. Here are certainly great difficulties of art overcome. We give it our praise so far; but when we look for the expression of the child of a divine mission, we look in vain. That was a subject above Murillo. This is a pleasing peasant boy: it is no more. The master could never go beyond this. He could not elevate a subject; and one of divine pathos he was sure to degrade. Yet if the work does not come up to this point of expression—of a tenderness more than human—of a power and a knowledge divine—what is it? Where it fails it leaves you nothing in the place of the failure; for seeing what it aims to be, the spectator is unwilling to become as it were an accomplice in the deterioration. It is rather, therefore, a picture for the artist, who can see in it the subordinate difficulties overcome; who can admire the colouring, the chiaroscuro, and texture, than for the less initiated, who look to be affected by the subject without considering rules of art. We have, on another occasion, noticed the attempts—successful attempts—to create a fashion for Murillo; to give him a rank in public estimation he does not deserve. He is a very clever third or fourth rate master. His great defect is his vulgarity: he is never quite equal to high subjects. He tells his story historically, not poetically. His execution, too, is often far from pleasing: it is strong without certainty at least, and is too often weak. We would

not say a word against this purchase, if it were not that it may have been to the exclusion of other pictures. It is a very good specimen of the master. Yet we confess, (and have no doubt our judgment in art will be called in question, or contemned,) that we receive no sort of pleasure from nine in ten of Murillo's pictures—on the contrary, that they are displeasing in some respect or other. Nor should we often look at this picture of St John were it in our own possession; and, by the by, something may be hereafter said upon the subject of pleasing and unpleasing pictures, the sentiments they convey—how they affect the mind—from thence might be drawn rules of value somewhat different from those which fashion has established. The Guido appears to be a clever, free, and flashy study, a head for a Magdalen, probably intended to be introduced into some very large picture, with figures above the size of nature. It is not in Guido's impasto manner; somewhat in his flimsy and washy style, weak in colour: little more, in fact, than a dead colouring. The freedom of execution is great, almost flippant—the *play* of a practised and wanton hand. It is all of the artist, not of nature. It somewhat reminds us of that which was formerly in the possession of Mr West, and which was puffed to so wonderful a reputation—the “Head Crowned with Thorns”—a weak, washy, inexpressive head; the two pictures all of the same time, though it is by far the best. Surely Guido never could have intended to have left the lower part of the face of the Magdalen so large and unsoftened off, or it was intended to have been seen from a position in which this would not have been noticed.

Having made our remarks upon these purchases, it may not be amiss to refer to the account given of them in the House of Commons by Sir Robert Peel. We extract from the *Morning Chronicle* of the 25th July:—“Upon the vote for L.2500 to purchase pictures for the National Gallery, Mr Hume ‘wished to know on what judgment these were bought, as he had heard of objections made to them.’ Mr Gordon replied, ‘that they had been purchased at a public sale, and by the trustees of the National Gallery.’ Sir Robert Peel ‘thought it would have been well if the honourable gentleman had speci-

fied the pictures objected to. Considerable confidence was placed in the directors of the National Gallery by the Government, and that confidence they were most cautious in not abusing. The pictures last bought were from the collection of Sir Simon Clarke. As to the condition of the pictures, they had the opinion of Mr Seymour, (query, Seguer?) There were two Murillos in that collection; and he and the other trustees addressed the treasury to permit them to offer for them. They had only asked permission to purchase three pictures—two Murillos, and one Guido. For one of the Murillos, that known by the name of The Good Shepherd, they asked to be allowed to offer 2500 guineas; but they offered in vain, the picture having been knocked down to Mr Rothschild. For the other Murillo they had offered 2500 guineas; but it fell to the lot of Lord Ashburton for 3000 guineas. Lord Ashburton, however, when he heard that there had been some misapprehension on the subject, offered the purchase to the trustees for 2500 guineas, which offer they accepted. With regard to the Guido, which they had purchased for 410 guineas, he believed that if it were to be offered for sale again, it would fetch double that sum. If the honourable member had any other question to ask, he hoped that he would be able to give him as satisfactory an answer as he had now done.’ Mr Hume said—‘That the right honourable baronet had not answered what he wanted to know, and had answered what he already knew. He wanted to know whether there was any report or correspondence on the subject? If the right honourable baronet had not been in the house, who else could have given them the information he had done?’ Sir Robert Peel—‘Then move for any correspondence.’ Mr Hume said—‘If there were any correspondence or certificates, the public ought to be aware of it.’ Sir R. Peel said—‘These things were matters of record at the Treasury.’” Then follows some sparring on the Academy, induced by remarks upon the building—the National Gallery—in the course of which Mr Hume chooses to state, that the Academy draw a revenue of L.10,000 from the exhibition, which Sir R. Peel thought not to exceed L.5000. Sir R. Peel likewise played off his usual

hope and promise of a better structure—a more noble National Gallery. We have only briefly to remark upon one passage in Sir R. Peel's speech, with regard to the purchase of these pictures. He says the trustees have the confidence of the Government, and were "*most cautious not to abuse it.*" Now, we want trustees of much less caution; and think the greatest abuse of the confidence of the Government, if they really have it, is to rate it so low as to suppose it will not bear a frequent use. If the confidence is, that the trustees will do the best for the nation—and such the confidence ought to be, or it deserves not the name—all we can say is, the public get nothing by the confidence, and lose a great deal by the caution. It is surely also a bad method of proceeding, that the trustees should ask of the Treasury to be allowed to offer specified sums. It is hardly possible that their intentions should be kept secret, and thus they create competitors against themselves. As we before remarked, the only real and serviceable way of the Government showing confidence in the trustees, is to vote them a good round sum at once, leaving the disposal of it entirely to their discretion. For what good purpose can it answer to refer a particular purchase to the Treasury, who, if they are better judges, ought to be the trustees; if they are not, their opinions can only be at best an unnecessary clog upon the decision.

There are strong recommendations made to purchase, for the nation, some of the pictures of the Duke of Lucca, lately exhibited. We are told that the finest are already sold, with an intimation that they may be still obtained for the National Gallery. When we hear from all quarters the same sums mentioned as the estimated value of pictures, we conclude that it proceeds from authority; that the proprietor or proprietors cause the circulation of the reports by way of easy advertisement. Thus we suppose the sum expected, or rather we should say asked, for the Raffaele is L.9000—a very large price certainly—so that we rub our eyes and look again. It is a rare thing to see a L.9000 picture. We imagine, therefore, L.9000 on one side, and "La Madonna dei Candelabri" on the other: we feel a bias to art, yet money has its weight: we "look on

this picture and on this;" we hesitate—alas! in all matters of taste to doubt is to condemn. The next thing is to probe our judgment, and see what the counsel for keeping the money has to say in defence. The connoisseur must be on his oath. Will you swear it is a Raffaele?—now pray, sir, do not hesitate. Such and such persons think so; and therefore you will think for yourself. Why then, really, I do not know. Vasari and Lanzi do not mention the picture; yet its subject is striking, and the more noticeable from the peculiarity of the candelabri. Let us describe the picture. We have a print of it before us, engraved by Johannes Polo; but he has omitted two figures and the candelabri;—why has he done so? The omission is unquestionably an improvement. Had the engraver then a better taste than Raffaele?—if not, how came the side figures and the candelabri there? We have it as we find it, and describe the picture. It is circular; the mother is holding the infant Jesus, who is seated on a pillow, his left hand is within the drapery of the mother's bosom: on each side are boys holding candelabri; we ought perhaps to say angels. Now these, be they angels, are very hard, and, at the same time, uncomfortable in execution. If they have any expression, it is of a consciousness that they have no business there. The candelabri, too, are hard, and so are even the flames, which throw so light, and have nothing to do with the picture. The introduction is a mere whim, as if it had been the order of the purchaser. Would Raffaele have submitted to this? For none under a Pope. There, indeed, he might a little stoop, as he did; but then he rose wonderfully in the doing, and made it in the end his own act and deed; and that is his finest work, if we may say one is the finest where there are so many faultless. Then the question arises, were these side figures and candelabri put in afterwards by another hand. If so, it must have been not very long after the picture was painted, or the different texture would be observable. As the picture was hung we could not tell. The painting of these parts is certainly very different from that of the mother and child. If the connoisseur, then, is puzzled, and cannot take upon himself to swear that Raffaele did or did not paint it, to whom

else can it be attributed? Some might say Andrea del Sarto; may it not be more like Julio Romano? Why more like? Because, though it is exquisitely painted, has much expression that is beautiful, the flesh tints fall too suddenly into shade, and that a *brown shade*; this gives a little too much harshness, a suddenness to the effect: when the eye has long dwelt upon the composed and sweet modesty of the Madonna, and beauty of the child, it begins to be a little dissatisfied with the brown, and somewhat opaque shadows, and very soon wishes the candelabri irrevocably at the brokers.

We do not say that it is not a Raffaele, nor that it is not worth a great deal; but that we should be very sorry to take the responsibility of giving nine thousand guineas for it for the nation; and we suspect that the trustees will find an opportunity of exercising their one virtue, *caution*. There are in the collection four Caraccis, three of them very fine; "the Woman of Canaan," by Annibale; "Christ healing the Blind," Ludovico; "Christ raising the Widow's Son," by Agostino; "the Holy Virgin, Jesus, St John, and two Saints," Annibale. This last is not to be mentioned with the others. The finest of these is unquestionably "the Woman of Canaan," Annibale. It is a vigorous work, admirable in colour and composition. We desire but one thing—to have the abominable cur painted out. At the feet of the woman is a beast of a dog, as ugly a turnspit as ever was seen, and not even well painted. She appears to have recently produced puppies; and to this wretch the principal figure of Christ is pointing. One would almost imagine some envious rival painter had stolen into Annibale's studio, and daubed in the creature, as a practical critique upon the pointing hand. It seems to make the moral, and at the same time caricature the subject. It is the "*canis in sima*." Was Annibale constrained to put in this creature, and so compelled, put it in as ill as possible; and what did we say with respect to the "Candelabri?" But Annibale Caracci and Raffaele were very different persons. This is, however, the finest of the Caraccis. We like, too, the Agostino. We should be happy to see

these pictures in the National Gallery.

The "Christ before Pilate," Gerard Honthorst, is a picture that has most unaccountably acquired a reputation. It has been said, that the Duke of Lucca gave four thousand pounds for it; and that even now it has been selected in preference to one of the Caracci. It is intended for a fire-light effect; yet is without depth, or solemnity, or power, or expression, or any one thing that we can see, to recommend it. It is downright disagreeable throughout; we cannot conceive why it should ever have been in any estimation at all. But it has *once*, it seems, fetched a high price, and therefore will again. Certain collectors are like sheep to follow a leader, each one leaping a little higher than his predecessor. We need not add, that we most sincerely hope the trustees will not burn their fingers by touching this fire-piece. There is a celebrated picture among them of Federico Baroccio, "the Noli me tangere," engraved by Raffaele Morghen. There is sweetness in the expression of both figures: the one should have had more than sweetness. The attitude of the Saviour is not quite pleasant. It is a fine picture of the master. The pinkness of his flesh, set off by blue touches, is peculiarly the defect of the master, and is very conspicuous in this picture. Nor did he understand colour as a means of effecting sentiment.

Though of somewhat a quaint style, we greatly admire "the Virgin, Jesus, St Ann, St John, and four Saints," by Francesco Francia. Notwithstanding that this picture partakes of the stiffness of the early school, there is so much chaste beauty, kept up with so much purity of colour, that the mind is pleased and raised, and is even carried back to the days of the Holy Saints by the unoffending quaintness of the manner. We should wish to see this picture, with its "lunetta," "the Dead Christ upon the Mother's lap," in the National Gallery. Poor Francesco! we can easily conceive him, from the work, to have been a man of exquisite sensibility. The story told of him is interesting. His real name was Raibolini. He was born

in Bologna in 1450, contemporary with Raffaele; it is said that from age and infirmity he was unable to go to Rome to see the immortal works of Raffaele. Yet was his curiosity in part gratified. For when Raffaele had painted a St Cecilia for the church of S. Giovanni in Monte at Bologna, he wrote a friendly letter to Francia, requesting him to see it fixed in its place. The letter delighted the old man beyond measure; but so great was his astonishment on opening the case, says the account, at so much perfection in design, grace, expression, and exquisite finishing, that it threw him into an invincible melancholy and despair, convinced that neither he nor any other painter could equal so consummate a master; it had such an effect upon him that he pined and died.

"The Massacre of the Innocents," Nicholas Poussin, is a picture grandly conceived, and executed with great simplicity of effect. It is so very thin in the shadows; more so, probably, than when fresh from the easel, that it looks less finished than it is. This exhibition contained ninety-four. The remainder of the Duke of Lucca's pictures were sold by Messrs Christie and Manson, and were of so little value, that they only brought L.897. We have thought it not undesirable to make these remarks upon the few principal pictures of this collection, (which, by the by, is not one of great date,) because we know that some at least of them are strongly recommended as a national purchase.

Aware that we may differ greatly from many whose taste and judgment we do not question, we have given our reasons with our objections; so that if they are not tenable upon examination, the pictures will rise above them. Making, as we do, a sort of picture

tour, we see many very fine works, and commonly ask if the trustees of the Gallery have seen some that are purchasable. The reply generally is, that they will not look at them.

We have been half inclined to enumerate fine works, and to say where they are to be seen—such as we may think worthy a National Gallery; but upon consideration it might be thought impertinent, do no good, and the possessors may not like the sort of publicity. There is a quackery even in collecting, and in exhibiting too. Why is the Soult Gallery so called? When there happen to be *one or two*, perhaps, that belonged to the collection of Marshal Soult. We have rather a spite against the Marshal; first, for the military plunder, and more than all, for infecting us with a Murillo mania.

We intend to make some farther extracts from our note-book, offering remarks upon a few of the pictures in the British Institution, Pall-Mall; and very sincerely do we now offer our thanks to the governors and exhibitors for the annual pleasure afforded. There is always a predominance of good. There is no Exhibition from which the public taste may acquire so much improvement as from this. Excepting some inestimable and immovable pictures abroad, it may be safely asserted that this country can boast in private collections the finest in the world. They are not seen as a whole, as in some foreign galleries; and it is a very great thing that a sufficient number are annually brought together by the governors of the institution. No apology can be necessary for any freedom of remarks, because what is publicly exhibited, fairly courts criticism; and sure we are, that the high-minded possessors love art too well to claim privilege of exemption.

THE AUSTRIANS.

WE have often purposed to write a sermon on that ode of Anacreon, beginning,

ΘΥΣΙΣ ΚΙΣΤΕΣ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ,

"God gave horns to the bull, hoofs to the horse, swiftness to the hare, a gaping of toothed jaw to the lion, fins to the fish, wings to the bird, wisdom (*φρονημα*) to men, and to women beauty." For if there be in any author, sacred or profane, a text which might afford the groundwork of a discourse on genuine contentment of spirit, and catholicity of taste, this is the text. It does not indeed say, what might appear heterodox, that all things are good—but it says that there is some good in all things; and that God never created any, the smallest worm, much less a reasoning man, without some special weapon of defence against the pricks, and thorns, and protrusive angularities of fate, to which each particular creature might be subject. Now, there are many pricks, and thorns, and protrusive angularities—to our English taste at least—in Vienna. There is a double despotism, unlimited over soul and body—a conspiracy (shall we say?) of priests to keep down the soul, and a conspiracy of far-spreading, tight-tying bureaucrats to keep down the body—a jealous censorship of the press—an Argus-eyed police—an exclusive aristocracy, admitting a flaunting Mrs Trollope now and then by special favour into its godlike fellowship—but sitting apart, for the general, from vulgar mortality in a coroneted coach, like the lady of title in Mr Hood's steam-boat, "not condescending even to be drowned with her inferiors;" and then in the far north distance there is the famous (or infamous) Spielberg, frowning with dark reminiscences. All this is bad enough. But did God leave the Austrians altogether defenceless against these things? *Μη γινωσκε!* A light heart, and a merry blood, and

an easy conscience, make all these things, and worse, tolerable. To a singing and dancing generation the Spielberg, with all its horrors, exists only *in posse*. The Viennese believe in it as they believe in the devil, most piously, but as in a thing with which they—good and peaceable Christian people, loving God and honouring the Kaiser—never *can* have any thing practically to do. "Our good Kaiser Franz," (or Ferdinand,) they opine, is paid specially for attending to these things. He is the captain, and Prince Metternich is head engineer of the great steam-vessel of the state. Blessed be God, not the cares, but the pleasures of life's navigation are ours!

We are the passengers in the ship of mortality, travelling through time to eternity, where we expect to find not only a new heaven, but also a new earth; not only a new Jerusalem, but also a new "*Wienstadt*:" and to sing and to dance, to eat and to drink, and to make merry, is literally our business here, (when we can,) and a very pleasant business it is. While you, Britons, brawl, and battle, and tear one another's eyes out, and bespatter each other daily with Whig and Tory bedevilment—a spectacle ludicrous to gods and men, like the hostile hind-legs and fore-legs of the elephant in the melodrama—we swim, and cradle, and envelope ourselves in the undulating harmonies of Haydn and Mozart, the most musical, the most joyous, the most happy, the most contented, the most loyal, the most religious, and (according to our own notions) also the most *moral* people in the universe. These things are, have long been, proverbial. Mrs Trollope, though she assumed a wonderful air of importance, as if revealing things hidden to mortal men; and informing us for the first time, that, beyond the mountains also, happiness does dwell, preached no new gospel when she

(1.) WEBER's Deutschland. Zweiter Band, pp. 181-690. Oestreich: Stuttgart, 1834.

(2.) Reise nach Oestreich in Sommer 1831. Von WOLFGANG MENZEL. Stuttgart und Tübingen, 1832.

(3.) Austria, by Peter Evan Turnbull, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A., 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1840.

preached this. We only say, mark the philosophy of it; for heroes, moral or intellectual, you must not look in Vienna. The bull is not here to whom God gave horns, nor the lion with his *χρυσὴν στέφανον*, nor the eagle (except in the painted heraldry of the empire) with his wings; but you have mortal men who live and enjoy life, and bless God daily that they live. If the Viennese were put on a philosophical jury, they would assuredly bring in a verdict of insanity against that Frenchman, whoever he was, that dared to use the impious phrase, "*le malheur d'être.*" Nor let any "Presbyterian sour," (*absit invidia!*) or hard Englishman, whose delight is in battling, think this a small thing. It is a great virtue—the very Venus among the moral goddesses—HEARTILY TO ENJOY EXISTENCE. This virtue God gave to the Viennese, the only compensation they have for the want of what we, in this fox-hunting country, and those furred and silvered mandarins in Hungary, call a free constitution, and the healthy exercise of the lungs in speaking six months every year about grievances. Let no man grudge it. And if there be any person who will look upon that proud circle of smiling faubourgs, and not give free outlet for the moment to a gush of universal good fellowship, wholly regardless of the last edition of the Book of Etiquette, and the sage precepts of *Αγνους*; and who will not, as he prances through the lively Prater, allow his fancy to revel freely in the unbelted whims of a careless merri-ment, that man is a prig and a pedant; and, if he seeks a foreign domicile, may establish himself at Petersburg, where, as the Marquis of Londonderry tells us, there is "such an indescribable vacuum," not in the swarming and whirling jubilee of Vienna. We, when we are at Rome, intend to do as the Pope does; always, of course—*salvo jure cujuslibet*—saving the rights of the categorical imperative, and the Ten Commandments.

We have been often told that Paris is France; Vienna is not Austria. Austria is a giant with many arms; and one arm is of gold, and another of silver, another of iron, and another of clay: one grows naturally and organically out of the body—the other is fixed on mechanically by the hobnails of soldiery and the packthread of

diplomacy; this, the blow that riveted may wrench—that, if you dislocate, the blood will come pumping out of the heart, and the brain will stagger. Vienna is heart and head both; but head mainly and exclusively; for Hungary and Bohemia have each a little heart of their own, fiery and proud; and Lombardy has a heart, also, full of rabid and bitter blood—sitting, like the eagle in the Zoological Gardens, very sullen and discontented—remembering Loch-na-gar. It is not, therefore, every clever lady, mounted on a publisher's palfrey, that can ride up to this capital as to a citadel, and write *VENI, VIDI, VICI*, with a stroke of her pen, as the Allies entered Paris suddenly in 1814, and no more was heard of "the great nation." Napoleon himself had to fight two of his hardest battles (in 1809) after he had mastered Vienna; and a man may even make himself master of all the creative ideas that radiate from the recesses of the state chancery in Vienna, and be very ignorant all the while of the strong under-currents of social energy in Bohemia, Galicia, Hungary, Lombardy, Venice, by the agency of which the future political geology of the Austrian empire (if the empire remain) shall be formed. We must, therefore, proceed with caution, when we attempt to frame to ourselves some intelligible notions on such a wide subject as Austria and the Austrians. Perhaps the following points, which we will set down in order, may serve as nuclei round which, in the mind of the reader, our stray observations on this subject may conveniently arrange themselves.

1. The form of government in Austria is a hereditary monarchy, in which the power of the sovereign is limited by no opposing power whatever, recognised by the law.

2. The leading principles of this form of government, as it is practically administered in Austria, are centralization in the controlling energies, the strictest subordination in the functional members, and uniformity as far as possible in the results.

3. The temper of the government is mild and gentle; its aim internal peace and tranquillity rather than external grandeur; and its general policy is conciliation.

4. The great central controlling energy is German.

5. In Austria Proper, and the states that have long been attached to the archduchy, and in which the German language is predominant, the absolute authority of the government has practically the most free and unlimited play; while in Bohemia, and yet more in Hungary, a strong feudal power in a non-German nobility, modifies and controls in various ways the practical efficiency of the government: and in Italy, strong national feelings and ancient antipathies, with more disagreeable accompaniments, produce a similar result.

6. The religion that gives a character and a colour to the government, notwithstanding some rather extensive reforms in matters of church polity, is, and has been for ages, in spirit essentially Roman Catholic.

7. In material and physical resources, Austria is one of the richest and most luxuriant in Europe.

With these few leading ideas to guide us—points of the compass, as it were, by which to determine our whereabouts—we intend, on the present occasion, to give our readers a sketch of the spirit and character of the Austrians, such as we lately attempted of the Germans generally. We have found no better draughtsman for this purpose than our old friend, Herr Weber; but we have added to him another German, Wolfgang Menzel, whose name is a sufficient pledge of something substantial; and, for the sake of contrast or comparison, we shall also allow ourselves to hear evidence from an Englishman, who has presented us with two of the most complete and satisfactory volumes of foreign travelling that we have met with for some years. Not that Mr Turnbull is a *travel-writer* in the modern sense of the word, strong in describing old castles, and nimble in bandying about multifarious gossip; but he has taken the trouble seriously to *study* the institutions of the country which he perambulates, and given us as intelligible a scheme of its social geography as can be given with lines and circles upon paper. Bating a little pardonable partiality for a favourite theme, which the British instinct of his readers will not be slow to correct, Mr Turnbull's second volume is truly a most excellent performance; and the greatest compliment that we can pay it is to say, that it is not

likely to be frequently asked for in the circulating libraries. With half a dozen such works, seriously written by serious men, who feel some of that reasonable respect for their subject, for themselves, and for their readers, that was wont to be associated with the name of a book, we may hope by degrees to redeem ourselves from the imputation of culpable ignorance in foreign matters, which has so long rested on us.

Of our other guides we shall only say, that Weber, from his cheerful temper, and pleasant gossiping wit, seems perfectly "at home" in the "Wiänstadt;" and that the testimony of Menzel is peculiarly valuable, as he is somewhat of a stern constitutionalist, and cannot be supposed to have looked on the Imperial city with any such romantic predilections as those which seem to have woven a glamour before the eyes of Mrs Trollope. With him, therefore, for the bright side of the picture, we are safe; and with him we now plunge in *medias res*, without further preface. We translate a whole chapter to begin with, for the sake of completeness, not omitting even the description of the locality, well-known as that must be to many of our readers.

"Vienna spreads itself before the eye of the stranger with a most imposing grandeur; not indeed from without, in the direction in which I came, (from Salzburg,) but, properly speaking, after you are in it. You pass the wide-spreading range of fauxbourgs, and find yourself in an open circus or ring, more than a mile in diameter, wreathed round with the neat, and here and there magnificent, buildings of the fauxbourgs. This circus is covered with green turf, and intersected by countless *alleys*; and in the midst of this smiling envelopment rises massively the old town, or Vienna proper, with its central point, the high-towering steeple of St Stephen's. This centralization of the city, this green open space, this amphitheatrical situation of the fauxbourgs, gives Vienna an air of regularity, which enables the eye easily to take in its vastness, and at the same time heightens in no small degree the grand total effect of the Imperial city. When the fault of mere mechanical uniformity is avoided, I know nothing which improves a city

so much as regularity ; it enables the mass, as it were, to control its own magnificence. And one is so much the more pleased with this peculiar beauty in Vienna, that the plan of the city is thus a perfect type of the spirit of the empire, and the character of the Viennese ; stable and massive within ; without, broad, luxuriant, and sunny.

" In the interior city only, the streets are dark and narrow ; but this part is only the sixth of the whole, being inhabited only by 50,000 men, while the fauxbourgs number 250,000 ; and besides, this contrast of the dingy palaces in the centre—a stereotype of the middle ages—with the bright modern edifices of the periphery, adds one charm more to the view. In this sea of palaces, buildings that would command attention in any other situation, are passed by unnoticed. The detail is lost in the mass. At the same time, after the steeple of St Stephen's, the eye rests naturally on the Imperial palace, (*die Burg*.) There is an air of venerable grey antiquity about this building which awes one. It is half-concealed, however, as antiquity is apt to be, by a cluster of adjacent buildings of more recent date, among which the Imperial State-Chancery is the most prominent. These two buildings—the Burg and the Chancery—represent the court and the ministry—two mighty things in Austria, like the House of Lords and the House of Commons in England, but not, like these, given to quarrel.

" In Vienna, without a representative constitution, you find the living representatives of all the various peoples in whose languages the weal of the sovereign is supplicated. I know no more beautiful heterogeneousness than the map of Austria, and no more beautiful centre can be conceived than this kindly Vienna ; and yet, to be strict, that which is so beautiful in each individual part, as a whole fails to please. There are women in whom every detail of beauty is to be found, but whose general impression is not favourable. Such is Austria. Not plastic nature has here cast a perfect organism in one mould ; but a wicked magic has stolen the beauties of a dozen lovely maids, and charmed them together into a beautiful illusion, which is all, and none, and something that your eye cannot rest upon with satisfaction. The whim haunts us to seek

for the words of the spell, and dissolve a union, that, with all the imposing grandeur of magnificent multiformity, is, and remains unnatural.

" The genuine Austrian, whom the stranger figures as the very *beau idéal* of German phlegm, is the most merry Bursch in the world. The *vis inertiae* of the moral world, which he has been said to represent, he represents only politically ; in this sense, however, it is so strong that the surrounding nations seem to be attracted to this centre by a kind of cohesion. The Austrians live as it were in an isle of the blest, without being aware that this island is, at the same time, the magnetic mountain by which all the lances, sabres, and daggers of the Magyars, Hanoverians, Czechem (Bohemians,) and Lombards are polarized. They themselves look on their country only as the Venus-mountain of romance, into which the stalwarth Ritter from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, willingly or unwillingly tumbles. The Viennese, out of the stately Roman triumph, have made a jovial procession of Bacchanalians, and the captives laugh with the captors. How many a proud nobleman, that in the provinces was a Cato, in Vienna becomes a Lucullus !

" Strange, too, all the races that are subject to Austria have a more intellectual and pregnant physiognomy than the Austrian proper ; but in the giant forms of the Styrian mountains, in the muscular strength and lightning-eye of the Tyrolese, in the luxuriant fulness of blooming animality, we perceive that innate vigour which all the fiery passions and intellectual energies of their neighbours have never been able to wear out, to expel, or to subdue. If any where, we see here how nature exercises a giant power that not every spirit, not even every 'spirit of the age' can control. I look upon these healthy, merry-blooded Austrians as a great nursery of nature, reserved by Providence for future experiments, so to speak, with the stiffnecked generation of mortal men. No man can say that there is not good stuff in the Austrians, of which God, in his own good time, will make use in some fashion, perhaps, unconceived either by Metternich or Thiers. The Austrian has the lyrical element—the fine under-current of feeling—in common with his neighbour

the Suabian; but there is a difference, and not a small one. The Suabian loves moral earnestness; he sways naturally with his own Schiller in the regions of the ideal; while the Austrian rejoices mainly in the comical and humorous, and is, practically, a complete Epicurean. The Suabian mingles a quiet mirth with his earnestness; the Austrian makes his rudest jokes palatable by a tinge of the purest and most kindly sentiment.*

"The physiognomy of the Austrian is unassuming, open, and cheerful; with this the dark and marked countenances of the Hungarians, Italians, and Bohemians, form a striking contrast; while these again differ no less among themselves. The Hungarian has, in his proud and dignified bearing, something set and formal, that seems to border on the phlegm of the Orientals; inwardly he is fiery enough. The Italian carries his fire much more in the front; so also the Pole. The Bohemian has the look of a man who has long been accustomed, but never can be reconciled, to oppression. Wherever, amid the multitude of merry faces that swarm in the merriest city of the world, a discontented visage frowned on me through the sunshine, that was the face of a Bohemian.

Of Turks, Greeks, Armenians, and others, I will make no mention here. Only one trait of a Greek lady of high rank, I must mention. Young, beautiful as the Byzantine Madonna, her features transfigured in loveliness, dressed, after the Oriental fashion, with a rich adornment of gold and precious stones, she walked before several elderly ladies of her own country, and on either side of her the poor people of the fauxbourg ran in throngs kissing the hem of her garment as she passed. This, as I afterwards learned, was in gratitude for the charities of

their beautiful benefactress, who had lived long in Vienna, a voluntary deaconess and guardian angel of the poor.

"The lazaroni of Vienna, are the Slavonians of the Neutraer Comitatz† and other Hungarian, Croatian, and Wallachian tatterdemalionry, (*Lumpengesindel*), whose figure is marked in every limb by serfage—something that the free son of the west must see to understand. Sitting apart, I beheld some Wallachians clothed in the coarsest sackcloth, and with long knotted hair—human beings with a physiognomy truly bestial. Among the Slavonians, however, I have also seen very pretty boys and goodly youths—that is to say, when the half-naked little god could be seen through the swinish dirt in which he was enveloped.

"The Hungarian grenadiers are famous; picked men—a very Antinous each; not only tall, like the King of Prussia's celebrated grenadiers, but compact also and well proportioned.

"The Viennese are healthy, good-looking, and cheerful; and the charm which keeps them in such good condition is in some degree, perhaps, their fine climate, but mainly their instinctive skill in the art of good living, their virtuosity, to them a second nature, in enjoying existence; with such gentleness and consideration, however, as not to fall a sacrifice to their own joys. I might call it appropriately, *epicurism without passionateness*.‡

"These people eat and drink above all praise; but there is nothing offensive in their cherishing of the animal, nothing of the English Falstaff, or the Bavarian beer tun. Your great eaters and drinkers are generally somewhat coarse, bestial, and unmannerly; but the Viennese, by their wise virtuosity, as I said, do the thing gently, and like gentlemen. They are very susceptible of the tender pas-

* *Der Schwabe hat einen gemüthlichen ernst, der Oesterreicher einen gemüthlichen spass.*" We have here encountered that ominous word *GEMÜTHLICH*, for which we refer our readers to our July number, p. 127. We have, on this occasion, been forced to paraphrase.

† The Comitatz is a county, or, as the Germans call it, *grafschaft*, of which Hungary is divided into fifty-two.

‡ *Epicurismus ohne leidenschaft.* We do not think Menzel is happy here. The essence of the Epicurean philosophy, is to enjoy every thing, but nothing to excess. It excludes all fire, but does not object to music. The Viennese character is perfectly Epicurean, without the necessity of any qualification.

sion; they are licentious, a strict moralist would say; but in vain will you search in Vienna for those hideous faces on which animal passions have printed the stamp of shame, to be met with so frequently in Berlin and Frankfurt. Perhaps this is no compliment to Viennese morality; they can afford to be easy dilettantes in that which makes other men furrowed criminals; but they never lose their smiles and their amiability, and, what is a main thing, their good health. Their quiet of soul, their easy good nature, and unaffected cheerfulness, never suffer the warming flame to break out into a fire.

"In their outward manners, the same ease is remarkable. The stranger is taken aback by social usages of the most *naïve* description—is ashamed at first to go along with them, but presently yields, and finds them the most practical things in the world. I will give an example. I was sitting one very hot day at table in the house of a noble of ancient pedigree, when, with the most amiable abruptness, the baroness suddenly addressed me—

Wollen sie nicht den rock ausziehen?—Will you not take off your coat? I was now informed that the other guests were only waiting for my example to disburden themselves of this elegant cumberment of the body, (I being the guest of honour,) and that it was the universal custom in Vienna, even in the most polished society, to take off the coat without ceremony when any one feels himself incommoded by the heat; a most convenient custom, and I can see no reason why it should not be practised in Stuttgart as well as in Vienna. I observed that, with the off-throwing of the coats, the company instinctively broke out into a fresher flow of merriment. The same custom is observed in all the *Gasthöfe*.

"Religious rigour, as might be expected, is a thing almost unknown in Vienna. The young theologians walk about wrapt up in long monkish uniforms; but there is little theology in their faces. At every fruit-basket, print-shop, or pretty milkmaid, they arrest their careless paces, at least their thoughts. You may read them all over at your pleasure, and you will find no trace of the spiritual pride that conquers the world, nor of the secret

care that hankers after forbidden fruit; manifest proofs to me that they have as little to boast of the ecclesiastical virtue, as they have to deride of the worldly enjoyment. The Ligorians only possess or affect the dingy earnestness of the cloister; but for this very reason they will never make their fortune in Vienna. I seldom saw them pass along the street in pairs—for so they always go, the one to keep watch on the other—without the people behind them smirking and smiling, and tipping the wink most significantly. It is a standing joke in Vienna, that when a monk of the Ligorian order passes the Joseph's Place, where the statue of the liberal Emperor stands, his stone majesty becomes sick. In vain are all attempts to smuggle asceticism into Vienna. I have every reason to believe in the genuine religious warmth of the Viennese, and indeed of all the Austrians; but their religion is altogether of a cheerful and open character. From strict observance, from cynical and monkish severity on the one hand, they are as far removed as from hypocrisy and sickly methodism on the other; and in this respect certainly command our respect.

"Nothing struck me more in Vienna than the many tri-colored ladies that every where paraded the streets. I fancied myself transported to Strassburg, where, shortly after the revolution of the three days, I had seen all the ladies dressed in tri-color. The analogy struck me the more strongly, that these Viennese fair wore, like the French ones, white and red, the only difference being green for the kindred blue. I was afterwards informed that they were Hungarians, who at that time made it a point of honour to wear the national colours. In the *Paradies gärtlein*, one evening, I saw Prince Metternich, like a modern Joshua, with his eyes fixed seriously on the setting sun. One of these pretty Hungarian damsels happened to pass between him and the receding humuary; the Prince at first seemed as if, with his haughty eye, he would command her to be gone: she returned the glance boldly; and the Prince, with a contemptuous smile, turned aside."

We have, with this graphic chap-

ter from Menzel, placed the reader thoroughly within the walls of Vienna; and he will not fail to observe that the motley panorama which is unfolded, bears traits too characteristic to admit of its being easily confounded with any other of a kindred nature. London it could not be; for no man can mistake business and smoke for pleasure and sunshine. Not Paris, because of the Gothic and Oriental elements that you find here, but seek for in vain in the most thoroughly civilized and modernized city of Europe. Not Petersburg, because Petersburg is dull. Not Naples, because in Naples you see only Italians. To our feeling, Menzel has put the different elements of this picture together in a short compass with no small skill. That dark Bohemian, frowning through the Carnival, with the memory of Huss and a whole thirty years' war upon his brow, is significant enough; and yet more admirable the Hungarian damsel, boasting her flaunting tri-color in the very face of Metternich. Hungary is to Austria what Circassia would be to Russia, should Circassia now successfully maintain her independence, and some hundred years after this, by a free and voluntary pact, choose the Czar of Russia for her king. He would not be *czar* there; he would only be king; and that only so far and so long as the free Circassians found it convenient to allow the union of the crowns. Hungary has been Austrian now for more than three centuries, (from 1527;) but it is Hungary still; and its nationality, so far from having humbled itself beneath the levelling rule of German centralization, has of late years been shooting out with new vigour; and the Magyar language, by the successful efforts of the famous diet of four years, 1832-6, now claims a place in the public legislation of Europe. But of the Hungarians again: Meanwhile we cannot fail to remark with pleasure what a contented and happy air this Viennese despotism wears: and how scarcely a shadow of the Spielberg seems to disturb the flickering sunshine in which these holiday children (*Sonntagskinder*) live. This is the working of the fa-

mous PATERNAL system—a word for which Mr Turnbull requires to make no apology; for it expresses the relation between prince and people in this government accurately—more accurately, perhaps, when the comparison is consistently followed out, than those who invented it imagine. Let us consider for a moment to what it amounts. If the sovereign is a father, then the subjects are children, as the Czar says to his soldiers, riding by the ranks gallantly—“*How are you, my children?*” while they reply in deafening response—“*We thank you, my father.*” It is a relation not confined to Austria, but belonging in a manner to all despotic governments; and there is no inconsistency between the two designations father and despot, but rather a perfect congruity—a father being at once the most absolute and the most merciful of masters, (*Despotism*.) He may, however, also be the most stern castigatour when occasion requires; and of this the Marquis of Londonderry gives us a notable example in the person of the same Russian Czar:—“There was a cholera-mob in St Petersburg: ‘What are you doing, *impious and criminal men?*’ said he, with a voice of thunder. ‘You DARE to oppose the orders of your superiors, the care of your physicians, and the *paternal* solicitude of your sovereign! *Kneel, rebels, and beg God’s forgiveness! Make yourselves worthy of the clemency with which I will act if your repentance is sincere!*’ On hearing these words,” continues the Marquis, “the numberless multitude prostrated themselves, and nothing but sobs and sighs were heard. The clergy of the adjacent church, St Sauveur, arrived, and chanted the *Te Deum*; and, as soon as it was finished, the air resounded with acclamations of ‘Long live the Emperor!’ The people surrounded him: kissed his clothes and his horse, and escorted him to the palace.” Here we have a very characteristic picture of the sterner phase of the paternal system in Russia, and a more favourable specimen of how it works practically could not be conceived. But this example will serve to illustrate the Austrian idea of paternity only by way of contrast; for the Peters and Pauls of the savage north, as we know well,

* Marquis of Londonderry, *Tour in the North*. Vol. 1., p. 198.

are generally murdered by their rebellious children; whereas a Franz or Ferdinand of the Kaisersburg at Vienna, would scarcely seem to deserve the name, if he did not die quietly, like a good Christian, in his bed. It is a mighty difference. Here it is the obedience of love, there it is the obedience of fear. And, accordingly, Mr Raikes tells us that there is a feeling of constraint about Petersburg, altogether opposed to the free and easy jovialty of Vienna—a constraint to a free-born Englishman, Whig, Tory, or Radical, altogether intolerable.* Whence this difference may arise we shall not endeavour dogmatically to determine; perhaps from the inferior grade of civilisation attained by the Russians; perhaps from the character more decidedly military of every thing in Russia; perhaps from the lack of kindness and amiability in the Russian, as compared with the German character. But the fact seems undeniable. "Russia," says Sir John Sinclair somewhere, "for offensive or defensive military operations, is the happiest of all political situations geographically;" but the happiest of all absolute governments morally, according to the unvarying testimony of a host of the most competent witnesses, is Austria. Hear what Herr Weber says on the subject:—

"The greatest eulogy of Austria lies in the fact, that the Austrian peasant is comparatively wealthy and contented; that is to say, the great majority of the nation is wealthy and happy. In Austria most people can boast not merely *esse* but *bene esse*, whereas in other countries the financiers are happy enough if they can bring about such a state of things as shall prevent total starvation in any limb of the body politic. We could name states which, compared with Austria, are really little better than work-houses. In no country do we find so many blue Mondays, green Thursdays, and golden Thursdays; and a *Treuga Dei* is re-

alized here much more perfectly than ever it was in the middle ages. The great forced *fêtes* of the *Grande Republique* appear almost comical to me, when set against those natural feasts of the Austrian monarchy. Montesquieu talks wisely about all kinds of monarchies: but it is certain that the *vertu*, or love of fatherland, which he assumes as characteristic of republican states, flourishes here more lustily than it ever did in republican France, or in any of the ancient little republics of Germany."

This is comfortable. We have no Shah of Persia here, delighting in decimation; no political Blue-Beard, as some simple-minded people may picture the despot of an absolute government, but a real and veritable *PATER PATRIE*, living not in marble and brass only, but in the hearts of a happy and contented people. "The name of the Kaiser," continues our author, "works like magic; and many a time have I laughed at an honest old reigning Graf, before the days of mediatizing, who was not content to say '*Der Kaiser*' simply, as the Viennese do so kindly, but with a full mouth rolled out the designation, '*Kaiserliche majestät unser allernüchdigstes Reichsoberhaupt*.'" And in another passage, discoursing on what we in England call public spirit, Herr Weber eulogizes the Imperial Government in a strain that makes the iron yoke of the censorship appear, even to our British fancy, for the moment like the happy constraint of an artificial channel, cut by an irrigator, distributing the waters of an unruly river wisely over the thirsty plain. We extract the whole passage:—

"Of public spirit, I confess, a phrase with which undoubtedly much that is great and noble in social man is connected, the Austrians through the whole monarchy know nothing; and the newest political, or even literary notorieties, are not hunted after with that eager curiosity which is found in so many other countries. As little does the Austrian concern

* "The constant fear of the Emperor, which pervades all classes of society here, is almost incomprehensible to a foreigner, who is hardly able to appreciate the weight of that despotic power with which he is invested; more particularly as I can hear of no one instance on record of caprice or injustice in his conduct: and certainly his manner, though dignified, seems full of amenity. I suppose, however, the conviction that liberty, property, and even life, are solely dependent on the will of a sovereign, must affect the nervous system, and strew the path of all alike with care and apprehension."—RAIKES'S *City of the Czar*, p. 303.

himself, in general, about the censorship of the press, and the political *index purgatorius*, which is well known to be pretty voluminous in the empire; but many a famous book in this register, the censor inserts doubtless with a smile, acting on the great Austrian principle of *safety*, but knowing all the while very well, that any body who chooses to give himself a little trouble, may have any book he pleases to ask for. Since the Revolution, it has been the fashion in Austria to institute a regular chase after political heresy; and, for my part, I do not object to making a bonfire of most of our political pamphlets, for their only tendency is to teach foolish heads to reason conceitedly on all subjects which they do not understand, or to turn good subjects into bad patriots. "*Etwas lustiges dafür.*"—Give me rather something merry!—cries the Austrian. The spirit for constitutionalism, which has seized on all Europe in these latter times, appears in Austria almost comical; these people can afford to make a farce of the great world-Epos of the age; and yet they are not mere buffoons; they have an Epos of their own, and a public spirit too, or something that serves the same purpose—the public spirit of the Austrians is their love to the Imperial family. In Austria, one may read every where in large letters, (notwithstanding the principle of secrecy,) the great specific which this government employs to waken and keep alive the patriotism of the people—the *administration is in the main such, that the people feel themselves happy in Fatherland*. Their love to the Kaiser—the best proof of good government—goes so far, that their familiar discourse and daily language receive a peculiar tint from it. Thus a certain kind of blue, like Joseph's eyes, they called *kaisersblau*; the cab in which he used to ride they called *kaiserswagen*; a sweet pear of which they are very fond, they called *kaisersbirne*; a kind of sweet cake they call *kaiserskuchen*; and the short tender flesh on the ribs they call *kaisersfleisch*. Let no man tell me that there is not more of the philosophy of the Austrian government in these

chance phrases, than in many books written by learned publicists."

We agree entirely with Herr Weber; the men who set out with the fixed idea that in an absolute monarchy every thing must be bad, and in a limited monarchy, or a republic, every thing must be good, are the most shallow reasoners in the world—mere pedants and formalists—very boys in capacity. And yet, it is only the other day that we read in a respectable publication a denunciation of the good old Kaiser, (now, God rest him! in his grave, as a "base, brutal, and bloody wretch," because he had not treated "a charming young man," named Alexander Andryane,* very politely in the Spielberg. We do not mean to defend the Spielberg, or take under our patronage all the details of prison discipline used there. Even Mrs Trollope, notwithstanding that flaunting breadth of indiscriminate eulogy wherewith she contrives to make the best things in Austria appear most ridiculous, makes a very awkward apology for the Spielberg. She says, it is not true that the comforts of the unfortunate prisoner are withdrawn from him, by little and little, with studied, lingering barbarity, because—mark the logic—(surely this galliard female has Irish blood in her veins)—because *all means of recreation and amusement are withdrawn before the prisoner enters the room allotted to him*. If Mrs Trollope's book had ever been meant to be, or could ever be mistaken for, any thing else than a loose bundle of pleasant, saleable gossip, it might be edifying (while we are on this theme) to compare her bold and authoritative statements in vol. ii. p. 202, with respect to Austrian prison discipline, line by line, against some little facts mentioned by Andryane and others, who speak not from hearsay, but from personal experience. But this shall pass. We are only concerned to observe that the treatment of state prisoners in Austria may be as harsh, in principle and practice, as the English criminal laws are, or till very lately have been, notoriously and proverbially bloody—and no argument in the one case can be drawn

* Memoirs of a Prisoner of State. By Alexander Andryane, fellow-captive of the Count Confalonari. London: 1840. 2 vols.

from the facts against the Austrian system of paternal despotism ; or in the other, against the English system of a representative constitution. We must remember also, that, according to the principle of paternity, the peace and quiet of the family is one of the great ends of domestic government ; the family, indeed, cannot exist without it for a moment ; and the boy who is eternally rioting and ramping, and making noise, deserves not to be laid upon a sofa, but to be put into a black-hole. And what shall not be said or done to the man who curses and blasphemes, and even beats his PARENT ? Let these considerations excuse any severities of poor Franz towards his political prisoners ; for his prisoners emphatically they were—" *meine gefangenen*," as he used to phrase it. He was an old man before he died, and a little given to be peevish and anxious no doubt, especially after the July revolution in 1830 ; but still, to his own good children, he was Kaiser Franz to the end, or "*Franzel*," as the kindly Viennese diminutive has it. Would it not appear almost high treason in this country, if a man were to talk of the Queen familiarly as "our dear little Vick ?" And yet such is the tone of Austrian loyalty ; not a solemn architectural hymn, built with large square stones of massive melody, like our "God save the King ;" but a gently-cradling, sweetly-swaying thing, in Haydn's kindest manner, where reverence, which Mr Turnbull says is the principle of the Austrian despotism, is lost in love, and the subject taps the sovereign on the shoulder with a friendly familiarity.—

"Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser,
Unsern guten Kaiser Franz !"

Thus the Viennese sing their gentle hymn ; and Kaiser Franz himself, look how quietly and without observance, how almost like a Methodist parson he treads along ! "I was on the Bastey, one day," says Herr Weber, "and a man in a grey greatcoat was walking before me, whom I should never have thought of noticing, had it not been that many people, as they passed him, touched their hats with great respect. It was Kaiser Franz ;

and so I saw him again in the Prater, where he was taking the air in a plain two-horse coach, with his daughters ; and had it not been for the frequent taking off of the hat that accompanied the progress of the vehicle, I should not have recognised my old friend, that simple grey man, the Kaiser of Oestreich. How is it that this mighty emperor has retained so little of the usefulness which the French emigrants taught in all our German courts, that the Revolution was caused by neglect of court etiquette ; and that, in order to preserve the peace of Europe, a bold front of Spanish dignity and French brilliancy in these matters is absolutely necessary ? No *Vive l'Empereur* deafens the quiet ears of good Kaiser Franz ; but all look on him with eyes of love and reverence, and there is loyalty in every gesture." So lived Kaiser Franz. Madame Trollope was not so fortunate as Herr Weber. Kaiser Franz was dead before she reached Vienna, otherwise, after a reasonable flourish of trumpets in her best style, she would no doubt have given a similar account of this simple grey man. But she was in the convent of the Capuchins—where is the imperial vault—on All Souls' Day, in the month of November ; and she witnessed a scene of affectionate loyalty on that occasion, which, fresh as it must be in the memories of many of our readers, we cannot permit ourselves to pass over. "The old and the young, the rich and the poor," says she, "pressed on together to the tomb of their common father ; neither sex, age, nor condition, were observed in this unparalleled *melée* of general emotion ; and I believe truly that of all the multitude who thronged that dismal vault, we alone profited by the light of the torches, which made its gloom visible, for the purpose of looking on as mere spectators of the scene. We watched tears stealing down many a manly cheek, from eyes that seemed little used to weeping, and listened to sobs that spoke of hearts bursting with sorrow and remembered love, beside the tomb of one who had already lain there above two years, and that one—an Emperor !" With these words—genuine gold, we believe, and not mere lacker—let the curtain drop

on Kaiser Franz, and the virtues of the paternal system in Austria.

Our excellent bachelor, Herr Weber, (worth a whole host of modern critics and modern travel-writers, by your leave, good friends,) is, as we have said, peculiarly at home in Vienna. He lives with the people, he feels with them, he thinks with them, he talks with them, he *enjoys* them thoroughly. He is a true philosopher. Not indeed that, because the steeple of St Stephen's and the Vienna morality decline a little from the perpendicular, our strict British reason is to decline along with them; but simply that a man must keep an open eye and an open heart for whatsoever is good and beautiful in this multiform world, and not allow himself to be deceived by *formulas*. So Herr Weber, though with strong British and constitutional leanings, is not slack to rejoice with them that do rejoice at Vienna, under a system of unlimited despotism, and to know the soul of good in things evil. For evil, after all, or at least imperfection, as free-born Britons we must say, notwithstanding the magniloquencies of Mrs Trollope, the paternal system is. Does it not, in fact, imply that we are all children politically, and to remain children for ever? But there is also another evil on the opposite side, and that not a small one—imagining, like the Abbe Siéyes, that one has perfected political science upon paper, and telling all children straightway, at the word of command, to stand on the legs of political manhood, when they have none to stand on. Herr Weber is aware, as we must all be, that the Austrian government does not pretend to have taught human nature—that drunken boor, according to Martin Luther—to ride upright upon his horse; but, giving up self-government in any shape as an altogether hopeless essay in social economy, it arranges matters so that the rider, in spite of himself, shall not break his neck, and, though not sitting in the most graceful way imaginable, nevertheless, by aid of cords and pack-threads, and thongs of various kinds,

wisely applied, does *not* tumble. And do you not hear that clown, or cavalier, as it may chance to be—riding joyously along, despite of Metternich and *espionage*, drinking tokay bountifully, and blessing the gods? Are not these men *happy*? and not only *happy*, but kind hearted and amiable, and virtuous in their own way? Take a few familiar traits from Herr Weber, and if you do not love these Viennese, you may be a strict saint, and a good Whig, but you are not a man. What genuine—not modern French—but true Christian urbanity, for instance, is in the following!—

“I do not think that an *areopagus* here would have occasion to make a law against the man who should kill a sparrow flying from the persecution of a hawk, or against boys who should put out the eyes of singing birds. During the war, the *employés* of Government felt the press of the dearth and the paper money more even than the common citizen; but here also the natural kindness of the Austrian character showed itself. A shopman and a government official were chaffing with considerable warmth, and interchanging some hard words about unchristian prices:—‘*Was? Sie seyn a beomte? Worum hobens, dos nit glei gsogt? So hätt's parlament nit braucht; sie zahl'n halt, statt n' gulden acht groschen.*’” What? You are an official!—Why did you not tell me that before?—so we might have spared our prattle. I take only eight groschen in the florin from you!

“The Austrians have a certain air of calm coldness (*Eine Eigene ruhige Kälte*), which, after a time, pleased me—'tis almost Turkish. But as to rudeness, with which I have heard them charged, they are substantially a most polite people; and what your superficial sketchers call rude, is only an honest plumpness of phrase, such as the Bavarians and Suabians also have, to which an honest man soon gets accustomed. I was a great frequenter of the imperial library. One day I had left some important notes in one of the volumes of a very volu-

* In these and other German phrases, which we have, for the sake of character, given in the original, the German student will observe the broad, open, easy, indolent character of the Viennese dialect. It is curious enough that Leipsic and Vienna—the North and the South—exhibit the same linguistic peculiarities in Germany that Aberdeen and Kelso do in Scotland.

minous work; I was accordingly obliged to return and ask for the whole work again. '*Jo! worum nit gor!*' (Yes! and why not?) was the ready reply; or, 'Will you rather take me to the shelf where the book lies?' '*Jo! worum nit gor!*' again, and so on; you will never get an angry answer. In Berlin, or Dresden, they would have said tartly, '*Er laubensie, das is gegen unsere gesetze.*' 'With your permission, sir, that is contrary to our regulations.' For six months continuously, a perfect stranger, I made the most liberal use of his Majesty's books; and my friend, '*Jo! worum nit gor!*' always treated me with the same complaisance. A Frenchman is externally more *polite*—to use a word valued in these times fully at its worth; but as his politeness is based, not, like the Austrian's, on thorough good-nature, but on national vanity, which continually makes him mirror his own actions before an imagined admiring world, it is for the most part *vox et præterea nihil*; and the more polite a Frenchman is, the more likely is he to be a *chevalier d'industrie*. A Viennese, again, I believe to be radically incapable of doing or saying an ungentlemanly thing; at least, I never met with any thing that I could properly call rude; unless, indeed, you will choose to think it very uncivilized in a poultry-wife, when she flings in the face of a chary madam, '*Legt d'aar selber, wenns engs' z' theuer sind!*' Lay the eggs yourself, if mine are too dear for you!

In Vienna, if there be a riot act, it is certainly never read; witness the following:—

"No where are the public places so little infested by brawls and bickerings as in Vienna. No noises and no blows; for here the people are submissive, and the subordination is perfect. By ten o'clock of an evening every thing is as still as a mouse. They never break their jaws or their heads about politics. If you wish to know the meaning of the word *politiquer* (kan-

negiessern) go to London, Hamburg, or Berlin,* there you may talk yourself to satiety. But not only are there few politicians in Austria; in no country are there so few criminals of any kind. Before an Austrian magistrate I never was; but one evening, standing before the principal police house, having nothing better to do, I was humming to myself mechanically a *tralira*, which, in a less orderly capital, would scarcely have been heard; suddenly there popped out a head magnificently frizzed, and a broad vituperation came on my ears—'*Was mochts vor excessen?*' 'Who makes disturbance here?' If now, instead of humming a tune, I had only politicized! Verily, a most decent and orderly government.

"But the Austrian is not indifferent to the weal of his own fatherland any more than the Briton. He is a true patriot. The distinction is, that he never allows himself, or rather it never enters his head, to make a judgment on matters of internal administration; because, with him, it is always a postulate that the government does every thing for the best. How happy! Never did Austrian affairs look worse than in the late wars with France; but, instead of reasoning about the matter, and blaming, perhaps, right and left, as would have been the case in other countries, the Viennese only pitied the sad case of their dear Francis, pitied his ministers, pitied the soldiers, who, despite of their undoubted patriotism, were so wofully beaten. Hard words they had for none except the German princes, who had so shamefully deserted their *Koaser* in his need. Put an Austrian out of temper for more than three days, and you may poison the whole Atlantic with a drop of prussic acid. His merry blood flows cheerfully on. If it was rain yesterday, that is the very reason why it should be sunshine to-day. He can always solace himself with a delicate slice from the loin, and a glass of genuine *Rattelsdorfer*. He can go to see Punch, (*Casperli*), or with dear little

* But the Berlin talk about politics is mere *talk*. A friend of ours, who was in Berlin in 1832, when the celebrated decrees of the Diet were published, told us that he found the worthy Berliners in a coffee-house reading article after article aloud, and commenting on each clause with a laugh! "I would rather they had not read at all, or held their tongues for fear of spies, as in Austria," said our friend, who is a staunch constitutionalist. "From a man who laughs at things so serious, no good is to be expected."

Nanny to the Prater, or to the fireworks, or to the Leopoldstadt theatre, to hear his own jokes repeated; and he is always ready, if it must be, to take five for an even number, and paper for gold."

Our pleasant bachelor alludes here to the state of the finances in Austria, and to the difference between silver and paper florins, which the reader, when he comes to settle his accounts with the Bohemian landladies, will (like Mr Turnbull) find to be something considerable. But this is a delicate subject; "the weak side of Austria," as Professor Bulau says. We shall let it pass till the government or some unexpected press of events shall bring it fairly before the public. Meanwhile, we may bear in mind that Austria in the late war fought again and again, not only for herself, but for Germany and Prussia. They who preach of Dennewitz and the Katzbach, ought to recollect also Aspern and Wagram, which were less successful in the issue, but infinitely more noble in the attempt. Whatever may have been the cause of the embarrassment of the Austrian finances, Herr Weber, who was a lawyer, does not scruple to attribute the happiness of its people to two causes—to the excellence of the Austrian legislation, and the abundance of the country in rich sources of national wealth. The following passage touches on the finances, and also on another interesting subject—Hungary:

"The legislation of Austria, and even the administration, deserve to be studied, (how few have done that?) and then some large talkers might learn that the Prussian *landrecht* is not the compendium of all possible wisdom. The state, indeed, has suffered much from the long exhausting wars, and has debts; but the nation is substantially wealthy, and with it the state. This wealth springs from the surest of all sources, the rich native soil, and the ennobling of the native products by internal industry; and countless fields of industry that might be cultivated, for very luxuriance of other parts, literally lie fallow, or sleep, an untouched treasury. Bohemia, Moravia, Austria Proper, Italy, are well peopled: the barren ridges

of the Alps cannot support a great population; but fertile Hungary might well support double its present population;* Transylvania, Slavonia, Croatia, Dalmatia, all more than double, even with our present very imperfect agricultural machinery. These lands, indeed—which might be the brightest gems in the crown of Austria—lie, like Galicia, in a state of comparative barbarism. Time must be allowed to work here; the government is not to be blamed for all this apparent neglect: it does what it can; but that is not much in many regions; as for instance in Hungary, where 200,000 nobles, in opposition to all improvement, are continually ready to appeal to *pacta conventa* and *statuta*, where the aristocracy and the clergy assume to themselves the title of people, while the people proper—the *populus* of millions, designated even in the chancery phrase as mere '*misera plebs contribuens*'—are not much better than the vilest villains of the middle ages!"

We have purposely quoted this passage from Weber, because it brings prominently before our view what has been a main feature in the internal policy of Austria, for the last seventy or eighty years; viz., the *elevation of the peasant class, and the depression of the nobility*; a matter that requires to be looked at from more sides than one, before its bearings can be fully understood. It is natural enough here to look upon this as a natural working of the wise paternal system, which we have noticed above as so characteristic of Austria. Mr Weber, and also Mr Turnbull, seems inclined to look upon the matter in this light, much to the credit of the government, no doubt; but the provincial nobility, Bohemian and Hungarian, are thus represented as a body of petty, selfish, and mercenary little tyrants, while the crown stands forward clad with all the noblest attributes of Christian heroism. We must beware of this one-sidedness. It is perfectly true that from the rebellion of the Bohemian peasants in 1773, under Maria Theresa, to the Hungarian diet of 1832-6, under Francis and Ferdinand, and the late Diet in 1840, the various changes in the provincial laws for effecting the emancipation of the serf-population,

* Mr Turnbull (il. 7,) gives the population of Hungary, according to the census of 1824, as 11,404,350 souls; the population of the whole monarchy being 35,000,000.

have been made by virtue of propositions emanating from the Crown ; but the principle which operates here is not mainly or exclusively the fostering principle of paternity for which Austria has been so justly lauded ; but it is rather the very vulgar principle of centralization and levelling to be found in Russia, in Prussia, in Republican and Imperial France, as much as in Austria. It is one of those less noble, mainly selfish principles, out of which, by setting the one against the other, in a particular stage of social development, Providence often produces an immense quantity of good. So when people are crowding into the theatre by the pit door on a benefit night, a strong man, planting himself on the proper place, and keeping his ground by a determined show of elbow, saves perchance some score of weaklings from a fatal squeeze. The Emperor of Austria finds himself planted by Providence between the people and nobility, the nobility being the stronger : against these, therefore, in the first place, he elbows steadily ; the nobility recede, naturally enough, inch by inch only, grumbling a little perhaps, but not viciously, after the Austrian fashion, not stabbing, as they do in Russia, or poisoning, as they did in Italy ; as room is made, the peasants rise out of serfage into a sort of honourable vassalage ; out of vassalage into free proprietorship and farming ; what the Emperor wants all the while is equilibrium of the opposing powers, that he may stand steady between them ; but it is an equilibrium of all classes, far below, and unconditionally in subordination to himself. By crushing the nobility, the chancery at Vienna not only emancipates the peasant, but it renders itself omnipotent. It is not, in this case, that being free to use the iron rod of the hard taskmaster, the Kaiser prefers to use the tender admonition, and gentle castigation of the parent, but that being utterly destitute of all native authority, he steps in as a merciful father in behalf of the *miseræ plebs contribuens*, and walks out as an absolute master. But, are these Hungarian mandarins blameless in allowing themselves to be thus forestalled in exercising one of the main charities of advancing civilisation ?

Assuredly not. They ought to have emancipated the peasants ; and thus they might have had a perfect joy in their own good deeds. As it is, however, we cannot say that they have been altogether unpatriotic ; while they stood aloof, culpably, we must say, from the benevolent schemes of the Government to wipe out the brand of villanage from the mass of the population, they made bold front against those other manifestations of the levelling system of centralization, which had no other aim than to denationalize the different members of the Empire, and reduce Hungary, Bohemia, and Croatia into one monotonous uniformity of constrained Germanism. Nothing is more natural than that the metropolitan power which sways absolutely at Vienna, should strive by every possible means to Germanize the independent functions of the Slavonic race in the provinces. But the attempt is vain. The chess-board uniformity of social existence at which centralizing despotism aims, is contrary to nature, as Madame de Staël told Napoleon. It was never intended by Providence that the world should be quakerized into one great FRENCH empire ; and even Robert Owen's new moral world, when it shall become triumphant, is not likely to make all mountains and valleys exactly of the same level, plane down universal creation into a Westphalian flat, and metamorphose the irregular grandeur of nature's Alps into a methodical circumvallation of Dutch dikes. So Hungary can never be German ; the native nobility deserve all praise for asserting and maintaining their nationality against the encroachments of the crown ; the Magyar damsels are right to wear tricolor ribands flaunting proudly, even between Metternich and the sun ; and every true Hungarian ought to rejoice in speaking his mother-tongue publicly, though Latin may be esteemed more orthodox by the Jesuits, and German be a more hopeful medium of request for obtaining admission into the most worshipful knighthood of the Golden Fleece at Vienna.

The reader will excuse these hasty remarks on Hungary. The subject is fruitful, and would require a separate chapter.* It will be clear enough,

* English writers on Austria are apt to look with a very unfavourable eye on Hungary, treating with perfect ridicule the Hungarian pretensions to kinship with free-

however, from what we have shortly said in reference to this matter, as well as from the general tone of our remarks, that we are far from thinking the paternal system in all respects a perfect one—much less, with certain recent panegyrists, are we ready to throw away trial by jury, freedom of the press, yearly exercise of tongue-fence—as Carlyle calls it—in the general assembly of national palaver, and many other nameless British privileges in which we rejoice, for a fat Styrian capon, a delicate Bohemian pheasant, or a flask of genuine tokay, enjoyed daily without the fear, even in the most remote possibility, of a mob, a revolution, or an agrarian law, to disturb the quiet process of healthy digestion. The fact of the matter is, that with all the praise we have been able and willing to bestow on it, there is a radical error at the bottom of the whole Austrian system, that prevents it, like other mortal things, from being as good as it might be, or may be fancied to be. The paternal system in the juices of the Viennese character, produces only a sweet, soft, unctuous chyle; whereas, bile also is necessary, as physiology teaches; bile, in itself a bitter and most unpleasant thing, but without which, as Napoleon who knew well has told us, great battles cannot be gained. The Austrian character wants freedom and independence, and, with that, self-esteem, and a just pride, boldness, enterprise, manliness. Nay, there is a more woful want still—there is a lack of intellect. “BRAUCHEN, HALT, KEIN GESCHIEDT LEUT,” is a famous saying of the late Emperor, “We want no clever people:”—and though, when he used this expression, he was perhaps only delicately satirizing that forward thing called “genius,” which protrudes itself impertinently every where in these latter times, there is no doubt a literal honest German truth also in the matter. An absolute monarch requires, indeed, a clever minister—a Metternich—but a clever people generally, or clever subordinate *employés*, may be dispensed with: say, rather, may often prove embarrassing. Here then lies the weak point of the

paternal system, as developed in Austria. The children are happy children, and the boys are happy boys; but they are not, cannot, under the postulate, be MEN: and that which marks manhood, the eagle-sway of godlike intellect, is, by universal testimony, deficient in them. Menzel says, in his preface, with much kindness, that they are “*Ein kerngesundes und liebenswürdiges Volk*”—a loveable and thoroughly-healthy people; but a man may be healthy in his way, without being strong, and strong without being great. Herr Weber, also, whom we have seen to be such a cordial amateur of things in Vienna, never attempts to conceal this deficiency. Mr Turnbull, too, though he expresses himself in a more dignified, decent, and courtly way, comes substantially to the same conclusion. Let us look at this side of the picture a little more in detail. Herr Weber is very pleasant on the Austrian love of good eating, and does not scruple to ascribe to this excessive culture of the animal, that *slowness* of motion which made such a famous figure in the late wars.

“The Austrians have long been famous for good eating. They used to eat literally as if they considered it a duty of the subjects of the empire, to prove that, like their own eagle, they were double. Perhaps they are a little more temperate now; but habits of that kind are not so easily unlearned. *Cogito, ergo sum*, said Descartes. I respect the wisdom of the philosopher; but to me it appears more natural to say—*Edo, ergo sum—er ist, also ist er auch*,—whatever eats is. Eating was certainly, we may argue metaphysically in the manner of Locke, one of our earliest ideas. *Esse*, to be, is the most abstract of verbs; and was, no doubt, merely an enlargement of the original *esse*, to eat. Nay, even in religion we see this idea prominent; offerings with the ancient heathens were properly eatings: they offered the flesh to the gods as a real feast—the best part, as Homer tells us, the thighs, and covered with fat too, to make them savoury.

—κατα δι κνισσιν ικαλυψαν.

dom and with the British constitution. They ought to bear in mind, that in a certain stage of social development *the nobility are the people*—at least the only natural representatives of national independence. To whom do we owe Magna Charta?

"But we pay taxes for all enjoyments in this world; no wonder therefore, that the Austrian, like other great eaters, became indolent and heavy in his motions, and acquired a character for taking things easily, both in the cabinet and the field, which history will not soon allow to fall into oblivion. The ostrich is the largest of birds, with a stomach that devours iron; but it has very worthless wings, or, properly speaking, none at all. Charles lost the Spanish succession by indecision in the Cabinet; and many victories have been lost while the Austrians were deliberating over their dinners, as the ancient Germans did over their drink.

'Langsam voran—langsam voran!'

*Damit die Landwehr halt folgen kann!'**

"'Would you perfectly understand,' said the Count Windisch-Grätz to an engineer in the time of Maria Theresa, 'the great deliberation with which we set about all our affairs, get from some man in authority a promise to pay—fifty strokes, and I bet you a louis d'or you will have to wait a quarter o' year before you get payment.' In Joseph's day, things were managed differently. Joseph was Frederick in all things; and had he lived two decades earlier, Silesia had never been Prussian. Daun, his Fabius Maximus, he would certainly have brought into more expert exercise; and as for the numberless Fabii of the Aulic Council of the empire—with them, in the latter part of his reign, Joseph positively refused to have any thing to do. Of a truth, only at Vienna do people practically understand what the philosophical phrase *VIS INERTIA* means; though they might have learned, from Kaiser Albert II.'s motto long ago—'*Geschwind gewinnt*'—that dispatch is the soul of business. For myself, I never can forget a worthy Viennese whom I met early one morning in the neighbourhood of the *Linien*. He greeted me with a *guten Morgen* so kind and friendly as only a Viennese can give; and this encouraged me to catechise him a little in detail about my plan of operations for the day, which was, to ramble over the neighbouring hills till

evening—losing my dinner of course—with only a dry biscuit and a bit of cheese in my pocket. My easy friend could not understand the pleasure of such peregrination. He laughed heartily, holding his sides—'*Dos ist holler a rechte Teufels commotion!* That is a devil of a commotion, indeed!'—God bless thee, thou genuine son of the good old Kaiser, (KOASER, I ought to say, dwelling with the true Viennese breadth of complacency on the word,) and may angels carry him and thee gently to heaven in a litter!"

The following passage on the Austrian army, however fairly it begins, ends in the same strain:—

"The Austrian army, which consumes almost the fourth part of the yearly income, numbers 300,000 men; and with the militia, (*landwehr*,) and the Hungarian insurrection, can, in time of need, be increased to 600,000. 'Tis a noble army—What men are these grenadiers! Only the French Guards of Napoleon stood higher. The cavalry and artillery are excellent; and a main advantage they have in the number of light troops, which once and again brought Frederick to perfect despair: they cut off the supplies of the enemy; cover the retreat of the main army in the case of a defeat, and in the case of victory harass the enemy. It is strange that, with these admirable light troops, the wars of the revolution can boast so very few successful surprises on the part of the Austrians; whereas, in the wars with the Prussians, history records more than one brilliant *sortie* of this kind. No army in the world has better built, more robust, more valiant, and better conditioned men than the Austrians. What bodies, set against the French or the Prussians! And yet they were obliged to knock under to both; for not the body, but the soul strikes the blow in which lives victory. They read Greek in Austrian universities also, I believe; and they might have learnt from Plato, in the Alcibiades, that the soul only is the man, the body a mere instrument."

And, in the following passage, our

* Easy, my lads, fairly and fine!

That the Landwehr may have time to join

pleasant old bachelor almost reaches the sublime of indignancy:—

“Blessed God! what a country might this Austria be, and become, could it only shake itself triumphantly out of the old world of feudalism, reconcile itself with the spirit of the age, that acknowledges no more the exclusive privileges of nobility and clergy, but the good of the nation; and, above all, learn to bring out a thing that lies as yet sleeping, the MORAL POWER of its noble state!

With genius and enterprise, the spirit of a Joseph at the head of every department, Austria were the prime state in Europe!—Was Madame de Staël so much in the wrong, when she wrote—*‘les bases de l’édifice social sont bonnes et respectables, mais il y manque UNE FAITE et des COLONNES, pour que la GLOIRE et le GENIE puissent y avoir un temple?’*

“Johannes Von Müller, like many other strangers, was treated in Vienna, not exactly according to his taste. His history of Switzerland lay near his heart; but *that* they would not allow him to print there; and the situation of first librarian, to which, above all men, he had a legitimate claim, he could not obtain because of Catholicism. He went accordingly to Berlin; but it was not without a pang that he left the good city of the Kaiser—*‘les Autrichiens sont bons, IL Y A DE L’XTOFFE, il y a quelque chose du cordial, c’est une belle monarchie!’* said he. Right, every thing here is full of life, merriment, and heart’s content; and if the stranger sometimes feels dull here, and sooner than he might expect, there is only one cause of this—viz. that, if not in the highest, yet certainly in the middle class of society,

there is too much SPIRITUAL DEADNESS. I cannot give it a gentler name. Into the head of no mortal man could it ever enter to prefer Berlin to Vienna, were it not these same spiritual chains that pinched Müller. When will they learn to look upon books as something better than mere fashionable furniture; and when will they boast a nobler philosophy than that Eudæmonism, whose first proposition is *‘Lässt’s gehen wie’s geht!’* (let things go as they are going!)—and the second—*‘Aber wer hätte das gedacht?’*—(but who could have fancied that?)”

With this every true British man will agree cordially. We now see where we are clearly. The Austrians have attained in social life neither to the strength of Michael Angelo, nor to the divine beauty of Raphael, but merely to the material mellowness and fleshly lusciousness of Titian. The goddess that sits on the Danube is neither a Juno nor a Pallas, but only a Venus. More than this, indeed, we scarcely think the system of political and ecclesiastical paternity can, even under the most favourable auspices, effect. It does not appear that the Roman Catholic religion, whose spirit is dominant in Vienna,* views with any particular jealousy the healthy development of the fleshly functions, or mere animal, of the laity; but it does appear, and belongs indeed essentially to the idea of a clerical caste on which Romanism is based, that the free development of mind is viewed with an excess of jealousy, sufficient, even without calling into account the system of centralization in civil things, to account for the intellectual deficiency of the Viennese. No doubt, like the

* Our sixth proposition (p. 489,) we drew up with special reference to the late persecution of the Protestants in Tyrol, as an evidence of the essentially exclusive spirit of the dominant religion in Austria. That Joseph, for the sake of *justice*, and Francis, for the sake of *peace*, wished to avoid such collisions of religious feeling by a perfect system of toleration *on paper*, does not alter the fact as to what the real spirit of the Romish religion is in Vienna. Mr Turnbull (ii. p. 113) is strangely sceptical about this matter. Is the famous Salzburg emigration (1731) of such an ancient date, that he should be disinclined to believe the existence of the same spirit, in the same quarter, *anno* 1840? The men who rule in Innsbruck and Vienna are wise in their generation. “A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump.” Protestantism in the Zillertal—let men prate of Austrian toleration as they please—would have been just as inconsistent with the whole spirit of the Government, as the freedom of the press in Vienna. As a set-off, however, against this escapade of the old Adam in Austria, we are bound in duty to mention the old Lutheran affair in Protestant Prussia. “Whoso is without sin amongst you—” &c.

Prussians, the Austrians boast a superior-school-organization; but the human plant does not grow naturally in those schools; every rule of teaching is anxiously prescribed, and every motion of the growing energies is curiously constrained. The confessor and the censor, and the commissary of police, watch over every genial irregularity, till the fair muscularity of nature, in the estimation of these good people, becomes an enormity, and the starry shootings of genius are looked upon as fearful comet-wanderings, presaging desolation. The Austrian education is practical, mechanical, utilitarian, in the highest degree: a certain dexterity of the fingers, so far as their easy animal good-nature allows them to be dexterous, they doubtless acquire; but that undefinable something which is most godlike in man, that which makes Shakspeare, Dante, and Milton great; that which, though no education can give it, a jealous system of priestly and bureaucratic supervision can certainly suppress, they must be content to remain without. On this subject we may hear Mr Turnbull:—

“On the intellectual faculties the effect of the whole system of education must necessarily be of an *equalizing*, not an *exciting* character. In proscribing the wild vagaries, so often encouraged in other states, it may tend not unfrequently to *cramp the force of genius into a sort of stunted uniformity*; but this is not inconsistent with the genius of a philosophy which aims at training the child for *contentment* in the path of life, wherever Providence has placed it; and represses all that may tend to disturb, *even by the force of intellectual energies*, that *general tranquillity*, which it conceives to form the greatest happiness of the greatest number.”

And then he describes admirably the national character as formed by this system:—

“When the mere wants of nature are supplied, no people on earth are so *happy in themselves* as the Austrians. No people are more attached to their existing institutions—more mild and kindly in their dispositions towards others—more free from bad and malignant passions. Patient, docile, and obedient, they are faithful subjects,

soldiers, and servants. Tranquil and enjoying, they are benevolent superiors, landlords, and masters. Simple-minded in the belief of their own religion, whatever it be, and *preserved by the strong hand of government from ever hearing controversial discussion*, they are *tolerant and indifferent* as to the creeds of others. Well-instructed in practical science, they are excellent military and civil engineers and artificers, mechanicians, and manufacturers. On the other hand, without being indolent they are *careless and unenergetic* in their general pursuits—regardless of the value of time—and *without that ambition to excel which brings enterprise to perfection*. Their classical acquirements, even at their principal universities, are rarely adequate to render them able critics, or profound scholars. Their *casiness of temper* produces, in certain respects, a somewhat *lax and indulgent morality*; and, in point of daring original genius, it is rare to see a work of literature art, or science, proceed from an Austrian.”

So much for the dark side of the picture; but let us “not be high-minded, but fear.” God gave us freedom, as he gave to certain trouts, by the agency of a benevolent individual, who let them out of my lady’s private pond into a large mill-dam; but there were pikes in the mill-dam that were not in the pond. In this free country there walks abroad a monster not seen in Austria, called *party spirit*. It is naught, it is naught, says the left hand to the right, because I did it not. “All that the subjects of a constitutional monarch ask, is permission to utter periodical expressions of contempt towards him and his office,” said a Viennese philosopher to Mrs Trollope. Not so. Our bickerings in this free country are not with the monarch, but with one another; and as we are always battling, we can never see any thing calmly and clearly as it is, but always in reference to the present weal and the present advantage. It is the nature of soldiers; they cannot stop to measure how far the bayonet goes in, when they are on the charge. We write newspapers, tormenting, calumniating, anathematizing one another daily—the Viennese sing songs.

* Turnbull's *Austria*, vol. ii. 153-5.

Perhaps you feel inclined to prefer this. Very natural. It is pleasant for an easy man to lie down on a pillow; but remember that war, as Mr Alison somewhere says, is the condition of existence; our state under the moon is a state militant. We must endure hardness, like good soldiers, in a political as well as a religious sense. This must be our consolation. In despotic countries, as in Austria, where there are no popular energies, it is a cheap praise to say, that you have made a peaceful people. Properly speaking, it is not that much lauded Austrian peace and tranquillity after which the world is striving; it is the balance of power and the harmony of opposite functions that society, through much trouble and tribulation, would attain. We cannot rest in a forced peace; we cannot submit to a mechanical tranquillity; we cannot snatch premature civilisation from a withholding Providence; our pieced mosaic never can be a living organization. Nevertheless, these people in Vienna, though centralization and Popery will never manufacture manhood, are a good people, and we can afford to love them perfectly, '*Les Autrichiens sont bons, et il y a de l'étoffe, c'est quelque chose de cordial, c'est une belle monarchie!* Ja wohl, mein Herr!' Without a doubt it is a beautiful monarchy!—And as for despotism—that ugly word—how many centuries have elapsed since England had her Henry VIII. making and unmaking creeds as gallantly as any Joseph? Constitutions are not built, though as we have all seen they may be overturned, in a day. There is, undoubtedly, much in Austria that a mind trained under the popular institutions of Great Britain would wish to see altered. As Protestants and limited-monarchy men, we are compelled to think—somewhat

narrowly, perhaps—that under their present system of combined spiritual and civil absolutism, the Austrians can never arrive at the perfect estate of social manhood; but this system, like every living thing in the world, is not a thing stereotyped. Unless it be already crumbling into dissolution, it is capable of improvement and enlargement in thousandfold ways; nay, its very tenure of existence is a calm, silent expansion and enlargement, according to laws which, in their full extent, God only can measure. Our representative constitution in Britain was a *growth*. There is no people in the world whose development, in this respect, has been more similar to our own than the Austrian. In that country, we find all the elements in full vigour out of which our own constitution has grown—King, Lords, Commons, and Clergy. There have been no Prussian military levellings, no French volcanic outbreaks there. Perhaps they are on the same road with ourselves, travelling only more slowly, and making less noise;—children of the same father but of different ages. Be it so. We hate to be critical. If the Austrians have not produced a sublime Dante, or a strong Shakspeare, they are also free from the brilliant negations of a Voltaire, and the grand peevishness of a Byron. Their brain certainly is not of the surging, billowy, onward nature—this is the worst that can be said of them; but a man's happiness does not consist in the multitude of books which he has written: it is not the head, but the heart, which makes the man. The Austrians are too good-natured, take things too easily; but there is "*stuff*" in them, and they are healthy at the core. We may apply to them what Burke said of Fox—"Verily, they are a people made to be loved."

PROTEUS, THE POLITICIAN.

"And this is law, I will maintain,
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
I'll still be vicar of Bray, sir."—*Old Song.*

"What is patriotism, most excellent Pantagruel ?

"The love of our country, say the philosophers.

"The philosophers were thrice-distilled fools, herbs gathered from the weedy gardens of Egyptian cloisters and the Platonic Academe, and exposed to a white heat of moonshine; thence all of them is vapourish and cold, like the dew of nightshade. The true patriotism is, to serve one's country; and how is that to be done but by first serving one's-self ? most profound Pantagruel.

"I agree," *conceditur.* Thy words are worthy of the cedar presses of Dionysius the Elder.

"Non amplius argumento utar." The courtier is the best patriot, because, whoever may rule, he is ready to be paid.

"Of a verity so it is, Doctissime. Whoever is cook, he will be turnspit.—*Bruen—Ainsi soit il—In secula.*"—*RABELAIS.*

Come you who'd learn the states-
man's trade,
And listen to my tale, sir ;
I'll show you how a fortune's made,
Without the risk of jail, sir ;
Alike in sunshine and in rain,
I'll teach you to make hay, sir.
Get on, with neither heart nor brain,
And never miss quarter-day, sir.

CHORUS.

And this is sense, I will maintain—
Until I'm on halfpay, sir,
I'll wear, whoever gilds, the chain,
And never miss quarter-day, sir.

When first, a clown, I tried the town,
I play'd, of course, the Tory,
For Pitt was up, and Fox was down,
And England in her glory.
I curl'd my locks, I laugh'd at Fox,
Swore Grey was but his lees, sir ;
Call'd every Whig a fool and prig,
And got my bread and cheese, sir.

CHORUS.

And this is sense, I will maintain, &c.

But Death, that strikes the man of
might,
And leaves the mean behind, sir,
Took Pitt, and left, in England's spite,
The blind to lead the blind, sir.
So, since stocks were up with Fox,
(As honest as his sire, sir),
I saw new light, found black was white,
And follow'd him through the mire,
sir.

CHORUS.

And this is sense, I will maintain, &c.

Then foggy Grenville, for a week
Took up old Charley's dice, sir :
I got my livery and my steak,
A patriot's honest price, sir.

But Perceval took up the box,
And threw the lucky Main, sir :
I ratted back, found white was black,
And Tory turn'd again, sir.

CHORUS.

And this is sense, I will maintain, &c.

To Perceval I stoutly clung
Till ended his career, sir,
For which old Bellingham was hung.
My conscience then grew clear, sir ;
I play'd court fool for Liverpool,
I fetch'd and carried news, sir ;
From year to year I bore his sneer,
And would have wiped his shoes,
sir.

CHORUS.

And this is sense, I will maintain, &c.

Then Canning, pledged the state to
save,
Came in 'twixt Whig and Tory,
Unrival'd at a pun or stave,
Speech, epigram, or story ;
But just as fit to follow Pitt,
As squibs to light the sun, sir.
To stick to place is no disgrace,
So I kept sticking on, sir.

CHORUS.

And this is sense, I will maintain, &c.

Then out went Canning's sparkling
lamp,
And Goderich came, the placid ;
The first the meteor of the swamp,
The next a neutral-acid.
I changed my cloth, and, nothing loth
Fell back upon the Whig, sir.
A wise man likes his supper hot,
The rest's not worth a fig, sir.

CHORUS.

And this is sense, I will maintain, &c.

Then Lansdowne came, that son of
fame,

Once puff'd to rival Pitt, sir ;
Thus learned pigs wear judge's wigs,
And monkeys show their wit, sir.
Thus Brummagem makes London
knives,

And Liverpool cigars, sir ;
And every village stroller strives
To rank with Drury's stars, sir.

CHORUS.

And this is sense, I will maintain, &c.

Then Wellington, the Mighty, reign'd
And I was his recruit, sir ;

I felt my conscience unrestrain'd,
And kiss'd his Tory boot, sir.

The Papist bill, his sovereign will
Commanded to be law, sir ;

'Twas all the same, from whom it came,
His Highness, or Jack Straw, sir.

CHORUS.

And this is sense, I will maintain, &c.

But every dog will have his day,

The Whigs once more slept in, sir,
High times for granite-visaged Grey,
And *all his kith and kin*, sir !

My conscience whisper'd—" Cut his
Grace,

And serve your country still, sir."

I kept its counsel, and my place,
And swallow'd Lord John's pill,
sir.

CHORUS.

And this is sense, I will maintain, &c.

Next Melbourne came, the ladies'
flame,

A man to "*courts*" well known,
sir ;

The nation's pride, the church's guide,
True pillar of the throne, sir ;

Who guards our isles with smirks
and smiles,

And laughs at troops and ships,
sir,

But makes reports on Windsor sports,
And chamber-women's slips, sir.

CHORUS.

And this is sense, I will maintain, &c.

Then Chartism roar'd from north to
south,

And Whigs, for *once*, were mute,
sir,

And Melbourne, unsuspecting youth,
Lent Owen his court-suit, sir.

I ogled then "*Mackenzie*" Hume,
My conscience was new skinn'd,
sir ;

In Rome we do like those in Rome,
And none can live on wind, sir.

CHORUS.

And this is sense, I will maintain, &c.

And now I stand, like Talleyrand,
Of every quack the drum, sir,

Thro' time and space I'll keep my
place,

And worship all that come, sir,
Peel, Jack the Painter, Wellington,

Wat Tyler, or old Grey, sir,
My rule—" Take care of Number
One,

And *never miss quarter-day*," sir.

CHORUS.

And this is sense, I will maintain—

To gather place and pay, sir,

To labour, live, and die for gain,

And never miss quarter-day, sir.

ARETINO.

STYLE.

No. III.

READER, you are beginning to suspect us. "How long do we purpose to detain people?" For any thing that appears, we may be designing to write on to the twentieth century; for twice thirty years. "And *whither* are we going?" Towards what object? which is as urgent a quære as *how far*. Perhaps we may be leading you into treason; or (which indeed is pretty much the same thing) we may be paving the way to "Repeal." You feel symptoms of doubt and restiveness; and, like Hamlet with his father's ghost, you will follow us no further unless we explain what it is that we are in quest of.

Our course, then, for the rest of our progress, the outline of our method, will pursue the following objects. We shall detain you a little longer on the Grecian prose literature; and we shall pursue that literature within the gates of Latium. What was the Grecian idea of *style*, what the Roman, will appear as a deduction from this review. With respect to the Greeks, we shall endeavour to show that they had not arrived at a full expanded consciousness of the separate idea expressed by *style*; and, in order to account for this failure, we shall point out the deflexion—the bias—which was impressed upon the Greek speculations in this particular by the tendency of their civil life. *That* was made important in the eyes of the speculative critic, which was indispensable for the actual practitioner; *that* was indispensable for the actual practitioner, which was exacted by the course of public ambition. The political aspirant, who needed a command of fluent eloquence, sought for so much knowledge (and no more) as promised to be available in his own particular mode of competition. The speculative critic, or professional master of rhetoric, offered just so much information (and no more) as was likely to be sought by his clients. Each alike cultivated no more than experience showed him would be demanded. But in Rome, and for a reason, perhaps, which will appear worth pausing upon, a subtler conception of style was formed; though still far from being perfectly

developed. The Romans, whether worse orators or not than the Grecians, were certainly better rhetoricians. And Cicero, the mighty master of language for the Pagan world, whom we shall summon as our witness, will satisfy us that, in this research at least, the Roman intellect was more searching, and pressed nearer to the undiscovered truth than the Grecian.

From a particular passage in the *De Oratore*, which will be cited for the general purpose here indicated of proving a closer approximation on the part of Roman thinkers than had previously been made to the very heart of this difficult subject, we shall take occasion to make a still nearer approach for ourselves. We shall endeavour to bring up our reader to the fence, and persuade him, if possible, to take the leap which still remains to be taken in this field of Style. But as we have reason to fear that he will "refuse" it, we shall wheel him round and bring him up to it from another quarter. A gentle touch of the spur may then, perhaps, carry him over. Let not the reader take it to heart—that we here represent him under the figure of a horse, and ourselves, in a nobler character, as riding him, and that we even take the liberty of proposing to spur him. Any thing may be borne in metaphor. Figuratively, one may kick a man without offence. There are no limits to allegoric patience. But no matter who takes the leap, or how, a leap there is, which must be taken in the course of these speculations on Style, before the ground will be open for absolute advance. Every man who has studied and meditated the difficulties of style, must have had a sub-conscious sense of a bar in his way, at a particular point of the road, thwarting his free movement: he could not have evaded such a sense but by benefit of extreme shallowness. That bar, which we shall indicate, must be cleared away, thrown down, or surmounted. And then the prospect will lie open to a new map, and a perfect map, of the whole region. It will then become possible for the first time to overlook the whole geography

of the adjacencies. An entire theory of the difficulties being before the student, it will, at length, be possible to aid his efforts by ample *practical* suggestions. Of these we shall ourselves offer the very plainest, viz. those which apply to the *mechanology* of style. For these there will be an easy opening: they will not go beyond the reasonable limits disposable for a single subject in a literary journal. As to the rest, which would (Germanly speaking) require a "strong" octave for their full exposition, we shall hold ourselves to have done enough in fulfilling the large promise we have made—the promise of marking out for subsequent cultivation and development all the possible subdivisions and sections amongst the resources of the rhetorician; all the powers which he can employ, and therefore all the difficulties which he needs to study; the arts by which he can profit, and, in correspondence with them, the obstacles by which he will be resisted. Were this done, we should no longer see those incoherent sketches which are now circulating in the world upon questions of taste, of science, of practical address, as applied to the management of style and rhetoric: the public ear would no longer be occupied by feeble Frenchmen—Rollin, Rapin, Batteux, Bonhours, Du Bos, and *id genus omne*; nor by the elegant but desultory Blair; nor by scores of others who bring an occasional acuteness or casual information to this or that subsection of their duty, whilst (taken as general guides) they are universally insufficient:—No; but the business of rhetoric, the management of our mother-tongue in all offices to which it can be applied, would become as much a matter of systematic art, as regular a subject for training and mechanic discipline, as the science of discrete quantity in Arithmetic, or of continuous quantity in Geometry. But will not *that* be likely to impress a character of mechanic monotony upon style, like the miserable attempts at reforming handwriting?—Look at them; touch them; or, if you are afraid of soiling your fingers, hold them up with the tongs; they reduce all characteristic varieties of writing to one form of blank identity, and *that* the very vilest form of scribbling which exists in Europe, viz. to the wooden scratch (as if traced with a skewer) universally prevailing a-

mongst French people. Vainly would Aldorisius apply his famous art, (viz. the art of deciphering a man's character from handwriting,) to the villanous scrawls which issue from this modern laboratory of pseudo-calligraphy. All pupils under *these* systems write alike: the predestined thief is confounded with the patriot or martyr; the innocent young girl with the old hag that watches country waggons for victims. In the same indistinguishable character, so far as this reforming process is concerned, would Joseph Hume sign a motion for retrenching three half-crowns per annum from the orphan daughter of a man who had died in battle; and Queen Adelaide write a subscription towards a fresh church for carrying on war, from generation to generation, upon sin and misery.

Now, if a mechanic system of training for Style would have the same levelling effects as these false calligraphies, better by far that we should retain our old ignorance. If art is to terminate in a killing monotony, welcome the old condition of inartificial simplicity!—So say you, reader: aye, but so say we. This does not touch us:—The mechanism *we* speak of will apply to no meritorious qualities of style, but to its faults, and, above all, to its awkwardnesses; in fact, to all that now constitutes the *friction* of style; the needless joltings and retardations of our fluent motion. As to the motion itself, in all that is positive, in its derivation, in its exciting impulses, in its speed, and its characteristic varieties, it will remain unaffected. The modes of human feeling are inexhaustible; the forms by which feeling connects itself with thought are indefeasibly natural; the channels through which both impress themselves upon language are infinite. All these are imperturbable by human art: they are past the reach of mechanism: you might as well be afraid that some steam-engine—Atlas, suppose, or Samson, (whom the Germans call Simpson,)—should perfidiously hook himself to the earth's axis, and run away with us to Jupiter. Let Simpson do his worst, we defy him. And so of style: in that sense, under which we all have an interest in its free movements, it will for ever remain free. It will defy art to control it. In that sense, under which it ever *can* be mechanized, we have all an interest in

wishing that it should be so. Our final object therefore is a meritorious one, with no intermixture of evil. This being explained, and our course onwards having been mapped out, let us now proceed with our work, first recapitulating in direct juxtaposition with each other the points of our future movement :—

1. Greek and Latin literature we shall examine only for the sake of appraising or deducing the sort of ideas which they had upon the subject of style. It will appear that these ideas were insufficient. At the best they were tentative. 2. From them, however, may be derived a hint, a dim suggestion, of the true question in arrear; and, universally, that goes a great way towards the true answer. "*Dimidium facti*," says the Roman proverb, "*qui bene capit, habet*." To have made a good beginning is one half of the work. *Prudens interrogatio*, says a wise modern; to have shaped your question skilfully, is, in that sense, and with a view to the answer, a good beginning. 3. Having laid this foundation towards an answer, we shall then attempt the answer itself. 4. After which, that is, after removing to the best of our power such difficulties to the *higher understanding* as beset the subject of style, rhetoric, composition, having (if we do not greatly delude ourselves) removed the one great bar to a right theory of style, or a practical discipline of style, we shall leave to some future work of more suitable dimensions the filling up of our outline. Ourselves we shall confine to such instant suggestions—practical, popular, broadly intelligible, as require no extensive preparation to introduce them on the author's part; no serious effort to understand them on the reader's. Whatever is more than this will better suit with the variable and elastic proportions of a separate book, than with the more rigid proportions of a miscellaneous journal.

Coming back, then, for hasty purposes, to Greek literature, we wish to direct the reader's eye upon a remarkable phenomenon in the history of that literature, and subsequently of all human genius; not so remarkable, but that multitudes must have noticed it, and yet remarkable enough to task a man's ingenuity in accounting for it. The earliest known occasion, on which this phenomenon drew a direct

and strong gaze upon itself, was in a little historical sketch composed by a Roman officer during the very opening era of Christianity. We speak of the *Historia Romana*, written and published about the very year of the Crucifixion by Velleius Paterculus in the court of Tiberius Cæsar, the introduction to which presents us with a very interesting outline of general history. The style is sometimes clumsy and unwieldy, but nervous, masculine, and such as became a soldier. In higher qualities, in thoughtfulness, and the spirit of finer observation, it is far beyond the standard of a mere soldier; and it shows, in common with many other indications lying on the face of Roman society at that era, how profoundly the great struggles that had recently convulsed the world must have terminated in that effect which followed in the wake of the French Revolution; viz. in a vast stimulation to the meditative faculties of man. The agitation, the frenzy, the sorrow of the times, reacted upon the human intellect, and forced men into meditation. Their own nature was held up before them in a sterner form. They were compelled to contemplate an ideal of man, far more colossal than is brought forward in the tranquil aspects of society; and they were often engaged, whether they would or not, with the elementary problems of social philosophy. Mere danger forced a man into thoughts which else were foreign to his habits. Mere necessity of action forced him to decide. Such changes went along with the Reformation; such changes went along with the French Revolution; such changes went along with the great recasting of Roman society under the two earliest Cæsars. In every page of Paterculus we read the swell and agitation of waters subsiding from a deluge. Though a small book, it is tumid with revolutionary life. And something also is due, no doubt, to the example of the mighty leader in the Roman Revolution, to the intellectual and literary tastes diffused by him,—

"The foremost man of all this world," who had first shown the possibility of uniting the military leader's truncheon with the most brilliant *stylist* of the rhetorician. How wonderful and pleasing to find such accomplishments of accurate knowledge, comprehensive reading, and study, combined with

so searching an intellect, in a man situated as Paterculus, reared amongst camps, amidst the hurry of forced marches, and under the privations of solitary outposts. The old race of hirsute centurions—how changed!—how perfectly regenerated by the influence of three Cæsars in succession applying a paternal encouragement to literature!

Admiring this man so much, we have paused to review the position in which he stood. Now, recurring to that remark (amongst so many original remarks) by which, in particular, he connects himself with our subject, we may venture to say—that, if it was a very just remark for *his* experience, it is far more so for ours. What he remarked, what he founded upon a review of two nations and two literatures—we may now countersign by an experience of eight or nine. His remark was—upon the tendency of intellectual power to gather in clusters; its unaccountable propensity (he thought it such) to form into separate insulated groups. This tendency he illustrates first in two cases of Grecian literature. Perhaps that might have been an insufficient basis for a general theory. But it occurred to Paterculus in confirmation of his doctrine, that the very same tendency had reappeared in his native literature. The same phenomenon had manifested itself, and more than once, in the history of Roman intellect; the same strong *nîsus* of great wits to gather and crystallize about a common nucleus. That marked gregariousness in human genius had taken place amongst the poets and orators of Rome, which had previously taken place amongst the poets, orators, and artists of Greece. What importance was attached by Paterculus to this interesting remark, what stress he laid upon

its appreciation by the reader, is evident from the emphatic manner in which he introduces it, as well as from the conscious disturbance of the symmetry which he incurs rather than suppress it: These are his words:—"Notwithstanding that this section of my work has considerably outrun the proportions of that model which I had laid down for my guidance, and although perfectly aware that, in circumstances of hurry so unrelenting, which, like a revolving wheel or the eddy of rapid waters, allows me no respite or pause, I am summoned rather to omit what is necessary than to court what is redundant; still I cannot prevail on myself to forbear from uttering and giving a pointed expression to a thought which I have often revolved in my mind, but to this hour have not been able satisfactorily to account for in theory: (*nequeo tamen temperare mihi quin rem sepe agitatam animo meo, neque ad liquidum ratione perductam, signem stylo.*") Having thus bespoke the reader's special attention, the writer goes on to ask if any man can sufficiently wonder on observing that eminent genius in almost every mode of its development (*eminentissima cujusque professionis ingenia*,) had gathered itself into the same narrow ring-fence of a single generation. Intellectuals that in each several department of genius were capable of distinguished execution, (*cujusque clari operis capacia ingenia*,) had sequestered themselves from the great stream and succession of their fellow men into a close insulated community of time, and into a corresponding stage of proficiency measured on their several scales of merit,* (*in similitudinem et temporum et profectum semetipsa ab aliis separaverunt.*) Without giving all the exemplifications by which Paterculus has supported this thesis, we

* Paterculus, it must be remembered, was composing a peculiar form of history, and, therefore, under a peculiar law of composition. It was designed for a rapid survey of many ages, within a very narrow compass, and unavoidably pitched its scale of abstraction very high. This justified a rhetorical, almost a poetic, form of expression; for in such a mode of writing, whether a writer seeks that effect or not, the abrupt and almost lyrical transitions, the startling leaps over vast gulfs of time and action, already have the effect of impassioned composition. Hence, by an instinct, he becomes rhetorical: and the natural character of his rhetoric, its pointed condensation, often makes him obscure at first sight. We, therefore, for the merely English reader have a little expanded or at least brought out his meaning. But for the Latin reader, who will enjoy his elliptical energy, we have sometimes added the original words.

shall cite two: *Una (neque multorum annorum spatio divisa) ætas per divini spiritûs viros, Æschylum, Sophoclem, Euripidem, illustravit Tragediam.* Not that this trinity of poets was so contemporary as brothers are; but they were contemporary as youthful uncles in relation to elderly nephews: Æschylus was viewed as a senior by Sophocles, Sophocles by Euripides: but all might by possibility have met together (what a constellation!) at the same table. Again, says Paternus, *Quid ante Isocratem, quid post ejus auditores, clarum in oratoribus fuit?* Nothing of any distinction in oratory before Isocrates, nothing after his personal audience. So confined was that orbit within which the perfection of Greek tragedy, within which the perfection of Greek eloquence revolved. The same law, the same strong tendency, he insists, is illustrated in the different schools of Greek comedy; and again of Greek philosophy. Nay, it is more extensively illustrated amongst Greek artists in general: "*Hoc idem evenisse grammaticis, plasticis, pictoribus, sculptoribus, quisquis temporum institerit notis—reperiet.*"

From Greece Paternus translates the question to his own country in the following pointed manner: summing up the whole doctrine and re-affirming it in a form almost startling and questionable by its rigour—" *Adeo artatum angustiis temporum,*" so punctually concentrated was all merit within the closest limits of time, "*ut nemo memoriâ dignus, alter ab altero videri nequiverint:*" no man of any consideration but he might have had ocular cognizance of all others in his own field who attained to distinction. He adds—" *Neque hoc in Græciâ quam in Romanis evenit magis.*"

His illustrations from the Roman literature we do not mean to follow: one only, as requisite for our purpose, we cite—" *Oratio, ac vis forensis, perfectumque prosæ eloquentiæ decus (pace P. Crassi et Gracchorum dixerim) ita universa sub principe operis sui erupit Tullio, ut mirari neminem possis nisi aut ab illo visum, aut qui illum viderit.*" This is said with epigrammatic point: the perfection of prose, and the brilliancy of style as an artificial accomplishment, was so identified with Cicero's generation, that no distinguished artist, none whom

you could greatly admire, but might be called his contemporary; none so much his senior, but Cicero might have seen him—none so much his junior, but he might have seen Cicero. It is true that Crassus, in Cicero's infancy, and the two Gracchi, in the infancy of Crassus, (neither of whom, therefore, could have been seen by Cicero,) were memorably potent as orators; in fact, for tragical results to themselves, (which, by the way, was the universal destiny of great Roman orators;) and nobody was more sensible of their majestic pretensions, merely as orators, than Cicero himself, who has, accordingly, made Crassus and Antony predominant speakers in his splendid dialogues *De Oratore*. But they were merely demoniac powers, not artists. And with respect to these early orators, (as also with respect to some others, whose names we have omitted,) Paternus has made a special reservation. So that he had not at all overlooked the claims of these great men; but he did not feel that any real exception to his general law was created by orators, who were, indeed, wild organs of party rage or popular frenzy, but who wilfully disdained to connect themselves with the refinements of literature. Such orators did not regard themselves as intellectual, but as political, powers. Confining himself to oratory, and to the perfection of prose composition, written or spoken, in the sense of great literary accomplishments, beginning in natural power but perfected by art, Paternus stands to his assertion—that this mode of human genius had so crowded its development within the brief circuit of Cicero's life, (threescore years and three,) as that the total series of Roman orators formed a sort of circle centring in that supreme orator's person, such as, in modern times, we might call an electrical circle; each link of the chain having been either electrified by Cicero, or having electrified him. Seneca, with great modesty, repeats the very same assertion in other words:—" *Quicquid Romana fucundia habuit, quod insolenti Græciæ aut opponat aut præferat, circa Ciceronem effloruit.*" A most ingenuous and self-forgetting homage in him; for a nobler master of thinking than himself, Paganism has not to show, nor—when the cant of criticism has done its worst—

a more brilliant master of composition. And were his rule construed literally, it would exclude the two Plinies, the two Senecas, Tacitus, Quintillian, and others from the *matricula* of Roman eloquence. Not one of these men could have seen Cicero; all were divided by more than one generation; and yet, most unquestionably, though all were too reasonable to have fancied themselves any match for the almighty orator in public speaking, yet not one but was an equally accomplished artist in written composition, and under a law of artificial style far more difficult to manage.

However, with the proper allowances for too unmodified a form of expression, we must allow that the singular phenomenon first noticed by Paterculus, as connecting itself with the manifestations of human genius, is sufficiently established by so much of human history as even he had witnessed. For, if it should be alleged that political changes accounted for the extinction of oral eloquence, concurrently with the death of Cicero, still there are cases more than enough, even in the poetry of both Greece and Rome, to say nothing of the arts, which bear out the general fact of human genius coming forward by insulated groups and clusters; or, if Pagan ages had left that point doubtful, we have since witnessed Christian repetitions of the truth on the very widest scale. The Italian age of Leo X. in the fifteenth century, the French age of Louis XIV. in the seventeenth century, the German age, commencing with Kant, Wieland, Goëthe, in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries—all illustrate the tendency to these intermitting paroxysms of intellectual energy. The lightning and the storm seem to have made the circuit of the whole European heavens, to have formed vortices successively in every civilized land, and to have discharged themselves, by turns, from every quarter of the atmosphere. In our own country there have been three such gatherings of intellectual power:—1st, the age of Shakspeare, Spenser, and the great school of dramatists that were already dying out in the latter days of Ben Jonson, (1636,) and were finally extinguished by the great civil commotions beginning in 1642; 2dly,

the age of Queen Anne and George I.; 3dly, the age commencing with Cowper, partially roused, perhaps, by the American war, and afterwards so powerfully stimulated (as was the corresponding era of Kant and Wieland) by the French Revolution. This last volcanic eruption of the British genius has displayed enormous power and splendour. Let malice and the base detraction of contemporary jealousy say what it will, greater originality of genius, more expansive variety of talent, never was exhibited than in our own country since the year 1793. Every mode of excellence, except only dramatic excellence, (in which we have nothing modern to place by the side of Schiller's *Wallenstein*;) has been revealed in dazzling lustre. And he that denies it—may he be suffocated by his own bilious envy!

But the point upon which we wish to fix the reader's attention, in citing this interesting observation of the Roman officer, and the reason for which we have cited it at all, is not so much for the mere fact of these spring-tides occurring in the manifestations of human genius, intermitting pulses (so to speak) in human energies, as the psychological peculiarity which seems to affect the cycle of their recurrences. Paterculus occupies himself chiefly with the *causes* of such phenomena; and one main cause he suggests as lying in the emulation which possesses men when once a specific direction has been impressed upon the public competitions. This, no doubt, is one of the causes. But a more powerful cause, perhaps, lies in a principle of union than in any principle of division amongst men—viz. in the principle of sympathy. The great Italian painters, for instance, were doubtless evoked in such crowds by the action of this principle. To hear the buzz of idolizing admiration settling for years upon particular works of art and artists—kindles something better than merely the ambition and rivalry of men; it kindles feelings happier and more favourable to excellence—viz. genial love and comprehension of the qualities fitted to stir so profound and lasting an emotion. This contagion of sympathy runs electrically through society, searches high and low for congenial powers, and suffers none to lurk unknown to the possessor. A vortex is created which

draws into its suction whatever is liable to a similar action. But, not to linger upon this question of causes, what we wish to place under the reader's eye is rather the peculiar type which belongs to these revolutions of national intellect, according to the place which each occupies in the order of succession. Possibly it would seem an over-refinement if we were to suggest that the odd terms in the series indicate creative energies, and the even terms reflective energies; and we are far enough from affecting the honours of any puerile hypothesis. But, in a general way, it seems plausible and reasonable—that there will be alternating successions of power in the first place, and next of reaction upon that power from the reflective faculties. It does seem natural, that first of all should blossom the energies of creative power; and, in the next era of the literature, when the consciousness has been brightened to its own agencies—will be likely to come forward the re-agencies of the national mind on what it has created. The period of meditation will succeed to the period of production. Or, if the energies of creation are again partially awake, finding themselves forestalled, as regards the grander passions, they will be likely to settle upon the feebler elements of manners. Social differences will now fix the attention by way of substitute for the bolder differences of nature. Should a third period, after the swing of the pendulum through an arch of centuries, succeed for the manifestation of the national genius, it is possible that the long interval, since the inaugural æra of creative art, will have so changed all the elements of society, and the aspects of life, as to restore the mind to much of its infant freedom; it may no longer feel the captivity of an imitative spirit in dealing with the very same class of creations as exercised its earliest powers. The original national genius may now come forward in perfectly new forms without the sense of oppression from inimitable models. The hoar of ages may have withdrawn some of these models from active competition. And thus it may not be impossible that oscillations between the creative and reflective energies of the mind might go on through a cycle of many ages.

In our own literature we see this scheme of oscillations illustrated. In

the Shakspeare period we see the fullness of life and the enormity of power throwing up a tropical exuberance of vegetation. A century afterwards we see a generation of men, lavishly endowed with genius, but partly degraded by the injurious training of a most profligate era growing out of great revolutionary convulsions, and partly lowered in the tone of their aspirations by a despair of rivaling the great creations of their predecessors. We see them universally acquiescing in humbler modes of ambition; showing sometimes a corresponding merit to that of their greatest forefathers, but merit (if sometimes equal) yet equal upon a lower scale. Thirdly, In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries we see a new birth of original genius, of which it is not lawful to affirm any absolute inferiority, even by comparison with the Shakspearian age of Titans. For whatsoever is strictly and thoroughly original, being *sui generis*, cannot be better or worse than any other model of excellence which is also original. One animal structure, compared with another of a different class, is equally good and perfect. One valley, which is no copy of another, but has a separate and peculiar beauty, cannot be compared for any purpose of disadvantage with another. One poem, which is composed upon a law of its own, and has a characteristic or separate beauty of its own, cannot be inferior to any other poem whatsoever. The class, the order, may be inferior; the scale may be a lower one; but the individual work, the degree of merit marked upon the scale, must be equal—if only the poem is equally original. In all such cases, understand, ye miserable snarlers at contemporary merit, that the puerile *goût de comparaison* (as La Bruyere calls it) is out of place; universally you cannot affirm any *imparity*, where the ground is preoccupied by *disparity*. Where there is no parity of principle, there is no basis for comparison.

Now, passing, with the benefit of these explanations, to Grecian literature, we may observe that there were in that field of human intellect no more than two developments of power from first to last. And, perhaps, the unlearned reader (for it is to the praise and honour of a powerful journal, that it has the unlearned equally with the

learned amongst its readers) will thank us for here giving him, in a very few words, such an account of the Grecian literature in its periods of manifestation, and in the relations existing between these periods—that he shall not easily forget them.

There were, in illustration of the Roman *aide-de-camp's** doctrine, two groups or clusters of Grecian wits; two depositions or stratifications of the national genius: and these were about a century apart. What makes them specially rememberable is—the fact that each of these brilliant clusters had gathered separately about that man as central pivot, who, even apart from this relation to the literature, was otherwise the leading spirit of his age.

It is important for our purpose—it will be interesting, even without that purpose, for the reader—to notice the distinguishing character, or marks, by which the two clusters are separately recognised; the marks, both personal and chronological. As to the personal distinctions, we have said—that in each case severally the two men, who offered the nucleus to the gathering, happened to be otherwise the most eminent and splendid men of the period. Who were they? The one was PERICLES, the other was ALEXANDER OF MACEDON. Except Themistocles, who may be ranked as senior to Pericles by just one generation, (or thirty-three years,†) in the whole deduction of Grecian annals no other public man;

* “*The Roman aide-de-camp's*.”—Excuse, reader, this modern phrase: by what other is it possible to express the relation to Tiberius, and the military office about his person, which Paterculus held on the German frontier? In the 104th chapter of his second book he says—“*Hoc tempus me, functum ante tribunatu castrorum, Tib. Caesaris militem fecit*,” which in our version is—“This epoch placed me, who had previously discharged the duties of camp-marshal, upon the staff of Cæsar.” And he goes on to say, that, having been made a brigadier-general of cavalry (*alæ præfectus*) under a commission which dated from the very day of Cæsar's adoption into the Imperial house and the prospect of succession, so that the two acts of grace ran concurrently—thenceforwards “per annos continuous l X. præfectus aut legatus, spectator, et pro capta mediocritatis mea, adjutor fui”—or, as we beg to translate, “through a period of nine consecutive years from this date, I acted either as military lieutenant to Cæsar, or as ministerial secretary,” [such we hold to be the true virtual equivalent of *præfectus*—i. e., speaking fully of *præfectus prætorio*,] “acting simultaneously as inspector of the public works,” [bridges and vast fortifications on the north-east German frontier,] “and (to the best capacity of my slender faculties) as his personal aide-de-camp.” Possibly the reader may choose to give a less confined or professional meaning to the word *adjutor*. But, in apology, we must suggest two cautions to him: 1st, That elsewhere, Paterculus does certainly apply the term as a military designation, bearing a known technical meaning; and, 2d, That this word *adjutor*, in other non-military uses, as for instance on the stage, had none but a technical meaning.

† This is too much to allow for a generation in those days, when the average duration of life was much less than at present: but, as an exceedingly convenient allowance (since thrice $33\frac{1}{3}$ is just equal to a century,) it may be allowedly used in all cases not directly bearing on technical questions of civil economy. Meantime, as we love to suppose ourselves in all cases as speaking *virginibus puertisque*, who, though reading no man's paper throughout, may yet often read a page or a paragraph of every man's—we, for the chance of catching their eye in a case where they may really gain in two minutes an ineradicable conspectus of the Greek literature, (and for the sake of ignorant people universally, whose interests we hold sacred,) add a brief explanation of what is meant by a generation. Is it meant or imagined—that, in so narrow a compass as 33 years + 4 months the whole population of a city, or a people, could have died off? By no means: not under the lowest value of human life. What is meant is—that a number equal to the whole population will have died: not X, the actual population, but a number equal to X. Suppose the population of Paris 900,000. Then, in the time allowed for one generation, 900,000 will have died: but then, to make up that number, there will be 300,000 furnished, not by the people now existing, but by the people who *will be born* in the course of the thirty-three years. And thus the balloting for death falls only upon two out of three, whom at first sight it appears to hit. It falls not exclusively upon X, but upon X + Y: this latter quality Y being a quantity flowing concurrently with the lapse of the generation. Obvious as this explanation is, and almost childish, to every man who has even a tincture of political arithmetic, it is so far from being generally obvious—that, out of every thousand who will be inter-

statesman, captain-general, administrator of the national resources, can be mentioned as approaching to these two men in splendour of reputation, or even in real merit. Pisistratus was too far back: Alcibiades, who might (chronologically speaking) have been the son of Pericles, was too unsteady, and (according to Mr Coleridge's coinage) "unreliable;" or, perhaps, in more correct English, too "unrely-uponable."

Thus far our purpose prospers. No man can pretend to forget two such centres as Pericles for the elder group, or Alexander of Macedon, (the "strong he-goat" of Jewish prophecy,) for the junior. Round these two *foci*, in two different but adjacent centuries, gathered the total starry heavens—the galaxy, the Pantheon of Grecian intellect. All that Greece produced—of awful solemnity in her tragic stage, of riotous mirth and fancy in her comic stage, of power in her eloquence, of wisdom in her philosophy; all that has since tingled in the ears of twenty-four centuries, of her prosperity in the arts, her sculpture, her architecture, her painting, her music—every thing, in short, excepting only her higher mathematics, which waited for a further development—which required the incubation of the musing intellect for yet another century—revolved like two neighbouring planetary systems about these two solar orbs. Two mighty vortices, Pericles and Alexander the Great, drew into strong eddies about themselves all the glory and the pomp of Greek literature, Greek eloquence, Greek wisdom, Greek art. Next, that we may still more severely search the relations in all points between the two systems, let us assign the chronological *locus* of each: because that will furnish another element towards the exact distribution of the chart representing the motion and the oscillations of human genius. Pericles had a very long administration. He was Prime Minister of Athens for upwards of one entire generation. He died in the year 429 before Christ, and in a very early stage of that great Peloponne-

sian war, which was the one sole intestine war for Greece, affecting every nook and angle in the land. Now, in this long public life of Pericles, we are at liberty to fix on *any* year as his chronological *locus*. On good reasons, not called for in this place, we fix on the year 444. This is too remarkable to be forgotten. *Four, four, four*, what at some games of cards is called a "*prial*," (we presume, by an elision of the first vowel *a*, for *parial*,) forms an æra which no man can forget. It was the fifteenth year before the death of Pericles, and not far from the bisecting year of his political life. Now, passing to the other system, the *locus* of Alexander is quite as remarkable, as little liable to be forgotten when once indicated, and more easily determined, because selected from a narrower range of choice. The exact chronological *locus* of Alexander the Great is 333 years before Christ. Every body knows how brief was the career of this great man: it terminated in the year 320 before Christ. But the *annus mirabilis* of his public life, the most effective and productive year throughout his oriental anabasis, was the year 333 before Christ. Here we have another "*prial*," a *prial* of threes, for the *locus* of Alexander.

Thus far the elements are settled, the chronological longitude and latitude of the two great planetary systems into which the Greek literature breaks up and distributes itself: 444 and 333 are the two central years for the two systems: allowing, therefore, an interspace of 111 years between the *foci* of each. It is thought by some people, that all those stars which you see glittering so restlessly on a keen frosty night in a high latitude, and which seem to have been sown broadcast with as much carelessness as grain lies on a thrashing floor—here showing vast zaarrahs of desert blue sky; there again lying close, and to some eyes presenting

"The beauteous semblance of a flock at rest,"
are in fact all gathered into zones or

ested in learning the earliest revolutions of literature, there will not be as many at seven who will know, even conjecturally, what is meant by a generation. Besides infinite other blunders and equivocations, many use an *age* and a *generation* as synonymous, whilst by *siècle* the French uniformly mean a *century*.

strata; that our own wicked little earth, (with the whole of our peculiar solar system,) is a part of such a zone; and that all this perfect geometry of the heavens, these radii in the mighty wheel, would become apparent, if we, the spectators, could but survey it from the true centre; which centre may be far too distant for any vision of man, naked or armed, to reach. However that may be, it is most instructive to see how many apparent scenes of confusion break up into orderly arrangement, when you are able to apply an *a priori* principle of organization to their seeming chaos. The two vortices of the Greek literature are now separated; the chronological *loci* of their centres are settled. And next, we request the reader thoughtfully to consider who *they* are of whom the elder system is composed.

In the centre, as we have already explained, is Pericles—the great practical statesman; and that orator of whom (amongst so many that vibrated thunderbolts) it was said peculiarly that he thundered and lightened as if he held this Jovian attribute by some individual title. We spare you Milton's magnificent description from the *Paradise Regained* of such an orator "wielding at will that fierce democracy," partly because the closing line in its reference "to Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne," too much points the homage to Demosthenes; but still more, because by too trivial a repetition of splendid passages, a serious injury is done to great poets. Passages of great musical effect, metrical bravuras, are absolutely vulgarized by too perpetual a parroting—and the care of Augustus Cæsar, *ne nomen*

suum obsolesceret,* that the majesty of his name should not be vulgarized by bad poets, is more seriously needed in our days on behalf of great poets, to protect them from trivial or too parrot-like a citation.

Passing onwards from Pericles, you find that all the rest in *his* system were men in the highest sense creative; absolutely setting the very first examples, each in his peculiar walk of composition; themselves without previous models, and yet destined every man of them to become models for all after-generations; themselves without fathers or mothers, and yet having all posterity for their children. First come the three men *divini spiritûs*, under a heavenly afflatus, Æschylus—Sophocles—Euripides, the creators of Tragedy out of a village mummery. Next comes Aristophanes, who breathed the breath of life into Comedy. Then comes the great philosopher Anaxagoras, who first theorised successfully upon man and the world. Next come, whether great or not, the still more famous philosophers—Socrates, Plato, Xenophon. Then comes, leaning upon Pericles, as sometimes Pericles leaned upon *him*, the divine artist, Phidias;† and behind this immortal man walk Herodotus and Thucydides. What a procession to Eleusis would these men have formed; what a frieze, if some great artist could arrange it as dramatically as Chaucer has arranged the *Pilgrimage to Canterbury*.

It will be granted that this is unmasquing a pretty strong battery of great guns for the Athens of Pericles. Now, let us step on a hundred years forward. We are now within hail of

* The oddest feature in so odd a business was—that Augustus committed this castigation of bad poets to the police. But whence the police were to draw the skill for distinguishing between good poets and bad, is not explained. The poets must have found their weak minds somewhat astonished by the sentences of these reviewers—sitting like our justices in Quarter Sessions—and deciding, perhaps, very much in the same terms; treating an Ode, if it were too martial, as a breach of the peace; directing an Epic poet to find security for his good behaviour during the next two years; and for the writers of Epithalamia on imperial marriages, ordering them "to be privately whipped, and discharged." The whole affair is the more singular as coming from one who carried his *civilitas*, or show of popular manners, even to affectation. Power without the invidious exterior of power was the object of his life. Ovid seems to have noticed his inconsistency in this instance by reminding him, that even Jupiter did not disdain to furnish a *teme laudibus ipso jure*.

† "Phidias:" that he was as much of a creative power as the rest of his great contemporaries, that he did not merely take up or pursue a career already opened by others, is pretty clear from the state of Athens, and of the forty marble quarries which he began to lay under contribution. The quarries were previously unopened; the city was without architectural splendour.

Alexander ; and a brilliant consistory of Grecian men, *that is*, by which he is surrounded. There are now exquisite masters of the more refined Comedy ; there are, again, great philosophers, for all the great schools are represented by able successors ; and above all others, there is the one philosopher who played with men's minds (according to Lord Bacon's comparison) as freely as ever his princely pupil with their persons—there is Aristotle. There are great orators, and, above all others, there is that orator whom succeeding generations (wisely or not) have adopted as the representative name for what is conceivable in oratorical perfection—there is Demosthenes. Aristotle and Demosthenes are in themselves bulwarks of power ; many hosts lie in those two names. For artists, again, to range against Phidias, there is Lysippus the sculptor, and there is Apelles the painter. For great captains and masters of strategic art, there is Alexander himself, with a glittering cortège of general officers, well qualified to wear the crowns which they will win, and to head the dynasties which they will found. Historians there are now, as in that former age. And, upon the whole, it cannot be denied that the “turn-out” is showy and imposing.

Before coming to that point, that is, before comparing the second “deposit” (geologically speaking) of Grecian genius with the first, let us consider what it was (if any thing) that connected them. Here, reader, we would wish to put a question. Saving your presence, Did you ever see what is called a dumb-bell ? We have ; and know it by more painful evidence than that of sight.

You, therefore, oh reader ! if personally cognisant of dumb-bells, we shall remind—if not, we shall inform—that it is a cylindrical bar of iron, issuing at each end in a globe of the same metal, and usually it is sheathed in green baize ; but, perfidiously so, if that covering is meant to deny or to conceal the fact of those heart-rending thumps which it inflicts upon one's too confiding fingers every third *ictus*. By the way, we have a vague remembrance that the late Mr Thurtell—the same who was generally censured for murdering the late Mr Weare—once in a dark lobby attempted to murder a friend by means of a dumb-bell ; in

which he showed his judgment—we mean in his choice of tools ; for otherwise, in attempting to murder his friend, he was to blame. Now, reader, it is under this image of the dumb-bell we couch an allegory. Those globes at each end, are the two systems or separate clusters of Greek literature ; and that cylinder which connects them, is the long man that ran into each system—binding the two together. Who was that ? It was Isocrates. Great we cannot call him in conscience ; and therefore, by way of compromise, we call him *long*, which, in one sense, he certainly was ; for he lived through four-and-twenty Olympiads, each containing four solar years. He narrowly escaped being a hundred years old ; and though that did not carry him from centre to centre, yet, as each system might be supposed to pretend a radius each way of twenty years, he had, in fact, a full personal cognisance (and pretty equally) of the two systems, remote as they were, which composed the total world of Grecian genius. Two circumstances have made this man interesting to all posterity ; so that people, the most remote and different in character, (Cicero, for instance, and Milton) have taken a delight in his memory. One is, that the school of rhetoric in Athens, which did not finally go down till the reign of Justinian ; and, therefore, lasted above nine hundred and forty years without interruption, began with him. He was, says Cicero *De Orat.*, “Pater eloquentiæ ;” and elsewhere he calls him “*Communis magister oratorum*.” True, he never practised himself, for which he had two reasons—“my lungs,” he tells us himself, “are weak ;” and secondly, “I am naturally, as well as upon principle, a coward.” There he was right. A man would never have seen twenty-four Olympiads who had gone about brawling and giving “jaw,” as Demosthenes and Cicero did. You see what *they* made of it. The other feature of interest in this long man is precisely that fact, viz. that he *was* long. Every body looks with kindness upon the snowy-headed man who saw the young prince Alexander of Macedon within four years of his starting for Persia ; and personally knew most of those that gave lustre to the levees of Pericles. Accordingly, it is for this quality of length that Milton

honours him with a touching memorial; for Isocrates was "that old man eloquent" of Milton's sonnet, whom the battle of Chæronea, "fatal to liberty, killed with report." This battle, by which Philip overthrew the last struggles of dying independence in Greece, occurred in the year 338 before Christ. Philip was himself assassinated two years later. Consequently, had Isocrates pulled out, like Caoutchouc, a little longer, he might have seen the silver shields, or Macedonian life-guards, embarking for Persia. In less than five years from that same battle, "fatal to liberty," Alexander was taking fatal liberties with Persia, and tickling the catastrophe of Darius. There were just seventy good years between the two expeditions—the Persian anabasis of Cyrus the younger, and the Persian anabasis of Alexander; but Isocrates knew personally many officers and *savans** in both.

Others, beside Cicero and Milton, have taken a deep interest in Isocrates; and, for the very circumstance we have been noticing, his *length*,

combined with the accident of position which made that length effective in connecting the twofold literature of Greece. Had he been "*long*" in any other situation than just in that dreary desert between the oasis of Pericles and the oasis of Alexander, what good would that have done us? "A wounded snake" or an Alexandrine verse would have been as useful. But he, feeling himself wanted, laid his length down like a rail-road, exactly where he could be useful—with his positive pole towards Pericles, and his negative pole towards Alexander. Even Gibbon—even the frosty Gibbon—condescends to be pleased with this seasonable application of his two termini:—"Our sense," says he, in his 40th chapter, "of the dignity of human nature is exalted† by the simple recollection, that Isocrates was the companion of Plato and Xenophon; that he assisted, perhaps with the historian Thucydides, at the first representations of the *Œdipus* of Sophocles and the *Iphigenia* of Euripides." So far in relation to the upper terminus of the long man; next, with reference

* "*Officers and savans.*"—Ctesias held the latter character, Xenophon united both, in the earlier expedition. These were friends of Isocrates. In the latter expedition, the difficulty would have been to find the man, whether officer or *savant*, who was not the friend of Isocrates. Old age, such as his, was a very rare thing in Greece—a fact which is evident from the Greek work surviving on the subject of *Macrobiotics*: few cases occur beyond seventy. This accident, therefore, of length in Isocrates must have made him already one of the standing lions in Athens for the last twenty-six years of his life; while, for the last seventy, his professorship of rhetoric must have brought him into connexion with every great family in Greece. One thing puzzles us, what he did with his money, for he must have made a great deal. He had two prices; but he charged high to those who could afford it; and why not? people are not to learn Greek for nothing. Yet, being a teetotaller and a coward, how could he spend his money? That question is vexatious. However, this one possibility in the long man's life will for ever make him interesting; he might, and it is even *probable* that he might, have seen Xenophon *dismount* from some horse which he had stolen at Trebisond on his return from the Persian expedition; and he might have seen Alexander mount for Chæronea. Alexander was present at that battle, and personally joined in a charge of cavalry. It is not impossible that he may have ridden Bucephalus.

† "*Is exalted.*"—The logic of Gibbon may seem defective. Why should it exalt our sense of human dignity—that Isocrates was the youthful companion of Plato or Euripides, and the aged companion of Demosthenes? It ought, therefore, to be mentioned, that, in the sentence preceding, he had spoken of Athens as a city that "condensed, within the period of a single life, the genius of ages and millions." The condensation is the measure of the dignity; and Isocrates, as the "single life" alluded to, is the measure of the condensation. That is the logic. By the way, Gibbon ought always to be cited by the *chapter*—the page and volume of course evanesce with many forms of publication, whilst the chapter is *always* available; and, in the commonest form of twelve volumes, becomes useful in a second function, as a guide to the particular volume; for six chapters, with hardly any exception, (if any,) are thrown into each volume. Consequently, the 40th chapter, standing in the seventh series of sixes, indicates the seventh volume.

to the lower terminus, Gibbon goes on:—"And that his pupils, Æschines and Demosthenes, contended for the crown of patriotism in the presence of Aristotle, the master of Theophrastus, who taught at Athens with the founders of the Stoic and Epicurean sects."

Now then, reader, you are arrived at that station from which you overlook the whole of Greek literature, as a few explanations will soon convince you. Where is Homer, where is Hesiod? You ask—where is Pindar? Homer and Hesiod lived a thousand years B.C., or by the lowest computations, near nine hundred. For any thing that we know, they may have lived with Tubal Cain. At all events, they belong to no power or agency that set in motion the age of Pericles, or that operated on that age. Pindar, again, was a solitary emanation of some unknown influences, at Thebes, more than five hundred years B.C. He may be referred to the same era as Pythagoras. These are all that can be cited *before* Pericles.

Next, for the ages *after* Alexander, it is certain that Greece Proper was so much broken in spirit by the loss of her *autonomy* dating from that era—as never again to have rallied sufficiently to produce a single man of genius; not one solitary writer, who acted as a power upon the national mind. Callimachus was nobody; and not decidedly Grecian. Theocritus, a man of real genius in a limited way, is a Grecian in that sense only according to which an Anglo-American is

an Englishman. Besides, that one swallow does not make a summer. Of any other writers, we possess only a few fragments: and of Anacreon, who must have been a poet of original power, from the very extended influence of his writings, we do not certainly know that we have any remains at all. Of those which pass under his name, not merely the authorship, but the era is very questionable indeed. As to Plutarch and Lucian, the unlearned reader must understand that both belong to *post*-Christian ages. And for all the Greek emigrants who may have written histories, such as we now value for their matter more than for their execution, one and all they belong too much to Roman civilisation, that we should ever think of connecting them with native Greek literature.* Polybius in the days of the second Scipio, Dion Cassius, and Appian, in the acmé of Roman civility, are no more Grecian authors, because they wrote in Greek, than the Emperor Marcus Antoninus, or Julian, were other than Romans, because, from monstrous coxcombry, they chose to write in Greek their barren memoranda. As well might Gibbon be thought not an Englishman, or Leibnitz not a German; because the former, in composing the first draft of his essay on literature, and the latter in composing his *Theodiciæ*, used the French language. The motive in all these cases was analogous: amongst the Greek writers, it was the affectation of reaching a particular body of

* Excepting fragmentary writers, and the contributors from various ages to the Greek Anthologies, (which, however, next after the scenic literature, offer the most interesting expressions of Greek household feeling,) we are not aware of having omitted in this rapid review any one name that could be fancied to be a weighty name, excepting that of Lycophron. Of him we will say a word or two:—the work, by which he is known, is a monologue or dramatic scene from the mouth of one single speaker; this speaker is Cassandra the prophetic daughter of Priam. In about one thousand five hundred Iambic lines (the ordinary length of a Greek tragedy,) she pours forth a dark prophecy with respect to all the heroes engaged in the Trojan war, typifying their various unhappy catastrophes by symbolic images, which would naturally be intelligible enough to us who know their several histories, but which (from the particular selection of accidents or circumstances used for the designation of the persons,) read like riddles without the aid of a commentator. This prophetic gloom, and the impassioned character of the many woes arising notoriously to the conquerors as well as the conquered in the sequel of the memorable war, give a colouring of dark power to the Cassandra of Lycophron. Else we confess to the fact of not having examined the poem attentively. We read it in the year 1809, having been told that it was the most difficult book in the Greek language. This is the popular impression, but a very false one. It is not difficult at all as respects the language: (allowing for a few peculiar Lycophronic words,) the difficulty lies in the allusions, which are *intentionally* obscure.

educated men, a learned class, to the exclusion of the uninstructed multitude. With the affectors of French, the wish was, to reach a particular body of thinkers, with whose feelings they had a special sympathy from personal habituation to their society, and to whose prejudices, literary or philosophic, they had adapted their train of argument.

No : the Greek literature ends at the point we have fixed, viz., with the era of Alexander. No power, no heart-subduing agency, was ever again incarnated in any book, system of philosophy, or other model of creative energy, growing upon Grecian soil or from Grecian roots. Creation was extinct—the volcano was burned out. What books appeared at scattered intervals, during the three centuries still remaining before the Christian era, lie under a reproach, one and all, which perhaps has not been perceived. From the titles and passing notices of their objects, or mode of dealing with their objects, such as we derive from Cicero and many others, it is evident that they were merely professional books ; text-books for lectures addressed to students, or polemic works addressed to competitors. Chairs of rhetoric and philosophy had now been founded in Athens. A great university, the resort of students from all nations, was established, and, in a sense sufficient to insure the perpetual succession of these corporate bodies, was endowed. Books, therefore, and labouring with the same two opposite defects, as are unjustly charged upon the schoolmen of the middle ages, viz., dulness from absolute monotony, and visionariness from the aerial texture of

the speculations, continued to be written in discharge of professional obligations, or in pursuit of professional interest. The *summum bonum* was discussed until it had become the capital affliction of human patience ; the *summum malum* of human life. Beyond these there was no literature ; and these products of dreaming indolence, which terminated in making the very name of Greek philosopher, and Greek rhetorician, a jest and a byword amongst the manlier Romans, no more constituted a literature than a succession of academic studies from the pupils of a royal institution can constitute a school of fine arts.

Here, therefore, at this era of Alexander, 333 B. C., when every Greek patriot had reason to say of his native literature, "*Venimus ad summum fortunæ*"—we have seen the best of our days—we must look for the Greek ideas of style, and the Greek theories of composition, in the uttermost development that either *could* have received. In the earlier system of Greek intellectual strength—in the era of Pericles, the powers of style would be most comprehensively exercised. In the second system, in the era of Alexander, the light of conscious recognition and direct examination would be most effectually applied. The first age furnished the power—the second furnished the science. The first brought the concrete model—the second brought the abstracting skill ; and between them the whole compass of Greek speculation upon this point would be brought to a focus. Such being the state of preparation—what was the result ?

FRANCE.*

To judge impartially of the merits or the faults of a great and powerful nation—to perceive the good points or the defects of their character as a people—to discover the excellency or the failings of their political theories and their political practice—it is sometimes requisite not to be too nearly connected with such a nation by alliance or blood, as well as not to be too much exposed to the influence of local associations. The very idea implied in the word “nation,” brings with it such a complication of detail, and is in itself dependent upon so many correlative circumstances, that the mental eye is more likely to form a correct general judgment of the leading characteristics and features of the whole, if it fixes its point of view at a distance, rather than in the immediate vicinity of so large an object. Hence it is that a foreigner, as far as his knowledge of the internal construction of a nation goes, is more likely to form a just and impartial opinion concerning it, than one of its own citizens; and though, from his being uninfluenced by local passions and party divisions, he may not be so vividly struck by certain results as a native would be, his impression of the broad features and general character of the people will be more correct, and his power of comparing them with those of other nations more extensive. We have seen so many instances of the importance of forming accurate estimates of nations with which we are thrown in contact, that we deem it necessary to offer thus much of an apology to our readers for calling their attention to an examination of the actual moral and social condition of France, as connected with the present state of French politics. The subject may probably be deemed trite and exhausted; and were we not convinced that wrong estimates have, in some peculiar instances, been formed, and greedily received by the public, we should not

now revert to it. But, from various causes, French influence and French example are so much felt in Europe, and especially in our own country, that we rely on this circumstance as our best excuse for entering upon such an examination.

Endless are the works that have been written on France within the present century; tours, histories, observations, and sketches, have been poured upon the public since 1815 in multitudinous succession. Travellers, numerous as locust swarms, have visited and examined most parts of the country, and especially the capital; a large English population has not only become permanently settled in Paris, but has extended its ramifications into almost all the great towns of the kingdom; English merchants and English money are to be met with on the Exchange of all her commercial cities; an interchange of languages has taken place between the superior classes in each country; and, in fact, the two nations are more mixed up with and dependent on each other, than has, perhaps, ever been the case between races of men so distinct, of such opposite languages, and possessing so many innate marks of ineffaceable differences. Of late days—for our observations have more the present than the past for their object—writers of books on “France and Frenchmen” have been led away too much by pompous displays of statistical ciphers; and embryo diplomats have suffered themselves to be too easily talked over by their more wily and more experienced Gallic colleagues, to allow of their presenting the public with fair estimates of the subject they treated of. Hence we have had much more of panegyric than of blame given out as food to the public mind, and few men have had the courage to come forward and enunciate the unvarnished truth. Add to which, there has certainly

* *De la Démocratie dans les Sociétés Modernes*, by M. Guizot.—(*Revue Française*, 15th November 1837.)

De la Religion dans les Sociétés Modernes, by M. Guizot.—(Do. February 1838.)

Du Catholicisme, du Protestantisme, et de la Philosophie en France, by M. Guizot.—(Do. July 1838.)

Réponse à M. Guizot, by F. Bouvet. Strasburg: 1840. 1 vol. 8vo.

been a growing propensity of late years to give way to the laxity of morals, that has insinuated itself into our national character since the resumption of continental intercourse subsequent to the general peace; nor, indeed, till the *Quarterly Review* lately pointed out the evil tendency of the French novelists of the day, were there any but a very few who ventured to publish their opinions as to the dangerous tendencies of the imaginative works of modern French writers. Even of those among our countrymen who have long dwelt in France, or who habitually reside there—generally a careless and unthinking class—there are not many who have formed a true judgment of the good or bad points of the people they are living amongst; either they indulge in indiscriminating and unceasing abuse, to which the French are by no means entitled, or else they bestow upon them unqualified praise, to which no nation on earth can have any valid right. For ourselves, without going into the case too much at length, we wish merely to point out certain main facts and their consequences, upon which we conceive the public to be either erroneously or not sufficiently informed; an attempt which we shall endeavour to make in a spirit of impartiality and justice.

The great political and moral cataclysm of 1789–93 prostrated all social and religious distinction in France, at the same time that it swept away all that was good or bad of its government and institutions, leaving the nation in a state of moral as well as political degradation, from which the transient glories and the feverish excitement of the Napoleonic period by no means recovered it. The lower classes, on coming into the unbridled possession of power—for they alone became the dominant party, the middle classes and the aristocracy had all disappeared—the lower classes had no longer any moral or social landmarks to guide them in the weary waste they had created; and a general laxity of public and private conduct ensued, the effects of which are felt to the present day. These events happened not fifty years ago; and many of the subordinate actors in them are still alive; while some of the chief agents have since filled leading offices of the state, and others remain to act as guides to

the nation. Of those who were young or in infancy during the last ten years of the eighteenth century, the present heads of families are composed, and the impressions so strongly felt by them in their more ardent years, have not only retained more or less of their force, but also, through their conduct and character, have exercised an indirect but powerful influence on the younger branches of the present generation. That a father who saw his own parents extirpated by the guillotine, and who had been subjected to the influence of the Reign of Terror, or the conscription of the Empire, should now remain without vivid impressions of those events is impossible; or were he the son of a companion of Marat's, or educated by an associate of Robespierre, that he should be expected to have formed the same peaceful and orderly habits of character as if he had lived and moved under a purer system of things, and in a more wholesome and social atmosphere, would be to require an absurdity. In either of these cases his own offspring, as far as their education depended upon himself, must have been actuated by the tone of his character, and the darker features of his mind; while the gloomy recollections he possessed must have imparted a similar, though it may have been a subdued, tinge to the juvenile mind he has been charged to form. Hence, in part, arises the gloomy and disagreeable cast of character that so strongly marks the younger half of the existing natives of France: nor will it be for another half century—and that too of mild and equable government—that the political poison infused into Gallic blood by the great Revolution, will have worked itself out, and become innoxious in its effects. Half or even a whole century is nothing in the national existence of a people; nothing either for the formation of good national habits and tradition—always a slow operation—or for the eradication of bad ones—a process unfortunately never sufficiently quick. The *insouciant* character of the old French courtier, which, after all, was not without its amiable points, had been wellnigh effaced: the ferocious fanatics of 1793 perished providentially by each others' hands; and the race was too great a libel upon humanity to be propagated, except under extraordinary circum-

stances. They, too, have become annihilated, and their character can only be traced by fits and starts among the two extremes of French society: still it is not extinct, as many a circumstance, during and since 1830, has amply shown. The profligate politicians and soldiers of fortune who prevailed from 1795 to 1805, have had much more extensive influence on the present race of Frenchmen, either as forming part of it, and a powerful governing part, or else, as being the fathers of men who are now beginning to be associated with them in power. To the former class of parents may, in no small part, be referred whatever there is of frivolous or insignificant among the younger of the upper classes of Frenchmen now living; while to the latter may be traced most of the gloomy and ferocious republicans, or *soi-disant* Bonapartists of the day, as well as many of those who, under the corrupt and bastard system of government now established, are forcing or wheedling their way into employment and power. We do not think that hereditary example or influence goes for nearly as much in France as it does in any other country; but still the natural influence of social ties and domestic example has not been without its weight in colouring the character of the adolescent portion of the French nation. The fatal effects of the great Revolution are, however, felt in a thousand other ways, and the political consequences of that momentous event make themselves perceptible in the smallest as well as the broadest and most obvious features of the national physiognomy. Thus, though the levelling of ranks—the practical levelling, that is to say—has undoubtedly given an outlet to various beneficial developments of the mind, especially in science, and literature, and art; yet by taking away all that indefinable but surely-acting counterpoise which the existence of well marked ranks in a nation always produces, it has had a tendency to hasten the juvenile mind to a period of unnatural precocity, and political as well as social instability. Thus, the part which a few beardless boys were able to play with success during the Revolution of 1830, and with want of success ever after, was marked out for them by the foolish system of absence of moral control which French parents have over their

offspring, and by the silly acquiescence of the Parisian public in whatever is done by "*les jeunes gens*;" where a man, whatever be his nominal rank or virtues, is little more esteemed than the shoeless *gamin* of the kennel, and where the people have lost all memory of good example or good leadership on the part of their superiors, it need not be a matter of surprise that disorderly students and the refuse of manufactories should be sometimes listened to by the majority of the mob—the foolish and the ignorant; but it is, nevertheless, a most afflicting spectacle, and one from which any country that values its existence should pray to be free. Young men in France are not indeed brought into commercial life so soon as they are in England; but they much sooner attain to weight in the world of letters, or rather of that worst portion of the literary world—the public political press; and they begin at once to act, raw and inexperienced as they are, on the health of the body politic. The number of young *feuilletonists*, of young paragraph-mongers, of young critics and authors of all kinds, is now very considerable in France, and the effect has been, not only to give additional levity to the innate instability of the national character, but also to lower the standard of national literature by the crude and erroneous systems of all kinds propounded through their agency. The main thing for a young man in France of small means and great desires, as most young men, from the law of equal inheritance, are become, is to get himself into notoriety of some kind or other; and to effect this, there is hardly any kind of extravagance of which he will not be guilty. The absurdity of personal deportment, so remarkable at the present day among the younger portion of the French public, the trashy and pernicious nature of the younger literature of the epoch, the *outrance* of idea observable in the efforts of the younger artists, &c., are all, in no small part, to be attributed to vanity and the desire of notoriety, as a primary cause. We know of numberless instances of men having thus pushed themselves on in the space of the last ten years, who are now acting on principles very different to those which once actuated them; and we can call to mind many an amiable character spoiled by the unnatu-

ral forcing of the political system in which it has been formed. In France every young man thinks his elder an *imbécille*, and is not very scrupulous as to the means of practically demonstrating his opinion.

We have said nothing of the absence of religious feeling and religious control, not to mention religious example, under which the rising generation, and even the adult portion of our Gallic neighbours, are suffering. This incalculable evil, which is now partially ceasing, at least for one of the sexes, has produced its full mischief during fifty years of unchecked continuance. The most obvious result is the absence of any moral standard in the nation, and the perversion of much moral practice. In schools and colleges, either no religious instruction is given, or it is of a nature and in a form—those of the less enlightened portions of the Roman Catholic faith—that is repulsive to the common sense even of ill-educated youth; and the consequence is, that, though it may be partially and outwardly submitted to for the time, it is invariably rejected in after life. The Roman Catholic church is at present supported in France as being of some use in keeping down the lower classes from rebellion, and more outward compliance is given to its forms and ceremonies than at any period since 1830; but ever since the commencement of the present century, the men of France, the grown-up men, the nerves and sinews of the people, have been and are without any religious creed whatever. There are of course exceptions, and the peasantry have more religion than the denizens of the town; but it is a common observation that strikes all foreigners in France, how little religious feeling, how little belief in any dogma and form of worship, and, as a consequence, how low a standard of moral observance exists among the middle and upper classes of Frenchmen. The effect on the women of France has been different; they have not suffered by this moral plague to the same extent as the men; and though in Parisian life much cannot be said as to any improvement in their morals since the close of the last century, yet throughout the country in general there are strong and cheering symptoms of amendment. It is far better that they should have some re-

ligion than none; and though the women are blindly plunged in the barren observances of the Roman Church, yet their hearts, never so corrupted as those of men, have been warmed and cheered by what light they have had; and the amiability of their character, the virtuousness of their practice, and the utility of their actions have been greatly increased. The impoverished state of the French Church, on the other hand, the absence of all political consideration attached to its heads, the exclusive and unsocial character imposed on it by the Roman rule of clerical celibacy—all this prevents it, as a church, from having any hold on the male portion of the community. It exists more by the sufferance of the nation than by the good-will.

The Protestant party in France is too inconsiderable in numbers, (we do not speak of the individual worth of its members,) to have much weight in the nation. For the peasantry, where it exists, in Alsace, Lorraine, and Languedoc, it makes them more peaceable, more industrious, more steady, and more amiable than their Romish brethren; and for the upper classes, those that belong to any of the Reformed creeds are imbued with a more dignified and sober spirit than the generality of their equals. At Strasburg, too, and in other academies where Protestant theological professors are supported by the state, the Protestants, as a scientific and philosophical body, have great weight and influence; but when compared with the mass of the nation, the authority of the Protestant body is next to nothing. What should a citizen of the *grande nation*, the descendant of an *esprit fort* of 1792, care for any minor differences of Christian faith, after having carried out his Voltairean scheme of general infidelity? If he looks on the Roman Catholic as a fool, he is by no means inclined to consider the Protestant as a sage.

Nevertheless, notwithstanding this absence of general weight and authority, the small leaven of Protestantism is doing good in France, and may ultimately bring about an amendment in the faith of the majority of the nation. The attention of thinking men is called to it more and more every day; and while the advocates of the old deistical or atheistical philosophy of the eighteenth century no longer avow themselves as such, many of the

most eminent men in the scientific, the literary, or the philosophical world, profess either a very modified and innoxious form of Romanism, or else have made still further approximations to the Protestant religion. The grand contest between reason and authority is still going on in the French philosophical world, and is approaching more nearly to that kind of compromise which is certainly not the system of Rome. The absence of political power attached to any particular church in France, carries with it this good, that it produces a degree of tolerance distinct from indifference, which acts as a humanizing ingredient in the national character. Not that the French Roman Catholic clergy are tolerant; far from it: not that the decided unbeliever is tolerant; this is equally an impossibility: but that there is much less of social bickering, domestic heartburnings, and local jealousies caused by differences of religious belief, than in most other nations of Europe. As far as the French are indifferent to religion, it is a great misfortune and curse to them, for it renders them indifferent to and incapable of morality, and it tends to their national degeneration; but as far as they are tolerant it is a blessing, for it civilizes them as a people, soothes their political passions, and leads them to religious inquiry. One of the most distinguished members of the Protestant community in France—one of the most tolerant, one of the most amiable, and, at the same time, virtuous of her citizens, is that distinguished man whose name appears as the author of the three first works, the titles of which are prefixed to the head of this article. He is, at the same time, the most eloquent orator in the legislative body, and of more individual political weight than any other native of France. This eminent philosopher and historian had the rare merit of soon appreciating as it deserved, that revolution which he was unable to prevent, and the still rarer courage to denounce it in the Chamber of Deputies in its true character, as “a national catastrophe,” the evil effects of which it was high time to remedy, while the good ones were turned to the best account. M. Guizot, who has long been looked up to as the leader of the Protestant party in France, is a great advocate for the political existence of the

Roman Catholic church as a civilizing agent, as an element of order in the French body politic. In his essay on Catholicism, Protestantism, and Philosophy, he thus expresses a summary of his views:—

“French society is suffering from moral maladies of very different natures. There are some who are tired and disgusted with uncertainty and disorder of mind: they have need of a port where no tempest can penetrate—of a light that never flickers, and of a hand that will never let them stumble. They demand from religion support for their weakness, rather than ailments for their activity. It is requisite that religion, while she elevates, should also sustain them, and, while touching their hearts, should also subjugate their intelligence; it is necessary for them, that while she animates their internal life, she should, at the same time, and above all things, give them a profound sentiment of security. Catholicism is marvellously adapted to this turn of mind, so frequent of occurrence in our days. It possesses satisfaction for such desires, and remedies for such sufferings; it is able at the same time to conquer and to please; its anchors are strong, and its prospects full of attraction for the imagination. It excels in giving occupation to the soul, at the same time that it allows it to rest; it is acceptable after a period of great fatigue, for, without leaving the soul to become cold or inactive, it eases it of much labour, and lightens for it the burden of responsibility.” . . . “For other minds also diseased, and also estranged from religion, more of intellectual and personal activity is required. These also experience the want of returning to God and the faith; but they have got a habit of examining all things for themselves, and of admitting only what they have acquired by their own labours. They are anxious to fly from incredulity; but their liberty is at the same time dear to them, and their tendency towards religion is caused more by thirst than by lassitude. It is to souls such as these that Protestantism finds access, since, while it tells them of piety and faith, it allows and encourages them to make use of their reason and their liberty. It is accused of being cold, but this is an error. Protestantism, by making a constant appeal to free and personal

inquiry, penetrates far into the soul, and readily becomes an indwelling faith, in which the activity of the intelligence keeps up the fervour of the heart, instead of extinguishing it. Catholicism and Protestantism should never lose sight of the condition of French society, since it is upon that they have got to act. It is not between Catholicism and Protestantism that the contest is now going on—the contest of ideas and mastery; impiety and immorality, these are the enemies which one and the other are equally called on to contend with: to reanimate religious life, this is the work to which they are called—a work of immensity, for the evil itself is immense. An examination ever so slight of the moral state of these masses of men, with the mind so fluctuating and the heart so void, who have so many desires and so few hopes, and who pass so rapidly from fever of the soul to torpidity, is enough to fill one with melancholy and alarm.”

This eloquent and beautiful passage indicates pretty correctly the prevailing opinions of its author as to the religious condition of his countrymen. He proposes as a remedy, that the Catholic and Protestant churches should proclaim peace between themselves, in France at least, and should work together for the religious regeneration of the country—a noble, philanthropic, and eminently Christian scheme, if indeed it be practicable. He thus proceeds to advocate the protection of the Roman Catholic Church by the existing government of France, as being that form of belief and worship which is the most strenuous in inculcating obedience to authority, moral obedience to temporal, as well as religious submission to spiritual authority:—

“As far as the state is concerned, the malady that preys on it is the enfeeblement of authority. I do not say of force, which makes itself to be obeyed—the depositaries of public power never had more force, perhaps never so much; but of authority recognised beforehand as a principle, accepted and felt as a right, which has

no need to recur to force; of that authority before which the mind bends without the heart being abased, and which speaks with command, not as reposing on fear, but as based on necessity. Catholicism is full of this spirit of authority—it is authority itself, systematically conceived and organised. It lays down authority as a principle, and carries it into practice with great firmness of doctrine and a rare intelligence of human nature. Catholicism is the greatest, the holiest school of respect which the world has ever seen.”

M. Guizot infers that the best thing the state can do to bring back the disorganised, anarchical, and infidel spirits of France to the limits of decent and reasonable submissiveness, is to uphold the Roman Catholic Church, as being the ostensible religion of the majority, and as that form of faith which will prove the steadiest and most useful ally to itself. Such an opinion, coming from such a man, made no small sensation in France at the time it was enounced, and especially among the Protestants; while, coupled as it was with a commendatory notice of certain Catholic periodicals in a previously published essay, *De la Religion dans les Sociétés Modernes*, in which, however, equally favourable notice was taken of some Protestant publications, his co-religionists began to cry out against his apostasy.* M. Bouvet of Strasburg, in his *Response à M. Guizot*, without indulging in such an hypothesis, considers that M. Guizot has gone too far with his doctrine of political expediency; and that, by recommending the protection of Catholicism, he is prescribing a remedy as bad as the disease. In a long and elaborate essay, he reviews the moral and political tendency of Catholicism, as deducible from the history of modern nations, and infers that it is not an element of order, but that, on the contrary, it is one which in the long run tends to disorganize and degrade a nation. He urges that what is known in France by the term “Philosophy,” that is, non-adherence to any particu-

* An able political journal, the *Journal Général*, commonly accepted as the organ of the Doctrinaire party, and as in communication with M. Guizot, has since joined and become incorporated with the *Univers*, a journal of ultra-Catholic tenets, but supporting the Government of July, and believed to be directed by the Count de Montalembert.

lar creed, is more likely to be converted to Protestantism than to Catholicism; and, though he does not prophesy that France will ever become entirely Protestant, he argues that the mild spirit of the present form of government, the spread of science, of literature, of arts, of manufactures, &c., will do more to bring about new habits of morality and religion than any factitious support given to the Roman Catholic Church.

"Catholicism," says M. Bouvet, "has long ceased to be in the paths of religion. Left behind almost everywhere by the civilization which it has never been able to effect, and which it has even opposed, it is now undergoing the penalty of having turned aside from Christian morality, in order to gratify its own temporal ambition. Far from being capable of winning back French society to the faith, and of reigning over it by confidence and persuasion, it is a witness, even in our days, to the failure of its attempts of this kind in all quarters. France of the present day rejects it—as Asia, Africa, and three-fourths of Europe have rejected it, ever since the time when it substituted the authority of man for the authority of morality, and when a blind and clumsy system of policy replaced, at Rome, the religion of the primitive Christians. It is an inexcusable pretension on the part of the Church of Rome, to represent itself as in a state of progression. How is it that it interprets its own history? At the end of the fifth century Christianity was generally spread and adopted; but in the sixth the theological quarrels, which had been begun in the third, assumed so scandalous a character, and Christianity was so much dishonoured by the conduct of its heads, that one-half of the Christian world (Asia and Africa) threw itself in disgust into the arms of Mahomet. In the ninth century the western church, having no more pretensions in the East, found itself divided into the Greek church and the Roman: and it became a question to know whether the preponderance should remain with the Bishop of Rome or the Bishop of Constantinople. This quarrel of the new Cæsars, veiled under various dogmatic subtleties, ended in a definitive schism in the thirteenth century, which took away one third of Europe from the power of the Vatican. Rome

after this found herself for a short period the most powerful of the crowns of the west: kings obeyed her, and her universal monarchy began to get into form; but in the sixteenth century, the Popes saw Luther snatch away from them Saxony, Bohemia, Sweden, and the greater part of the states of Germany. Switzerland, too, and Prussia, Holland and England, successively embraced the Reformation. These are facts too patent to allow of any mistake as to the invincible and rapid decline of Roman Catholicism."

There is much in this that is true, and something that is erroneous; but without disputing with M. Bouvet as to whether Catholicism is or is not at the present moment gaining ground in our own country, we will at once express our agreement with him that Catholicism is not so civilizing a system as has been sometimes alleged, though on the other hand it is much more so than a barren spirit of indifference or unbelief; and further, that we doubt very much whether the protection of Catholicism by the French Government, would alone produce all the good effects expected from it by M. Guizot.

As we said before, some religion is better than none: and if the French cannot be made to-morrow all Protestants, it is far better that they should become Catholic than remain infidels. It is an easier battle to fight with one who believes, be it ever so erroneously, than with one who does not believe at all. Our own doubt is this, whether it would not be better policy, because more consistent with truth and reason, for the French Government to encourage the bold, manly, and upright spirit of Protestantism, without neglecting duly to protect any other existing form of worship, rather than to give predominant favour to the tortuous smile and decrepit spirit of Catholicism. To us it appears a good reason, that because the evil in France is great, therefore the best possible remedy should be applied, and that, instead of merely attempting to bring back the stray sheep to the outworks of the Holy City, an effort should be made to get them, if possible, safe within the walls. Infidelity is a sturdy antagonist at times, and one that is more likely to be beaten by a Protestant than by a Catholic combatant. Without, therefore, neglecting or dis-

couraging the Catholic clergy, we would recommend that, for its own sake merely, as a matter of policy, and without reference to a higher object, France should rely, more than she does, on her five millions of Protestant subjects, and should press the Protestant clergy into her service. The Catholics might form an effective part of the Christian army wherewith to oppose the Infidels; but, sure we are, that the Protestants would be its *corps d'élite*.*

M. Guizot's position that the besetting sin of French society, politically speaking, is want of respect for authority, we hold to be essentially true; but we find another reason for it in addition to that, the absence of moral and religious feeling, which he assigns. It is this; that for the last half century, that is to say, ever since the Great Revolution, authority—(the constituted government, the depositaries of power, the authorities of the country)—has done little to deserve the respect which it now demands in vain. From the moral and physical constitution of man, from the immutable and universal laws of that admirable world in which it has pleased the Almighty to place us, every one is naturally and irresistibly led, not only to submit to, but also to venerate the concentrated authority of his fellow men, and to respect their judgments as enunciated by their representative. There are few examples to be found in history of good government not being responded to in the end by the respect and affection of the people: and we believe it may be advanced as an historical canon that discontent on the part of a nation towards their constituted authorities indicates a political disease, caused by faulty treatment either on the part of the government for the time being, or of that of former periods. This affectionate reliance of the masses of the people on the power that affords them support and protection, that thinks and acts for those who have neither time nor capability of doing so for themselves, and yet who stand so much in need of it, is commonly strong enough to

counteract the faults of government, and to survive a long series of political errors and bad usage. We have remarkable instances of this in the history of our own country, where the affection of the people remained constant to the elder branch of the Plantagenets long after the death of Richard II.—notwithstanding that this monarch and his predecessors are not usually reckoned to have done much in their own persons to merit it; and in the melancholy case of the Stuarts, when the errors of James I. and Charles I. did not prevent the people from becoming attached to the family, and where all the profligacies of Charles II. could not eradicate the love that had survived the iron times of the Commonwealth. James II. may even be said to have had a great deal of trouble to set the nation against him; nor would he have succeeded, had he not attacked them in what was dearer than their loyalty—their religious faith. A striking example of this affectionate attachment of the governed to their governors may be cited in our own day in Austria; not that we mean to insinuate that the estimable family on the throne, or the eminent men who conduct the affairs of that empire have any particular faults to reproach themselves with towards the natives of the duchy of Austria; on the contrary: but it may be maintained that there is no nation where all classes of society are so firmly linked together in a gentle but potent bond of love and respect, and where so great an interchange of kindness and good offices takes place between the opposite extremes of society, as within the German domains of the House of Hapsburg. Far, far different is the case in France. The love of the people, more or less merited, for the House of Bourbon, became extinct soon after the accomplishment of the great Revolution by the forcible abdication of its representatives, and the exile of their successors: while the ephemeral occupiers of power, and the usurpers of authority which followed each other for a dozen years, took good care to make the people hate not only

* It should be noted that there are only two denominations of French Protestants of any weight or number; those of the Reformed Church of Geneva, and those of the Confession of Augsburg; the former being the most numerous. The best account of the French Protestants is in Browning's excellent *History of the Huguenots*.

themselves, but even the fair land in which they lived, so dire was their oppression, so pitiless their tyranny. How was it possible for any class of men, however abject, to have respect for the leaders of the National Assembly of the Convention, or of the Reign of Terror? Who could place reliance on the Directory? Who could feel secure even under the Consulate? And as for all the ends and objects for which government is constituted, and for which men form themselves into nations, which of these was accomplished by the governments we have just alluded to? At what, even the worst period of her history, was France more thoroughly miserable and degraded than from 1792 to 1805? The secret of Napoleon's hold on the affections of the French, is no doubt mainly to be found in the visionary blaze of military glory wherewith he dazzled them; but further than this, he was beloved by the people, because they firmly believed, from whatever causes, that he had the interest of the nation at heart; and their affection, which sprung from this source, could not be effaced even by the cruelties of his conscription. A malady had, however, been engendered by the Revolution, and had all along been preying on the vitals of the nation, which proved too strong for the good intentions of Napoleon, of Louis XVIII., and of his unfortunate successor,—the political corruption, the political degeneracy of all the men who had ever passed through or aspired to power. Political principle had become a farce; political honesty a by-word; official integrity a thing that men laughed at—all was a system of political jobbing, bribery, and intrigue, and even speech was observed by the arch-priest of this order of things to be given to man to conceal his thoughts. The corruption of public functionaries which has so long existed, and still exists in France, has extended its ramifications far and wide among the people; and like the nervous system of vertebrated animals, communicates with the sensorium of the nation, acting and acted upon in every part. The Revolution of 1830, so far from checking the evil, has only given it new force and a new form. The changes of men and opinions caused thereby, added but one more apostasy to the many with which

the elder members of society had to reproach themselves, while it has had the subsequent disadvantage of drawing a large portion of the adolescent and comparatively uncorrupted generation into a similar vortex of political machiavelism. The underhand supplanting of the elder branch of the Bourbons; the ungrateful abandonment of the reigning family by those who had sworn the most deeply to support it, and the cowardly shrinking from responsibility by those who had egged on the authors of the measures that led to the catastrophe; this was a sufficiently bad lesson of political immorality to the rising generation; while the tergiversations of the party who have since come into power, the kicking down of the footstools by which the graspers of authority had mounted to the attainment of their ends, the continuation and systematized practising of the underhand corrupt practices of former governments, have certainly not tended to afford a good example of political conduct to those destined in future times to come to the administration of affairs. Where the upper classes give so bad a specimen of what the citizens of a free state ought to be, it is impossible either that the lower classes should feel any reverence for them, or that they should escape from the contagion of such easily disseminated vices. Before the last revolution, the few persons who used to think in France, and who were aware of the existence of the malady, used to console themselves with the reflection: "Our hopes are in the rising generation." Alas! the Revolution of 1830, and the "monarchy of the middle classes," as it has been somewhat fantastically termed, has not shown *la jeune France* in the best of lights, nor placed it under the most favourable circumstances for future development! It is a melancholy but a warning truth, that can never be sufficiently attended to by all nations blessed with long-established governments, that a violent revolution, whatever good it may bring, has to be accomplished, not only at the expense of the comfort of the present generation, but also at that of the political honour and dignity of many future ones. A revolution can only take place in corrupt times; but its practical tendency is not to diminish the corruption: on the contrary,

while it changes its form, it only perpetuates its existence.*

The last political cause which we shall notice as affecting the moral and social condition of France, is the Republican nature of her institutions. The famous political quibble of 1830—"A monarchy with republican institutions," required to be otherwise read before it can apply to France. It should run thus—"A republic with monarchical institutions." The great law of the first revolution, prescribing equal inheritance of testamentary property, real and personal, and the virtual abolition of the influence of the aristocracy, has constituted France, practically and fundamentally, a republic; and as long as this law subsists, France will continue to pass through all the phases that republics are doomed to experience until their extinction. It is impossible for an hereditary aristocracy to exist, and to have that share of power which is its due, in any state where such a law is in vigour; and though, from the comparatively short time it has been in operation, it has not yet produced its full and inevitable effect, yet it is rapidly working the mischief which it is so well calculated to produce, not merely among the upper, but also among the lower orders of society. The splitting up of large estates, and the parcelling out of smaller ones, are bringing all persons to that common level of feebleness and political prostration, which converts the mildest system of government into an instrument of pure tyranny; all the intermediate springs by which the harshness and suddenness of the shocks of sovereign action are softened in mixed governments being removed, the people are brought into constant and irritating contact with public authority, not actively, but passively, not as themselves influencing the exercise of power, but as the impotent victims of its errors, or the careless enjoyers of its advantages. The aristocracy, deprived of an hereditary peerage, and seeing their ancient wealth and influence diminish at each successive gen-

eration, are plunged in apathy, and take little or no share in the political business of the state; the depositaries of power being selected principally from men of the law, and in great part from the commercial and manufacturing classes. Such, however, is the neediness of the representation of the people, that few among them are above receiving a bribe—not a pecuniary bribe, but the bribe of a place of honour or profit under the immediate control of the executive government; and nearly one half of the present Chamber of Deputies is thus exposed to the direct unmitigated action of the Cabinet. No small portion of the last session has been consumed by debates in the Chamber, or the committee-room, on a measure for limiting the compatibility of remunerated places with seats for electoral colleges; and the proposed law was at last got rid of in an underhand manner by the government, which knew that it was necessary to stifle—this was the word—a project so obnoxious to the holders of power. As an instance of the defenceless condition in which even public functionaries in France find themselves placed with regard to the central government, it may be mentioned that not a single cabinet out of the many which have existed since 1830, has ever hesitated to dismiss the prefect of a department, or the mayor of any commune, when they have either voted against the government candidate at an election, or have not supported him with sufficient energy. Examples of this are of too common occurrence in France to render specifications necessary; but the removals of prefects after the election which ended in the overthrow of Count Molé's administration, is a notorious instance of this habitual abuse of public power. To the same cause, the common weakness of all classes, may be attributed the arbitrary suspensions or cashierings of the national guards of various places where a spirit of opposition has been too openly manifested—a thing not in itself abstractedly to be regretted, since a more

* The eloquent pen of Lord Mahon, in his *History of England from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle*, has amply developed this axiom during the early portion of the eighteenth century. It is a book that cannot be too much consulted by the political student.

ridiculous libel upon an armed force can hardly be imagined than that heterogeneous crowd of tinkers and tailors; but, nevertheless, they have served as so many pernicious examples of the overstretchings of authority for undue purposes. The mercantile classes feel the evils of the levelling system as well as the political ones; and we cannot quote a more forcible elucidation of the fact than the tardy manner in which the formation of railroads has gone on in France, or than the circumstances of English capital being demanded to establish a line from Paris to Rouen, and to set up steamers from Havre to New York. The agricultural classes are exposed to the bad effects of the law in question, as much if not more than any others; for not only are improvement of land and cultivation on a large scale almost impossible, but in the case of the smallest owners, land is so much divided and broken up, with its parcels lying often so far apart, that any cultivation at all is rendered expensive, and causes great loss of time and labour to the proprietor. If the owner should wish to sell his parcels of land and unite them together, he is met by such heavy law expenses, and such a host of public functionaries, who, by the all-pervading system of governmental action, have to be kept by the country, that he is at once deterred from his project. Official returns have shown that there are numerous parcels of property in France not producing more than ten francs a year, the clear value of which, at twenty years' purchase, would therefore be two hundred francs; and yet, the law expenses upon the conveyance of this land to another person would be one hundred francs—exactly half the whole value! If this is not a pernicious system, defeating the very ends for which it was instituted, it would be difficult to discover any that is so. The result of this portion of the Republican legislation of France, is to subject the people on the one hand to the unmitigated tyranny of the law, and on the other hand to destroy their energies as a political body. Masses of men at all times stand in need of leaders if their efforts are to be directed to a good end, but where all are alike laid low by the general action of the law, nothing but an interruption of that action, a legislative change—a revolution, in short,

can bring any one to the post of leader or protector of his fellow-citizens. The French have, in fact, got this system, which has generally been considered as the foundation of all republican institutions, in full force among them; and its practical result is to subject them to the worst, their own despotism, as well as to the melancholy casualties of frequent revolutionary changes.

This law, added to the unsettled state of the national religion and morality, and ripened in its mischief by the system of centralization, one of the worst offspring of the Great Revolution, is rapidly working the political degradation and disorganization of the country. It should be observed, that it makes a great difference whether a people adopt republican ideas and republican institutions at the commencement of their existence as a nation, or at a late period, and as a consequence of the breaking up of a previous system. In the former case, a republic may be said to be natural, as being one of the earliest and clumsiest attempts of a civilized community at national government: in the latter, it is unnatural, as being a virtual abandonment of legislative experience, and a reversion to primitive disorganization. In one instance, a republic may co-exist with much national liberty, and may tend to improve and perpetuate its existence: in the other, it becomes the companion and cause of personal restraint and general oppression, while it is pregnant with the seeds of anarchy and spontaneous decomposition. These are the cases of the United States of America and France. The former, containing a comparatively rude and simple population, at the outset of their national career, are improving their social condition in the same way as they are reclaiming and clearing their land. There is so much work to be done in both respects that all hands are wanted to join in it; and as every body there, Ulysses-like, is more or less his own handicraftsman, so each citizen is more or less of a legislator. With an unlimited extent of virgin territory, and with a population that has more commonly to provide the necessities than the elegancies of life, the equal division of testamentary property is not yet felt in its evil consequences; while, with such a constant

and rapid circulation of social blood, a healthy action is kept up in all parts of the political body independent of the forms of the government. Not so with France: that country of limited though great extent, has a population of thirty-three millions, rapidly increasing, and within a definite time will not have wherewithal to maintain its inhabitants. After a violent political malady, such as no other nation was perhaps ever affected with, and after a subsequent temporary recovery, it has been again exposed to something like a relapse, and is evidently diseased at the core. The French are not setting out on their voyage of national existence with the hope of youth, and that ignorance of political evil which constitutes much of a people's happiness, and often renders the wisdom of government comparative folly, but with the bitter recollections of brilliant expectations blasted, of long-continued and misdirected efforts thwarted or made abortive, of the substance of good thrown away, and nought but the shadow of theoretical perfection grasped at; with the enervating effects of centuries of bygone civilisation abused and rejected, with expectations of future good almost exhausted, and with the national heart and eye deadened and sickened as to political advancement by long-continued failure and disappointment. So far from exciting energy among such a people, republicanism is the cause only of feverish, short-lived excitement, or of anarchy ending in fresh political degradation. It makes an immense difference, whether it be at an early or a mature period of a people's life, that republicanism is introduced; and France has adopted it at the later and the pernicious moment.

No man is more alive to the danger arising to his country from the anarchical spirit that prevails in it than M. Guizot; and his parliamentary and official life has been spent in perpetually combating it. His opinions, which, however, are well known from his harangues in the Chamber of Deputies, are eloquently summed up at the end of his essay *De la Démocratie dans les Sociétés Modernes*. He says—

“The essential and necessary principles of every regular and stable community are as follow:—Persevering unity of national intention, represented by the Government:—Respect

for public authority:—Subordination of individual will to the Law:—The partition of rights according to capacity: the guaranteeing of liberty for every one, on every step of the social ladder; but with authority at the top and over all, since the affairs of a community are in themselves high and paramount, and incapable of being conducted by those who are below. These are the maxims of social good sense, and the elementary principles of social order. Whether a community be democratical or aristocratical; whether its government be monarchical or republican, is of little moment; it has always need of these principles, flowing as they do, not from such or such a state of society, not from such or such a form of government, but from the very nature of men and human relations: so that where these principles are found to be weak, it is not the government only, but it is this community itself, which is sinking and tottering. The more freedom a community possesses, or wishes to possess, the more ought it to place itself under the empire of these tutelary principles; for they alone can support a bold and ample development of liberty. . . . The dominant urgent interest—the moral, and, at the same time, the national interest of our present state of society, is to elevate and organize itself, since it is in elevation and organization that it is principally deficient. Ideas, ambitious customs, social situations, and internal arrangements, every thing among us has need of regulating and amplifying itself. But the old routine of democracy is above all fatal, inasmuch as it lowers and degrades every thing—persons as well as things. We are dragging ourselves on in the leading strings of the Revolution, instead of standing upright and advancing. A return of the past is dreaded: let then our modern democracy forget what its past was: let it rise to the altitude of the position it has acquired; then only will it be fit for its present fate—then only can it reckon itself sure of its future.”

M. Guizot, as a conscientious supporter of the existing Charter and Government of France, is for continuing the experiment, and for working that charter out to its final results, with a monarchical and religious bias given to it by the government for the time being. Our own opinion is, that the

fundamental constitution of French society requires alteration; the aristocratic element must be reintroduced, and the republican tendency taken away, in order to let the monarchical and religious elements have their proper sphere of action. Until by the abolition of the law of equal succession, the formation of a permanent upper class, alike independent of the government and the people, is brought about; and until the growth of such a body of families is strengthened by the lapse of years, France will not be in a healthy political condition, but will continue as she now is, a hot-bed of discontent for herself, and a focus of pernicious propagandism to her neighbours.

And there are ample materials in France for improving the state of the people. The country and its inhabitants are alike capable of being turned to good. The former is not second in average fertility to any territory of equal extent in Europe, with every natural advantage for richly varied agriculture, and most extensive commerce. The latter are composed, for twenty-five out of the thirty-three millions, of a sturdy and honest rural population, split into many distinct races, and even languages, and as such full of national vigour. With remarkable aptitude for agriculture, but without the means of improvement; with no antipathy for trade and manufac-

tures, but without any encouragement; with much natural shrewdness, but domineered over, and talked out of their good sense, by the corrupt denizens of the capital. The French have so much national good-humour and *bonhomie*, that they could again easily attach themselves to the seigneurs with whom their chateaux and manors, as of old, ought to be peopled; and they have so much innate acuteness and aptitude for detail, that a really paternal and provident government might urge them on to commercial and industrial pursuits with the happiest results. If something of this kind be not done by the peaceful ways of legislation, it will be effected, sooner or later, at the dreadful sacrifice of another revolution; but we hope for the best. We have faith in the improving good sense of European nations; and the examples of other peoples will not be without their due influence. Meanwhile, we desire heartily that the good parts only of French institutions, the love and protection of science, literature, and art, may be imitated in our own country; and that we may have the good sense, while we avoid the rocks on which our neighbours have split, to preserve, as the palladium and touchstone of our national greatness, the religious and aristocratic spirit of our venerable constitution.

THE CANDIDATE'S GARLAND.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

AIR—"Croppies lie down."

1.

YE candidates claiming to serve the good cause
Of religion and liberty, order and laws!
Where'er on the hustings the foe you may face,
Lay it into him well, till he bellows for grace.
I can teach you some tricks to crack Whiggery's crown,
And to make all Repealers and Chartists lie down.
Singing down, down, Radicals, down!

2.

IF "TORY DISLOYALTY" furnish the cry,
First simply assert that the charge is *a lie*.
Then suggest that some folks have more profit than praise,
Paying court to the sun while they bask in his rays.
But demand where's the party, since parties were made,
So true as the Tories when left in the shade.
Singing down, down, courtiers lie down!

3.

If this isn't sufficient to silence their jaw,
 Keep rubbing their hide till you come to the raw :
 Hint at Denman and Brough'm, at the Duke and the Prince,
 And you'll soon make the jade's ugly withers to wince ;
 You may lastly allude to a speech by old Coke—
 I forget his new title—then see how they'll look.

Singing down, down, libellers, down !

4.

On the CANADAS next you may largely dilate,
 In extent so prodigious, in value so great :
 Such an outlet for industry—idle at home—
 Such a fountain of commerce through ages to come.
 Whether traitor or trimmer, confusion, to him
 Who would cripple the realm in so goodly a limb !

Singing down, down, rebels lie down !

5.

If firebrands or fools of *self-government* speak,
 Say, 'tis nonsense and knavery all that they seek.
 Ere they set the child free from the mother's command,
 Bid them try the experiment nearer at hand.
 Oh ! what pranks would the imps in our nurseries play,
 If declared their own masters for even a day.

Singing down, down, youngers lie down !

6.

At the CORN-LAWS, though now rather musty and stale,
 If some *flow'ry* Whig orator chooses to rail,
 Don't be you *mealy-mouthed*, give him prices and freight,
 And just press him to death on the subject of *weight*.
 If you question him close, you'll soon carry the laugh,
 And leave few that will barter their corn for his chaff.

Singing down, down, humbugs lie down !

7.

Then present this dilemma, with horns, a good pair,
 Such as often the Stot has in vain wish'd to wear.
 When *prices* decline, pray, will *wages* fall too ?
 (We've an answer *in petto* to meet either view :)
 If they *won't*, what relief will the *masters* have then ?
 If they *will*, what the mischief becomes of the *men* ?

Singing down, down, disputants, down !

8.

Enquire as to IRELAND,—Beneath the Whig reign
 Is reason returning ?—is crime on the wane ?
 See, the Arch-agitator still rampant we find,
 Mendicity still with mendacity join'd ;
 While Augean pollution fast poisons the scene,
 Such as Stanley—or Hercules—only could clean,

Singing down, down, perjury, down !

9.

A word to the CHARTISTS before my song ends ;
 Of the Whigs or the Tories, say *which* are their friends ?
 Those who help them in patience and peace to endure
 What princes and parliaments never can cure ?—
 Or the tricksters who sell them sedition for food,
 And, first fanning the fire, then would quench it in blood ?

Singing down, down, Democrats, down !

10.

If you borrow these lessons from Christopher's school,
 The result, my good friends, may be left to old Bull ;
 Even Peggy and Pat, their newfangledness past,
 Will awake to some calmer conclusions at last ;
 But be that as it may, ere the twelve months are out,
 You'll see Peel back in power and the Whigs up the spout.

Singing down, down, Whiggery, down !

THE WAGS.

IN a town which we will call Middletown, because it was of the middle size, dwelt a worthy shopkeeper bearing the odd name of Jeremiah Wag. By dealing in all sorts of commodities, and steady attention to his business, he had managed to keep up his respectability, and doubtless would have considerably increased his store, but for the gradual increase of his family. For several years after his marriage a new little Wag was ushered annually into the world; and though there had latterly been somewhat less of regularity, as many as ten small heads might be counted every evening in his back parlour. Jerry, the eldest boy, was, however, almost fourteen years of age, and therefore began "to make himself useful," by carrying out small parcels and assisting behind the counter. All the rest were, to use their parent's phrase, "dead stock," and "were eating their heads off;" for, sooth to say, they were a jolly little set, and blessed with most excellent appetites. Such was the state of family matters at the time when our narrative commences.

Now, on the opposite side of the street, exactly facing the modest board on which Jeremiah's name was painted, with the usual announcement of certain commodities in which he dealt, was another board of a very different description. On it were emblazoned the arms of his Majesty, with the supporters, a lion and a unicorn, as the country folks said, "a-fighting for the crown."

The establishment indicated by this display, was upheld by a very different class of customers to that which patronised the shop. Two or three times in each day some private carriage or post-chaise would stop to change horses at the King's Arms, and occasionally "a family" took up their quarters there for the night; but the latter was a piece of good-luck not often to be expected, as there were no lions to be seen in Middletown save the red rampant guardian on the sign-board.

It was haymaking time, and business was very "slack" with the worthy Jeremiah; but he said that he didn't care much about it, as the com-

try folks were earning money, part of which he trusted would find its way into his till in due course. So, after rummaging about among his stock to see if he was "out of any thing," he took his stand at the door, just to breathe a mouthful of fresh air. Titus Twist, the landlord, made his appearance at the same moment, in his own gateway, apparently with the same salubrious intent, and immediately beckoned to his neighbour just to step across.

"Well, how are ye, Master Wag?" said he, when they met. "Did you observe that green chariot that stands down in the yard there, and came in more than an hour ago?" Jeremiah answered in the negative. "Well," continued mine host, "it belongs to one of the oddest, rummest, little old gentleman I ever clapped my eyes on. He's been asking me all sorts of questions, and seems mightily tickled with your name above all things. I think he's cracked. Howsomever, he's ordered dinner; but hush! here he comes."

The little gentleman in question seemed between sixty and seventy; but, excepting a certain sallowness of complexion, carried his years well, his motions being lively, and wearing a good-humoured smile, as though habitual, on his countenances. His dress was plain, but good, and altogether becoming his apparent rank.

"I shall be back in a quarter of an hour," said he to the landlord; "I'm only going over the way to the shop to buy something;" and away he went, and, of course, was followed by Jeremiah, who, immediately on entering his own house, skipped nimbly behind the counter to wait upon his new customer.

After trying on some gloves, and purchasing two pair, the little strange gentleman looked round the shop, as though examining its contents to find something he wanted.

"Any thing else I can do for you, sir?" replied Jeremiah. "You sell almost every thing I see, Mr Wag?" observed the old gentleman. "Mr Wag? Your name is Wag, I suppose?" "Yes, sir," replied the shopkeeper, dryly.

"Wag, Wag, Wag!" repeated the stranger, briskly. "Funny name! eh?" "It was my father's before me," observed Jeremiah, scarcely knowing what to think of the matter.

"Very good name!" continued the little gentleman. "Like it very much. Got any children? Any little Wags, eh? Like to see 'em. Fond of children—little Wags in particular—he, he, he!"

"Much obliged to ye for enquiring, sir," replied the senior Wag; "I've got just half a score, sorted sizes. That's the eldest!" and he pointed to young Jerry, whose lanky limbs were at the moment displayed, spread-eagle fashion, against the shelves, from the topmost of which he was reaching down some commodity for a customer.

"That's right. Bring 'em up to industry," said the little gentleman. "Well, I can't stay now, because my dinner's ready; but I see you sell Irish linen, and I want a piece for shirts; so, perhaps, you'll be so good as to look me out a good one and bring it over to me."

"You may rely," commenced Mr Wag; but his new customer cut him short by adding, "I know that well enough," as he briskly made his exit.

The industrious shopkeeper forthwith selected certain of his primest articles, folded them in a wrapper, and, at the appointed time, carried the whole across to the King's Arms.

He was immediately ushered into the presence of the eccentric elderly gentleman, who was seated alone behind a bottle of white and a bottle of red. "Suppose you've dined, Master Wag?" said he, "So, come! No ceremony, sit down and take a glass of wine."

"I'm very much obliged to you, I'm sure, sir," replied Jeremiah; "but I have just brought over half a dozen pieces of Irish for you to look at and choose."

"Phoo, phoo!" Quoth the small stranger, "I don't want to see them. I know nothing about 'em. Leave all to you. Only meant to have had a piece; but, as you have brought half a dozen, I may as well take 'em. 'Store's no sore,' they say. There's a fifty pound note! Reckon 'em up, and see if there's any change."

Jeremiah stared at this unusual

wholesale mode of dealing, stammered his thanks, and observed, that the goods would not amount to half the money.

"So much the worse," said the little gentleman. "Must see if I can't buy something else in your line presently; but, sit down now: that's a good fellow! I want to have some talk with you."

The bashful shopkeeper hereupon perched himself on the extreme front edge of a chair, at a respectful distance from the table; but was told to draw up closer by his hospitable entertainer. Then they took three or four glasses of wine together, and gradually Jeremiah found himself more at home, and scrupled not to reply to the odd stranger's questions respecting his family and occupations. And so they went on chatting till they appeared as two very old and intimate friends; for Mr Wag was of an open, unsuspecting disposition, and talked as though he had no objection that all the world should know all about his affairs.

"Well, but, my dear Wag," said the stranger, "can't you tell what part of the country your father came from?"

"No, sir, I can't," replied Jeremiah, "he died when I was about eight years old, and the London merchant to whom he was clerk, put me to school, and after that apprenticed me to old Hicks, who lived over the way where I do now. Well, there I served my time, and then married his daughter, and so came in for the business when he died; but I've increased it a pretty deal, and if I'd more capital, could make a snug thing of it by going into the wholesale, and serving village shops with grocery, and so on."

"Why don't you try it?" asked the little gentleman.

"It won't do unless one has got the ready to go to market with," replied Jeremiah, knowingly; "and then one must be able to give credit, and ought to keep one's own waggon to carry out goods. No, no, it won't do. Many a man has made bad worse by getting out of his depth, and, as it is, thank God, I *can* live. The only thing that puzzles me now and then is, what I shall do with all the children."

"Hark ye, my worthy Wag," said the odd stranger, "I have not got any

children ; so, if you'll let me pick among the lot, I don't care if I take two or three off your hands."

"Sir!" exclaimed the astonished shopkeeper.

"I mean what I say," replied the old gentleman, demurely. "Take me with you. Introduce me to your wife and family, and let us all have a friendly cup of tea together in your back parlour. Don't stare, my good Wag; but fill your glass. I don't want to buy your little Wags, but I happen to have more of the ready, as you call it, than I want; so I'll put them to school, or what you like. What say you?"

Jeremiah rubbed his eyes, as though doubtful if he were awake, and then uttered his thanks for such extraordinary kindness in the best way he was able; and, about an hour after, the whimsical little old rich gentleman was sitting by the side of Mrs Wag, with a little curly-headed Wag on each knee, while the rest were playing round, or gazing open-mouthed at the stranger with childish wonder.

By degrees all stiffness wore off; and, before the evening concluded, nothing could exceed the merriment of the whole party. The eccentric elderly gentleman had learned to call all the Wags by their names, and he played, and frolicked, and rolled upon the floor with the little people, in a style that made the parents suspect, with the landlord, that he must be "cracked."

However, at parting, he became more serious, and invited Jeremiah to come and breakfast with him in the morning, and to bring with him a copy of the names and birthdays of his children, as entered in the Family Bible.

Mr and Mrs Wag of course lay awake for an hour that night, talking over the strange incidents of the day, and perhaps building a few castles in the air, after the style of affectionate parents for their children.

On the following morning Jeremiah dressed himself in his Sunday suit, and repaired to fulfil his engagement. His new old friend received him in the most cordial manner, and they breakfasted together, chatting over family concerns as on the preceding day. When their repast was ended, the little gentleman read over the list of the young Wags, and smilingly observed,

"A jolly set of them! We must contrive to make them all good and happy Wags if we can, eh? Eldest, Jerry, almost fourteen—useful to you in business. That's right. Leave him there, eh? Next, Thomas, almost thirteen—fond of reading—told me so. A good school first, eh? Then three girls running, Mary, Anne, and Fanny. Pack them off to a good school too. Never mind. Then comes William, eight—and Stephen, seven. Think I know where to place them—Just the right age. Perhaps can't do it at once, though. Humph. That's all I can take *at present*. The other three, Sarah, Henry, and Philip, too young. Well, my worthy Wag, you will hear about what I mean to do with them before long, and a friend of mine will call upon you some day to consult about the best way of increasing your business. Settle all in time. No more to say now, but good-bye—eh? Paid the landlord's bill before breakfast, 'cause don't like to be kept waiting. Didn't mean to have stopped longer than to change horses when I came yesterday. Glad I have, though. Hope you won't be sorry. Holla! waiter! is my carriage ready?" "At the door, sir," shouted the landlord in reply. "That's right!" exclaimed the extraordinary elderly gentleman. "Good-bye, my worthy Wag! Remember me to Mrs Wag, and give my love to all the little Wags. Ten besides yourselves! A dozen Wags in one family! Never expected to see such a sight as that! He, he, he! See it again, though, hope. Wag together, all of you, like a bundle of sticks, hope!" And, laughing and uttering similar incoherent sentences alternately, he walked briskly along the passage to his carriage, into which he forthwith jumped, and, having repeated his valediction to the astounded shopkeeper, ordered the postilion to drive on.

Thus Jeremiah was prevented from expressing his grateful feelings for such wonderful promises, and so stood gaping in silence till the carriage was out of sight.

"Why, you seem regularly 'mazed, neighbour!" exclaimed the landlord.

"Enough to make me," replied Mr Wag. "If one-half what I've heard this morning should come true, I shall be a lucky fellow, that's all!"

"The old fellow's cracked," observed Titus Twist. "He's a gentleman, however, every inch of him, that I will say for him. Didn't make a word about nothing. All right. Used to good living, no doubt. More's the pity, as he's cracked. He certainly ought not to be allowed to travel without a servant, as he does."

"Well," observed Jeremiah, "I don't know what to say or what to think about it; but, if he is cracked—humph! I don't know. It may be so. However, there's no harm done yet."

"So he's been cramming you, eh!" said mine host. "Made you a present of the moon, perhaps? They do fancy strange things, and think themselves kings, and very rich in particular."

The truth of this latter assertion made an impression upon our worthy shopkeeper, who communicated it to his wife; but she had taken a great fancy to the odd old gentleman, and was not to be shaken in her conviction that he would really be "as good as his word."

"Well," observed her husband, "time will show; and, at all events, it was no bad thing to sell six pieces of fine linen at once. We don't have such customers every day. However, the best thing we can do is, to keep our own secret; for, if the neighbours were to hear of it, we should never hear the last of it."

Mrs Wag agreed in the propriety of her spouse's suggestion; but, nevertheless, was unable to refrain from dropping hints to sundry gossips concerning her anticipations of coming good fortune; and the vagueness and mysterious importance of her manner created a sensation, and caused many strange surmises. Some decided that the Wags had been so imprudent as to purchase a whole lottery ticket, and blamed them accordingly; while others shook their heads, and hinted that, with so large a family, it would be a very fortunate circumstance if Jeremiah could manage so as not to go back in the world; and, for their parts, they never liked to hear folks talk mysteriously about good luck: so, for some time, the stranger's visit appeared to have produced results somewhat the reverse of beneficial; but, at the end of a month, an elderly gentleman, dressed in black, entered the shop, and requested a private in-

terview with Mr Wag; and as the back parlour was full of little Wags, then undergoing the ceremonies of ablation, combing, &c., he proposed that they should adjourn to the King's Arms.

When they were seated there, the stranger very deliberately proceeded to arrange a variety of papers upon the table in a business-like manner; and when his task was completed, apparently to his satisfaction, he smiled, rubbed his hands, and thus addressed the wondering shopkeeper.

"My name is Stephen Goodfellow. I am an attorney, living in London, and there" (handing a card) "is my address. You will probably guess who is my client, but my instructions are to conceal his name. Well, he has consulted with me as to the best mode of carrying your intention of increasing your business into effect, and I have, consequently, had interviews with certain commercial gentlemen, and, ahem! the result is, that as the thing must be done gradually, I have to present you, in the first place, with this order for a thousand pounds. You will then be so good as to sign this document, by reading which you will perceive that you *cannot* be called upon for repayment before the expiration of three years. Ahem! don't interrupt me. That will do to begin with; but, after a little while, as you must give credit, and some of your commodities, particularly grocery, amount to considerable sums, you may want more, so—ahem!—yes, this is the paper. You are to put your usual signature here; and, mark me, in precisely six months from this day, an account will be opened in your name with the London bankers, whose check-book I now present you with. They will have assets in their hands, and instructions to honour your drafts for any sum or sums not exceeding four thousand pounds. You understand?"

"I hear what you say, sir," stammered Jeremiah; "but, really, I'm so astonished, that!"

"Well, well," observed Mr Goodfellow, smiling, "it certainly is not an everyday transaction; but my respected client is a little eccentric, and so we must allow him to do things in his own way. He has taken a fancy to you, that's clear; and when he takes any thing in hand, he doesn't mind trifles."

"But so much!" exclaimed Mr Wag. "One thousand—four thousand—five thousand pounds! It is like a dream! Surely, sir," and he hesitated; "surely the gentleman can't be in—ahem!—in—his—right senses?"

"Sound as a bell," replied the lawyer. "I hope you may have as clear a head to carry on your new business. At present you are a little bewildered, that's plain enough; but no great marvel. However, my time is precious, so just let me have your signature, and I'm off."

He then placed the papers before Jeremiah, who, after a little more demur, and a great deal of trepidation, wrote his name twice, and received the money order and the banker's check-book. Mr Goodfellow then ordered a chaise, and chatted familiarly till it was ready, when he shook Mr Wag by the hand, wished him good luck, and departed.

"I told you so!" exclaimed Mrs Wag, when her spouse related the morning's adventure. "He seemed so fond of the children. I knew how it would be. But you should have asked his name. I wonder who he can be! Some great lord, no doubt. Well, bless him, I say! God bless him, whoever he is. Oh, Jerry! my dear Jerry Wag! I feel as if I was a-going to cry. How foolish! Well, I can't help it, and that's the truth;" and the good housewife wiped her eyes, and then threw her arms round the neck of her dearly beloved Wag, who, albeit that he was unused to the melting mood, found his eyes suddenly grow dim, and so they performed a weeping duet together.

It is pleasant to record, that at the termination of this natural paroxysm, they neglected not to return thanks to a higher Power for the wonderful change that had thus suddenly taken place in their prospects.

Their subsequent task was to take counsel together; but that was a work requiring more of calmness than they possessed for the first few days. However, by degrees, as time rolled on, the industrious couple made their arrangements, and, at the end of six months, Mr Wag had so increased his business, that it became advisable for him to have recourse to his London bankers. In the meanwhile, he had sent his son Tom and the three eldest girls to school, agreeably to the inti-

mation of his unknown friend, which he considered as a command that he was in duty bound to comply with. Still it appeared very extraordinary that the little elderly gentleman neither communicated with nor came to see them; but, as the whole affair was out of the common way, Jeremiah resolved industriously to avail himself of the advantages of his new position, as the best means of testifying his gratitude during his benefactor's absence.

Much marvelling, of course, there was in the town and neighbourhood at the steady increase in Mr Wag's "concern," in spite of his very plain statement that a kind friend had advanced him a considerable sum.

"Who could that friend be?" was the puzzling question which no one could answer; but his unremitting attention to business, the punctuality of his payments, and other evidences of his prosperity, sufficed to ensure him general respect, though certain envious busybodies would venture now and then to hint significantly that "all is not gold that glistens."

So matters went on pleasantly with the Wags till winter, when Tom and his three sisters came home for the holidays, and the latter assisted their mother in preparing for the festivities of the season.

It was Christmas eve, and the whole of the family were congregated in the little back parlour, when young Jerry started up at the well-known sound of a customer at the shop-door, at which he arrived with a hop, step, and jump; and, jerking it open, beheld a little old gentleman wrapped in a large cloak.

"Please to walk in, sir," said Jerry Wag.

"Hush!" whispered the stranger, placing his forefinger on his mouth, "I want to surprise them. You're all together to-night, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," replied Jerry, smiling, for he thought he knew to whom he was speaking.

"That's right," said the odd elderly gentleman, advancing cautiously towards the darkest part of the shop, and throwing off his cloak. "Now for a Christmas frolic! Come here, you rogue! Why, you've grown taller than me. That's right! a thriving Wag! Now, mind, you go back as if nothing had happened, and

give me hold of your coat tail, so that I can't be seen. That'll do. No laughing, you young monkey. There, step along."

Jerry did as he was bid, save that, though he bit his lips unmercifully, his risible muscles would not remain inactive; and thus the oddly joined pair made their way into the family apartment just as the eldest daughter had exclaimed, "Now, mamma, it's your turn to wish!"

They were sitting in a semicircle before the fire, and the stranger and his shield, of course, stood behind them.

"Heigho!" said Mrs Wag, "there's only one thing I wish for to-night, and that is the addition of *one* more to our party."

"Name! name! You must name your wish!" cried three or four juvenile voices, in full glee.

"I wish I could tell you his name," said Mrs Wag, "but your father knows who I mean. Don't you, my dear?"

"I can't mistake you, my love," replied Jeremiah, affectionately, "and I wish he could see how happy we are. It would do his heart good, I really think."

"Who can he be!" exclaimed the eldest daughter.

"Perhaps it's somebody like me!" cried the little odd gentleman, stepping briskly forward.

"It is! it is!" shrieked mamma, and up jumped the whole party, and down went Mrs Wag upon her knees, while, utterly unconscious of what she did, her arms were clasped round the neck of her benefactor, whose bodily frame, being unable to sustain her matronly weight, gave way, and so they rolled together on the floor.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the eccentric elderly gentleman, as soon as he recovered breath, but without attempting to rise. "This is a Christmas gambol, eh! Master Wag? Eh! my merry little Wags? Needn't ask you all how you are."

"My dear sir!" exclaimed Jeremiah, "allow me to assist you. I hope you are not hurt."

"Hurt!" cried the little gentleman, jumping up and offering his hand to Mrs Wag. "Hurt! Why, I feel myself twenty years younger than I did five minutes ago. Never mind, ma'am. Like Christmas gam-

bols. Always did. Happen to have such a thing as a bunch of mistletoe, eh?"

"I am sure, sir," whimpered Mrs Wag—"I am sure I shall never forgive myself. To think of taking such a liberty; I—I—can't conceive how I could"—

"As often as ever you please, my good lady," said the eccentric, handing her to a chair; "but sit down and compose yourself, while I shake hands all round;" and, turning toward Jeremiah, he commenced the ceremony, which he went through with from the eldest to the youngest, calling them all by their names, as correctly as though he were a constant visiter.

A right merry Christmas eve was that. The young Wags were, ever and anon, obliged to hold their sides, as they laughed and screamed with delight at the funny stories told by the funny little old gentleman, who romped and played with them with as much glee as though he had been the youngest of the party. So the hours passed quickly away till the unwelcome sound of "bedtime" was whispered among the little circle; and then one after another departed, until Mr and Mrs Wag were left alone with their honoured guest.

The hearts of both were full, and they began to endeavour to express their feelings; but the singular old gentleman stopped them by saying—"Needn't tell me. Know it all. Shall run away if you go on so. Remember, I told you I had more of the 'ready' than I knew what to do with. Couldn't have done better with it, eh? Out at interest now. Best sort of interest, too. More pleasure this evening than receiving dividends, eh! Never was happier. So come, let us wind up for the night. I've a memorandum or two for you in my pocket-book," and he placed it on the table, and began to turn over divers papers, as he continued—"Hem! ha! Yes. Those two. You'd better take them, my good sir. They'll admit William and Stephen to Christ Church—what they call the blue-coat school. Capital school, eh?"

"My dear sir!" exclaimed Jeremiah.

"Don't interrupt me, that's a good fellow," said the old gentleman. "Hem! Do you ever smoke a pipe?"

"Very rarely," replied the wondering Mr Wag.

"Well," continued his guest, "take that paper to light your next with. Put it in your pocket, and don't look at it till I'm gone. Hem! Tom's master says he will make a good scholar; so, if you've no objection, I was thinking he might as well go to college in a year or two. Not in your way, perhaps? Never mind. I know some of the big-wigs. See all right, and enter his name. *Should* have one parson in a large family, eh?"

Here Mrs Wag could no longer refrain from giving vent to her overcharged feelings by certain incoherent ejaculations, which terminated in a flood of tears.

"Humph!" said the old gentleman, "my spectacles want wiping;" and he took the opportunity of rubbing them and blowing his nose, while Jeremiah was comforting the wife of his bosom, and telling her not to be so foolish, although he could scarcely avoid snivelling himself.

"Hem! ahem!" resumed their guest; "think I've got some of the mince pie sticking in my throat. Stupid old fellow to eat so much, eh?"

"Better take another glass of wine, sir," said Jeremiah. "Give me leave, sir, to pour it out."

"No, no!" exclaimed Mrs Wag, starting up and smiling through her tears, "let me! Nobody else! God bless you, sir!"

"And you, too!" ejaculated the old gentleman gayly; "come, that's a challenge! Glasses round! and then we must say, good-night. Don't let us make a dull end of a merry evening."

Warm benedictions were forthwith uttered, and the "compliments of the season" were wished, with more than common sincerity, by all three, as their glasses met glingling together. Then, the whimsical guest tossed off his wine, jumped up, shook his hosts heartily by the hand, wished them good-night, and sallied into the shop to find his cloak. Mr and Mrs Wag followed, and expressed a hope that he would honour their Christmas dinner by his presence on the following day; but all they could draw from him was—"Can't promise. Ate and drank a little too much to-night, perhaps. Getting shockingly old. See

how I am in the morning. Enjoyed myself this evening. A jolly set of Wags altogether! Merry Wags all, eh? Young and old. Well, well, wag along happily, my dear Mr and Mrs Wag! Good-night!" and after once more shaking hands with them, he nimbly whisked himself out at the shop-door, and trotted across to the King's Arms.

No sooner were the worthy couple alone, than curiosity led them to examine the piece of paper which their benefactor had presented to Jeremiah for the purpose of lighting his pipe; and it proved to be the promissory note which the latter had signed for the first thousand pounds. The donor's intention was plain enough, as it was regularly cancelled, so Mrs Wag was obliged to use her pocket-handkerchief once more; and her spouse, after striding three or four times rapidly across the room, felt himself also under the necessity of taking out his, and blowing his nose with unusual vehemence. Then they congratulated and comforted each other, and said their prayers, and offered up their thanksgivings with a fervour and sincerity that proved they were not unworthy of their good fortune. Then they retired to rest, though not immediately to sleep, for they were each beset by strange waking dreams, and beheld in their minds' eye a black clerical Wag, two long-coated little blue Wags, with yellow nether investments, and other Wags of sorted sizes, but all very happy.

On the following morning, being Christmas day, our fortunate shop-keeper equipped himself in his best apparel, and, before breakfast, stepped across the road, and found Mr Titus Twist rubbing his eyes in his own gateway. Mutual salutations, and "compliments of the season," were exchanged in good neighbourly style, and then mine host exclaimed, "There's a box here for you, Master Wag, left by that queer little old gentleman. I'm sure he's cracked! In he comes here yesterday, just after dark, posting in his own carriage. Well, he orders up any thing as we happened to have ready, and I sets him down to as good a dinner as ever any gentleman need sit down to, though I say it, because why, you see, our larder's pretty considerably well stocked at this season. So down he sits,

rubbing his hands, and seeming as pleased as Punch, and orders a bottle of wine; but, before he'd been ten minutes at table, up he jumps, claps on his cloak and hat, and runs smack out o' the house, and never comes back again till past eleven at night, when he pays his bill, and orders horses for six o'clock this morning."

"Is he gone, then?" exclaimed Jeremiah.

"Off, sure enough," replied Titus; "but he's left a great box for you, which I was just going to send over. So, I suppose you and he have some dealings together."

"Yes," said Mr Wag, "I shall have cause to bless and thank him the latest day I have to live; but I wish he had stopped here to-day. Well, God bless him, wherever he's gone. Hark ye, neighbour—you have often heard me speak of having a friend—well, that's him. I don't know why, but he's taken a fancy to me and my wife and family, and has done for us more than you'd believe, if I was to tell you. However, we can chat that over another day, as I can't stop now, as Mrs Wag and the children are waiting breakfast. But where's the box? I'll take it with me, if you please."

"If two of the strongest fellows in my yard can take it over, it's as much as they can," replied Titus. "However, they shall try; and I hope you'll come over this afternoon and crack a bottle of my best to drink the little queer old gentleman's health. But, mind me, he's cracked to a certainty, and you'll find it out some of these days."

The box was accordingly delivered, and, on being opened, was found to contain a dozen separate packages, each directed for one member of the Wag family, the largest for Jeremiah, the father, and the smallest for little Philip, a "rising three" year old Wag. Their contents were far too various for precise specification, but could not have been more judiciously appropriated nor more gratefully received, so that Christmas day was a day of rejoicing; and the only regret felt by one and all the Wags was, that their very kind friend had not stayed to spend it with them.

When the festive season was over, matters went on as usual with Jeremiah, save that perhaps there was

more of cheerfulness in his manner while pursuing his course of steady industry. The fact was, that he never now felt perplexed about money affairs, which were wont formerly to occupy much of his time by day, and cause him many sleepless hours by night. Those who called for payment were as welcome as those who came to pay, and consequently his credit stood high; and the travellers and London houses strove, by tempting bargains and peculiar attention in "selecting the best articles, to complete his kind orders," to keep his name upon their books. So he went on and prospered in all his undertakings, and in the course thereof visited the metropolis to make purchases, and, when there, called upon Mr Goodfellow, who gave him a hearty welcome, but could not be persuaded to reveal the name of his eccentric client, though he scrupled not to say that he was in good health, adding, with a smile, "and in perfect possession of his intellects."

Jeremiah next endeavoured to worm the secret from his bankers, but with no better success. The partner who received him, assured him that the steady increase and respectability of his account had wrought such an impression in a quarter which he was not permitted to name, that their house would feel much pleasure in making advances, whenever any thing advantageous offered itself for purchase.

"It is wonderful!" exclaimed Jeremiah.

"A good character, my dear sir," observed the banker, "is every thing in trade. We are dealers in money; and nothing pleases us more than placing it where we know it is safe, and have every reason to suppose it may be useful."

"But," observed Jeremiah, "you know nothing about me."

"I beg your pardon, Mr Wag," said the banker; "you are what we call a good man, and have got a back."

"A back!" exclaimed the bewildered shopkeeper.

"Yes," said the banker, smiling, "that is, a good friend to your back; and, though he chooses to keep himself in the background, depend upon it he'll not forsake you so long as you go on as you have done. Therefore, buy away for ready cash as largely as

you please, and we'll honour your drafts."

On this hint Jeremiah subsequently acted, by making purchases which enabled him to serve his customers "on terms that defied all competition." Therefore, and by dint of strict attention and civility, his trade continued to increase, till he was obliged to add warehouses to his shop, and employ a regular clerk and collector, besides shopmen, porters, and waggoner.

In the meanwhile young Tom Wag studied Latin and Greek with a neighbouring curate; William and Stephen were, in due course, admitted into the Blue-coat School, and the education of the other children went on precisely as had been recommended by their eccentric benefactor, whose advice Mr and Mrs Wag considered equivalent to commands. Still they were often uneasy about him, and more particularly after another Christmas eve had passed without his appearance. Poor Mrs Wag was sure he was ill, and would occasionally charge him with unkindness for not letting her know, that she might go and nurse him. But again months and months rolled away, and at last autumn arrived, and with it brought the grand *dénouement* of the mystery, as suddenly and unexpectedly as their former good-luck.

All the Wags who were at home were sitting round a tea-table, in the little garden at the back of the house, and Mrs Wag was sedately filling their cups, when one of the younger children exclaimed, "Who's that?"

Jeremiah looked round to where the child was gazing, and beheld his benefactor stealthily approaching from the back door, with an arch smile on his countenance, as though wishing to take them by surprise; but perceiving that he was discovered, he stepped nimbly forward, according to his usual custom, and holding out his hand, said, "Well, my dear Wag, how are you? How are you, my dear Mrs Wag? and how are you, young Jerry Wag, Mary Wag, Sarah Wag, Henry Wag, and Philip Wag?"

All expressed their delight at his appearance, according to their different ages and abilities, but all were evidently delighted, and none more than the strange little gentleman himself, whose eyes sparkled with gratification as he took his seat, looked

round at the joyous group, and begged to join their family party. Mrs Wag felt somewhat tremulous at first, and doubtless her visitor perceived it, as he turned his attention to the little Wags till she had finished her table arrangements and presented him with a cup of tea.

"Thank you, my good lady," said he, "that's as it should be. All merry Wags together, eh?"

"We—we—thank God!" whimpered Mrs Wag, "we are—Yes! But it's all your doing, sir. I wish I could thank—thank you—as I ought."

Here Jeremiah, perceiving that his spouse was too nervous to make an excellent speech, "took up the cudgels" of gratitude; but, saving that there could be no doubt of his sincerity, displayed no great oratorical talents. Brief, however, as his speeches, or rather ejaculations, were, the funny old gentleman stopped him by the apparently funny observation,—

"So, my good Jeremiah Wag, you don't know where your father came from?"

"No, sir, indeed," replied the shopkeeper, marvelling at the oddity of the question.

"Well, then, I do," said his benefactor; "I was determined to find it out, because the name is so uncommon. Hard work I had, though. Merchant, to whom he was clerk, dead. Son in the West Indies. Wrote. No answer for some time—then not satisfactory. Obligated to wait till he came back. Long talk. No use. Well, well. Tell you all about it another day. Cut it short now. Found out a person at last who was intimate friend and fellow-clerk with your father. Made all right. Went down into the north. Got his register."

"Really, sir," stammered Jeremiah, "it was very kind of you, but I am sorry you should have given yourself so much trouble; but I'm sure, if I have any poor relations that I can be of service to in employing them, now that your bounty has put me in the way of doing well, I shall be very glad, though I never did hear talk of any."

"No, Master Jeremiah," said the eccentric old gentleman, "you have no poor relations now, nor ever had; but your father had a good-for-no-

thing elder brother, who left home at an early age, after your grandmother's death, and was enticed to go abroad by fair promises, which were not fulfilled. So, not having any thing agreeable to write about, he didn't write at all, like a young scamp as he was, and when the time came that he had something pleasant to communicate, it was too late, as his father was no more, and his only brother (your father) was gone nobody knew where. Well, to make a short story of it, that chap, your uncle, was knocked about in the world, sometimes up and sometimes down, but at last found himself pretty strong upon his legs, and then made up his mind to come back to Old England, where he found nobody to care for him, and went wandering hither and thither, spending his time at watering-places, and so on, for several years."

"And pray, sir," enquired Jeremiah, as his respected guest paused, "Have you any idea what became of him?"

"Yes, I have," replied the little gentleman, smiling significantly at his host and hostess. "One day he arrived in a smallish town, very like this, and terribly low-spirited he was, for he'd been ill some time before, and was fretting himself to think that he had been toiling to scrape money together, and was without children or kindred to leave it to. No very pleasant reflection that, my worthy Wags, let me tell you! Well, he ordered dinner, for form's sake, at the inn, and then went yawning about the room; and then he took his stand at the window, and, looking across the road, he saw the name of Wag over a shop-door, and then——You know all the rest! The fact is, I am a Wag, and, Jeremiah Wag, you are my nephew, and you, my dear Mrs Wag, are my niece, and so let us be merry Wags together!"

Here we might lay down the pen, were it not for our dislike to strut in borrowed plumes; and that inclineth us to inform the gentle reader that no part of this simple story is of our invention, except the last disclosure of the senior Wag's relationship to his namesake, which we ventured to add, fearing that the *truth* might appear *incredible*. The other facts occurred precisely as we have stated. An elderly gentleman, bearing a name more singular than Wag, returned home from India with a handsome fortune somewhat more than half a century back, and sought in vain for relatives; but one day, from the window of an inn, at which he had arrived in his own dark-green travelling chariot, he espied the shop of a namesake, whose acquaintance he instantly made. His expressed hope was to discover that they were connected by some distant tie of consanguinity; but failing in that object, after most minute investigation, he never withdrew his patronage. For many years he watched over the rising fortunes of the family; and as the young people arrived at maturity, provided for them as though they were his own children, to the extent of many thousand pounds; and when he died, left among them the whole of his property. Now, though the heart and conduct of this good man were truly benevolent, there can be no question respecting the motive of his actions, for he often avowed it. He was determined to *keep up* the respectability of his *name*; and with great pleasure we have to record that the few who now bear it, move in a much higher circle than would have been their lot but for him whose memory they hold in reverence, and consider as the founder of their family. Reader! imitate him, and "keep up" the respectability of your name.

FOREIGN POLITICS.

"*Facit indignatio versum*:" mere disgust at the obstinacy of British blunders in one particular quarter of our policy, makes us politicians. One often becomes a political speculator *à force de s'enrager*. Let any man examine *de son chef*—let him note the disclosures from time to time occurring of facts or secret treaties—let him compare—let him remember—he will come at length to a conclusion:—that the British press is under a "craze"—a strong maniacal delusion—with regard to Russia. We say that a man has a craze when he manifests either a false enthusiasm, or an ill-regulated enthusiasm for any object—whether it be man, book, or system. But the craze which we impute to our domestic press, takes the shape of hypochondriacal horror—of visionary terror. All assume the Czar to be the general enemy of liberty—or even of national independence—and the special enemy of Great Britain. No plausible indications have ever been assigned to colour this assumption with likelihood: with willing hearers no proofs are required. "Many an empty head," it has been said, "is shaken at Aristotle." And, in the same spirit, we might say—"Many a servile head, equally willing to be a slave, or to make a slave, is shaken at the Czar." Witness in particular the French nation—so willing to be the slaves of a military chieftain, provided he would aid them in riding roughshod over the liberties of other nations.

Delusions are not always or necessarily misfortunes. But this delusion is: it is bad for what it causes, and for what it pre-supposes as its own cause. It causes injustice and the most perilous impolicy; and it argues a sort of infatuation. The result of this "craze" is likely enough to be, that we shall absolutely force Russia to become our enemy by the rancorous pertinacity with which we suppose her to be such. We shall make her learned in the arts of annoying us, by persisting to view every step taken in politics, under all the possible relations by which it could be made ministerial to Russian purposes of hostility: we shall suggest to the councils of St Petersburg the weak points in our own lines of defence, by so

eternally insisting on these as the ulterior objects of her policy. Every power knows her own infirmities more intimately than foreigners; and, if her journals *will* unmask all these in detail, for the sake of convincing people at home that such or such a Russian movement might remotely be made applicable to these infirmities, it is probable they will succeed at length in convincing somebody else besides their own readers.

Such is likely to be the result of our folly. We shall terminate in creating the danger which at present we solely imagine. But the *cause* implies even a nearer danger. The very same bias of feeling which turns our eyes towards Russia, turns them away from France. We are led to fear Russia because we do *not* fear France; or confide too much in France as having a common interest with ourselves. It is yet a stronger ground of jealousy—that from France and French journals it is that we derive our anti-Russian bias. We all know that France, without moving an inch on their behalf, doing nothing but talking, raised an uproar for the Poles which has been echoed in this country. Whether our own or the French were the "old original" howl, we shall not ask—"non nostrum." Certainly each, whether spurious echo or authentic original, increased the other. And, as the Three Days of July 1830 confessedly reacted upon us in the shape of the Reform Bill, there is no reason to doubt that very much in each country of the craze in behalf of Poland was a mere reaction from the false enthusiasm in the other. Each nation, however, wise at least in one point, buttoned up its breeches' pocket. And into that same depository for old affronts, did each nation consign any injury or shock that might have untuned the musical system of Europe. The injury or the insult (whichever it was) inflicted through Poland, was not considered too large for pocketing; and pocketed it was. The sympathy with Poland was not considered large enough for unpocketing money; and unpocketed it was not. Beyond a pension of 1s. per diem to a number of Poles, varying from 480 to 620, but averaging 500 *communibus annis*,

we are not aware of any patronage British (and very little French) to Polish refugees. This is but poor encouragement to insurrection. It is true, that from the smallness of the bounty we are not to estimate the value put upon that sacred duty. The Czar might be the legitimate object of revolt, though the revolvers were discountenanced. But what makes this anti-Russian fever suspicious in the mouth of France is, that it has been uniformly employed as a mode of decoy with regard to British interests. Our eyes have been directed by France upon Russia, apparently with no other purpose than that of drawing them away from herself. Our own British sympathy with Poland, if not very learned in the facts of the case, if not very energetic in act, nor very spirited in remonstrance, nor very munificent in money, has at least the merit of being sincere in the first place, and disinterested in the second. We suspect the French sympathy to be neither one nor the other. To keep alive the notion that the Russian emperor was almost *ex officio* the champion of despotism, that he was the professional enemy of free institutions, and by instinct the persecutor of liberal ideas, has had the effect at home, and probably was designed to have the effect, of urging us into the duty of clinging more closely to the powers who are interested in defending republican tendencies. France, as the leader amongst those powers, and considered on the continent as substantially a republic, was thus making sure of our friendship, and, consequently, of our friendly blindness to her ulterior purposes, at the very time when she nursed our absurd jealousy of Russia. The newspaper press of France is rather too wild for the atmosphere of London; but that regards its speculative part. In another section, in its articles of news and of reports, it furnishes nearly the whole of their matter and their authorities to our own press: and much of that which comes nominally from the journals of Western Germany, written under French influence, very often is a direct echo from the French papers. All this part was seasoned and prepared with a view to British prejudices. The thousand and one stories about Khiva, all pointed and envenomed with a view to British precon-

ceptions of Russian objects, have originated from French manufactories; and from the same fountain are continually welling forth others of the same tenor. The fabricators of these stories must laugh immoderately at our credulity. And, in the meantime, the great purpose has been answered, of turning away the too calculating gaze from the real danger to England, which danger does and always will lie, not in a country having so very few points of contact with herself as Russia, but in the atrocious spirit of military conquest for ever burning in the French national mind. It seems inconsistent, and in a more thoughtful people would be inconsistent, with the democratic and levelling spirit of France, that she should thirst, at the same time, for a government martial, and therefore despotic, in its complexion. But this inconsistency beforehand, is no argument against positive facts. Napoleon, we all know, was never unpopular, in spite of his severe despotism, except for the last three years of his reign, when the public burdens were five times greater than usual, and the returns in martial "glory" ten times less. Nay, in the very teeth of the French mania for democratic institutions, (which in one instance, viz. the abolition of primogeniture and the minute subdivision of landed property, will probably soon work changes amongst them little anticipated,) the name and memory of Napoleon was never so popular as at this moment in France. A child knows how to interpret that. It means—that the old indomitable fever for military conquest, and for compelling neighbouring nations into holding their right under French suzerainty, has again full possession of this vain-glorious people. The English do not appreciate the French character. They suppose that, as amongst themselves, there may in France be a youthful party of hot-headed clamourers for war; but that, doubtless, there is also a counterbalancing party of sober-minded men alive to the immense value of peace. This is too certainly an error. In the great commercial seaports there is such a peace party: interest keeps their eyes open. But there is no dominant party through the nation who value peace; and no body of Frenchmen any where who

value it on the ground of high moral principle. To judge of France in that respect, we need only look at her literature.

Does any writer in France dare to take up the ground of condemning the French aggressive warfare in past times? Look at the national mind, as exhibited in public meetings—Has there ever been a meeting called for the purpose of recording a dissent from the principles of lawless conquest? In this country, had our Government attempted any thing so wanton and unprovoked as the appropriation of Algeria, the public feeling of the land would have put down the attempt summarily. In France there has been not a murmur heard except on the score of economy. As to India, the case is far different. Those who pretend that we have proceeded, in that instance, on principles of aggression, do so generally in pure ignorance of the facts. We have always been the assaulted parties. For that is virtually the character we hold, when preparations and treaties have been going on for eventually assaulting us. To anticipate, in such a case, through superior energy, address, or knowledge—that is not aggression. Besides, though that is not what we rely upon, the Company would be unfairly confounded with the British nation; and the mere distance obscures the facts. So determinately hostile is the public mind amongst us to all unprovoked aggression—to war waged for the primary purpose of profit—that, even in the case of China, where our provocations were gross and manifold, and tended to utter ruin of our interests, a movement was beginning to stir amongst the public for remonstrating against any appeal to arms. And it would have spread rapidly, had it not been for two counteracting forces. 1st, the Duke of Wellington's authority. He, as one who had been familiar with Eastern affairs, was listened to when he assured the public that their officers, the Queen's representatives, had been scandalously treated; that he had never read of any thing so bad; and that the public faith of the Indian Government required a military movement. In this way, and by his own commanding name, he gave a turn to the gathering storm. 2dly, The national good sense, which suggested at

once that the information yet was too local and too narrow to furnish a ground for any public expression of opinion. In its present stage they felt that the conduct of the affair was left with more propriety to the Government. But had the case of Algeria in 1830, or of Egypt in the year 1799, been ours, the Government would have been compelled to desist by the national voice. From a nation so wantonly aggressive as the French, governed by feelings so essentially juvenile of martial vanity, we have every thing to fear. Temper and position alike make France formidable to us. But in Russia, neither the territorial situation, which nowhere places her in contact with ourselves, nor the national temper, which is not aggressive, nor the national interest, which in no point clashes with our own, gives us any cause for jealousy. Beforehand, we see no presumption arising that Russia should look with favour upon any feud with England; and, looking back to such feuds as have been created on her behalf by the French press, we see quite as little of any plausible grounds for the belief.

Let us begin with Khiva. If any thing could point the attention of the British press to the injurious use made of the Russian name in the foreign journals, it would be Khiva. Simply to reprint their own notifications upon this subject, would be the severest exposure. Seven times running, at seven independent periods of time, the London journals have solemnly announced to the world—that a Russian army had reached Khiva. Seven times running have these journals been obliged to confess, within a week of this general assurance, that all was smoke and mere abuse of the public credulity. To some readers this will seem to argue mere carelessness and levity of faith; but what is that more than every body allows for in newspapers? Surely no man of the world believes any thing until it has received official sanction, and then only according to the circumstantial details avowed. True; but these statements as to Khiva were never given as reports; they were announced, in each separate instance, as something that had been long expected, was at length accomplished, on which the public might finally rely, and with a consciousness, that more was conveyed than the mere

military fact; there was an understanding between the editor and his shadow. Here at length is the *political* fact; here is that overt act of Russian aggression which we have so long promised. And again there were circumstances of distinction. Usually, when an editor has found himself indiscreetly misled into making his journal an instrument or ally of deception, he draws attention, with honourable frankness, to his own errors. He is even anxious to confess an error of credulity or inattention, lest the public should suspect an error of design. But in this long series of falsehood as to Khiva, as each successive falsehood was announced, no reference was made to previous exposures, no caution given as in a case liable to delusion; and in each subsequent withdrawal of the statement, no confession was made of error. But there is more to be remembered than simply this singular obstinacy of error, and this determination to avow no error. Generally and inevitably, where no tricks are going on underground, the natural course for an intelligent editor is—that, after repeated duperies, he becomes at least aware of the fact; his attention is called to the uniformity of the deception; he not only feels sorry that his journal has lent itself to the propagation of falsehoods, but he begins to suspect a *purpose* in this systematic falsehood. It is no longer simple distrust of the information that he feels—it is jealousy of the intentions. This is the natural course; but this was no the course followed in this case of the anti-Russian journals. Duly as this lie was withdrawn, duly as the contradiction was extorted and racked out of the newspapers by the mere progress of certainties, upon the very denial as to the fact was engrafted a re-assertion of the lie as to the calumnious meaning. Coupled with the very words of confession, that all the previous circumstantialities had been mere fictions, came a more bitter fabrication than ever of new circumstantialities arguing the deepest hostility in Russia.

But, after all, the malignant reports of intriguers, whatever be their exaggeration, and whatever their motive, are good for our instruction and for our faith, in so far as they coincide with the statements of the honest. Now, is it not certain that our own

incorruptible agents in Persia, and more recently in Cabul or other parts of Afghanistan, have corroborated these French reports in part? We answer, with this distinction—they have corroborated them in that part which Russia has no interest in denying. All that is hostile in our European fictions, disappears from the *facts* of our own British agents. But we must remember one caution in reading even British letters on this subject; the honourable character of the writer will secure him from reporting unfaithfully what comes under his own knowledge, but cannot secure him against most unjust opinions, nor even (as respects downright facts) against precipitation and the large credulity of prejudice. Not an officer in the Indo-British army, not an *attaché* in any legation or royal commission, but has gone to those regions with pre-occupied minds. On this subject, there is no truth or impartiality to be found in the British press. It scarcely matters what journal a reader relies on; all are anti-Russian, with a unanimity that we do not remember on any broad aspect of politics in our times. And so rapid is the intercourse at present, especially with Bombay and the whole of Western India, that the private letters from Afghanistan at this time, reflect the most recent prejudices of the London journals. What is said on Midsummer-day, by a morning paper, comes back to us from Cabulistan by Michaelmas; and the Michaelmas impression of London rebounds from the Upper Indus by Christmas.

Our British testimony, therefore, is good only for its facts: and amongst its facts only for that part which depends on official report. For all beyond this, we insist, that British testimony, as it is ultimately, even in Cabul or Candahar, only a reflection from the London press, and therefore of the Continental press, in so far as opinions are concerned, comes to us through a French atmosphere, distorting its proportions and colouring its complexion. So that all of us, in the moment when we think ourselves most on our guard against false biasses, are too often unconsciously imbibing views originally French, French feeling as to persons, and French pre-occupations against truth. This caution given, let us now con-

sider what is the apparent truth in regard to Khiva; what is the small amount of fact likely to survive as a settling or final sediment from all that huge hubbub of turbid fiction which the torrents of faction have carried suspended through the public journals.

There is, in some one of the farces composed by Foote, a sketch of a rabid politician (such as, in those days, obtained the name of a *Quidnunc* from the monotonous craving for news) whom it is the jest of the piece to exhibit in the act of gratifying his political gluttony at any cost of sense or probability. Sir Gregory Gazette, we believe, the man is called; and he is exhibited to the audience as swallowing for a cabinet secret, a certain confidential communication, to the following effect:—That the Pope had become party to a treaty by which, in consideration of his immediately turning Protestant, and confessing himself to be the beast of the Apocalypse, he was to receive Nova Zembla; and, by way of exchange for his Italian states, a yearly tribute of blubber and salt herrings, the clerk of the peace in the Scilly Islands undertaking to guarantee the execution of the treaty. We are not quite sure of all the articles; but something like this is the amount. Now, seriously, there is nothing more extravagant in this Papal treaty of exchange, than in the designs imputed to the Czar upon Khiva, or in the motives of those designs.

In the first place, what is represented as the final object in this occupation of Khiva? Is it for itself that Khiva is sought? Oh no. in itself nobody has ventured to describe it as offering any bribe, either to the ambition or the cupidity of the Czar. Not as a *terminus ad quem*, but as a *terminus medius*; not as an end, but as a means, it seems, has Khiva fixed the gaze of the Russian autocrat. And indeed so much is plain; it must be a stepping-stone to something higher than itself, if any power will face, for such an acquisition, the ruinous expenditure of a regular army, mounted in all its services.

But next, a stepping-stone to what? Of course, for the local circumstances allow of no other answer, to some operations upon Western India. This only could give a colour of reasonableness to the idea of a large Russian

army invading Khiva. But, meantime, observe the see-saw of the logic in all the French papers: if you ask for the proof of the great army, they infer it from the Indian schemes of the Czar. If you ask for proof of his Indian schemes, they infer them from the great army. The vast expedition is argued from the ambitious purpose. The ambitious purpose is argued from the vast expedition.

Now, let us summarily consider both the points put forward in the hypothesis—the Indian object in the rear, and Khiva as the means to that object. First, then, of Khiva as the means. Could human imbecility, if the ulterior purpose were what is here supposed, select so irrationally as to fix on Khiva for a position of advance in relation to the Indus? Consider for one moment the flagrant points of disqualification. 1st, Khiva is hostile, whilst other adjacent countries are friendly; Khiva must be mastered, whilst other regions in that neighbourhood would have courted Russian intervention. 2dly, Khiva is so difficult of access, as to be all but impregnable from the quarter on which Russia approaches, whilst other territories on the south-east of the Caspian are open, in a military sense, and open in a negotiable sense. 3dly, For a long season of the year, Khiva, being laid under water, is as intractable a station for egress as for ingress. You are ruined in attempting to get in, and, once in, you are ruined (except at certain times) in attempting to get out. For two months after the periodic deluge, the ground is left in a soft miry state, giving way under the tread of armies, and offering a mere "slough of despond" for artillery. With this impracticable state of Khiva, first from inundation, secondly, from the consequences of inundation, combine the rainy season of the Punjab at a different period—that same rainy season which brought Alexander of Macedon to a final pause. The result is, that for any purpose of military observation on Western India, or military action upon that frontier, to choose Khiva would be deliberately to say, We will put ourselves under lock and key for one half the year. And if it should be replied, "Oh, but Khiva is not chosen as a permanent station—it is meant for an *ad-interim* post,"—this would be to accumulate absurdity upon absurdity, since

by possibility there *might* have been some hidden sense in surmounting so many difficulties, supposing the object to have been a *permanent* hold on that country ; but on the other hypothesis of a mere fugitive purpose, it would be saying in effect that, for a purpose *in transitu*, and confessedly for no ultimate object, the Russian Government had selected that route, of all others in Central Asia, which experience has shown to be so difficult as that now notoriously it may be pronounced under absolute interdict and physical sequestration. We must suppose it to be designed for something more than a post *in transitu*, if we would vindicate the Russians from mere mania ; and then, once having supposed that, once assuming that it is a fixed station as a centre or basis for ulterior operations to the south and south-east, we find it liable to all the capital disadvantages already recited under three heads.

And, 4thly, It is liable to this beside, which, for any purposes of offensive war, seems conclusive. The passage of artillery from Khiva into Bokhara is pretty nearly a physical impossibility. Thus stands the case. The marauding people of Khiva go annually into Bokhara ; as light cavalry, why should they not ? The mountainous range between Khiva and Bokhara may be surmounted on horseback ; but what means of transport will be applicable to the heavy artillery ? Camels, no doubt, it will be said : and accordingly it is known that, in all attempts to reach Khiva, the Russians have relied hitherto upon this animal—so admirably adapted to the steppes, or the sandy deserts of Asia. But why ? Why is the camel adapted to that quality of ground ? Notoriously, because both the steppes of Central Asia, and the sands of Western Asia, present, generally speaking, a dead level. To such ground, or nearly such, the use of the camel is confined. Let the road ascend at any thing of a sharp angle, and the camel is neutralized. This fact was first practically made known on a large scale to the British in Upper India. It is well known that of late years, instead of resorting to the Cape of Good Hope for the restoration of shattered health, English valetudinarians from every quarter of India have sought

health and relaxation of spirits in that delightful climate which is offered by the mountainous region to the north—in fact, the advanced guard of the mighty Himmalaya. In one instance, when a governor-general was making a progress in this direction, it happened that, from mere thoughtlessness in the official persons consulted, the whole camp had trusted to camels for the conveyance of their baggage. But, as soon as the ascent began in good earnest, it became apparent that the camel is as unsuitable for steep hills as the “ horse marines ” for the decks of a ship. The motion of ascent is painful to the camel : he cannot ease the difficulty by traversing : he cannot guide his own bulk at the edge of precipices. Thousands of camel skeletons remain to this day in the bottom of ravines, attesting the wholesale ruin which attends the use of this animal in Alpine regions. How is it, then, that we ourselves convey heavy artillery in India ? Generally speaking, we have benefited hitherto by flat countries as the seat of war. Secondly, we have the command of water carriage, vast regions of Hindostan being (as Major Rennell remarked in his work upon Indian geography) more elaborately *reticulated* with water than any known country unaided by art. Thirdly, when these advantages are wanting, (though it is to be observed that, from the recent application of steam to the Indus—we are moving upon the ascending scale,) we, from our local connexions, have the means of raising new local centres for the casting of great guns, without needing to transport them at all : an advantage which could rarely offer itself to a new or hasty invader.

These four points considered, it may be said very fairly, that as a station for a military power, as a basis for military operations towards the Indus, Khiva is as ludicrous an object for Russian ambition as Sir Gregory Gazette's equivalents would have been for papal diplomacy. On the other hand, if we are not determined to find mares' nests in every act of Russia, if we can content ourselves with plain reasonable purposes for a plain reasonable expedition, every man of good sense will find at once, in the real terms of that expedition, all that is sufficient to account for its very moderate objects. Once lend

your ear to lying numbers, you must then, by the mere logic of proportion, suppose—a lying object. Armies of forty or fifty thousand men do not move across Asia for a merely commercial purpose. But an army of ten to fourteen thousand might. And the purpose, though commercial, is really important enough for an expedition on that scale. The whole communication of Russia with China, on account of her two great capitals, is carried on overland. A certain route, leading the caravans not from the south, but from the east, upon regions liable to Khiva marauders, cannot be abandoned without vast difficulty and loss. This system of Khiva piracy has increased. The perils are personal as well as to the property. To sabre a few columns of these pirates does no lasting service. If the trade is not to be abandoned—if a great potentate is not to lie down helplessly before the robbers of Central Asia—the nest of these vipers must be occupied. The capturing of individual Algerine corsairs, did nothing to exterminate the system. Now, when Algiers itself is captured, piracy is at an end. Surely those who were so quiet upon all the ulterior purposes of France in that Algerine expedition, might upon mere parity of cases have supposed—that the Emperor of Russia, with a far greater interest at stake, (but an interest of the same kind,) might pursue the same policy for abating a nuisance under the same circumstances of provocation. The journals affect to laugh at the Russian zeal for the deliverance of two thousand obscure captives. But if that purpose happens to coincide with another, then, although the one might be unavailing, both might not. Even as regards the captives, the case is not truly stated. It is not to take vengeance, because captives have been made, and reduced to slavery. It is, that henceforwards captives may not be made; and, apart from considerations of person, the most luxurious portion of the Russian imports—all the tea, (of a far finer quality than any which we see,) all the spices, all the gems, all the ivory, &c., come by this route, lying open for three hundred miles to Khivan outrage. In short, the whole intercourse of Russia with south-eastern Asia, is concerned in the Khiva question. And in the commercial per-

manence of the interest, arises the motive for attempting to reach Khiva by so difficult a route. Were the object merely to gain a station for military head-quarters in relation to some future base of military operations; then, in the event of so absurd a choice being made, the advance upon Khiva would have been, made without any sacrifices at all, through Persian provinces with Persian sanction. But the real object of Russia was to trace, 1st, The *shortest* route; 2dly, A *permanent* route; and to make that route safe, by a chain of military posts, for the commercial caravan. Now, it is clear that a route gained by Persian permission would have been a precarious route, and held on a tenure of accident. But the whole policy of the case was directly applied to the putting down of accident. The object was, that a great nation's commerce should no longer lie under the reproach of being the most perilous lottery in the world. There we see a good reason for floundering amidst Zaarrahs of snow, and fighting with storms. But had the motive for aiming at an occupation of Khiva, been what our journals and their suborners the French journals pretend, it is perfectly inexplicable why Russia should not have marched through southern latitudes, under permission from the Persian government.

Thus far as to Khiva, considered in the light of a *means* to Indian aggression; and in that light the whole scheme labours with so much absurdity, that, perhaps, we might find the reader willing to dispense with any separate consideration of the imaginary end. If it were evident to him that the whole plot against India is but a derivative fable from the fable about Khiva, then it must follow that with the one fable vanishes the other. If the means indicated were perfectly irrational with relation to the supposed end, it would follow of itself that no such end can have been contemplated by Russia. Yet, because the public mind is so much pre-occupied by this notion of Russia hankering after India, and French intrigues are so much interested in keeping up that delusion, very clear it is that no sooner will this Khiva romance be driven out of the market, than some other will take its place. There are, besides,

people who will say that, apart from Khiva, there were other grounds for suspecting Russian intrigue moving in the direction of India. If you ask *what*, they will reply by bringing up the doubtful diplomatic cases of General Simonivitch and Wilkowitz. Now, to these cases the answers are short. One of them at least *was* an intriguer; but, 1st, In behalf of what object or interest? 2dly, Under whose authority? He was strongly disavowed by the Russian government. That is enough for us, else it will be always open to France, by suborning one of her Polish agents, (whom she possesses in such disagreeable excess, and whom she vainly endeavours to thin by enticing them under Arab spears in Africa,) with pretended Russian commissions for thwarting English interests in that region, to countenance her own lying legends. However, conceding for the moment that these, or either of these officers, were intriguing against England, that is no sort of proof that the negotiations had reference to so remote an object as India. Surely the Russians have an interest afloat in Persia of quite sufficient magnitude to account for any amount of intrigue, considering what sort of a court the Persian has always shown itself; considering the dreadful condition of tumult and uncertainty in which Persia has found herself since the death of the late Schah, and considering the pressure upon Russia from England on the east, and Turkey on the west. Of any intrigues looking forward to India, there has been no vestige of proof: what Sir A. Burnes detected were intrigues having reference to Herat, which is surely quite as much connected with Russian garrisons at Eriwan and Ararat, as it can be with British garrisons in the Punjab. The purpose, therefore, of the intrigues was not Indian but Persian and Dooranee. Secondly, whatever were the purpose, the authority under which the intriguer acted was far more probably ministerial and secondary than originally from the Russian cabinet. Even Russian generals in the Caucasus have interests to serve in the court of Teheran which must sometimes be forwarded by distant negotiations in Eastern Persia. And foreign secretaries in the Russian ca-

binet, (as elsewhere,) may sometimes have a wish to prosecute modes of irregular diplomacy for the sake of creating contingencies such as they may afterwards turn to public account. In so vast an empire as Russia, where so large a system of fraud goes on incurably, if every detection of irregular agents or equivocal intrigues were to warrant us in suspecting the Czar and his cabinet, we should never be at peace. Organization is confounded when applied to so vast a leviathan as the system of Russian armies in Asia, Russian police, Russian diplomacy. No eye at the centre can ever overlook so huge a circumference; and one visit of inspection to each principal station is as much as the entire life of an emperor usually affords. Naturally there must and will be great abuses in so vast a scale of administration. The Russian armies, when removed from the personal superintendence of the Czar, are notoriously ruined (as regards the comfort of the private soldier) by the speculation which goes on through all gradations of Russian official life. The public diplomacy will not be more faithfully managed. And surely it is not for France to complain of this, whose policy through the last century (*and perhaps since then*) has maintained double sets of ambassadors in important courts—one set avowed, the other masked. Intrigue, and nothing but intrigue, carried on by every excess of bribery or desperate deception, until European courts were in the condition of those in Hindostan, (where often enough it has happened that the secret agent, employed to watch another, found reason to suppose that he himself was watched by a third, and possibly this third again was only partially trusted)—such was too often the machinery of French diplomacy: and from her of all nations the complaint of Russian intrigue came with the least propriety. But in the midst of all this double dealing, double agency, and sometimes double policy, our business is with the supreme administration. The tricks of subordinate agents are little to us, so long as the Russian cabinet, both in words and acts, maintains that simplicity and frankness which are fit for us to experience and fit for itself to avow. As yet we cannot pretend to have met with any

thing else. Russia and England, we repeat, cross each other in no quarter of the globe. Both must go out of their proper path to come into collision. To find any opportunity of contest, they must wilfully create it. Whilst on the other hand, France upon fifty separate grounds is inevitably in conflict with our English interests. And, if this were even otherwise, France is eternally in collision with England by means of her own mortified vain-glory. Between Russia and England there is not a particle of jealousy subsisting. Between France and England there are six centuries of hostile recollections; and, if all were effaced, Waterloo itself is sufficient for corroding the French charity. Maritime recollections are painful enough to France—but Waterloo is viewed as an intrusion upon a field of glory essentially French.* Waterloo, were there no other grievances, is one that "young France" never will forgive.

The Russian expressions of hostility, meantime, have been as amply disavowed as we could expect or wish. The hostility, if any there were, did not emanate from the supreme government, but from some inferior centre of diplomacy. And secondly, emanate from what quarter it might, not India, but Persia, was the object of these intrigues. Now, as to India, apart from any external evidences this way or that, bearing upon that question, let us now consider what *intrinsic* reason there is for suspecting Russia of designs or of wishes leaning in that direction. Certain we must all be—that, if any great temptation existed for Russia in the prizes held out by Indian warfare, sooner or later we must make up our minds to expect a Russian invasion, not perhaps in this reign of the Emperor Nicholas, but in some period of vacation from those great collisions which at present point the Russian efforts to Constantinople and Asia Minor. Treaties will not

restrain, if there is a solid interest embarked; so that the one question, in the long run, for England must be, what is the Russian interest in India?

We answer, boldly and *sans phrase*, None. We deny that Russia can even fancy an interest. Let us review the main items of the case. As to money, of what consequence is the gross revenue to a country that, if victorious, eventually could profit only by the net revenue? What is it to Russia that we raise an income of seventeen millions sterling per annum, if our vast Indian army, our Indian navy, and our Indian civil establishment absorb fourteen millions at the least? The circumstances under which any conquering power would succeed to our empire, must oblige them to be contented with a very much inferior proportion.

But next, consider the outrageous vanity of supposing that a great military system like ours, with an army of 200,000 men, thoroughly acclimatized, in possession of innumerable forts, of all the rivers, of all the cities, and supporting this military possession by the greatest navy in the world, could be dispossessed by an unseasoned army, most certainly not one-fifth numerically of that brilliant and fixed army which it presumed to oppose. Russia could never carry 30,000 men to a point so distant as the Indus. And according to the remark of a great northern statesman, (Count Bjornstjerna,) who has recently written a very enlightened work on our astonishing Indian possessions, in less than six weeks two-thirds of any Russian army would have died of disease. Retreat, as the Count affirms, would be the dominant manœuvre present to the thoughts of any Russian general who should succeed in reaching the Indus. Pass the Punjab he never could.

But let us imagine the whole face of Central Asia so far altered, that

* It has been justly remarked by many writers, that the English have no adequate conception of the French ignorance, in relation to the Spanish war. No publication was suffered by Napoleon in those days of adverse intelligence. And events which are not made known through the newspapers at the time, never can become nationally known by means of historical works afterwards. It is rare to meet any French person who is aware of the several battles in the Peninsula, or the sieges conducted by the Duke of Wellington.

Russia should have vast colonies on the Oxus—let us suppose an army of 70,000 men to cross the Indus; all which would presume some centuries to have elapsed; but, for the sake of moving the question, let us carry our thoughts so far onwards; still, all that we thus gain for Russia is a military force not absolutely destroyed by its march across Asia. We suppose it starting from a point within six hundred miles of Lahore; two months' march, at twelve miles a-day, will have brought it to the Sutlege, (the Hysudrus of Alexander;) on crossing which, it will first enter the British territory. From the British cantonments, on the left bank of the river, this invading army would have a clear march of 1250 miles to accomplish before it could reach Calcutta, supposing that to be its object. And were it only by the length of its march, one might estimate the scale of its difficulties. Now, without valuing the immeasurable superiority conferred by the actual military possession of all the strong places in the land, and of the navigation upon the Ganges, which must run pretty nearly parallel to any advance upon Calcutta, there stands a military force on our part three times superior in numerical strength; and in all other advantages incalculably superior to any army not Indian by habits and constitution. If the invading force is concentrated, ours is concentrated; if it is divided, ours is divided. And, until some great triumph had been obtained, none of the native states would venture to desert our banner.

But there is one advantage on our side that has been uniformly overlooked in calculating the progress of such an enemy. Our own career began about the year 1754. It was then we ceased to be merchants, and ascended a princely throne; for then it was that our influence was established in the Carnatic. In 1761 occurred the tremendous battle of Paniput—the battle on the widest scale of any known contest since that of Charles Martel against the Saracens, or possibly that battle earlier by four centuries in the *Campi Catalaunici* (the plains of Chalons) between Attila the Hun, on the one side, and the Goths, united with the Romans, on the other. This battle, almost entirely between cavalry, gave a shock to the Mahrattas which they

never surmounted. They were at that time the great robber nation, and the predominant nation, in India. But for the English, they were in a regular course for overthrowing gradually all the native forces. In 1763, however, began the brilliant military success of the English. Henceforward they were constantly ascending. But if we date from 1754, it has cost us a century within fourteen years to build up our present grandeur. At present the whole of India is dependant upon us. Nobody is powerful enough to think of moving war independently in any direction. But to attain this supremacy, besides many instances of good fortune, we have had a succession of great men. Lord Clive, in particular, who assumed the government in 1765, has rarely been equalled in the mixture of adventurous qualities with prudential. And, laying all things together, no nation under equal circumstances could hope to accomplish the same great revolution in a less compass of time.

But this supposes the circumstances equal. Now, there is one remarkable point in which it is impossible that they should be equal. *We took the native powers in succession.* Once or twice, indeed, there was an overcasting of the sky, as if all were going to combine. But these gatherings were all dispersed by diplomatic skill. Now, on the other hand, a foreign invader will see them all combined at once. Treachery, it is true, might begin to stir after any great defeat, if we could apprehend that. But this would have no motive for showing itself until our interests were losing ground. And, in the mean time, the contingents of the native princes would be so posted or so employed as to retain constant pledges in our hands for their fidelity. These native forces, we must remember, are a clear addition to our own vast army. The invader, we repeat, would have (amongst a thousand other disadvantages such as we ourselves never had to face) the enormous disadvantage of fighting all the native princes, not in succession, but at once: not distracted, as heretofore, but combined by us, with our European science, and European means. And, laying all the considerations together, we may conclude that the scheme of invading India, especially when united under a mild government, protecting her from the

various scourges that used annually to sweep over her provinces, is so utterly without hope, that, according to the Swedish minister's recent remark, the thoughts of the invader must be occupied from the very first with securing the possibility of retreat.

All nations standing under the same difficulties of advancing to the Indus, must so far stand on the same general level of disadvantage. The absence of a sufficient money temptation—that is, for an invader not coming as a plunderer, but as a regular settler—applies also equally to all nations. But there is one motive, viz. the finding employment for a vast body of political irritability, and the carrying off to a foreign region the excess and superfluity of the martial excitement, which might become an operative motive for an Indian war, as it has previously for an Algerine war. Such a motive might be available in France, as it has been heretofore; and, combining with other motives to hostility, might make the French nation an object of reasonable jealousy. But as to Russia, she breeds no such wild mode of the belligerent instincts. Neither has she an army too numerous for her means of employment. Her system of military colonies gives to multitudes of her soldiers a strong interest in stationary camps and in a pacific policy. France, on the other hand, who is so active to rouse our jealousy of Russia—France, and she only, throughout the world, is by constitutional temper restless, is a permanent object of jealousy to all the rest of mankind, and towards ourselves in particular is actuated by the most gloomy spirit of revenge.

Lastly, in pursuing this search into the separate position of Russia and of France, that is, into the real motives to hostility, in respect of England, which each derives from the mere circumstances in which she stands; and secondly, into the motives to hostility which each separately derives from her national temper, and her historical remembrances, (whether old as Crecy, or raw as Waterloo,) let us review the recent explosion of French frenzy on the Quintuple Treaty of July 15, 1840. All the world was confounded and mystified by that panic of wrath. Has any body been able to explain it? Has any ray of light been let in upon

our utter darkness in this matter? We believe not. No man can guess what it is that excited the fury of France; nor even whether that fury were an unsimulated feeling, foolish but genuine, or merely counterfeit and theatrical. For the difficulty lies here:—if you suppose France to have seriously intended giving her subscription to the treaty, and to have resented this hasty procedure, as allowing no further time for explanations, and thus as intercepting her assent; in that case, her very anger declares that substantially she is not dissatisfied with the treaty; the very excess of the anger at being prematurely cut off from signing, becomes the measure of her approbation, thus indirectly expressed for the treaty: but then, in this case, the anger settles upon a punctilio; for the main act being thus violently opposed, there is nothing to complain of except the manner of proceeding; and it is surely unworthy of a great nation to show so much indignation for a breach of form. On the other hand, if France alleges that it is no form merely which she quarrels with, that she denounces the treaty itself in its capital provisions, then comes the puzzling question—how came it that for so long a time France went hand in hand with the other parties to the negotiation? How came it that France actually signed a provisional treaty in the summer of last year, virtually having the same tendency as this? In the first alternative there is a most unworthy outcry for nothing at all beyond a ceremony; in the latter, there is a flagrant self-contradiction.

Now, is it not exceedingly strange that our own journals, as if always in collusion with those of France, always in a secret understanding with the enemies of European repose, should never hold them to the question—*what was the subject of this anger?* Our papers continued to speculate from day to day on the chances of war; estimating these chances by the tone of the French papers, whether more or less violent. Whereas, if the point had once been ascertained—*In what lay the offence?* it would then have been easy to judge for ourselves how far the matter tended to a result susceptible of friendly accommodation. At present, not only is no man possessed of the secret, so as to apply

his judgment in calculating the kind of propitiation likely to be required by France; but he cannot so much as judge whether the pretended insult is felt by France to be a real one; whether it is not probably a mere idle allegation of insult, by way of sheltering any subsequent violences which France may otherwise have contemplated.

In this complete darkness, to which we are consigned by the press of the two countries, many volleys of words having been exchanged without one single explanation as to the only point requiring light, may we be permitted to give our view and secret belief as to the conduct of France throughout the negotiation of the late treaty, and the ground of her furious explosion after its final signature? Our notion then is, that France all along meant to sign no treaty whatsoever for the control of Mehemet Ali. The first early draught of such a treaty, the provisional arrangement of last year, she signed, and for this reason—that if she had refused, then by that act she would have been shut out from the subsequent negotiations; consequently she would have lost all power to thwart the treaty, to throw delays in its progress, or even to know what was in agitation. In order to be admitted behind the curtain, to be taken along with the other great powers in their councils, it was indispensable that she should affect a general friendliness to the purposes on foot. Upon this principle she signed the first arrangement; upon this principle she affected to go along with the negotiators in their progress of the treaty, satisfied that she would never want the means of retarding the final adjustment, since any trifling scruple might serve as well as the weightiest to create delay. This mode of finessing was probably pursued too far; the other parties must at length have seen through the artifice; and having agreed with each other, that to a party animated with the views of France, any possible mode of hurrying the treaty to a close would be substantially the same in point of offence, and that in such a case some violent explosion of anger must, at any rate, be weathered, they concerted probably to finish the treaty without further delay, or giving time for any more remonstrances. France found that all her policy of tricks was thus torn

asunder by one act of summary vigour. It was a double vexation to her that her policy had been defeated, and yet had been exposed. She had full credit for her sharpening intentions, but had not been suffered to give them effect. Hence we comprehend at the same moment her wrath, and her vague explanation of this wrath. Angry she was, as one foiled and exposed has a natural right to be angry; but explain her anger she could not; for to state the true ground was to accuse herself, and no false ground offered as a colourable pretext for her purpose.

Such we believe to be the solution of the late enigmatical violence exhibited by France. But if this will account for her anger at having failed in her designs with regard to the treaty, what explanation can we give of her motives in having cherished such designs? Anxiety to intercept the treaty may have led naturally enough to this display of violence upon having failed; but what views of policy could ever have prompted that anxiety? We will explain. France, we are fully persuaded, has her eye still upon Egypt. After what Europe has seen of the French wishes in regard to Egypt, nobody can doubt that France keeps her eye continually upon any means whatever for re-asserting her ancient claim to that country; that France is ready for any tumultuary expedition against that country, the means and preparations for which she would always have the very best opportunity for maturing quietly and obscurely in Algiers. Now it was most obvious that, once taken into the formal keeping of the great European powers, Egypt was for ever sealed against French ambition. There was an end to that dream. Taken up into the European system, Egypt thenceforward was under the public guarantees of Christendom. As yet it was a waif, a stray, a derelict; any bold party that should pocket it, though liable to have been prevented in case he had been suspected, would not have been too severely questioned after the deed was completed. "*Fieri non debuit, factum valet.*"—For as yet no party connected with Egypt was an obstacle. Ali is ripe for the grave, simply through his age; and great changes are likely to arise, nay, possibly intestine wars, amongst his sons. But were this catastrophe evaded, the

absolute certainty of frequent insurrections under a set of monsters, cruel, barbarous, sanguinary in the last degree, (men who have duped Europe into the belief that they were civilized, simply because, being the tigers that they are, naturally they courted so much of civilisation as aided their instincts of destruction,) would have ensured to France, lying in ambush and couchant at Algiers, an occasion for appropriating Egypt, that now never can recur. This new extension of the *jus publicum* to a Mahometan power, puts an end to irresponsible aggressions. As things were before the signing of this Quintuple Treaty, had France even arbitrarily picked a quarrel with the Pasha, and invaded him, this might have passed as a mere *experimentum in corpore vili*, such as France had previously practised on Algiers. But the great common and waste land of north-eastern Africa, is now brought under public jurisdiction by an inclosure bill.

Yet even at this point, when the French plans were suddenly detected, perhaps, but certainly foiled and miserably baffled by the energy of the Four Great Powers, it is most singular to witness the standing policy of France in regard to Russia played off in the midst of her own agony; and painful it is to witness this policy, as usual, caught up and echoed by the English press. "Take care of your pockets!" is the natural cry of pickpockets, to divert attention from themselves. "Take care of Russia!" cries France, as usual. "Russia is making free with your pockets!" "Gentlemen, be on your guard against Russia!" is the instant echo of the English press; and one tells us that she is coming down into the Sea of Marmora; another is sure that she will inundate Natolia from the Black Sea. God grant she may! is our way of reverberating the noisy clamour. That Russia, having no points for substantial collision with England, never can have meditated those injuries to England which France meditates both in a spirit of competition and in a spirit of vengeance—of this we feel assured. But we are not so perfectly assured that the everlasting iteration of senseless calumnies against Russia, may not finally work on her abused patience. She may say at length, worn out by provocation—"Confound you, vile brawlers, if I am

for ever to lie under the odium of charges for which you cannot pretend that I ever gave any grounds, I will not be thus eternally stigmatized for nothing." We shall possibly, according to the natural course in such cases, drive Russia into realizing at last, what at present is the very emptiest of delusions.

On one point, however, to forestall any misinterpretation, it may be well to conclude with a caveat. The affairs of Poland, in so far as they are reported to have infringed the Acts of Congress at Vienna, we do not pretend to understand; nor have we seen any proof that the brawlers against Russia understood them more accurately than ourselves. So far we abstain from all opinion. But, in so far as they concern the insurgents, we say boldly—that the right is on the side of the Emperor. He might owe some duty to a great written contract which he has failed to fulfil. So far, if that is found, he will appear to have been in the wrong. But, as regards the insurgents, they, at least, were criminal in the heaviest degree. Hope, rational hope, they could have none. To lead Poland into a conflict of so fearful a nature, under these circumstances, was making themselves responsible for all the suffering and bloodshed which succeeded. The Emperor must have been unworthy of his great office if he could have surrendered *his* authority at the bidding of such parties, so brought together, standing on such a basis of mock representative character, and in the most violent schism amongst themselves. We, like all Tories, are the friends of liberty, but of liberty truly such, and not as a mask for aristocratic privilege. Poland is not capable of liberty; and for all such countries it is well to have a paternal governor who will execute the laws without respect of parties. Were it otherwise, were Poland in a condition for receiving liberty, still it is not to be demanded by insurrection. Finally, this is nothing to England. Were the Czar debtor to Poland or to the Congress of Vienna for any obligation unfulfilled, that gives no title of complaint to England. But the folly of our conduct is more clamorous than its injustice. At the bidding of France we charge the Czar virulently and continually with imaginary purposes of wrong or aggression towards our

selves; and in the meantime France is silently pursuing those very purposes on her own account; has a real interest in devising them: and has more opportunities in a week, than the Czar will ever have through his entire reign, for giving to such purposes a ruinous effect.

It is, however, but a trifling service to have destroyed an error of opinion, or shaken a prejudice, by comparison with that of drawing into light a great reasonable truth of practice. It will be little to have raised a scruple in the reader's mind on the propriety of considering Great Britain and Russia as natural enemies, if we should neglect to notice that great revolution for mankind, which at this very moment seems likely to force them into friendship. It is, by comparison, a slight thing to have negatived a foolish tendency in men's opinions which never had any facts to support it, when the dawn is already reddening in the sky of an alliance between Russia and England—not to be evaded by either—inevitable—rending, like a system of wedges, the old cohesions of Asiatic tyranny with Asiatic superstition—and pregnant with far more than political consequences. Already, in the sublime language of Wordsworth,

“ The aspiring heads of future things
appear ;”

already, in the mist and vapour which settle on all things which are vast, on all things which are distant, and on all things which in part belong to the future, we see those forces moulding themselves steadily which are destined to the total recasting of the Oriental world. Asia never can be Asia again. Two vast forms of Christian power have now interlocked themselves with the whole machinery of Oriental power or of Oriental influence so effectually, that, even for the sake of securing their hold upon what is won, they cannot dare to relax their grasp. No longer do we behold little teasings of the Eastern nations at their outlying maritime extremities; no longer a Portuguese fort, with a riband of land attached, an English or French factory on the continent, a Dutch one on an island; little local molestations, that spread no sense of power to the centre, hardly, by report, ever reaching the distant head or the heart. At present, we behold the following system of forces applied to Asia. That

great Christian power, that depends most on physical agencies, the power that in some features most approaches to a barbaric power, we behold in absolute, undisputed possession of Northern Asia, through all degrees of latitude; one clear moiety of the vast continent being gathered into unity under her sceptre. The other great colonizing power of Christendom, depending, most of all nations, on her civilisation, and least upon her mere numbers, we behold in absolute possession, without tyranny, of a region which may be held to constitute one-fifth section of Southern Asia—of that part which was not already in Christian hands. We behold these two great potentates, Britain and Russia, the Colossus of civilisation, and the Colossus of physical strength, almost meeting in the centre of Asia—and from that centre destined to an expansive radiation, which, if in one sense incalculable, viz. as to the precise lines on which it may travel, is thus far subject to the clearest calculation, that it must terminate in propagating new moral agencies, a mode of civilisation peculiar to Christianity, and finally (though more slowly) Christianity itself.

But this is no more than half the case: here we have but half the premises. Looking north and south in Asia, we have seen the two frontier nations of Europe, the westernmost and easternmost, travelling with gigantic strides upon a stage of gigantic proportions. Now, look east and west, along the whole huge zone of central Asia, and at every interval of a thousand miles you see the levers of European force, moral force reposing on mighty armies, already applied to the frail structures and the false foundation of Oriental grandeur. The first Mahometan power to the westward, and interesting otherwise as the acknowledged head of Islamism, commences to the west of the Bosphorus and the Hellespont. Here is seen the shell, the crater, of a great power that in former times, for two centuries, rode up to the gates of Vienna, and kept all Christendom militant for ages. Never was there beheld such another instance of power cancered from within, its foundations undermined, props withdrawn or crumbling, but still self-deluded by hollow pomps and mockeries of ancient forms. Turkey, as a self-supporting power, is

gone; crazy, paralytic. She is kept erect, she is held upright from collapsing into ruins, by mere open force openly applied. To the charity of the great leaders in Christendom, operating through their prudent jealousies of each other, the Sultan owes it that his name is not absolutely extinct. The population, properly Turkish, is gone down into a mere shadow of itself, as it stood even two centuries ago. Fortunately for Turkey, as regarded the observation of external enemies, ruinously in the sense of self-delusion, this great decay has been partially concealed by the large intermixture of other races, not exposed to the same unhappy influences. At this moment, there is no reason to suppose the genuine Turkish people, the real Osmanlis, to exceed a total of four millions from the Balkan to Bagdad. The line of Othman have reached the last stage of their career: the race is dying out: their days are numbered, and their names will soon be a fable amongst fables. For this system of Mahometan power, which includes Asia Minor, Egypt, Syria, in short all that lies west of the Tigris, so completely is it coming within the network of Christian civilisation, were it merely through steam power, European travellers, commerce, and the growing necessity felt in every thriving city of throwing itself on Christian aids of science,—that, even without the late intervention of the Great Powers by the ever memorable treaty of July 15, 1840, all this region would gradually become a neutral frontier for intercourse (on as much of a liberal scale as Mahometanism can ever tolerate) between that sensual superstition and the purity of Christian truth. It is true, no such absurd scheme will be realized as the recolonization of Palestine by the Jews; and for this simple reason, if there were nothing otherwise in agricultural habits inconsistent with the training of men reared chiefly in towns, viz. that the land of Palestine happens to be in private occupation already wherever it is worth culture. But without this extensive scheme of colonization, local colonies may, and probably will, be introduced in very many parts of Asia Minor, which, at present, is miserably underpeopled. That sort of police, which the Christian powers will compel the Sultan to introduce, cannot but invite settlers.

But this belongs to futurity. What is *now* certain, for all this section of Asia, is the supremacy of Christian control. Now, travel onwards from the Bosphorus to the heads of the Euphrates, and the regions of Ararat. You have advanced a thousand miles, and you find yourself on the dangerous frontier of another great Mahometan empire; but, like Turkey, a ruin, a wreck, an anarchy, and a mere wilderness over many a vast region once populous with life. This is the beginning of Persia. And here again you find a great Christian power, and amongst the ancient Christians of Armenia, standing ready with its levers to throw the old tottering edifice from its base, as circumstances of invitation offer. A vast fortress (Erivan) renders all partial reverses of no account. A powerful army—Russian in its main elements, but fitting into its discipline whatever martial qualities or martial means are offered by the wild nations around the Caspian—is kept reined up tightly, but ready, and on the fret for any opening made to its advance.

Thirdly, move from the Tigris a thousand or twelve hundred miles to the east. You have been travelling across Persia, and you find yourself on the Indus. Ask not, for it is of no importance, how much of this country still owns the authority of the Schah, how much the authority of the Dooranee prince Schah Sooja, or of minor sovereigns. All this has fluctuated since the time of Nadir Schah—that is, for the last period of 100 years. But the Persian Schah is quite as much a wreck, a phantom, as the Turkish Sultan. An enquiry, made by order of Napoleon, into the amount of the Persian population, reported, that in the vast area, which (if you assume for the natural limits the Tigris to the west, the Indus to the east, the Oxus and the Caspian to the north) would repeat the dimensions of Hindostan, and ought therefore naturally to carry a population of ten times thirty-two millions (the population of France) there were—how many? Something under twelve millions. Here lies the capital delusion resting upon European minds. All Oriental nations exaggerate upon impulse. That sort of excess is the uniform disease of debility. They exaggerate also upon principle, and as a duty to their prince. We must remember—the statistical facts are never brought forward by Orien-

tal people for any statistical purpose, but merely to flatter their sovereign. Hence the ridiculous legend of 333 millions in China: a number which betrays its own artificial coinage. We do not believe that China has a population of more than a hundred millions; nor should we readily lend an ear even to that amount, were it not for the long periods of repose which China has frequently enjoyed. Mean time it is an important suggestion—that Eastern nations presume the Europeans to be as negligent of truth as themselves. And hence it is that China, for instance, derives her insolent undervaluation of our empire. They understand no modes of power but such as can be expressed by numbers and extent; hearing the very moderate claims which we make on either head for England, and applying the common Eastern allowance to our estimate, as coming from interested parties, they conceive it to be a matter of course that we must be a very subordinate power. This great source of error should not be neglected. Returning mean time to the Persian empire, which gave occasion for the digression, we may not only repeat our assertion that it is miserably depopulated by the course of events through the last hundred years, but we will add that, as respects all intrinsic strength, Persia would long since have been swallowed up by Russia, were it not for two obstacles: one is the British support; the other is the difficulties which Russia would find in carrying on her administration of a Mahometan people. It is true, that many tribes or nations living under the Russian sceptre are Mahometan: but these are generally entrusted to the government of their own native princes.

It is, however, a broad indisputable fact—that were Russia disposed to cherish martial feuds with the British nation, she would find it incomparably easier to make the conquest of all Persia, than to wrest so much as a petty province from Hindostan. Why is it that our journals have overlooked this fact—so important in itself, and so fatal to all their hypothesis of a Russian yearning after India? Why should India be a more glittering prize than Persia? As mere territorial conquests, the one would be as tempting as the other: but, measured on the scale of difficulty, Persia would be a mere bagatelle compared with Hindostan.

Now resume the review:—On the Bosphorus stands the whole representative force of Christendom ready for operating upon that section of Asia. A thousand miles to the east, in Armenia, stands a Russian system of power and moral force prepared to act southwards and eastwards. A thousand miles further to the east stands an English system, of the same mixed quality, in Afghanistan. A thousand miles to the east of *that* stands a permanent system of British influence acting upon Burmese Asia, &c. And finally, at a thousand miles east of this is now going on such a demonstration of British aggressive power, as must place our future intercourse with China upon a footing suited to our dignity. Even in the extreme part of Asia a new influence will probably arise for Christian nations upon the inert masses of the East.

But for the present that is less important. It is sufficient that from the Ganges and Burrampooter, westwards to the Bosphorus, comprehending three stages of a thousand to twelve hundred miles each, the Oriental population is henceforwards interveined and penetrated by Christian civilisation, in a way that secures the rapid triumph of both elements in that compound power. The European civilisation will come first; then Christianity, which has been the parent of that civilization, will, in this case, follow—it will follow in the train of what for ourselves have been its results. To the most timid of speculators this cannot appear doubtful, because the major part of the problem has been already accomplished. The population of Hindostan, which is really great in a positive sense, though very small in relation to the extent of India, has been already placed under the influence of European civilisation. A law code, modified by our lights, regulates their jurisprudence. Their commerce, diplomacy, taxation, war, treatment of prisoners, &c., all are thoroughly British in their moral principles, and Asiatic only in the adaptation of these principles to climate or ancient usage. What has been actually accomplished for the population of Hindostan, may be anticipated with less difficulty for the much smaller population to the West. In the first great chamber westwards, stretching from the Indus to the Tigris,

two Christian powers are now operating, instead of the one which has revolutionized India. The second great chamber westwards, from the Tigris to the Sea of Marmora, is now not only under the operation of all Christian nations who trade to the Levant, but is actually taken under the *surveillance* of the great Christian powers. In this instance we see the slow but sure advance of European light. At the end of the last century, when France made a lawless invasion of Egypt, no interest was excited by that act, (apart from that of curiosity,) except in England, and there only from anxiety for India. Egypt was shut out from the European balance of power. Now, creeping like a tide over a flat surface of shore, gradually the European system of diplomatic calculations has reached Egypt, Syria, and Asia Minor. Another generation will probably carry this tide beyond the Tigris; and if Persia should still exist at that era, she, like Turkey, will have her ruins propped up by a congress of European princes.

But whatever may be the fate of particular sovereigns or dynasties, nobody can fail to see in this regular succession and chain of European armies, (acting, observe, everywhere as organizing forces, not as blind conquerors;) in these repeating telegraphs for carrying European influences over the whole of southern Asia, (that is, the whole of Asia not already in Christian hands,) that the great preliminary work is finished of posting and bringing to bear the machinery of a new civilisation. All the powers have taken up their positions. It ought to strike every man who fancies that Mahometanism (because better than idolatry) is compatible with a high order of civilisation, that it has never yet succeeded under any circumstances in winning for a people these results: 1. Civil liberty, or immunity from the bloodiest despotism. 2. The power of terminating from within any intestine tumults: nothing but the sword ever heals dissensions in the East. 3. Any such cohesive power as enabled a people to resist foreign invaders; military conquest passes like a gale of wind through eastern nations. 4. Above all, any

progressive state. In every thing the East has been always improgressive.

Now, in the certainty that this state of things must at length come to an end, and that the vast regions of southern Asia, (soon to have vast proportionate populations,) will begin to partake in the great movement of the human race as now occupying the two continents of Europe and America, we see a pledge of pacific counsels for both Russia and England. The ground is so vast, and Persia so much of a nearer temptation to Russia, that we see no opening even for a future ambition pointing to India. The petty objects of ambition that might have arisen on a more limited scale, are absorbed by the grander necessities opened upon each nation through the new civilisation which both have assisted to diffuse. Mere space is an obstacle to private objects. Russia, if she were even the conquering power that she is supposed, could not venture to leave Persia in her rear unappropriated. And in the additional certainty that neither nation is seeking, or could rationally seek, any territorial expansion, we see a far happier range of influence opened to each in the new duties which will arise out of their new situations. The practical and the real will, in this instance, prove more splendid than the fanciful or the ambitious. As to any other influence of Russia, have we not all reason to be thankful that it exists? The whole of southern Europe is desperately and dangerously sold to levelling schemes of politics. Spain is probably on the brink of bloody civil struggles. The French people will not suffer any check to be applied from without. All of us are threatened by the contagion. In such a situation we do not seek for models of civil institutions in Russia. Her people are not ripe for such institutions. It is of more importance to us what will be the influence of Russia abroad. And then, considering the excess which exists in southern Europe to the whole politics of destruction, we have reason to think it happy for us all that in northern Europe exists an equal bias towards the excess of principles of Conservation.

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TEN YEARS OF WHIG GOVERNMENT.

TEN years have now elapsed since Lord Grey and the Whigs, on the 16th November 1830, were called to the helm of affairs, and a new system of government in every department communicated to the British empire. The consequences of this change, long obviated by the good sense of the people, or averted by the strenuous patriotism of the Conservatives, are now to all appearance about to fall upon us.

It may truly be said, that the present period is fruitful in great events, and probably it will be still more instrumental in dispelling great illusions, than in the production of memorable achievements. The good fortune which in so extraordinary a way has hitherto attended the Reform administration of England, is now apparently drawing to its close; and, like the disasters which accumulated round the latter days of Napoleon, the consequences of our infatuation and our neglects, are now likely to fall upon us with accumulated force, and a violence which must either destroy the empire, or, dispelling its former errors, bring it back to a more sober and rational train of thought.

All the great delusions which have overspread the nation for the last twenty years, and changed its ideas and policy so much, that a stranger was at a loss to discover, at least in the ruling party of Great Britain, any traces of the former character by which the nation was distinguished, and in its external policy any relic of the wisdom by which it was once governed, are now at once producing their natural effects, and involving us

in a maze of difficulties and perplexities, from which even the wisest cannot see our escape, and at the magnitude of which even the bravest cannot avoid feeling a certain degree of apprehension. To whatever quarter we look, whether to our financial system—our military and naval preparations—our foreign policy—our internal government—or our ecclesiastical measures, the change has been equally startling and universal. And the consequences of our misdeeds seem to have been reserved for the special purpose of falling upon us at the same time, and with such concentrated force as to open the eyes of the most prejudiced, and bring home conviction to the most obdurate understanding.

The first grand delusion which overspread the nation, was that of Reform; and to its success all the others may be ascribed. We were told, and the majority of the people believed, that this grand healing measure would remedy all the evils of the state; that restoring, not *altering* the constitution, it would pour new life into the aged veins of the monarchy; that destroying the tyranny of the oligarchy, it would bring the policy of government into harmony with the wishes of the great body of the people; and that, drying up the sources of social misery and popular discontent, it would exhibit to the world the blessed example of a free, prosperous, and an united people. Ten years now have elapsed since these doctrines were first officially announced from the seat of government by Lord Grey's administration, and eight since they were practically carried into effect—that of

the passing of the Reform Bill. What has been the effect of this mighty change, now that its results have to a certain degree at least been tried by experience? Has the policy of government been brought into harmony with the wishes of the majority of the people? Have social misery, political discontent disappeared? Are the speeches of the demagogue—the torch of the incendiary—the spear of the traitor, unknown in the land? The result avowedly has been diametrically the reverse; popular discontent was never so wide spread or formidable since the masses of the middle class were installed in power; the Chartists have succeeded to the Radicals; the Socialists to the Dissenters; a sort of moody despair has seized upon the working classes at finding they have derived no benefit whatever, but suffered many injuries by all the changes from which they were led to expect so much: the flames of Bristol, the sack of Nottingham, the plunder of Birmingham, the insurrection at Newport, have demonstrated how wide spread and bitter is the feeling of exasperation which pervades the mind of the working classes at the manner in which they have been deceived; and more blood has been shed and more misery inflicted in stifling insurrection during the eight years that have elapsed since the great healing measure was passed, than during the one hundred and forty that had elapsed from the Revolution to that time.

The next great delusion which has overspread the nation for the last twenty years from the incessant efforts of the Whig party, and which, during the ten years that they have been in power, they have been enabled practically to carry into effect, has related to the subject of our finances. From the year 1786, when Mr Pitt, with prophetic wisdom, first established the admirable system of a sinking fund, down to the year 1813, when, under the pressure of a foreign warfare, the system was unhappily broken in upon, it was the invariable policy of our Government to set aside a certain sum yearly for the formation of a sinking fund, to be reserved as a sacred deposit, *non tangendum, non movendum*, even during the most pressing political necessities. Such was the wonderful

and beneficial effect of this system, that the sinking fund, which in 1786 amounted only to one million sterling, had risen in 1813, by the mere effect of unbroken accumulation, to fifteen millions sterling a-year; and at the same rate of progress it would by this time have been paying off above forty millions sterling a-year; and, as Mr Alison has demonstrated in his *History of Europe*, would have paid off the whole national debt by the year 1843.* The extraordinary pressure of the years 1813 and 1814 probably rendered the appropriation of part of the sinking fund unavoidable; but, unhappily, the Whigs instantly seized upon the popular outcry which this temporary expedient afforded, and never ceased clamouring about the burden of taxation, till they got the people so far infatuated as to demand yearly the repeal of one indirect tax after another, till a revenue of five and forty millions sterling was surrendered to the popular outcry, and it was rendered a matter of perfect impossibility to continue the accumulation of any surplus in the hands of Government above the necessary expenditure. Notwithstanding this popular resistance, the Conservatives contrived, between 1815 and 1830, to pay off eighty millions of the public debt, and left to their successors a clear surplus revenue of £2,900,000 a-year. But with the accession of the Whigs to office an entire new system was introduced. Concession to popular outcry was the order of the day; and tax after tax was repealed till this surplus was entirely destroyed. The result, long concealed from the nation by the juggles of financiers, and the perpetual exhibition of fallacious books, has now become apparent, and has attracted the notice even of the most inconsiderate. All pretence of maintaining a surplus above the expenditure has now ceased. Since the year 1837 a deficit, constantly increasing, has been exhibited in the expenditure above the receipts; and in the year 1839 this deficit, in a nation possessing beyond any other on the face of the earth the elements of riches and national strength, amounted, according to the finance accounts, to the enormous sum of one million five hundred and forty thousand pounds. As if, too, to demonstrate how utterly

* Alison's *History of Europe*, v. 560.

reckless our rulers were in regard to all such consequences, and how resolute they were, at all hazards, to maintain the show of economical measures at a time when they had wellnigh brought ruin upon the resources of the country, they selected this period for introducing the penny postage, and thereby sacrificed above eleven hundred thousand a-year of well paid revenue, which nobody felt and no one cared for; and the result has been that the nation, which, if Mr Pitt's financial policy had been adhered to, would have been burdened at this moment with scarcely any debt, and have been possessed of a clear surplus revenue of at least twenty millions a-year above its necessary expenditure, finds itself now saddled with seven hundred and sixty-five millions of debt, and a revenue sinking at so rapid a rate that the falling off of the year ending 1st October 1840, as compared with the one preceding, is £676,000, and on the quarter ending 5th October 1840, as compared with the same quarter of 1839, of £531,000, being at the rate of above £2,124,000 a-year!

Another favourite delusion, with which the Whigs for the last thirty years have blinded the nation, relates to its religious concerns, and, in particular, the management of the Romish population of Ireland. For 137 years before the year 1829, when a different system was adopted, it had been the fixed policy of this country to hold its religious institutions as finally fixed at the Revolution, and at all hazard to maintain the Protestant ascendancy over those professing the creed of the Church of Rome. The national policy in this vital particular was founded not merely upon a conscientious and *bona fide* conviction that the Protestant Church maintained the true principles of the Christian faith, and that, to support the Romish creed, was to desert the most sacred duty of Government—that of providing the means of public instruction in the true principles of belief to its subjects,—but also of the long experience which the Government had had of the national character of the people of Ireland, and the experienced impossibility of trusting its barbarous and inflammable inhabitants with any portion of that self-government, which, as it is the highest prerogative and first privilege of man, so can be safely en-

trusted only to those who are already far advanced in the career of civilisation.

In 1829, however, the Whigs succeeded, by dint of a clamour which they had maintained incessantly for nearly thirty years, in persuading the British legislature to overlook the obvious discrepancies between the intellectual growth of the different races of the empire, to confer the same civil rights upon all, and to remove all disabilities hitherto consequent upon the profession of a foreign and hostile faith. Immediate and lasting tranquillity, unbounded prosperity, and the rapid assimilation of the habits of the Irish poor to those of the English labourers, were confidently predicted by the promoters of this great change, and fondly anticipated by its reluctant supporters on this side of the channel. Religious difference, civil discord, were to cease in the Emerald Isle; agitation was to terminate from the removal of its object; O'Connell, from the great agitator, was to sink down into a *nisi prius* lawyer. Have these effects been realized? Has religious animosity, civil discord, ceased in the Irish plains? Is murder and conflagration unknown in its fields? Has O'Connell sunk into a *nisi prius* lawyer, and are the adherents of the Church of Rome grateful for the emancipation they have received, to be now numbered among the loyal and faithful subjects of the British empire? The result notoriously has been in every respect the reverse; the misery and savage habits of the people continue unabated; upwards of two hundred and fifty murders, and conflagrations of houses innumerable, are annually committed in that frightful scene of desolation. O'Connell himself, so far from being sunk into a *nisi prius* lawyer, is at the head of a numerous faction, which fiercely demands the dismemberment of the empire; and the whole Catholic priesthood are arrayed in a league with him to sever the connexion with Great Britain, and subvert the independence of a country from which they have received such undeserved benefits.

The West Indies was another theatre on which the new principles of government, advocated by the Whigs, found an ample field for speculative change. Deplorable as the

evils of slavery, and especially negro slavery, ever have been, and ever will be, there were yet many circumstances in the condition of the sable population of the British West India islands, prior to the sudden emancipation of 1834, which promised a progressive and durable improvement in their lot. The slave trade—the execrable traffic in human flesh—had ceased to be carried on, under the auspices at least of the British flag; the African labourers of the West India islands were a stationary population; experience had proved that they could maintain their own numbers; the interests of the masters, now that they could no longer purchase slaves from Africa, were indissolubly bound up with those of the labourers by whom alone their estates could be cultivated; and such was their generally prosperous condition, that forty thousand in the island of Jamaica alone had acquired their freedom; and it was no unusual thing to see a slave, after living better than any labourer in Europe, lay by, out of the produce of the week, when he was allowed to labour for himself, from L.20 to L.30 a-year. Here, then, was a negro population gradually emerging, by the efforts of its own industry, from a state of servitude, possessing ample means of purchasing, by tolerable industry, its own freedom, and slowly acquiring the habits necessary to enable it at some future, though remote, period, to bear the excitements and submit to the labour of freedom. In 1834, however, the fatal spirit of precipitate innovation passed into these beautiful colonies; the insensible, but unhesitating process by which nature was there softening the asperities of servitude, and preparing men for the blessings of freedom, was discharged, and emancipation, at a vast expense to Great Britain, within a few years was forced on a reluctant body of proprietors, and an astonished people.

The effects have been precisely what all persons acquainted with the character of the negro population, and moderately versed in the history of mankind, had so often predicted. The perilous experiment had totally failed: the negroes, relieved from the necessity of working, before they had ac-

quired the artificial wants, and fallen under the moral chains which bind civilized man to continuous labour, are fast relapsing into a state of barbarism. Labour is so imperfectly performed, and at such irregular periods, that the produce of the British islands has sunk to little more than a half of what it was in 1834, when emancipation passed; and amidst incessant reports by the stipendiary magistrates that every thing is going on well, and order and industry have resumed their sway, the extraordinary rise in the price of sugar demonstrates that a vast and ruinous deficiency has taken place in the supply of that necessary article, which is daily increasing, and promises soon to swallow up entirely the produce of those once rich and flourishing colonies. Nor is this all. Not only, between the rise in the price of sugar and coffee, and the interest of the L.20,000,000, borrowed for the indemnification of the West India proprietors, is the British empire now taxed in a sum little short of three millions annually for the consequences of this uncalled for and most unstatesmanlike innovation, but the measure itself has, by the confession of its warmest advocates, been attended with unheard of disasters to the very negro race for whose benefit it was intended. It appears, from the able pamphlet of Sir J. Buxton, the well-known and indefatigable advocate of the negro race, that the number of negroes who now cross the Atlantic is at least 150,000 a-year, or more than double what it was when Wilberforce and Clarkson first began their efforts in behalf of that oppressed portion of mankind.* Heartrending as this statement of the result of emancipation in the British West India Islands is, it yet considerably falls short of the truth; for it appears, from calculations made in the latest publications on the subject—an able article in the *Edinburgh Review* for October 1840, on Mr Buxton's work—that there is reason to believe that the number of slaves annually torn from Africa for Brazils, Cuba, and the other slave colonies of the New World, is little, if at all, short of 250,000 a-year. Their condition, too, it is well known, both in the passage

* Buxton on the Foreign Slave Trade. P. 73.

and after they land in the New World, is incomparably worse than it was when the great supply of sugar for the globe was from the labour of the British colonies; and yet such are the profits of the cultivation of sugar, from which the Whigs have voluntarily excluded us by their insane policy, that the sums annually expended by the foreign slave colonies on the purchase of slaves amounts to the enormous, and, if not proved by authentic documents, incredible sum of *seventeen millions sterling a-year*:* these purchases go on with the utmost avidity, and in a constantly increasing ratio, and the sugar produce of those settlements is increasing in as rapid a rate as that of the British islands is diminishing. Thus the gap occasioned in the cultivation of sugar through the world, by the cessation of labour in the British islands, has been filled up in the most woful and disastrous of all ways, viz. by a prodigious increase in the importation of slaves into foreign colonies, and the English nation is taxed three millions sterling a-year to ruin its own noble colonies, triple the slave trade in extent, and quadruple it in horror throughout the globe.

Canada also has been the theatre of the new system of British Government. Depending upon the support of the masses, fanned into power by the impulse of democratic passion, and sustained there by the efforts of democratic cupidity, the Reform ministry were under the necessity, or fancied themselves under the necessity, of giving the same encouragement to agitation and incipient rebellion in those provinces which they had so long given in the Emerald Isle. Under Lord Glenelg's administration, and Lord Gosford's viceroyalty, Papineau and his republican adherents were as much fostered in Canada, as O'Connell and the Romish priesthood had so long been in Ireland; the loyal and truly patriotic British inhabitants were disgusted and insulted by the encouragement openly given to the seditious of French extraction and antinational principles; until at length it was hard to say whether discontent prevailed most widely in the British race which was striving to maintain, or the French, which was using every effort to subvert, the connexion with Great Britain.

To such a length did the infatuation of government arrive, and such was their terror at taking a decided step against the insurgents, that at a time when warlike combination was going on in all the communes of Lower Canada, they had only 3700 British troops in the whole of North America; and it was entirely owing to the premature breaking out of the insurrection, and the accidental or providential mildness of the winter, which rendered it possible to move reinforcements in December 1837 to Lower Canada, by land, from New Brunswick and Halifax, that these noble provinces were not at that period severed, perhaps for ever, from the British empire.

The result of all this infatuation and false system of government is well known. Two different insurrections have broken out within the last three years on the banks of the St Lawrence, which have only been suppressed by a vast display of force and enormous waste of treasure; and which have left, it is to be feared, the seeds of permanent and irremediable heart-burnings between the British and French races. The permanent garrison of the noble American colonies has been increased to 14,000 men; the two rebellions have been suppressed at a cost only of L.1,200,000; and the American marauders, taking advantage of the distractions of the country, and the obvious weakness of the British executive, commenced, and long carried on, a system of piratical aggression along the whole frontier, which has been suppressed only by the awful but necessary act of hanging thirty-seven prisoners in cold blood. Meanwhile, the American executive, seeing that a favourable opportunity had arrived, immediately revived their old, but never-abandoned pretensions on the Maine frontier; and the two countries have ever since stood on the verge of a rupture which may prove almost fatal to both, by the temptation afforded to American cupidity from the excited passions and paralysed strength of the British North American possessors. Hitherto the danger has been averted by the unshaken fortitude and loyal conduct of the inhabitants in the British North American provinces; but it is impossible to say how long this patriotic forbearance and vir-

* *Edinburgh Review*, Oct. 1840, art. Buxton's Slave Trade.

tue will continue, and whether ruinous discontents will not break out in one party or the other, when it is ascertained how the balance of parties stands on the first formation of the proposed united legislature; and thus it is more than doubtful whether the fierce passions implanted in our North American colonists by the culpable and reckless conduct of the Reform Ministry in encouraging French republicanism and sedition on the banks of the St Lawrence, may not in the end prove fatal to the British dominion over the noble and rising states in that quarter of the world.

The recklessness with which the Reform Ministry have put in hazard the vast and unbounded interests of the British crown in this quarter of the globe, is the more surprising, when it is recollected how large a proportion of the British commercial navy is wound up with our possession of the American and West India colonies. The commercial tonnage employed between Great Britain and Canada and the West Indies, stood, in 1836, as follows:—

	Tons.
With the West Indies, .	247,000
With Canada, .	680,000
	927,000

Thus 927,000 tons, or fully one-third of the British Navy carried on in British bottoms, is dependent on the trade with our American and West India Colonies, and would of course be, in a great part, lost to the British empire, if they became independent, or passed into the power of our enemies. And even although such an extreme disaster were not to happen, yet it is worth while to observe how rapidly the misconduct of the Reform ministry is working upon the prosperity of these colonies, and the market which they afford for British industry. The commercial tonnage to the West Indies, which in 1836 amounted to 247,000 tons, had fallen down, in 1839, to 185,000, in consequence of the rapid diminution of agricultural produce of the West India islands after the emancipation of the blacks; while the British exports to Canada, which in 1836 had reached L.2,700,000, had sunk down in 1838, from the effects of the insurrection, to L.1,540,000;

and the British emigrants to the shores of the St Lawrence, amounting to 28,000 in the year 1836, had fallen down in the year 1838 to less than 3000.*

While wounds, all but irretrievable, have thus been inflicted by our liberal rulers, on the western parts of our vast dominions, dangers, perhaps in the end of a still more serious kind, have from the same system of policy accumulated round our eastern empire. That our empire in India is the empire of the sword; that it is maintained by force, or the prestige of conquest, is well known to every person, even superficially acquainted with eastern affairs. In 1826, our eastern army amounted to 280,000 men, but with the accession of the Whigs to power, in 1830, the usual system of inconsiderate reduction was adopted; and not only was nearly a third of this noble force disbanded, but the whole naval force at Bombay was sold or dismantled. The consequences that might naturally be expected, have now fully realized themselves. Unbounded discontent was excited in our Indian possessions by these ill-judged reductions, and the vast number of soldiers whom they sent back from the elevated position of a sepoy to their pristine poverty; while the curtailment of the emoluments of the officers and non-commissioned officers, has diffused a wide spread feeling of discontent throughout that vital portion of our eastern population. The natural consequences were, contempt abroad, discontent at home, dissatisfaction among our military supporters, treachery among our subsidised allies, and a general conviction throughout the whole of Asia, that our empire was rapidly approaching its fall; that external insult might be offered to us with impunity, and internal conspiracy at length overturn the colossal fabric of our eastern dominions.

The consequences of all this infatuation have now sufficiently manifested themselves. The Russians, deeming on reasonable grounds our national strength and spirit irrecoverably broken, commenced the usual system of incessant intrigue and pacific encroachment in Central Asia; their agents were discovered fomenting

* *Parl. Return*, 27th May 1840.

hostilities against the British authority in the northern provinces of India, while their serious encroachments on, and entire command of Persia, as well as the commencement of the siege of Herat, by the Sultaun of that country, under their direction, and with the aid of their engineers, clearly showed that their opinion of the supineness of England had become so strong as to make them proceed on the belief that the moment for action had arrived. The native powers of India, who are now retained under our influence, encouraged by these advances on the part of Russia, and by the weakness and discontent which the enormous reductions in our naval and military establishments produced throughout our Indian empire, entered into a wide spread conspiracy, the object of which was to overturn our Indian empire, and share its dominion among themselves; and what is very remarkable, and decisive of the extent to which this idea had spread among the people, the Rajahs, who were found to have made the most extensive preparations for this general outbreak, were those whose dominions were situated in the most southern extremities of the Indian peninsula. Even the Chinese so far forgot the usual timid and pacific tenor of their policy, as to deem it safe to kick the dying lion; and a system of aggression and insult to the British residents at Canton was commenced, which could no longer be tolerated by an independent state.

The result of all this has been, that at the very time when we were actually engaged in hostilities with our North-American subjects, and hourly threatened with rupture with the United States in consequence of the disputed boundary, we were compelled to plunge into two perilous and distant wars to redeem our credit and re-establish our influence in Asia. The attack upon Herat, the intrigues of Russia in the North of India, rendered it indispensable to make a desperate effort to regain our declining influence in Central Asia, while the intolerable impudence of the Chinese, springing from the degradation of our national character in the East, rendered it indispensable to undertake an expedition on a great scale against the Celestial empire. The Afghan-istan expedition will cost five millions, the Chinese at least two millions sterling. Thus, not only has our East-

ern empire been involved in enormous expenses by the distant expeditions, rendered unavoidable through the disastrous effects of these uncalled-for reductions, but the very existence of our Indian dominions has been made to hang, as it were, suspended upon a thread. A considerable part of our force has been pushed up far from its natural frontier, and its proper base of operations, the Indus, into the centre of Asia. And no one can doubt that, if any considerable disaster were to happen to these troops, which is far from improbable when they are advanced into so distant and exposed a situation, that the immediate consequence would be a general insurrection among the native powers of India against our authority. As to the expedition to China, it is hard to say whether we have most to fear from its success or discomfiture. No one can doubt that any disaster attending our arms in that quarter, would give a most serious shake to the stability of our whole Indian empire, while it is difficult to say whether it might not in the end be almost as much in danger by any success which might render it necessary to establish the British standard permanently in any part of the south-eastern provinces of the Celestial empire. All these consequences, now fraught with such great and obvious dangers, have flown, naturally and inevitably, from the mania of obtaining mob popularity by the show of uncalled-for and perilous reductions, of which our liberal rulers have made our Indian empire the theatre; just as a man in private life, who once suffers his courage to become suspected, is not unfrequently compelled to put his life in hazard, in more than one duel, in order to re-establish it.

But if the East and the West have been the theatre of reform innovations, to the highest degree perilous to the British empire, it may safely be affirmed that Europe has been the theatre of a vacillation and perplexity of policy still more unaccountable; and, in fact, the imminent danger of a foreign calamitous war, to which we are now exposed, may be distinctly traced to that anti-national and incomprehensible policy which, under the influence of democratic passions and interests, we have been for nearly ten years pursuing before the treaty of the 15th of July last,

The Whig Ministry, as all the world knows, came into power with the profession and pledge of peace on their lips. It is difficult, however, for a democratic government to refrain from foreign aggression, and still more difficult to maintain the calm but resolute attitude which can alone permanently secure the blessings of peace. At variance with the property and intelligence of its own country; sensible that it rests upon an unstable equilibrium, and that a state of matters which subjects property and intelligence to the dominion of numbers, can never be of any long duration, it uniformly seeks to gather from foreign propagandism or alliance that external support which it is conscious is so much required to maintain a government resting on so perilous and unnatural a foundation. At the same time, the ignorant impatience of taxation among the multitude incessantly clamours for a reduction of the public burdens, and of all the naval and military establishments, which necessarily entail a fixed expense upon the nation. Thus, a democratic government, except in periods of extraordinary excitement, is necessarily at once aggressive and weak; aggressive, because the necessities of its situation naturally lead it to seek to found authority in the adjoining states on the same popular basis on which itself is rested; weak, because the want of foresight and impatience of present burdens, which ever characterize the masses of mankind, preclude the possibility of taking those precautionary measures, and maintaining that respectable force, on which alone national strength can be founded.

Of the reality and operation of these principles, the foreign policy of England since 1830 affords a memorable example. The Whigs, on their accession to office, found the nation close bound in diplomatic intercourse with Austria, the object of which was to prevent the extension of the Russian power in the East in such a manner as to threaten the independence of Turkey.* Though the Revolution of the Barricades, without doubt, interrupted for a time this project, by substituting the present terror of revolution for the

ancient jealousy of Russia; yet, when Louis-Philippe was recognized, and the first burst of the democratic tempest had expended itself, it would have been an easy matter for England to have renewed the negotiation, and formed a league, of which Austria by land and Britain by sea were the prime movers, which would effectually have put a bridle in the mouth of the Czar, and restrained the grasp of Russia from reaching Constantinople. The Bosphorus and the Dardanelles were then open; a British fleet might have wintered in the Sea of Marmora, and rendered the palace of the Seraglio perfectly safe from hostile attack. If hostilities were threatened, we could have blockaded Odesa and Sebastopol, and held in the Dardanelles the key of the whole southern provinces of Russia. There was no need of hazarding a contest with France then to prevent the dismemberment of Turkey. Louis-Philippe, but imperfectly established on his own throne, would have been too happy to have been admitted into a league with Austria and Great Britain, to prevent his known enemy, the Emperor Nicholas, from laying his grasp on the key of the Levant and the Queen of the East.

Instead of this, what did the Liberal Administration do? Intoxicated with the fumes of democracy, blinded by the success of the reform mania, which for selfish purposes they had raised in the British islands, they embarked at once, and with breathless eagerness, in the French system of propagandism. It was the interest of Great Britain, it was said, to surround herself with liberal institutions; no reliance is to be placed on alliances which are not founded on community of political feeling; England and France, the only constitutional monarchies in the world, must secure themselves against the hostility of despotic crowns, by encircling their dominions with lesser states, influenced by the same attachment, and governed on the same principles. Under the influence of this jargon, of the justice of which we have now an illustrious specimen in the support we have received from France in our efforts to check the ambition of

* Ample and very curious evidence of these negotiations is to be found in the *Portfolio*.—Vol. I. p. 451.

Russia in the East, ancient friendships were set at nought, old relations forgotten, the sanctity of oaths violated, the obligations of treaties broken, and the arms of England turned with sacrilegious violence against her oldest and most faithful allies. Jointly with France we attacked Antwerp, and wrested the key of the Scheldt from our steady allies the Dutch, to restore it, according to the darling design of Napoleon, to the rule of France and the sway of the tricolor flag; the barrier of the Netherlands, purchased at such a cost of blood and treasure by the arms of Marlborough, regained by such heroic efforts by Blucher and Wellington, was surrendered; the King of the Netherlands, the integrity of whose dominions we had guaranteed by the treaty of Vienna, was abandoned to the caprices of a fickle and seditious mob in Flanders, and finally compelled to submit to the loss of more than half his dominions, all for the glory of erecting a rickety revolutionary throne in the interest of France, and as the outwork of its revolutionary aggression in the plains of Belgium.

Spain and Portugal, the theatre of the glory of Nelson and Wellington, were the next object of our attack. The sight of a legitimate legal monarch on the throne of the Peninsula, was an eyesore to the political regenerators of the nineteenth century. Advantage was taken in both kingdoms of the opening to a disputed succession, which the contest between a daughter of the late king and his next male heir opened; the Salic Law, which we had solemnly guaranteed by the treaty of Utrecht, as the rule of succession to the Peninsular kingdoms, was set at nought; an alleged will of Ferdinand VII. in favour of his daughter, unsanctioned by any legal national authority, was sustained as a sufficient ground for altering the order of succession; and a frightful civil war in both kingdoms was brought about, in order to establish democratic constitutions both in Spain and Portugal. To forward this aggressive and iniquitous object, arms to the amount of above £500,000 were forwarded from the Tower of London; the British marines and ships of war were employed for years on the coast; the quadruple alliance of England, France, Spain, and Portugal, was formed; and, after six years of unheard-of bloodshed and

massacre in the Peninsula, the brave mountaineers of Navarre and Biscay were worn out; the arms of freedom were subdued; the British standards sustained indeed disgraceful defeats, but numbers and power at length overcame liberty and patriotism; treason effected the work of oppression; and, for the first time in the history of Europe, the prayers of freedom supplicated the Throne of Grace for the overthrow of the British arms. Democracy has triumphed in the Peninsular kingdoms; but what has been the consequence? Precisely that which every man of sense in the British islands anticipated from such disgraceful aggression: the throne itself has been prostrated in both kingdoms: the queen has been coerced, insulted, and all but deposed by military violence; civil war is again rearing its hateful head on the Castilian plains, and British honours have been showered on the head of the general, who, constantly defeated by his royalist foes till perfidy came to his aid, has been victorious for the first time, at once over his legal King, whom he subdued by treachery, and his revolutionary Queen, whom he enthralled by treason.

Meanwhile, what was England doing in the East, to restrain the ambition of Mehemet Ali, which Lord Palmerston now admits is so formidable that it requires the *new quadruple alliance* to restrain it; or to maintain the integrity of the Turkish empire, which was of such value to the balance of power in Europe, that he does not hesitate to incur the hazard of a general war to maintain it? When the throne of the Sultan was tottering after the battle of Koniah; when Ibrahim Pasha had gained the passes of the Taurus, and a fortnight more would have brought him to the undefended gates of Scutari; when Mahmoud, dreading equally the hostility of his rebellious vassal, and the protection of his dangerous neighbour, threw himself upon England, his old ally, for support, what did the Whigs do? Did they then construct a quadruple alliance to avert the danger? Did Great Britain then tell Mehemet Ali that he must recede from Syria, and confine himself to his pashalic of Egypt? Did she send her fleet to Constantinople, and guard the passage of the Bosphorus alike from Egyptian

violence and Muscovite protection? She did none of these things. She told the Sultan that her ships and armies were so much engaged at Lisbon and the Scheldt, that she could not afford to send aid to Constantinople, and *she advised him to seek protection from Russia*. The result is well known. The Sultan in his last extremity, with the dagger at his throat, threw himself into the arms of his inveterate enemy: a Russian army was soon at Scutari; the astonished Mussulmen acknowledged that they owed their deliverance from destruction to the Muscovite arms. Gratitude and necessity did the work of conquest; and the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, by shutting out all European ships of war from the straits of the Dardanelles, rendered the Euxine a Russian lake, and Constantinople, in effect, the advanced post of the Czar's dominions.

Here is the root of the evil: it is in this shameful desertion of one old ally, in order to carry on the work of spoliation and revolution in the dominions of three others, that the remote but certain cause of the present alarming crisis, and of the impending war between France and England, is to be found. Why does England now insist with so much, and such just earnestness, that the power of Mehemet Ali must be restrained—that the defiles of the Taurus, the fortresses of Syria, must be restored to the arms of the Osmanlis—and that Ibrahim Pasha, surrendering his Asiatic conquests, must retire within his hereditary African dominions? Simply because this is the only means of preserving the Ottoman empire from destruction; because the possession of Syria, and the defiles of the Taurus, enables the Egyptian army at any time to march in a few weeks to Constantinople; and because the close alliance and avowed protection of the Paasha by France, in effect, while his troops occupy these advanced positions, render the Court of the Tuileries the arbiter of the fate of the Ottomans. Why is France so eager to support Mehemet Ali: and why does she deprecate in such anxious and well-founded terms the perilous protection of Turkey and Constantinople by the Muscovite arms? Evidently because the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi has exposed the Turkish capital, now wholly

undefended, from the loss of its fleet and the closing of the Dardanelles, to the arms of Russia; and therefore, by coercing Mehemet Ali with the aid of the Czar, we are, in effect, bringing down the long-dreaded event of Muscovite subjugation on the Ottoman empire. Thus both France and England, as matters now stand, can point with equal reason to the overthrow of Turkey, as likely to ensue from the policy pursued by their opponent: for France says, with perfect justice, that the quadruple alliance will issue in bringing the Muscovites to Constantinople; and the English, with not less truth, that but for that alliance the Porte would be at the mercy of its rebellious vassal, and France would in effect be master of the keys of the Levant, and the great line of communication by which commerce is hereafter to be conducted with our eastern dominions.

The imminence therefore of the present crisis: the mutual necessity which has brought France and England into collision: the events which have revived in Paris the furious passions and bloodthirsty ambition of 1793, and rendered an escape to Louis-Philippe hardly possible from foreign war or domestic revolution, are distinctly to be traced to the supine indifference which led England, when she had the means of preventing the danger in her hands, to neglect the opportunity: when she was both entreated and entitled to interpose with decisive effect in 1833, in behalf of her old ally, and stand between her rebellious vassal on the one hand, and her grasping neighbour on the other, to decline the called for aid, and pursue her passing projects of revolution on the banks of the Tagus and the Scheldt, to the utter neglect of the durable interests of her empire in the eastern world. And if we are now threatened with a war which human wisdom possibly may be unable to avert, and of which human wisdom certainly cannot foresee the issue, it is clearly owing to the scandalous neglect of the interests of the empire by our democratic rulers at that period, and the insanity which led them to think only of revolutionizing and spoliating our allies in western Europe, while they tamely handed over the keys of India to France and Russia in the eastern world.

And what have we gained by these charming revolutionary allies, to support or propitiate whom, we made, during the days of our reform mania, so extraordinary a departure from our national faith, our national honour, and our national interests? Have we found our reward in the gratitude of Portugal, which, since it was subjected by the successes of Admiral Napier to the democratic regime, has gone on accumulating duties to such an extent on our manufactures, that our exports to that state, which in 1821 amounted to £2,058,000, had sunk down in 1839 to £1,240,119? Or in Spain, in which the insecurity of property and general misery, under the democratic regime and revolutionary government we have established, has been such, that our exports to that country, which in 1829 were £911,685, had sunk in 1839 to £291,532?† Or in France, our dearly beloved revolutionary ally France, to propitiate whom we broke through so many existing treaties, and departed so widely from established policy; and which now, upon the first appearance of a collision of interest in the Levant, conjures up again the revolutionary whirlwind of 1793, and raves about the Rhine, the Alps, and democratic propaganda, and loudly denounces the perfidious Albion and her execrable Foreign Minister as the eternal objects of French hostility? Is there one of our new revolutionary allies who either could or would, if our national independence or security was threatened, send a man, a gun, or a guinea to our support? What aid would we get from Leopold and the *braves Belges*? What from Portugal and its jealous anti-English democratic government? What from the blood-stained valleys of Navarre, or the traitor-enthralled Queen of Madrid? What from France, now loudly demanding letters of marque to prey on the commerce of their dearly beloved British allies? Truly we have brought our national faith and honour to a precious market, and sacrificed our vital national interests for a most grateful and deserving set of democratic supporters!

Has, then, the care of the Whig-

Radicals of our domestic security compensated this monstrous and unparalleled breach of our plighted faith and neglect of our foreign interests; and have we a fleet and an army adequate to avert insult from our coasts, assert the long-established supremacy of England upon the seas, and secure from danger and dismemberment our wide-spread colonial dominion?

The world knows how anxiously this subject has been agitated of late years. No one can be ignorant how loudly and emphatically the dangers of our position have been denounced, for a very long period—and with what confidence the Treasury journals have replied that the navy never was in so formidable a state, and that in a few weeks England could fit out a fleet which would blow their enemies from the face of the deep. Now that the hour of trial is approaching, and the reality of these boasts is to be put to the test of the cannon's mouth, we do not hear quite so loud a tone of confidence. Nothing is said now about the "pasteboard fleets" of the enemy. The design of sweeping the French steam-privateers from the Channel, and the French ships of the line from the Mediterranean, is postponed *sine die*. But, in order that the responsibility of any disaster, public or private, which may occur, may rest on the proper shoulders, and the truth of the boasted efficiency of the British navy may be brought to the test, we here subjoin a statement drawn from accurate and authentic data, of the comparative strength of the fleet during the peace of 1792—the war of 1809—the peace of 1826—and the peace of 1838. The authorities on which each is founded, are given in the margin: we invite examination, and defy correction. The statement for 1792, is taken from the Return of 1st January 1793, which of course applies to the force existing at the close of the preceding year; and which was five weeks before the war broke out, which was declared on February 3, 1793; and three weeks before the occurrence of the event, viz. the execution of Louis XVI., (which rendered it necessary,) and which took place on the 21st January 1793.

* Porter's *Prog. of Nat.* ii. 104; and Parl. Return, May 27, 1840, p. 23.

† Return May 27, 1840, p. 23.

British Navy during Peace of 1792, War of 1809, Peace of 1826, and Peace of 1838.

Date	Line of Battle Ships.					Frigates.			Total			Grand Total.
	In Commission.		Ordinary.		Build ing.	Com- mission.	Ordinary.	Build- ing.	Sloops, Brigs, &c.	Lina.	Fri- gates.	
	At Sea.	Guard- ships.	Fit for Sea.	Guard- ships.								
1792	26	3	87	25	12	52	27	6	149	153	85	407
1809	113	28	14	40	47	140	25	25	634	242	190	1066
1826	22	4	100	15	24	18	69	30	324	165	117	606
1838	21	None.	58	None.	12	9	74	10	190	91	93	374

Vide, for 1792, JAMES'S *Naval History*, i. 404 ; for 1809, JAMES, v. 404 ; for 1826, BALBI'S *Geographie Universelle*, 633 ; and for 1838, BARROW'S *Life of Anson*, Appendix, 424.

Thus it distinctly appears, upon official and incontrovertible documents—

1. That our peace establishment, since 1792, has sunk down to nearly *one-half* of its former amount ; the line-of-battle ships having declined from 153 in the former year, to 90 in the latter, including those building.

2. That since 1826, our navy has diminished nearly *a half* ; the ships of the line in the former year being 165, and in the latter only 91.

3. That our navy is little more than *a third* of what it was in 1809 ; the line-of-battle ships having fallen from 242 to 91, the frigates from 190 to 93, the whole vessels of war from 1066 to 374.

And in order to show how utterly

inexcusable this enormous reduction of force really was, and how completely it arose from a Whig-Radical Government, for party purposes pandering to a blind passion for reduction of taxation, and a show of economy in their popular supporters, we subjoin an equally curious and instructive table, viz.—a statement of the resources of the British empire in the four periods, which affords a measure at once of the elements of strength which the Government in reality had at their disposal, if they had possessed moral courage and foresight to have made the proper use of them, and of the growing necessities for an extended establishment, which our increasing colonial dependencies, and rapidly augmenting commerce, occasioned.

Date.	Population of Great Britain and Ireland.	Exports. Official Value.	Imports. Official Value.	Tonnage.	Revenue.
1792	12,680,000	£24,904,850	£19,659,358	1,540,145	£19,258,814
1809	17,500,000	46,292,693	31,750,557	2,368,468	63,719,400
1826	21,800,000	51,042,021	37,686,113	2,635,644	54,894,989
1838	27,250,000	105,170,549	61,268,320	2,785,387	47,333,409

PORTER'S *Parliamentary Tables* ; MARSHALL'S *Tables in PORTER'S Progress of the Nation*.

Thus, while our population, exports, imports, commerce, revenue, and resources of all sorts, have all of them more than *doubled*, some *tripled*, and our exports *quadrupled* since 1792, our navy, for the maintenance of which these are the resources, has been suffered to decline to *one-half* ; and that, too, at a time when foreign war, in more than one quarter, threatened the state, and the vast increase of our colonial empire loudly called for a proportional augmentation in our means of maritime defence. If our navy, since the peace establishment

of 1792, had been augmented in proportion to our population, it would have been now above 350 ships of the line ; if in proportion to our exports, it would have numbered 600 ; if in proportion to our imports, 450 ; if in proportion to our revenue, 380 ;—yet now, with half the maritime establishments of the globe to defend, we have only 90 ! ! ! Such it is to have Whig-Radical rulers, and a government who pander to the ignorant impatience of taxation in the masses of mankind ! And we now recommend these details to the Treasury scribes and Admiralty

expectants, not forgetting our courteous and well-informed opponent in the *Colonial Magazine*, who accused us of disingenuous dealing, in a former article on this subject, because we set down the return of the British navy on 1st January 1792, as a Peace Return, when he should have known that the war did not begin till 3d February 1793; and was brought on by the execution of Louis on January 21, 1793;

and that the establishment of 1792 had in no degree been augmented by any idea of a French contest.

From the following statement, which we transcribe from that able and well-informed periodical, the *United Service Gazette*, it appears that the British naval force, diminutive as it was under Whig management in 1838, has now sunk to a still lower and almost inconceivable point of depression.

Statement of the British Line of Battle-Ships, in Commission, Ordinary, and Building, on 1st October 1840.—United Service Gazette, October 17, 1840.

In Commission.	Available in ordinary.	Requiring repairs in ordinary.	Repairing.	Total.	
				Built.	Building.
22	35	13	6	76	13

Thus, Great Britain, which in 1792, before a shot was fired in the revolutionary war, had 156 ships of the line at her disposal, and, so late as 1826, had 165; has now, after ten years of Whig management, only SEVENTY-SIX, of which nineteen are under repair, and only THIRTY-FIVE capable of being immediately added to those already afloat.

And the state of the French navy, from the latest and most authentic accounts, is as follows—effective, and in preparation :—

Line-of-Battle Ships.	Frigates.	Brigs, &c.	Total.	Crews.
28	38	226	292	60,105

—*Standard, Oct. 17, 1840.*

So that England, which, at the close of the war, had three times the number of ships of the line which France possessed, and, in 1826, more than double, has now hardly any superiority whatever, save that of which the folly of the government could not deprive her—the skill of her seamen and the valour of her people.

But let not the French flatter themselves, that because a time-serving and unforeseeing democratic administration, which abandoned the first duties of government to procure for themselves that fleeting favour with the multitude which might secure to them its power, has reduced to this pitiable state of weakness the once magnificent and irresistible navy of England, that, therefore, the warlike resources of the nation have been in reality weakened, or its national spirit, if once fairly roused, is in any sensible degree impaired. The elements of warlike, and, above all, of naval strength, now exist in Great Britain to an extent never before witnessed in any nation upon earth. A commercial navy of 2,800,000 tons; two hun-

dred thousand sailors in the merchant service; a fleet unequalled in the world of eight hundred steamers, which now prow round the British shores, afford the means of speedily equipping a force, which would ere long sweep that of France from the seas. The vast wealth and industry of the British empire, which has increased *above a half* since the battle of Waterloo, has given it the means of adding in a similar proportion to the revenue, enormous as it was, which was raised at the close of the late war.

It is in vain to tell us we have only paid off sixty or seventy millions of debt since the termination of the revolutionary contest. To our shame, and, as it will prove, our sorrow, we have not: but that was not by any means because we have not possessed the means of doing so, but because the undue ascendant of the popular party stamped, previous to 1830, the measures even of the Conservative administrations with that blind passion for present relief, and insensibility to future danger, which is the invariable characteristic of the masses of mankind—and because

the instalment of the Whig-Radical Government in power since that time, has put an entire stop to every measure except those calculated to please their democratic and unforeseeing supporters in the great towns, and among the Irish priesthood. Danger doubtless exists : disaster, public and private, will in all probability be incurred from this disgraceful state of things : misfortunes, both to individuals and the state, must be undergone : they are the price which the nation must pay for ten years of Whig-Radical government and reform mania. But let these misfortunes arise ; let the British commerce be seriously cut up by hostile steam-privateers ; let a defeat be received at sea, or an enemy's fleet appear off Portsmouth or the Nore, and it will be seen what an energy is still to be found in England, and what vast resources she possesses to avenge herself upon her enemies, and resume that rank which she formerly held, and is still entitled to hold in the scale of nations. Democratic ambition will not always be permitted to paralyze the state : Whig-Radical parsimony will not permanently be suffered to starve down our fleet in order to spend its resources on domestic intrigue or useless commissions. The first cannon-shot fired in real anger, will dispel the illusions of a quarter of a century ; and, from the mists of Liberalism and the darkness of Romanism, the star of England will again appear, conquering and to conquer.

Whether this *ultimum remedium* is to be adopted, or the wisdom of Louis-Philippe and the Conservative few in France is to get the better of the insanity of the republican many, as yet remains in doubt. But, whatever the final result may be, important advantages have accrued, and will accrue, from the present crisis, which may perhaps, in their ultimate effect, overbalance all the perils with which it may be attended.

In the first place, they have completely unmasked the revolutionary party in France, and the hollowness of that reliance which the liberals among ourselves have so long placed upon their support and co-operation. Here a distinction is necessary. For the men of respectability in France, for the Conservative party there, who are now striving against the tempest with which they are surrounded to

preserve the peace of Europe, we have the most sincere regard ; for many among them we entertain the very highest admiration. Nothing but the most consummate wisdom and firmness on the part of Louis-Philippe, could so long have preserved the peace of Europe, surrounded as he is by foreign distrust and domestic hatred. But as friends, not less of England than of the cause of peace and liberty throughout the globe, we rejoice that the ambition, recklessness, and infuriate passions of the revolutionists in that country, have now been placed in their true colours. They have strove even to embroil their hands in the blood of their sovereign, in order to let slip the dogs of war upon mankind. And what has France to complain of ? That Europe, when she was invited to concur with her in the settlement of the Eastern question, proceeded apart from her when she refused to concur ? Is this an insult ? Did Russia or Prussia complain of the quadruple alliance which besieged Antwerp in 1832, and for six long years drenched the Peninsula with blood in order to establish liberal governments in those countries, not only without their concurrence, but against their strongest remonstrances ? On what ground, then, can she complain because Russia and England have done to France what France and England had so recently before done to Russia ? Yet on this wholly groundless pretext they are now singing the *Marseillaise* in the streets throughout all France, and fiercely demanding instant war with England, because she has done to them what they themselves, only a few years since, had done to all the other European powers.

In the next place, this crisis will ultimately prove of value, as it has placed in equally vivid light, on whose exertions in this country the peace of the world is really dependant, and on whose patriotism, if the hour of trial does arrive, England must depend for her salvation. Unanimity, unprecedented indeed on such a crisis, now prevails in Great Britain : but never was a juster observation than that made in that able and uncompromising journal, the *Standard*, that this unanimity is entirely owing to the noble and patriotic feelings with which the Conservative party is animated ;

and that a very different and far more painful spectacle would have been presented if they had been in power, and the Whig-Radicals led the ranks of opposition. That the Conservatives would have been as anxious as Lord Palmerston, to avert the destruction of the Turkish empire, either by Russian protection or Franco-Egyptian hostility, can be doubted by no one who is acquainted with their conduct for the last half century; but what would have been the conduct of the Whig Radical party, if in opposition at such a crisis as the present? Would they not have done as Mr Fox and the Radicals of 1793 did, at the commencement of the French Revolution? Would they not have joined with the Chartists and Papists, in a fierce denunciation of the Cabinet of Great Britain, and re-echoed, on this side of the Channel, the loud and menacing cry of the French Revolutionists? Would not such a division of opinion have given the greatest encouragement to the war party in France,—and would they not have concluded, on reasonable grounds, that the period for avenging all the disasters of France upon Great Britain had now arrived, when discord so inveterate raged in the British isles. And if the blessing of peace is now preserved, is it not mainly, under Providence, to be ascribed to the dignified and patriotic conduct of the British Conservatives, who forgot their animosities when their country was at stake, and calm but yet resolute, pacific but yet firm, evinced to France and to the world, that while they valued its friendship, they neither feared its hostility nor forgot what they owed to their own country?

Lastly, the present crisis has placed in a clear point of view the enormous

peril, both to the interest of the individual and the safety of the State, which arises from pursuing that wretched system of subservience to the blind passion for economy which has so long paralyzed the naval and military strength of Great Britain. Vain were all former denunciations of danger—vain all attempts to waken the people of Great Britain to a sense of the imminent hazard to which they were in the end exposing themselves by a blind adherence to such a wretched and disgraceful system of policy. But when the danger assumes a practical form, and England, with only five-and-thirty ships of the line capable of being sent to sea to reinforce her twenty-two ships already there, charged with the defence of British interests over the whole globe, is found on the verge of hostility with France Egypt, and ultimately America, which would soon have in the Mediterranean double the number, the eyes of the most inconsiderate are opened, and even the Whig-Radical Government, in obedience to the tardily-awakened apprehensions of their democratic supporters, are taking some steps for the national defence. Providence in mercy sends various premonitory warnings before the stroke of death proves fatal to the individual; and nations not less than single individuals have many opportunities of amendment afforded them, before the final and irreversible sentence is pronounced. But let us beware in time: there are limits not less to the mercy of God than the forbearance of man; and the nation is doomed to final and unpitied ruin, which, disregarding its duties even when traced in the light of a sunbeam, persists in a course of reckless security and impenetrable infatuation.

DE QUINCEY'S REVENGE.

A BALLAD IN THREE FITTES. BY DELTA.

I.

DE QUINCEY, lord of Travernent,
 Has from the Syrian wars return'd ;
 As near'd his train to his own demesne,
 His heart within him burn'd.
 Yet heavy was that heart, I ween ;
 A cloud had o'er him pass'd ;
 And all of life, that once was green,
 Had wither'd in the blast.
 Say, had he sheath'd his trusty brand,
 Intent no more to roam,
 Only to find the Scottish strand
 For him no fitting home,*

II.

Who stands at hush of eventide
 Before Newbottle's sacred walls,
 While eastward far, in arch and aisle,
 Its mighty shadow falls?
 That steel-clad knight stood at the
 porch,
 And loud he knock'd, and long,
 Till out from the chancel came a Frere,
 For it was even-song.
 To an alder stump his steed was tied,
 And the live wind from the west
 Stirr'd the bluescarf on his corsletside,
 And the raven plumes of his crest.

III.

"Why knock'st thou here? no hostel
 this,
 And we have mass to say ;
 Know'st thou, that rises our vesper
 hymn
 Duly at close of day ?
 And in the chantry, even now,
 The choristers are met ;
 For lo ! o'er Pentland's summits blue,
 The western sun hath set ?
 But if thou return'st at morning tide,
 Whatever be thy behest"—
 "Nay," said the stranger hastily,
 "Delay not my request.

IV.

"For I have come from foreign lands,
 And seen the sun of June
 Set over the holy Jerusalem,
 And its towers beneath the moon ;
 And I have stood by the sepulchre
 Wherein the Lord was laid,
 And drunk of Siloa's brook, that flows
 In the cool of its own palm shade.

Yea ! I have battled for the Cross,
 'Tis the symbol on my mail—
 But why, with idle words, should I
 Prolong a bootless tale ?

V.

"The Lady Elena—woe to me
 Brought the words that tale which
 told—
 Was yesternight, by the red torchlight,
 Left alone in your vaults so cold.
 'Tissaid, last night by the red torchlight
 That a burial here hath been ;
 Now show me, prithee, her tomb, who
 stood

My heart and heaven between.
 Alas ! alas ! that a cold damp vault
 Her resting-place should be,
 Who, singing, sate among the flowers
 When I went o'er the sea."

VI.

"'Tis nay, sir knight," the Frere re-
 plied,
 "If thou turn'st thy steed again,
 And hither return'st at matin prime,
 Thou shalt not knock in vain."
 Then ire flash'd o'er that warrior's
 brow,
 Like storm-clouds o'er the sky,
 And, stamping, he struck his gauntlet
 glove
 On the falchion by his thigh.
 "Now, by our lady's holy name,
 And by the good St John,
 I must gaze on the features of the dead,
 Though I hew my path through
 stone."

VII.

The Frere hath lighted his waxen torch,
 And turn'd the grating key,
 Down winding steps, through gloomy
 aisles,
 The damp, dull way show'd he ;
 And ever he stood and cross'd himself,
 As the night-wind smote his ear,
 For the very carven imageries
 Spake nought but of death and fear—
 And sable 'scutcheons flapp'd on high,
 'Mid that grim and ghastly shade ;
 And coffins were ranged on tressels
 round,
 And banners lowly laid.

* Robert de Quincey, a Northamptonshire baron, acquired the manor of Travernent, (*vulgo*, Tranent,) which, in the reign of David the First, had been held by Swan, the son of Thor, soon after the accession of William the Lion ; and he served for some time as justiciary to that monarch. At the end of the twelfth century he was succeeded in his immense estates by his son, Seyer de Quincey, the hero of the following ballad, who set out for Palestine in 1218, where he died in the year following.

VIII.

From aisle to aisle they pass'd the while,
 In silence both—the one in dread—
 So solemn a thing it was to be
 With darkness and the dead !
 At length the innermost vault they
 gain'd,
 Last home of a house of fame,
 And the Knight, looking up with
 earnest eye,
 Read the legend round the name—
 " *Unsulky aye our honours beam,*"
 'Neath fleur-de-lis and crescent
 shone ;
 And o'er the Dragon spouting fire,
 The battle-word " Set on ! " *

IX.

" Yes ! here, good Frere—now, haste
 thee, ope"—
 The holy man turn'd the key ;
 And ere ever he had an " Ave " said,
 The Knight was on his knee.
 He lifted the lawn from her waxen
 face,
 And put back the satin soft ;
 Fled from her cheek was the glowing
 grace
 That had thrill'd his heart so oft !
 The past came o'er him like a spell,
 For earth could now no bliss afford,
 And thus, within that cheerless cell,
 His bitter plaint he pour'd.

X.

" Oh, Elena ! I little dreamt,
 When I sailed o'er the sea,
 That, coming back, our meeting next
 In a charnel-vault should be !
 I left thee in thy virgin pride,
 A living flower of beauty rare,
 And now I see thee at my side
 What words may not declare !
 Oh ! I have met thee on the waves,
 On the field have braved thee, Death,
 But ne'er before so sank my heart
 Thy withering scowl beneath !

XI.

" How different was the time, alas !
 When, in the sunny noon of love,
 I trysted with thee in the stag coppice,
 In the centre of the grove !
 How different was the time, alas !
 When, from the tower of high Fal-
 syde,†
 We mark'd along the Bay of Forth
 The streamer'd galleys glide !
 How different was the time, alas !
 When the gay gold ring I gave,
 And thou didst say, when far away,
 I will bear it to my grave ! "

XII.

The Knight turn'd back the satin fold
 Where her hand lay by her side,
 And there, on her slender finger cold,
 He the token ring espied !

* "*Intaminatis fulget honoribus,*" was the proud motto of the Seton family.

The original Seton arms were three crescents with a double treasure, flowered and counterflowered with fleurs-de-lis. A sword supporting a royal crown was afterwards given by Robert the Bruce, for the bravery and loyalty of the family during the succession wars. At a later period, three garbs azure were quartered with the Seton arms, by George the second lord of that name.

" This lord George," saith old Sir Thomas Maitland, " tuk the armes of Buchan, quhilk ar thrè cumming schevis, quarterlie wyth his awin armes, allegeand himself to be air of the said erldome, be reassoun of his gudedame."—*Chronicle of the Hous of Seytoun*, p. 37.

The crest was a green dragon spouting fire surmounting a ducal coronet, with the words over it, "*Set On.*" The supporters were two foxes collared and chained.

† Sir Robert Sibbald, in his *History of Fife*, quotes a charter by the Earl of Winchester to Adame de Seton, 1246, "*De Maritagio herædis Alani de Fawside,*" from which, as well as from some incidental passages in Maitland's "*History of the Hous of Seytoun,*" it is evident that Falside Castle was a heritage of the younger branches of the Seton family. It was first acquired by them from intermarriage with the De Quinceys.

The date of Falsyde Castle is uncertain. It was burned by the English under the Duke of Somerset, 1547, the day following the fatal battle of Pinkie. The strength of the mason-work, however—the tower being arched at the top of the building, as well as at the first story—prevented its entire demolition. Paton, in his "*Diary,*" gives a very cool description of the burning to death of its little garrison, and calls it " a sorry-looking castle." In 1618, the family of Fawside of that ilk appear to have removed to a more modern mansion in the immediate vicinity, which has the initials J. F., J. L., above one of its windows. The dovecot of the ancient fortalice still remains ; and within it is a curious place of concealment, secured by an antique grated door. There is a similar hole of secrecy in the staircase of the oldest part of the castle.

It is now the property of Sir George Grant Suttie of Prestongrange and Balgona, having descended to him through his maternal ancestors the Setons, Earls of Hyndford.

"Now know I thou wert true to me,
 Ah! false thou couldst not prove;
 Vain was the hate that strove to mate
 Thy heart with a stranger love."
 And then he kiss'd her clay-cold cheek,
 And then he kiss'd his sword—
 "By this," he said, "sweet, injured
 maid,
 Thy doom shall be deplored!"

XIII.

"Yes! darkly some shall make remead,
 And dearly some shall pay
 For griefs, that broke thy faithful heart,
 When I was far away!"
 "Nay! dost thou talk of vengeance
 now,"
 Quod the Frere, "on thy bended
 knees?"
 The Knight look'd wildly up in his
 face,
 But never a word spake he.
 "Now rise, now rise, Sir Knight!" he
 cried,
 "Mary Mother calm thy mind!
 'Twas the fiat of Heaven that she
 should die,
 To its will be thou resign'd!"

XIV.

Uprose De Quincey from his knee
 In that darksome aisle and drear;
 No word he spake, but, with hasty
 glove,
 Brush'd off one starting tear;
 Then, as he donn'd his helm, he pluck'd
 The silken scarf from its crest,
 And uprais'd it first to his meeting
 lip,
 Then hid it within his breast.

FIFTE SECOND.

I.

'Twas the flush of dawn; on the dewy
 lawn
 Shone out the purpling day;
 The lark on high sang down from the
 sky,
 The thrush from the chestnut spray;
 On the lakelet blue, the water-coot
 Oar'd forth with her sable young;

The scenes—the thoughts of other
 years
 Pour'd o'er him like a lava tide;
 Her day was done, and set her sun,
 And all for him was night beside!

XV.

The coffin lid was closed; the Frere
 Preceded, with his taper wan;
 Behind him strode the black-mail'd
 Knight,
 A melancholy man!
 And oft the Monk, as he upwards clomb
 From the darksome place of dread,
 Where the coffin'd clay of fair Elena
 lay,
 Did backwards turn his head—
 Say, holy Frere, can the waves of fear
 O'er thy calm, pure spirit flow;
 Or is it the cold, through these vaults
 of mould,
 That makes thee tremble so?

XVI.

The porch they gain'd—the Frere he
 closed
 The gates behind the Knight,
 Dim lay the clouds, like giant shrouds,
 Over the red starlight;
 And ever, with low, moaning sound,
 The soft warm gust wail'd through
 the trees;
 Calm, in slumber bound, lay all around,
 And the Stream sang "Hush!" to
 the Breeze.
 The Frere put out his torch, and look'd
 His high-barr'd lattice fro;
 And he saw, 'mid the dusk, the
 mounted Knight
 Down the winding valley go.

While at its edge, from reed and
 sedge,
 The fisher-hern upsprung;
 In peaceful pride, by Esk's green
 side,
 The shy deer stray'd through Ros-
 lin glen;
 And the bill-fox to the Roman Camp*
 Stole up from Hawthornden.†

* The parish of Newbottle rises from its extremities—Fordel House and Newbyres Tower—till it terminates in a ridge of considerable extent, termed the Roman Camp, the elevation of which is 680 feet. The neighbourhood abounding in hares, the Roman Camp is a favourite meeting-place of the Mid-Lothian Coursing Club. From antlers found in the neighbourhood, and even at Inveresk, no doubt can exist, that, at the era of our ballad, the hart and hind were visitants of at least the Morth-thwaite hills.

† The building of Roslin Castle is anterior to the dawn of authentic record. "Its origin," says Chalmers, (*Caledonia*, vol. ii. p. 571,) is laid in fable." According to Adam de Cardonnel, (*Picturesque Antiquities*,) William de Sancto Claro, son of Waldernus Comte de St Clare, who came to England with William the Conqueror, obtained from King Malcolm Canmore a grant of the lands and barony of Roslin.

II.

Where hurries so fast the hench-
man?

His steed seems froth'd with spray;
To Newbottle's shrine, 'mid the dawn-
ing lone,

He speeds his onward way.

From grey Caerbarrin's walls he came,*
By Smeaton Shaw, through Colden
Wood,

And up thy royal way, Derstrette,†

His path he hath pursued—

Until, upon its flowery lawn,

By murmuring Esk's enamour'd
side,

The Abbey's grand and massive walls,
Were 'mid its groves espied.‡

III.

"Awake," he cries, as loudly he knocks,

"Ho! arise, and haste with me;

For soon, alas, Caerbarrin's lord
Among the dead must be!"

Then forth outspake the abbot grey

From his couch, as he arose,

"Alack! thou bring'st us evil news,

For thy lord he was of those

Who dower'd our church with goodly
lands,

And his sword hath ever been,

For Scotland's glory and for ours,

At the call, unsheath'd and keen.

IV.

"But the best are aye the first to die,

This sinful earth is not their place;

Sure is the passage of the good—

Mary Mother yield them grace!

Then rest thee in our porter's keep,

While our brother Francis will repa-

To the house of woe, and soothe the sou-

Of the dying man with prayer!"

Hawthornden and Roslin are associated with many bright names in literature—Drummond, Ben Jonson, Ramsay, Macneil, Scott, Wilson, and Wordsworth.

* Chalmers traces back the name "*Caerbairin*," to the time of the ancient Britons, and instances the modern one "*Carberry*," to show how English adjuncts have been engrafted on British roots.

Every reader of Scottish history will remember that it was on the rising ground above the fortalice of Carberry, that Mary and Bothwell awaited the approach of the confederate lords; and that there they were parted, never to meet again.

† During the Scoto-Saxon period, the king's highways are often mentioned in chartularies, as local boundaries. In that of Newbottle we find reference made to a *regia via*, leading from the village of Ford to the Abbey, in a charter of Hugh Riddel, in the time of Alexander III., (chart. 22.) The king's highway from the same Abbey to Edinburgh in 1252, is also there mentioned, (16;.) and Gervaise, the abbot, in his charter, (*Ib.* 163,) alludes to a certain road called *Derstrette*, near Colden, in the district of Inveresk. Near the same locality there is now a place called *D'Arcy*, which I have little doubt is a corruption of the ancient appellation.

‡ Newbottle Abbey was beautifully situated on the banks of the South Esk, nearly on the same site as the modern mansion of the Marquis of Lothian, who is a descendant of the last abbot. It was founded by that "sore saint for the crown," King David I., in the year 1140. "The monks," says Bishop Keith, "were brought from Melrose, together with their abbot, Radulphus. Patrick Madort, a learned divine, who is mentioned from the year 1462 until 1470, recovered a great number of original writs and charters belonging to this place, which were transcribed into a chartulary, which is now in the Advocates' Library."—*Religious Houses*, p. 417. *Ed.* 1824.

The only relics of antiquity now about the place, are the remains of the stone inclosure which surrounded the Abbey, still called Monkland Wall—a striking and venerable gateway, surmounted by its time-worn lions; a solemn line of yew-trees; and a doorway, amid the lawn to the east, said to be the entrance of a subterranean passage to the old Abbey.

Many of the trees in the park are beautiful and majestic, especially some of the planes and elms; and a beech, in the neighbourhood of the house, measures twenty-two feet in circumference, at a yard from the ground. It contains nine hundred cubic feet of wood, and its branches cover a circle of thirty-three feet diameter.

The remains of monastic architecture now seen at Newbottle, are said to have been brought by the late Marquis from the ruins at Mount Teviot. They are beautiful and interesting.

We should also state, in referring to the antiquities of the place, that a little below the Abbey there is a venerable bridge over the Esk, rudely built, and overspread with ivy, which has long survived all accounts of its age and founder.

The present parish of Newbottle consists of the ancient parish of Maisterton, and the Abbey parish. During the Scoto-Saxon period, the patronage of Maisterton was possessed by the lord of the manor. Near the end of the thirteenth century this belonged to Robert de Rossine, knight, whose daughters, Mariot and Ada, resigned it to the monks of Newbottle, with two-thirds of their estates.

The henchman sate him down to rest,
And wiped the toil-drops from his brow ;
While in hurry and haste, on shrieving quest,
The Frere was bounne to ride and go.

v.

Through the green woodlands spurr'd
the monk—
The morningsun was shining bright,
Upon his bosom lay the Book,*
Under his cloak of white ;
Before him, in the pleasant prime,
The willow'd stream meandering flow'd—
From wildflowers by the pathway side,
The gallant heathcock crow'd ;
Glisten'd the dew on the harebells blue—
And, as the west wind murmur'd by,
From yellow broom stole forth perfume,
As from gardens of Araby.

vi.

Now lay his road by beechen groves—
Now by daisied pastures green,
And now, from the vista'd mountain road,
The shores of Fife were seen ;—
And now Dalcaeth behind him lay ; †

And now its castle, whence the Græme
Sent forth his clump of Borderspears,
The vaunting Gael to tame ;
Now by coppice and corn he urged his steed,
Now by dingle wild and by dell,
Where down by Cousland's limestone rocks
The living waters well.

vii.

Then he came to a clump of oak-trees hoar,
Half over the steep road hung,
When up at once to his bridle rein
The arm of a warrior sprung ;
With sudden jerk, the startled steed
Swerved aside with bristling mane :
“ Now halt thee, Frere, and rest thee here,
Till I hither return again.
I know thine errand—dismount, dismount—
That errand for thee I'll do ;
But, if thou stirrest till I return,
Such rashness thou shalt rue !

viii.

“ Then doff to me thy mantle white,
And eke thy hood of black ; ‡
And crouch thee amid these brackens green,
To the left, till I come back.”

* “ Much he marvell'd a knight of pride
Like a book-bosom'd priest should ride.”

So says Sir Walter Scott, (*Lay*, canto iii. stanza 8.) and, in annotation, quotes from a MS. Account of Parish of Ewes, apud Macfarlane's MSS. :—“ At Unthank, two miles north-east from the church, (of Ewes,) there are the ruins of a chapel for Divine service in time of Popery. There is a tradition that friars were wont to come from Melrose or Jedburgh, to baptize and marry in this parish ; and, from being in use to carry the mass-book in their bosoms, they were called by the inhabitants “ *Book a-bosomes*.”

† *Dalcaeth*, in the Celtic, means the narrow dale.—*Vide* Richard and Owen's Dictionary, in voce *Caeth*. Dalkeith, as a parish, does not appear in the ancient *Taxatio*. Indeed, as such, it did not then exist ; but as the manor of Dalkeith, as well as that of Abercorn, was granted by David I. to William de Grahame, it is easily to be supposed, that, being an opulent family, they had a chapel to their court. “ No memorial remains of the Grahames, unless the fading traditions of the place, and two curious but wasted tombstones, which lie within the circuit of the old church. They represent knights in chain armour, lying cross-legged upon their monuments, like those ancient and curious figures on the tombs in the Temple Church, London.”—*Provincial Antiquities of Scotland*. From *Robertson's Index*, 40–44 ; and from the *Douglas Peerage*, 489, we find, that in the reign of David II., John de Grahame of Dalkeith resigned the manor, with its pertinents, to William Douglas, the heir of Sir James Douglas of Lothian, in marriage with his daughter Margaret. Dalcaeth is first written Dalkeith in a charter of Robert the Bruce. It is proper to mention, however, that Froissart, who himself visited the Earl of Douglas at his castle of Dalkeith, has the following passage, in mentioning the single combat between the Earl and Sir Henry Percy, at the barriers of Newcastle. The former having, by force of arms, won the banner of the latter, is thus made to say :—“ I shall bear this token of your prowess into Scotland, and shall set it high on my castle of Dalkeith, (D'Alquest) that it may be seen afar off.”—*Froissart, Berners' Reprint*, 1812. Vol. ii. p. 393.

‡ The monks of Newbottle were of the Cistercian order. “ They were called *Monachi Albi*,” says Cardonnell, “ to distinguish them from the *Benedictines*, whose

"Oh! bethink thee, Knight," the good
Frere said,
"I should kneel by his couch and
pray;
How awful it is for the soul of man
Unanneal'd to pass away!
How awful it is, with sins unshrived,
To pass from the bed of pain!
Caerbarrin's chief may a dead man
be,
Ere thou comest hither again!"

IX.
He must needs obey, he durst not say
nay,
That monk to the warrior stern;
His corset unlaced, and his helm un-
braced,
Down rattled among the fern:

And he hath mounted the Frere's
good steed,
Clad in mantle and cowl he rode,
Till 'neath him, on its own green knoll,
Caerbarrin's turrets glow'd.*
Caerbarrin! famed by History's pen
In Scotland's later day,
When Bothwell fled, and Mary was led
In weeping beauty away.

X.
The warder hail'd him from the keep,
As through the forest of oak he hied,
Now down the path, by the winding
strath,
That leads from Chalkyside,
"Speed, speed thee!" cried the por-
ter old,
As the portals wide he threw;

habit was entirely black; whereas the Cisterians wore a black cowl and scapular, and all their other clothes were white. They had the name of *Cisterians*, from their chief house and monasteries, *Cisterium*, in Burgundy; and *Bernardines*, from St Bernard, who, with a number of his followers, retired to the monastery, and was afterwards called Abbot of Clairvoux."—*Picturesque Antiquities*, Part I., p. 12–13; and *Keith's Bishops*, p. 415.

There were thirteen monasteries of the Cisterian order in Scotland, among which were Melrose, Dundrennan, Culross, Sweetheart, and Glenluce.

* The ancient history of the lands of Carberry is lost in obscurity. The lower rooms of the square tower are strongly arched, and evidently of great age. At the time of the Duke of Somerset's expedition it was the property of Mr Hugh Rigg, the king's advocate, who is more than once mentioned in the histories of Knox and Pittscottie. We observe also, from the *Inquisitiones Speciales*, that the property was conveyed to several subsequent generations of the same family—from whom it passed to the Dicksons—of whom we find that, during the Rebellion of 1745, Sir Robert was chief baillie of Musselburgh.

The assumption of the lords of this wealthy district having been donors to the Abbey of Newbottle, however unwarranted by record, is far from unlikely, the practice having been a common one with the wealthy for very weighty reasons.

In 1184, as we learn from the Chartulary of Newbottle, (71,) Robert de Quincey, the father of our hero, granted to the monks of the Abbey the lands of Preston, where they formed an agricultural establishment—hence called Prestongrange—with common of pasture for ten sheep, and a sufficiency of oxen to cultivate their grange. Seyer de Quincey confirmed to the monks all these privileges gifted by his father, by which confirmation we learn that their lands of Preston were bounded on the west by the rivulet of Pinkie, in his manor of Travernent.

A curious fact is also ascertained by these charters of the De Quinceys, which is the date at which coals were first worked in Scotland; and, in contradiction to the pretensions of Fifeshire, this appears to have taken place on this spot. The charter of Robert grants to the monks the right of *digging peats* and of *cutting wood* for fuel; whereas, in that of his son Seyer, we find the addition of "*carbonarium et quararium*," with free access to, and recess from the same by the sea.

"This charter," (that of Seyer,) says Chalmers in his erudite *Caledonia*, Vol. II., p. 486, "must necessarily have been granted between the years 1202 and 1218, as it is witnessed by William, who became Bishop of St Andrew's in 1202, and was granted by Seyer de Quincey, who set out for the Holy Land in 1218, where he died in the subsequent year."

From Keith's *Scottish Bishops*, p. 15, we learn that William Malvoisine was translated from the see of Glasgow to that of St Andrew's in 1202. It is also added, on the authority of the *Chart. of Dumfermline*, that he was "contemporary with Pope Honorius and Sayerus de Quincey."

In connexion with the same family, we also find from the Chartulary of Newbottle, that Elena, the youngest daughter of Roger de Quincey, the Constable of Scotland,

"Speed, speed thee!" cried the sentinel,
The court as he pass'd through;
And "Speed thee!" echo'd the senechal,

As he show'd the way before,—
"For much I fear, most holy Frere,
That the struggle shall soon be o'er."

FITTE THIRD.

I.
Bright on Caerbarrin shines the sun,
But all within is woe and gloom;
For there Sir Malcolm bends in death—
Before him yawns the tomb!
Unfolded were the chamber doors,
Where moan'd he, stretch'd in prone decay;
And his rattling breath spake of coming death,
As life's sands ebb'd away;
But, when the mantled Monk he saw,
On his arm he strove to rise,
And the light, that erst was waning fast,
Flash'd back to his sunken eyes.

II.
"Welcome! holy Father," he said,
In accents fond, but low and weak—
"I would pour my sins in thy pitying ear,
And absolution seek;
For I have been a sinful man,
And repent me of my sin;
Yet, as pass the hopes of life away,
The terrors of death begin;
But chiefly would I tell to thee
My crime of the blackest dye,
Which a sea of tears might scarce wash out,
Though I could weep it dry!

III.
"A gentle ladye my kinsman loved,
And before he cross'd the sea,
To combat afar with the Saracen,
He trust reposed in me;

But a demon held my soul in thrall,
And evil thoughts within me brew'd;
So, instead of nursing her love for him,
Her hand for myself I woo'd.
I threw forth doubts, that only were
The coinage of my brain,
I praised her high fidelity,
Yet mourn'd that her love was vain!"

IV.
Upstart'd the Frere;—"Ah! holy man,
Yet the worst I have not told;
In me—though sprung from noblest blood—
A perjured wretch behold!—
For my love that ladye no love return'd,
Although, with hellish sleight,
We forged a cartel, whose purport show'd
That De Quincey had fallen in fight.
Yes! my suit that lofty ladye scorn'd—
More distant she look'd and cold;
And for my love no love return'd,
Though I woo'd her with gifts and gold!"

V.
Uprose the Frere;—"Nay, sit thee down—
Not mine was the guilt alone:
Father Francis was the clerke thereof,
And his Abbey is your own!
To fair Elena's hand that scroll he bore,
Then she folded her palms, and sigh'd;
And she said, 'Since true he has died to me,
I will be no other's bride!'

married Alan la Zouche, an English baron, and that in the division of his great estates among his three daughters, the barony of Heriot fell to her share; and that, in her great liberality, she granted to the monks of Newbottle the church of "Heryeth," with the tithes and other rights.—(Chart. 270.)

The lands themselves of Heryeth were afterwards acquired by the monks; but whether from the liberality of Elena, or from her son La Zouche, who lost his estates in the succession wars, does not appear.

Such transfers of property to religious houses were of common occurrence. We have already alluded to the cession of Maister-ton, by the daughters of Sir Robert de Rossine—Mariot, who married Neil de Carrick, and Ada, the wife of Gilbert de Ayton—in 1320; and from the Chartulary of Newbottle we learn, that the monks had various lands in Clydesdale; in order to have easy access to which, they obtained, from various proprietors in Mid and West Lothian, special grants of free passage to these distant granges.—(Chart. 218 to 227, and 240.)

In conclusion we may add, as showing the extensive possessions at this early period of the De Quincey family, that Roger de Quincey, Earl of Winton, gave also to the canons of Dryburgh a toft "*in villa de Hadintune*."—(Chart. Dryb. 106.)

Still woo'd I her in her mourning
weeds,
Till she show'd a poniard bare,
And wildly vow'd—if again I vex'd
Her heart—to plunge it there!

VI.

“Day after day, ray after ray,
She waned like an autumn sun,
When droop the flowers, 'mid yellow
bowers,
And the waters wailing run :—
Day after day, like a broken rosebud,
She wither'd and she waned,
Till, of her beauty and wonted bloom,
But feeble trace remain'd :—
Then seem'd she, like some saintly
form,
Too pure for the gazer's eye,
Melting away, from our earthly day,
To her element—the sky!

VII.

“She died—and then I felt remorse—
But how could I atone?
And I shook, when, by her breathless
corse,
In silence I stood alone :—
Yes! when I saw my victim lie,
Untimely, in her swathing shroud,
The weight of my burden'd conscience
hung
Upon me like a cloud!
There was no light—and all was
night,
And storm, and darkness drear;
By day 'twas joyless, and my sleep
Was haunted by forms of fear!

VIII.

“Lonely I stray'd, until, dismay'd,
I sought the feast, where mirth was
none,
Only to find that man is mind,
And form and features dust alone.
Yes—of my kinsman oft I dreamt—
Of his woe, and his vengeance dire,
Till yesternight he cross'd my sight,
Like a demon in his ire.
I had not heard of his home return—
Like a spectre there he stood—
Appall'd I sank, and his falchion drank
Deeply my forfeit blood.

IX.

“Oh! grant remission of my sins,
A contrite, humbled man I die!”

Ere yet the words were out, the monk
Beheld his glazing eye;
And rising away from the couch, he
said—

“May Heaven forgive my vow!”
With horror thrill'd his yielding frame,
And he smote his bursting brow:
Then pass'd he from the chamber
forth,
And in silence from the gate,
And off to the south, through the
steep hill pass,
On his steed he journey'd straight.

X.

A weight of woe is at his heart,
Despair's grey cloud is on his brow,
For hope and fear both disappear
In that absorbing now!
The world is one vast wilderness,
Vain all its pomp, its honours vain;
De Quincey sigh'd, and onwards pass'd
Slowly with slacken'd rein;
Thus wound he down through Cous-
land glen,
O'erhung with willows grey,
Until he came to the brackens green
Wherein Father Francis lay.

XI.

“Ho! Frere, arise! Thy cloak and
cowl
Have done their office meet.”
Father Francis sprang from his lurk-
ing-place,
And stood at the warrior's feet.
“Now, tell me,” cried De Quincey,
fierce,
“For thou art learn'd in lore,
What the meaning of this riddle is
That a bird unto me bore—
A lady in her chamber mourn'd,
Her true knight he was abroad,
Fighting afar with the Saracen,
Under the Cross of God!

XII.

“A false Friend, and a falsèr Frere,
Combined to shake her faith;
They forged—ah! wherefore dost thou
fear?
Base caitiff, take thy death!”
The knight he struck him to the heart,
Through the branches with a crash;
Down reel'd the corse, and in the
swamp
Sank with a sullen dash.*

* Cousland-dean, a ravine of considerable depth, which commences where the highway from Dalkeith branches off towards Pathhead on the right, and towards Inveresk on the left, although now partially drained, shows every indication of having been in the olden time a wide and extensive morass; and, at its narrowest points, is

" Thus perish all, who would onthrall
The guileless and the true ;
Yet on head of mine no more shall
shine
The sun from his path of blue .

XIII.

" No more on me shall pleasure smile—
A heartless, hopeless man ;
The tempest's clouds of misery
Have darken'd for aye my span.

Farewell—farewell ! my native land,
Hill, valley, stream, and strath ;
And thou, who held my heart's com-
mand,
And ye who cross'd my path.
Blow, blow ye winds ! in fury blow,
And waft us from this baleful shore ;
Rise, rise, ye billows, and bear us
along,
Who hither return no more ! " *

still spanned by two bridges, one of considerable antiquity. Indeed, the traces of the water-course are still evident from behind Chalkyside, on the west, running eastwards along the hollow, midway between Elphinstone Tower and Cousland Park, where it still assumes the form of a rivulet.

* In the grants made by Seyer de Quincey to the Abbey of Newbottle, mention is made of " his baronies of Preston and Tranent, bounded on the west by the rivulet of Pinkie." We find also, that Falsyde and Elphinstone were in his possession ; and he is elsewhere styled Earl of Wyntoun, (*Caledonia*, vol. ii. 486, Note 6,) a proof that the barony of that name formed also a part of his immense possessions. It is not a little curious, therefore, that a charter of King William, the brother of Malcolm, surnamed the Maiden, should be still extant, wherein, in the thirteenth year of that monarch's reign, he makes confirmation to Phillip de Seytune of the lands of Seytoun, Wintoun, and Winchelburgh, (*nunc* Winchburgh,) " quhilk," as Sir Richard Maitland observes, (*Historie*, p. 17,) " was auld heretage of befor, as the said charter testifies."

" Willielmus, Dei gra. rex Scotorum, &c. Sciatis presentis et futuri, me concessisse, et hac carta mea confirmasse, Phillippo de Seytune, terram *quæ fuit patris sui* ; scilicet, Seytune, et Wintune, et Winchilburgh, tenendam sibi et heredibus suis de me et heredibus meis, in fædo et hæreditate," &c.

Philip de Seytune was succeeded, on his death, by his son Alexander ; and, by another singular preservation, we have, in the forty-sixth year of the same king, another royal charter of infeftment of the same lands. It is nearly in the same words ; and, strange to say, two of the witnesses to it are Robert de Quincey and Henry de Quincey. Both of these charters are printed in Dr M'Kenzie's " *Lives of Scottish Writers*." They have also been transcribed by the author, or rather compiler of the *Diplomata Scotie*, which transcripts are still preserved, being now, or lately, in the possession of Mr Dillon, a member of the Maitland Club.

In the succession wars, the De Quincey family took side with Baliol, and the Setons with Bruce. Sir Christopher, or Chrystal Seton saved the life of that great man at the disastrous battle of Methven ; and afterwards married his sister. On the accession of Bruce to the throne, the estates of the De Quinceys, being declared forfeited, were conferred on the Setons ; and in Sir Richard Maitland's Chronicle we find, that " the said King Robert gave to the said Alexander (Seton) the barony of Tranent, with the tenendury thairrof for the tyme, viz. Falsyde mylis and Elphinstoun, as the charteris testifis, given thairupoun." The " landis of Dundas and Cragye " were also bestowed upon him, " for service done by his father and himself, with the landes and barony of Barnis, aboue Hadingtoun, with dyuers uther landis, quhilk I omit for schortnes."—*Glasgow Reprint*, 1829, p. 21.

For centuries the name of De Quincey hath perished from out the rich and extensive district which owned its sway ; and, in contemplating the destinies of this once great family, how apposite is the exclamation of Claudian—

—" Tolluntur in altum
Ut lapæu graviore ruant ! "

LOUIS-PHILIPPE.

THE King of the French is now the most important man in Europe. Independence, vigour, and integrity may make him the preserver of his country from a war which would destroy her commerce, unloose the wildness of democracy, and finish by her ruin. Vanity is the passion of the Frenchman, and it is also his punishment. He is always eager for war. The cause is indifferent to him,—it may be just, it may be unjust, it is all the same to this thirster for tumult,—it may be a ridiculous quarrel, or a deep and bloody resolution of vengeance, it is all the same. The touch of a fan by a Dey of Algiers has been turned into a pretext for invading Africa, slaughtering thousands of the unfortunate and brave peasantry, slaughtering thousands, too, of the unfortunate and brave soldiery of France, expending millions of treasure, and sending fifty thousand troops to make campaigns in a land where they possess nothing beyond the range of a cannon-shot, and from which they will never return. But the tap of a fan on the cheek of a coxcomb consul was enough; it served as a pretext. Apology on apology was offered by the Dey and by the Sultan, but the pretext was not to be abandoned; the expedition was already resolved on, and a war was begun, which will yet eat into the bowels of France.

The Egyptian question is now the grand offence. The whole population of France is stalking about in all the attitudes of insulted dignity; and from the beggar on the highway to the candidate for the smiles of the Minister, all are exclaiming that France is insulted, and that the insult can be wiped out by blood alone. In the mock-heroics of a French opera, the nation mounts its helmet and plumes, harangues on the impossibility of living without "glory," and while the "fortifications of Paris" are growing before its eyes, ridiculously demands the conquest of the world.

Nothing can give a more powerful and painful evidence of the want of moral education among the people, than the universality of this outcry. Of all the journals of Paris and the provinces, but one has ventured to doubt whether war is not an evil—

whether a great neighbouring country is not better as a friend than as an enemy—and whether the blood and misery of the living generation is not a heavy purchase for the shame, the astonishment, and the curse of posterity. That paper, the *Journal des Debats*, is presumed to speak the opinion of the King; if it does so, Louis-Philippe is the only rational man in his dominions.

But this clamour is still more characteristic, from its total opposition to the palpable interests of the countless majority of the nation. The Revolution of 1789, though it inflicted immeasurable evils in its progress, yet left one good behind; it broke up the immense inheritances of the nobles, and established a class of small proprietors, capable of constituting a vigorous yeomanry. To those men the idea of change must be full of danger. The peace of the last quarter of a century, too, has raised a race of merchants, has extended manufactures, and has largely promoted the agriculture of France. It has even made Paris the centre of a great money trade, which largely influences the exchanges of Europe, and renders the resources of the national credit available throughout the world. Interests of this order must be threatened with instant ruin by war; yet those proprietors, merchants, and bankers have not uttered a syllable, have not dared to utter a syllable, or, having suffered themselves to be blinded by the national glare of conquest, have joined their voices to the general chorus of the national frenzy.

The still darker feature of this fury is, that it is all directed upon England. Russia may invade Turkey; Austria may keep Italy in bonds; Prussia may tantalize the avidity of France by the retention of the Rhenish provinces; but England, which has seized nothing, which asks nothing, and which has neither inclination to offer insult, nor intention to make war, is the country on which the vials of French indignation are to be poured out. The British shores alone are gazed on with a malignant eye; and the bitterest wish of the heart is not too bitter for the national rage against a country which has, since the peace, poured out mil-

lions of its money into the bosom of France; has cultivated all the relations of amity with it in a degree more intimate than any other people; has borne its pettishnesses and follies with good-natured patience; and, to this hour, is enduring its wilful absurdities and petulant provocations with a quietude which amounts to national generosity. Yet what does all this clamour betray but a consciousness of inferiority? Those are the outcries of recollection,—the groans of faction trampled under the foot of the British soldier—the involuntary tribute to Waterloo.

Louis-Philippe now stands forth the sole barrier to France against her own frenzy. The popular cry, the provincial parties, even the journals of his own Ministers, assail him. Yet he has hitherto stood firm. The position becomes a king, but a patriot still more. He might survive a war, but the monarchy and the constitution would run the most extreme peril. On the manly firmness with which he shall show himself the ruler of opinion during the next six months, may depend a question higher than even that of peace or war—the question whether France shall not be revolutionized, her government inflamed into a fierce, loose, and desperate democracy, and the final punishment inflicted on its political crimes in a new invasion of the armies of Europe, a total partition of her territory, and the extinction of her power of evil for ever among nations.

Let France remember that she has never roused Europe but to be driven back with ignominy; that she has never grasped the territory of any neighbouring power for the last three hundred years, but to be forced to relinquish it in the midst of national disaster; and, above all, that from the earliest ages, from the days of the Edwards and Henries, she has never been engaged in war with this country, but to feel the heavy sword of England in her vitals. In all our national wars France has been beaten. She was beaten in the last century with Louis the Fourteenth, the most powerful of despots, at her head. She was beaten in this century, with Napoleon, the most daring of soldiers, at her head; and, when the one saw the English light troops at the gates of Versailles, and the other saw two capitulations of Paris, where is the ground for despi-

sing the chances of a new retribution?
Deus avertat omen!

We have taken the following pictures of the history and habits of the French king, chiefly from a work attributed to the pen of the American Minister in Paris, General Cass. The author writes too much with the soreness which has been so often remarked as at once so childish, and so inseparable from his countrymen. But his opportunities obviously gave him some advantage in the delineation of the royal circumstances and character.

Louis-Philippe was born October 6, 1773; he is consequently sixty-seven. But his health is vigorous, and he has no marks of either age or indolence. His countenance is familiar to us from his pictures, and is manly, open, and good-humoured. His frame is largely moulded, but he moves with much ease. On the whole, he has much more the look of a prosperous and healthy English gentleman, than of a foreigner. He speaks and writes English very well, and is acquainted with several of the continental languages;—a rather rare acquisition in a country which thinks “French sufficient for every want, and every region of mankind.” He has also the unusual merit, in a land where opera-dancers and singers reign triumphant, to respect domestic morality—to be as good a husband as he is an affectionate father; and thus to set an example, which is as much a rebuke to his predecessors as it is thrown away upon his people.

An anecdote, highly honourable to his sense of public duty, is mentioned on the authority of Stevenson, the American envoy in London. Some extraordinary occurrence having called a French statesman to the palace as late as two o'clock in the morning, he found the King in his cabinet, examining the case of a man condemned to execution. The envoy afterwards ascertained that the King keeps a register recording the name of every person capitally condemned, the decision, and its reasons. Frequently, in the still hours of the night, he performs the task of investigating those cases, and adds to the record the circumstances which influenced his decision.

The envoy probably did not know, that the great and good George III. had pursued nearly the same practice fifty years before; weighed the evi-

dence with the deepest anxiety; and generally shut himself up in his cabinet at Windsor, (it was presumed in prayer,) during the hour appointed for the execution in London.

The early career of Louis-Philippe seems to have been intended to prepare him for the rank which he now holds. The best teacher of princes is clearly adversity. Swift, with dexterous sarcasm, says, that "riding is the only thing which princes ever do well, because *horses* are no *flatterers*." The horrors of the Revolution may be now assisting him to some of that anti-revolutionary wisdom, of which he appears the only present possessor in France. But the difficulties of his early years unquestionably furnished a school in which vigilance, activity, and firmness were the natural lessons. The unhappy politics of his father involved the young prince in the Revolutionary cause. He joined the army, and served with distinction in the invasion of Flanders under Dumourier.

An interesting anecdote connected with this part of his life, was mentioned by the King in an address to his officers, at one of the reviews at Fontainebleau, as an encouragement to good conduct. Among the manœuvres performed at the camp, was the formation of a square to resist the charges of cavalry, the King and his *cortège* taking their places within the square, as is done upon the field when necessary. In his address to his officers, the King remarked that, in 1792, a charge of the Austrian cavalry, in one of the battles on the northern frontier, had compelled a part of the division to perform a similar square, into which he threw himself, and repulsed the enemy. "In the ranks of that square," said the King, "were two private soldiers; and now, full of honours and years, they are present upon the ground." One of them was Marshal Gerard.

Soult had also been a private soldier. A debate having taken place in the Chamber of Peers, in which it was said the Order of St Louis was never given to private soldiers, Soult stated, on his personal knowledge, that the *croix* was occasionally so given for distinguished services. "I myself," said he, "was a private soldier for six years before the Revolution, and all my aspirations were bounded by a hope of obtaining this distinction."

He was then a Marshal of France, Minister of Foreign Affairs, President of the Council, and acknowledged the first general of the kingdom.

As the reign of terror advanced, the suspicions of the Jacobins in Paris were turned more dangerously on the young Duke of Orleans. He was then a mere boy; but the blood-royal of France was every where obnoxious, and the guillotine would evidently have been his portion, but for the activity of his escape. He fled into Switzerland, and being wholly destitute of pecuniary resources, and also knowing the necessity for disguise, he became a public professor at an establishment for education at Reichenau. Here he remained eight months, teaching geography, history, the French and English languages, and mathematics. Previously to admission, he underwent a severe and satisfactory examination; and, on quitting the professorship, he received a certificate acknowledging his services. He was then but twenty-two years of age, and he not only managed to preserve his incognito, but was elected a deputy to the Assembly at Coire. He was, however, still anxious to join the army, and left Switzerland to act as aide-de-camp under General Montesquieu, with whom he remained till 1794; but the Jacobins again menaced his life, and he finally abandoned France. He now repaired to Hamburg, thence travelled to Denmark and Sweden, and settled in Norway, at Christiana. There, a curious circumstance occurred, to startle him with fear of discovery. One day, when about to return with a family from the country, he heard one of the party call aloud,—

"The carriage of the Duke of Orleans!"

His first impression was, that he was recognised; but preserving his presence of mind, and first trying his ground—"Why," said he to the person in question, "did you call on the carriage of the Duke of Orleans, and what connexion have you with the Prince?"

"None at all," was the tranquilizing answer; "but when I was at Paris, whenever I came from the opera, I heard them calling out 'the carriage of the Duke of Orleans.' Having been more than once stunned with the noise, I just took it into my head to repeat the call."

From Norway he advanced into the country of the Laplanders, and traversed on foot the land extending to the head of the Gulf of Bothnia. He then returned to Denmark, still under an assumed name; but having made up his mind not to serve against France, he declined an invitation to join the army of the Prince of Condé. But the condition of things in France was horrible, and he had to taste of its bitterness. His father had died upon the scaffold, his mother had been imprisoned at Marseilles, and his two brothers had been dungeoned at Marseilles, where they were treated with Republican cruelty. The Duke still contrived to evade pursuit; but this only rendered him a stronger object of suspicion to the men of blood. At length a communication was opened between the Directory and the Duchess of Orleans, stating that if she could find out her eldest son, and induce him to leave Europe altogether and go to America, her own condition would be rendered more tolerable, the sequestration removed from her property, and his two brothers be permitted to rejoin him. To this proposal the Duchess assented, and wrote him a letter recommending its acceptance, and adding—"May the prospect of relieving the sufferings of your poor mother, of rendering the situation of your brothers less painful, and of contributing to give quiet to your country, recompense your generosity."

His answer was in the spirit of filial duty. He acceded to her request, and concluded by saying—"When my dear mother shall receive this letter, her orders will be executed, and I shall have sailed for the United States."

The ship "*American*," Captain Ewing, a regular trader between Philadelphia and Hamburg, was then lying in the Elbe, preparing for her departure. The Prince, passing for a Dane, engaged his passage for the usual amount, (at that time thirty-five guineas.) He found here some of the natural inconveniences of secrecy. Being anxious to avoid observation in Hamburg, he asked permission of the captain to be received on board, and remain a few days before his departure. This demand made the captain conceive that he was embarking an escaped swindler; but, after some re-

luctance, he complied. Late in the night before the ship sailed, when the Prince had gone to bed, an elderly Frenchman, who was to be his only fellow-passenger, came on board. This old personage not only found fault with every thing, but was shocked at finding that his little English could not help him. He called for an interpreter, and in the morning, seeing the Prince, and telling him that "he spoke French very well for a *Dane*," installed him in the office. This curious personage, a French planter returning to St Domingo, probably helped to lighten the weariness of the voyage to him, by the employment. The vessel reached the Delaware after a passage of twenty-seven days. On nearing the American coast, the Prince told the captain who he was, and the captain returned this confidence by another—the acknowledgment, that *he* had supposed him to be committed in some gambling transaction, which compelled him to fly from Europe! The old gentleman, however, was left in ignorance until he heard the news in public, when he called to express his surprise and to pay his congratulations.

Philadelphia was at this period the seat of the Federal Government, with Washington for its President. The Prince's two brothers had arrived, after an exhausting passage of ninety-three days, which alarmed him with the idea that they had been lost, or again seized by the Directory. The three young strangers were presented to Washington, who invited them to Mount Vernon. The King describes his manners as they have been described by others—he was comparatively silent, methodical in his division of time, and careful in its use. The arrangement of his household was that of a wealthy Virginia gentleman of the old school—unostentatious, comfortable, and leaving his guests to fill up their hours as they thought fit, but at the same time providing whatever was necessary for pleasant employment. One morning, after the usual salutations, the Prince asked him how he had slept on the preceding night. It is probable that his thoughts might have turned upon the evils of the republican press. "I always sleep well," said he, "for I never wrote a word in my life which I afterwards had reason to regret."

From Mount Vernon the brothers

set out on horseback, with nothing but their saddle-bags to supply them, during a journey through the "western country." Washington gave them an itinerary, and they penetrated the country to a great extent—in those days of the Wilderness and the Indian, a bold enterprise. This excursion took up four months, and they travelled about three thousand miles. A fragment of a letter from one of the brothers, the Duc de Montpensier, gives a formidable conception of their experience. It is written to his sister, the Princess Adelaide of Orleans. "To give you an idea of the agreeable manner in which they travel in this country, I shall tell you that we passed fourteen nights in the woods, devoured by all kinds of insects, after being wet to the bone, without being able to dry ourselves, and eating pork, and sometimes a little salt beef and Indian corn bread."

At New York they learned that fortune had not yet grown weary of persecuting their family, a decree having been issued for the expulsion of all the Bourbons from France. The Duchess of Orleans was thus driven to take refuge in Spain, where her sons now prepared to join her. But the American seas being obstructed by French vessels, they set out for the Havannah. On the way the Prince exhibited his skill in the art of surgery, so much to the admiration of a party of settlers going to the West, that they proposed to him to go along with them, and offered him the appointment of surgeon to the village!

They embarked from New Orleans in an American vessel for the Havannah. On their passage they were chased by a frigate under the tricolored flag. This was an anxious moment; for, if found on board the American by a ship of the Republic, they could expect nothing but to be carried to France, and there to share the common fate of the French nobility. But to their great joy they found that the frigate was English, were welcomed on board by the gallant captain, treated with the attention due to their rank and misfortunes, and by him carried to the Havannah.

On his return to Europe, the Duke found his relatives, the royal family of Naples, in Sicily, fugitives like himself. There he married their eldest princess, to whom, after a union

of thirty years, he exhibits unabated respect and attachment.

The public etiquette of the French court now probably approaches as near as possible to the just medium between republican rudeness and sullen and frigid formality. Yet there was something more to be said for the old etiquette of European courts than its tiresome pomp. Many of the observances were historic. Some were connected with memorable achievements of the monarch or the nation, and some were adopted, with no unwise policy, to repress the forwardness which the life of courts generated in the gay and the arrogant who form the familiar circle of the sovereign. But they are every where yielding to time, the only safe corrector of the follies of mankind. It was in Spain, where the natural love of the nation for the solemn, the pompous, and the lofty, was shaped into rigour by the Bourbons, that etiquette was systematic and supreme.

A scene in one of Victor Hugo's plays, *Ruy Blas*, is amusing from its caricature of this iron slavery. The Queen is surrounded by her ladies of honour.

The Queen. "I wish to go out."

The Duchess of Albuquerque, with a profound salutation. "When the Queen goes out, each door must be opened by a grandee of Spain having a right to carry a key. Such is the rule. But no grandee can be present at the palace at this hour."

The Queen. "Then I am shut up! I am to be killed!"

The Duchess, with another reverence. "I am camerara mayor: I fulfil the dictates of my office."

The Queen, after a moment of silence. "Quick, my ladies, bring cards, and let us play."

The Duchess, to the ladies—"Don't move, ladies." Then, rising and making a reverence to the Queen, she adds, "Her majesty cannot play, according to the established ceremonial, except with kings or the relations of kings."

The Queen, in a passion. "Well, bring those relations."

The Duchess, making the sign of the cross. "God has not given any to the reigning king. The Queen-mother is dead, and he is alone at present."

The Queen. "Let them serve me

with something to eat. Casilda, I invite you to eat with me."

The *Duchess*, making a reverence. "When the king is not present, the queen eats alone."

The *Queen*, losing all patience. "Oh, heavens! what shall I do? I can't go out, nor play, nor eat as I would. One year as a queen would be enough to kill me."

A song is heard outside the palace.

The *Queen* to Casilda. "The forest is not thick here; this window looks out on the country. Let us try to see the singers."

The *Duchess*, making a reverence. "A Queen of Spain ought not to look out of the window."

Pleasantries of this kind are the natural work of poets. And, it may be allowed, that the subject was a fertile one. There are some stories on record which justify the extreme of ridicule. On the marriage of a French princess to (we think) the grandfather of the late King of Spain, one of the French towns, on her route, presented her with an address of congratulation, and (the town being famous for the manufacture of silk stockings) some pairs of its finest fabric. The address was suffered, by the escort of grantees, to approach her majesty; but, at the sight of the stockings, all started back in a shudder. When they had at length recovered their speech, the chief grantee solemnly rebuked the unfortunate weavers. "Know," said the man of etiquette, "it is not to be presumed that a Queen of Spain has legs."

We must give one or two more of those traits. One of the Spanish Bourbons was roasted to death in his own palace by the force of etiquette. His majesty's chair had been placed, by the grantee in waiting, at the due distance from the fireside. But, by some superfluous liberality in the supply of the royal fagots, the fire burned up with unexpected force. The king began to roast. To remove himself was never heard of in Spanish annals: to remain where he was, was to be burned alive. But to remove his chair was the especial duty of an especial grantee, who happened to be absent at the crisis. The monarch continued roasting; all the court stood round the royal carbonization, all commiserating, but none daring to outrage etiquette by interfering. At

length the grantee was found; he performed his office, and drew back the chair, and the king in it. But he was unluckily too late—the king was roasted to the bone; and all that remained, was to take care that the royal embers should have a royal burial. Etiquette was the true sovereign.

When Marie Antoinette was received on the French frontier, she was divested of *all* her clothes, in a tent prepared for this quittance of her German existence, and redressed in a suit wholly French. How her laughing spirit must have laughed at this official foolery! Or how her prophetic spirit, if she had one, must have grieved over the change!

There was more sense, as well as more delicacy, in Napoleon's reception of Marie Louise. He studied all the means of making her forget that any change had occurred; furnished her apartments in the style to which she had been accustomed in Schönbrunn, and even had her favourite canary unexpectedly to meet her on her arrival.

The presentations at the court of Louis-Philippe are as simple as is consistent with the due order of a royal residence. The strangers who desire to be introduced, on making their wish known to their ambassador, have their names sent to the minister for foreign affairs, and receive in return a notice, stating the day and hour of their reception. On attending at the Tuileries, they are ushered into a suite of showy but ancient-looking rooms, ranging along the Place du Carousel. They are arranged in a line along the sides of the halls, according to their rank and the seniority of their respective ambassadors in France. The ambassadors stand nearest the point whence the king enters; next stand the ministers plenipotentiary, then the ministers president, and then the *chargés d'affaires*, according to the order of time when each was accredited to the court. This mode of reconciling the old quarrels about precedence, was one of the advantageous results of the Congress of Vienna, where men of practical sense having met together, old absurdity was thrown into the back-ground.

The king and royal family enter together; and the king, commencing by a few words to the ambassador

next him, proceeds down the line along with him, the ambassador presenting his countrymen in succession, and at the end of his charge, returning to his place, the king then proceeds through the rest ; on the name of each person being mentioned, addressing him a few questions, generally relative to his visit to France.

After the king has proceeded some distance down the line, the queen commences the same ceremony, and she is followed by the Duke of Orleans, the Duchess of Orleans, the Princess Adelaide, and the Duke of Nemours. The younger sons of the family remain at the head of the apartment; the youngest daughter, the Princess Clementine, a pretty girl, making the tour of the rooms, leaning on the arm of her mother or aunt. The ceremonial for the introduction of the ladies is of the same order, excepting that the application goes to the lady of honour, and from her to the queen. For ladies there are but two presentations in the year ; generally in the first week of January. During this month there are several court balls, to which the foreigners presented are invited. The officer of the court sends to the ambassador for a list of his countrymen and women in Paris, who have either been presented in previous years, or on the last occasion, and to those names invitations are returned. Those balls thus become European ; they are magnificent, and undoubtedly tend largely to the respect of foreigners, and the popularity of the court with even its own turbulent and fastidious people. They form a strong contrast to the conduct of courts where the sole object seems to be to exclude the nation.

But a still more interesting and attractive intercourse is sustained in the domestic circle of the royal family. They daily assemble after dinner in one of the palace saloons, where the queen and princesses with their ladies sit round a table, generally engaged in needlework, which they send to be sold at some fair for charitable objects. The diplomatic persons, and others entitled by their rank and circumstances to the "entrée," as it is called—that is, who are expected to pay their respects to the royal family in the evening, occasionally present themselves, and the ladies are invited to take their seats round the table, where

the queen and princesses receive them with great affability. The gentlemen, after paying their respects to the Queen and her circle, are generally addressed by the King and the Duke of Orleans, on such topics as have an interest, from their personal information, on the passing occurrences. Those are the "family receptions ;" and they are graceful, and even important things, and well worthy of imitation.

But another form of royal intercourse and royal hospitality is still to be spoken of, and with similar praise of the good sense and good feeling of the King.

In the summer, he leaves the capital and resides at Neuilly, St Cloud, and Fontainebleau. The day at Fontainebleau, though, from the circumstances of that magnificent pile and the adjoining forest, it is perhaps among the most showy specimens of the royal country life, yet resembles them all.

Each guest is attended with coffee as soon as he rises in the morning. He then walks through the palace grounds, or follows his inclination at home, till eleven, when he is summoned to a *dejeuner à la fourchette*. He now goes to the "*salle de réception*," where he meets the royal family and their other guests. The next movement is to the breakfast room, where an entertainment is laid out on a grand scale, sometimes amounting to a hundred covers. This breakfast, in fact an early dinner, begins with soup, and finishes with fruits and coffee. An intimation is then given of the amusements of the day, whether hunting in the noble forest, riding through the surrounding scenery, or attending the military manœuvres ; there is something for the taste of every one. Horses and carriages are at the general disposal, and every one is free to follow his own way. Then comes the general meeting at six, when dinner is provided in a superb style ; and the evening of this agreeable and animated day is spent in music and conversation. Such is the result of power in the hands of those who know how to wield it ; who, having learned by experience the true uses of life, know how to mingle rational enjoyment with rational pomp ; and who, having mingled among mankind, with sense enough to know the value of the les-

son, know that an European sovereign only repels at once national respect and popular regard by adopting the sulky seclusion of an eastern throne.

Louis-Philippe is fortunate in his family. They are the finest that Europe has seen since the memorable promenades of the sons and daughters of the excellent George III. on the terrace at Windsor; perhaps the handsomest assemblage of youth and beauty from one parentage, ever known. The Duke of Orleans is now thirty. He is tall, and, though of a rather slight figure, well made and graceful in his movements. His countenance is handsome. He is also an accomplished person, speaks English and other tongues with fluency, and is well informed on the general topics of the time. Without taking any part in the politics of the legislature, and, indeed, scrupulously keeping aloof from all opposition to the throne, (a rare circumstance among heirs-apparent,) he performs in some degree the office of a Viceroy, sometimes attending the armies, sometimes making progresses through France; and on all occasions ready to be present wherever either public tumult or the royal will demands the activity of an intelligent and manly protector of the peace of the kingdom. The Duchess of Orleans, a princess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, is a tall and handsome woman; sufficiently acquainted with literature, of which she is fond; animated and affable in conversation; and, though a Protestant, possessed of sufficient good sense to avoid the dissensions in which a feebler understanding must be immediately involved.

The four younger sons are the Duke of Nemours, the Prince de Joinville, the Duke of Aumale, and the Duke of Montpensier. The king knows the value of activity in turning men to many uses; and he, therefore, keeps them all employed as much as he can. The Duke of Nemours is a soldier, and has served in Algiers,

where he has distinguished himself as much as any other of the French *braves*, in a war whose original injustice forbids all laurels to be reaped, and whose results, as undoubtedly they overthrew the old Bourbons, will be yet heavily visited on France. But this was not the war of the king. He found it a disastrous legacy of Charles the Tenth. The popular clamour alone insists on its continuance; and, probably, there is not a man living who would be more rejoiced to see it abandoned within the next twenty-four hours than Louis-Philippe himself. The Duke is a brave and accomplished gentleman.

The Prince de Joinville is a captain in the navy; he has been exposed to fire at Vera Cruz, and has behaved with steadiness and judgment. He now commands the squadron which have been sent to St Helena for the remains of Napoleon. The two younger sons are fine youths, well educated, spirited, and active. They are to be soldiers.

Such is the exchange which France has made for the absolute dynasty of the Bourbons—a race worn out among the antiquated follies of despotism, and corrupted by the Jesuitism which has so suddenly and subtly revived in Europe. France, under her existing sovereign and his children, would have the fairest prospect of national hope; but the bitterness of Jacobinism is let loose again; and, under pretext of insults to the national honour, is preparing to assail the throne. Louis-Philippe now stands in the high position of the defender of Europe against war, and against more than war—against Republicanism. He has integrity and intelligence; he has the noblest field for the exertion of the qualities of the monarch and the man; and every aspiration favourable to human happiness is involved in wishing him victory in this stupendous struggle for civilisation.

A THIRD CHAPTER OF TURKISH HISTORY.

THE FALL OF BAGDAD.

"Thou too art fallen, Bagdad! City of Peace,
 Thou too hast had thy day!
 And loathsome Ignorance, and brute Servitude,
 Pollute thy dwellings now,
 Erst for the Mighty and the Wise renown'd.
 O yet illustrious for remember'd fame,
 Thy founder the Victorious, and the pomp
 Of Haroun, for whose name by blood desir'd,
 Yahl'a's and the blameless Barmecides'
 Genius hath wrought salvation,—and the years
 When Science with the good Al-Maimou dwelt."

SOUTHEY'S *Thalaba*, Book v.

From the commencement of the national and religious rivalry between the Ottoman and Persian empires, which followed the establishment of the Soofi dynasty in the latter country, the permanent possession of Bagdad and its territory had been contested with a pertinacity which will not appear surprising if we consider the various causes which combined to render the dominion of this far-famed city indispensable to any monarch who aspired to be regarded as the head of the Moslem world. Independently of the ancient associations connected with its name, as the scene of the glories of the caliphate, and for five centuries the headquarters of Islam and residence of the Commander of the Faithful, the metropolis of Al-Mansor derived additional interest, in the eyes alike of Soonis and Sheahs, from the innumerable shrines of the heroes, saints, and martyrs of each of these great subdivisions of the Mohammedan faith which its environs contained, and which imparted to it, by the concurrent testimony of both the hostile sects, a degree of sanctity inferior only to that of the Arabian Hedjaz, and the precincts of its holy cities of Mekka and Medinah.* Immediately without the walls reposed the ashes of the Imams who founded two of the four orthodox and friendly denominations into which the great Sooni body is separated†—of Abu-Hanifah, surnamed *Imam-Azem*, or the Great Imam; whose followers, called Hanifites, include at the present day nearly all the Turks and Tartars—and of Ahmed Ebn Hanbal, the founder of

the Hanbalites or fourth orthodox sect, now nearly extinct. Besides these early luminaries of the Moslem law, the veneration of the Soonis was attracted in a scarcely less degree by the more modern sepulchre of the famous Sheikh Abdul Kader Ghilani; and the tombs of many of the Abbasside caliphs, with numerous saints and worthies of minor note, were also visited with respect by the devotion of pious pilgrims. The Sheahs regarded with indifference or aversion these memorials of Sooni grandeur; but in their eyes, likewise, the ground was equally hallowed as the resting-place of many of the mighty and pious of their own persuasion: Mousa-Kazim, the seventh of the twelve Imams of the line of Ali, in whom the indefeasible right to the crown and the caliphate was held, in the first ages of Islam, to be inalienably vested, lay buried by the Tigris opposite the tomb of Abu-Hanifah, as did also his grandson Mohammed Taki, the ninth of the same series; while the shrine of the son-in-law of the prophet himself at Meshed-Ali, and the scene of the martyrdom of his son Hussein by the Ommyades at Kerhelah—two spots regarded by them as among the most holy on the face of the earth—were also situated in the territory dependent on Bagdad, and necessarily followed the fate of the city in its political revolutions.

Bagdad was indeed no longer the *Dar-al-Selam*, the "City of Peace," as it had been named, in the proud anticipation of the permanence and security of the sway of his race, by its founder Al-Mansor the Victorious,

* One of the numerous titles of Bagdad is *Bourj-al-evliya*, the bulwark or stronghold of the saints.

† See Sale's Preliminary Discourse to the Koran. Sect. viii.

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the second caliph of the house of Abbas; an anticipation which might seem to have been amply fulfilled both by the uninterrupted succession of his descendants during a period of five hundred years, and by the strange accomplishment, in a series of thirty-six caliphs, of the prophecy made to Al-Mansor by the astrologer Nevbakht, that no monarch of his line should die within the walls of the city. For two centuries the metropolis of the most extensive empire which the world had ever seen, it was decorated with stately bridges, mosques, and palaces, by the magnificence and piety of Haroon-al-Rasheed* and his famous consort Zobeidah; while the princely endowments of the schools and colleges founded by Al-Mamoon and Al-Motassem, the sons of Haroon, drew sages and men of science from all parts of the East, and even from Constantinople, to share in the golden rewards held out as the prizes of learning by the munificence of the Commanders of the Faithful. As the substantial power of the caliphs declined, the luxury and magnificence of their court increased; and all preceding edifices were eclipsed by the gorgeous embellishments and florid architecture of the imperial residence erected by Moktader,† the eighteenth of the dynasty, which endured till the extinction of the caliphate, and was denominated, from the tree of gold and silver which originally adorned its vestibule, the *House of the Tree*. The wonders of this unrivaled palace, and the countless treasures stored within its walls, are compared by Oriental writers to the riches amassed by the giant king Sheddad in the fabled city of Irem; but the prince for whom all this splendour was created, retained scarcely more than a nominal control even over the Syrian

and Persian provinces which still acknowledged his authority; and under his son Razi, A.D. 936, the dismemberment of the empire was complete. Confined to the walls of Bagdad, and supported by the tolls and revenue of the city, the successors of the prophet became dependent on the successive dynasties which ruled in Persia; and so completely were they denuded by these haughty protectors of even the shadow of temporal power, that Abulfeda, in recording the arbitrary deposition of the caliph Tayi by one of the Bouiyan sultans, declares himself unable to give any account of the abilities or personal qualifications of the deprived "Lord of True Believers," as no opportunity for their display or exercise had ever arisen!

But the obscurity into which the loss of the imperial sceptre had thrown the line of Hashem, was in some measure compensated by the exemption which it procured them from the storms of war and invasion which periodically swept over and desolated Asia; while, (in the words of Gibbon,) "despoiled of their armour and silken robes, they fasted, and prayed, and performed with zeal and knowledge the functions of their ecclesiastical character," they successively saw their Bouiyan tyrants overthrown by the new and mighty power of the Seljookian Turks, and the Seljookian empire dismembered in turn by its own overgrown vassals; till the later caliphs, regaining in the wreck the independent possession of Bagdad and Irak, again combined sovereign authority with the exercise of the pontificate. Under the secure and peaceful rule of these last Abbassides, Bagdad became once more the focus and centre of Asiatic wealth and civilization: protected by their sacred character from aggression,‡ and rarely

* Though the *Thousand and One Nights* represents Haroon as almost constantly resident at Bagdad, he appears from more accurate authorities to have seldom visited his capital, holding his court, during the intervals of his frequent visits to the different provinces, principally at Rakka on the Euphrates: and several of his immediate successors lived entirely at Samarra, a town on the Tigris above Bagdad.

† This palace was the scene of the magnificent reception of the Greek ambassadors, described from Abulfeda in the 52d chapter of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*.

‡ Von Hammer (*History of the Ottoman Empire*, Book xxviii.) states, probably from inadvertence, that Bagdad was ravaged, and the palace of the caliphs burned, by the Kharizmian sultan-Jelal-ed-deen Mankberni, in the year of the Hejira 622, (A.D. 1225,) thirty-three years before the Mogul invasion; but Jelal-ed-deen, who had inherited from his father a quarrel with the house of Abbas, never penetrated nearer than within thirty

engaging in war, the caliphs devoted their treasures and their policy to the promotion of commerce and the arts ; their court afforded an honourable and inviolable asylum to deposed princes from all parts of Asia, while the bazars and colleges were again thronged with merchants and students, whom the prospect of assured tranquillity and freedom from spoliation had allured, from the convulsed kingdoms of Persia and Syria, to the city now justly termed the Abode of Peace. The accounts of the vast wealth and population of Bagdad at this period, and of the enormous riches amassed by the caliphs, have been probably exaggerated by Oriental writers of the time, who love to dwell on this expiring gleam of the splendours of the caliphate ; but that the reality must have far exceeded the opulence of any other Asiatic capital, appears from many recorded particulars, and not least from the underground tanks or cisterns, filled with ingots of gold accumulated from the surplus revenue, and which were found in the court of the palace when entered by the Moguls. These famous cisterns were filled first by Nasser, emptied by the profuse expenditure of his grandson Mostanser, and again replenished by the last caliph Mostazem. Of the *bonhomie* and eccentric liberality of Mostanser, (a prince whose name often occurs in the *Thousand and One Nights*.) numerous anecdotes are extant : among other instances, it is said that seeing from the roof of his palace, shortly before the close of the Ramadhan, a great quantity of garments drying after being washed for the approaching festival, he expressed regret that any of his good subjects should be unable to afford new clothes on such an occasion ; and accordingly directed small pellets of gold and silver to be shot from crossbows, to the terraces of the houses where this spectacle was exhibited. The magnificent college of Mostanseriya, which he founded, is almost the only edifice of

the era of the caliphate, (excepting the tomb of Zobeidah,) which has survived the ravages of war and time : but its princely endowments, with its crowds of professors and scholars, have long since passed away ; and it is now the Turkish custom-house !

On the etiquette of the court of Bagdad at this time, we have some curious details from Benjamin of Tudela, who appears to have visited the city during the reign of Mostanjid, the thirty-second of the line. Warned by the fate of two successive caliphs, who had fallen under the daggers of the Ismaili Assassins, the Commanders of the Faithful had relinquished the popular habits of their predecessors, and remained constantly secluded from the public gaze, within the impenetrable enclosures of their palace, which contained in its precincts a *paradise*, or park of three miles in extent. Even the ambassadors of Moslem princes, and pilgrims from distant regions of the Mahommedan world, were not admitted to the august presence ; but the skirt of the caliph's mantle was put forth to receive their homage from behind the veil of black satin which shrouded him from their view, while the gracious message of the invisible pontiff was conveyed to his votaries through the *Hajib*, or chamberlain. On a single day in the year, the feast of the *Eed-al-Fitr* which followed the Ramadhan, the caliph quitted his palace, and proceeded in state, mounted on a white mule, and invested with the robe and walking-staff of the prophet, to the metropolitan mosque, where he performed the customary prayers and sacrifice, and pronounced his apostolic benediction on the assembled people ; but his countenance was still concealed by a piece of black stuff thrown over his turban, and none knew the features of the head of their religion.* On leaving the mosque, he returned alone and on foot along the banks of the Tigris to his palace, never to quit it again for a whole year ; and his path by the river

miles of the city.—See *Abulfeda*, in anno 622. In the French translation of Von Hammer's work, the error is further complicated by the transposition of the dates at the foot of the page.

* The petty Koordish princes of Amadiyah, of the family of Bahdinan, claim descent from the line of Abbas, and still keep up much of the ceremonial here recorded.—See Ricin's *Koordistan*.

was constantly kept carefully guarded, to prevent any person from treading in his footsteps.

But the reverential awe with which the Moslems approached the palace of Bagdad, was unfelt by the pagan hordes of Jenghiz-Khan; and in 1258, the veils of the caliphate were torn asunder by the rude hand of his ferocious grandson Hulaku, who stormed the city, put to death the last caliph,* and abandoned the inhabitants and their wealth for forty days, as a prey to the worst atrocities of his Mogul savages. All the horrors of which the proud cities of Persia and Khorasan had been previously the scene, fade into insignificance before those recorded of the sack of Bagdad: fire and sword were employed day and night in the work of desolation: "the gilded minarets and pinnacles of the mosques and palaces, lofty as the exalted thoughts of a noble mind, fell to the earth from their airy elevation, like shooting stars hurled by the hand of God against demons;† and the cypress groves which adorned the numerous stately gardens, set on fire by the molten lead which flowed on them from the roofs, blazed like vast funeral torches:"—meanwhile, the countless treasures of public and private magnificence, and the costly merchandise of the caravans, became the booty of the barbarians of the Tartar steppes, who knew not the value of their prizes: and the libraries, where the Asiatic literature of five centuries was accumulated, were consigned either to the flames or the Tigris, whose discoloured waves were crimsoned by the blood of 800,000 victims, (according to the lowest Oriental enumeration,) who perished in the general massacre. The ancient Bagdad was no more: the city, the people, and the caliphate itself, perished on one vast funeral pile.

But a new town soon rose from the ruins; and Atta-al-mulk Jowaini, the governor of Irak, appointed by Hula-

ku, is commemorated as the second founder of Bagdad. Though degraded to the rank of a provincial town by the Mogul rulers of Persia, who fixed their capital at their new city of Sultaniyah, it regained its sovereign honours under the succeeding dynasty of the Ilkhanians; but this recovered pre-eminence was only the prelude to a second and scarcely less calamitous visitation. The last monarch of the Ilkhanian race, Ahmed Shah, had incurred the terrible hostility of Timur, and was driven from his dominions by the resistless arms of the conqueror. During the absence of Timur in Transoxiana, Ahmed resumed his authority; but again fled before him on his return, abandoning to their fate the people of Bagdad, who had risked the vengeance of the Tartar by returning to their former allegiance. The city was besieged and taken by Timur in person, (A. D. 1401;) and the obstinacy of the defence was fearfully punished by an edict, which commanded each soldier of the besieging force to bring in the head of an enemy: neither age, sex, nor rank, was exempted from the general carnage; and 120,000 heads were piled in pyramids, as ghastly memorials of the doom which awaited those who dared to oppose the progress of the scourge of Asia. All the buildings, with the exception of the mosques, colleges, and hospitals, were levelled with the ground:—but the sole object of the campaigns of Timur was conquest and destruction: less humanized than even the Mogul followers of Jenghiz, he attempted not to occupy and restore the regions which his sword had devastated; and he marched away to the encounter of the Ottoman Sultan Bajazid, leaving Bagdad prostrate from the effects of his wrath. His death, however, four years later, released Persia and Irak from their tyrant: and during the ensuing century, Bagdad was repeatedly lost and won by the Turkman princes of different

* He is said, by later authors, to have been rolled up in a thick fold, and beaten to death with clubs, as it was popularly believed that some awful convulsion of nature would ensue if the blood of the vicar of the prophet were shed! But Abulfeda, who lived near the time, says, that the circumstances of his death were certainly known to no one.

† The popular superstition of the East considers shooting stars as fiery darts thrown from heaven against the evil genii of the air.—See LANE's *Modern Egyptians*, i. 284.

racers, who strove in endless wars for the fragments of the monarchy, till all the competitors were involved in common ruin, at the commencement of the 16th century, by the victories of Shah Ismail, the founder of the Soofi dynasty, who established himself in possession, not only of Bagdad, but of all the provinces which constitute modern Persia.

The views of Shah Ismail on the crown, had been greatly facilitated by his assuming (in virtue of the lineal descent which he claimed from the Imam Mousa-Kazim) the championship and vindication of the Sheah sect, the tenets of which he adopted as the badge and creed of his family and monarchy:—but this step had, at the same time, the effect of imparting all the bitterness of religious hatred to the political animosity subsisting between the Persians and the Osmanlis, whose formidable power had overwhelmed, even before the accession of Ismail, all the intermediate Moslem principalities, and was beginning to make encroachments on the north-west borders of Persia. The Mamluke sultans of Egypt and Syria were indeed attached, by community of danger, to the alliance of Persia: but their sway was annihilated, in 1517, by the arms of Selim I.; and the incorporation of their dominions with the Ottoman empire, at once left the Shah to cope single-handed with his gigantic enemy, and brought the Turkish territory into contact with the whole western frontier of Persia, from north to south. Still the possession of Bagdad and the Arabian Irak, with the streams of the Euphrates and Tigris, secured the interior provinces from invasion on the side of Syria; and Soliman, the mighty son of Selim, bent all his efforts to overthrow the barrier which impeded his conquests. In the autumn of 1534, taking advantage of the consternation inspired by the fall of Tabreez, the Sultan in person directed the march of his army on Bagdad, through the almost impenetrable defiles of the Elwend mountains. But these natural obstacles were all which he had to encounter. The Persian governor and garrison fled panic-stricken at his approach; and Soliman, entering Bagdad unopposed on the last day of the year, issued a firman, in which he set forth his right, as legitimate successor of the

orthodox caliphs, to the sovereignty of their ancient capital, and added its name, in the catalogue of his titles, to those of the six metropolitan cities, (Constantinople, Adrianople, Brousa, Cairo, Damascus, and Aleppo,) of which, as well as of the three *seats of holiness*, Mekka, Medinah, and Jerusalem, he was already the lord. In conformity with this policy, the tomb of the Imam Abu-Hanifah, which the Persians had destroyed, was rebuilt with extraordinary magnificence. The remains of the saint, through the pious care of their guardian, had been preserved from the rage of the Sheahs by timely removal to an humbler receptacle: and their restoration to their former shrine was reverently superintended by the Sultan in person, while the army and the population witnessed and applauded the holy zeal of their sovereign. The whole winter was consumed in the regulation of the new conquests, which were constituted a pashalik of three tails; and in the ensuing spring the Sultan led his army back to Tabreez, leaving Soliman-pasha, an experienced general, as the first Turkish governor.

The description of Bagdad at this period, as given by the Turkish historians, (who enlarge, with all the luxuriance of Oriental rhetoric, on the magnitude and importance of the conquest,) corresponds very nearly with the aspect of the city at the present day. Though far fallen from its ancient extent and population, it still embraced within its walls a circumference of nearly seven miles, extending along the left or eastern bank of the Tigris in the form of a semicircle, of which the river formed the chord; while a bridge of boats over the stream formed the communication with an extensive suburb on the opposite side; but a considerable portion of this space was occupied, as usual in Oriental towns, by gardens and open ground. The fortifications consisted of a lofty rampart, strengthened by 160 towers at regular intervals, and further protected by a deep ditch; but these defences, which had been constructed before the introduction of artillery, were remodelled by order of Soliman, in conformity with the modern system of warfare. The palaces and colleges, the abodes of grandeur and science, had long since utterly disappeared; but the geographical position of Bag-

dad still maintained it in its pre-eminence as an emporium of commerce, and the centre of communication between Eastern and Western Asia: the caravans of Anatolia and Syria, of Persia and Khorassan, poured into its bazars the rich products of their respective countries, and its exchanges were thronged by merchants from all the regions of the East. For nearly a century after it fell under the rule of the Ottomans, its commercial prosperity continued undisturbed by the presence of a foreign enemy: by the treaty concluded in 1555 between Soliman and Shah Tahmasp, it had been surrendered in sovereignty to the Porte; and in the continually-recurring struggles between the two empires, the Persians were too hard pressed, by the superior numbers and discipline of the Turkish armies, to venture on offensive operations against the territory of the enemy. But the commencement of the succeeding century brought a change in the relative positions of the antagonist powers. While both the military and political institutions of the Turks were fast falling into decay under the degenerate successors of Soliman, and their Asiatic provinces were a prey to anarchy and revolt, the throne of Persia was occupied by Shah Abbas I., a prince to whom both his own subjects and contemporary Christian writers have concurred in giving the title of *Great*, which he justly merited in the eyes of the former by the unexampled prosperity and glory to which he raised his country, while the latter were probably influenced, in at least an equal degree, by his uncompromising hostility to the Ottomans, before whom Europe then quailed—a merit which atoned, in their estimation, for the deliberate treachery and dark cruelty of many of his actions. Under his energetic rule the arms of Persia rose in the ascendant; and after the great victory which he gained over Cicala in 1605, he succeeded in reconquering most of the north-western provinces which had fallen into the power of the Turks: but the recovery of Bagdad was reserved for a later period.

In the early part of 1623, Yusuf-pasha, the governor of Bagdad, had been killed in an affray between the troops under his command and the followers of an officer named Bekir, the

soobashi, or lieutenant of police, who thereupon possessed himself of the supreme authority, and addressed a memorial to the Porte, requiring a firman to confirm his usurpation of the pashalik. But this insolent demand was answered by the march of a force under Hafiz-pasha of Diarbekir; and Bekir, finding himself unable to maintain himself against the imperial army, made overtures to Shah-Abbas, offering to restore Bagdad to Persia as the price of his assistance. Though peace had been concluded five years before with the Porte, the Shah, remarking, in the words of an Oriental proverb, that “the bird which offered itself to the net was fair game to the fowler,” instantly directed a corps of 30,000 men, under two of his ablest generals, to march upon Bagdad; but before their arrival, the Turkish seraskier, dreading the delivery of the bulwark of the East into the hands of the enemy, had yielded to the demands of Bekir, and installed him as pasha: and this double traitor, when summoned by the Persian deputies to fulfil his engagements to their master, trampled under foot the robe and turban of honour sent him by Abbas, and declared his determination to hold the city as the faithful vassal of the Turkish Sultan. But this defiance was speedily answered by the appearance of a formidable Persian host, commanded by the monarch in person. Bagdad was invested on all sides, and the Turkish generals, embarrassed by the revolt of Abaza, were unable to advance to its relief; but the strong ramparts of the town baffled all the assaults of the Persians, who were unskilled in sieges, and almost destitute of battering cannon; and it was not till after four months’ blockade that the gates were at length (on the night of November 28th) opened by the treachery of Mohammed the son of Bekir, who betrayed both his father and his country on the promise of being appointed *sirdar*, or Persian governor, of Bagdad.

The first act of the victor was to issue a proclamation, by which security of life and property was guaranteed to all the inhabitants without distinction of sect, on condition of their delivering up their arms, and remaining tranquil in their houses; but this apparent clemency was only a snare to lull the fears of the destined victims.

On the seventh day after the entry of the Shah, the gates were suddenly closed and strongly guarded, while all the residents of Turkish origin, and others of the Sooni persuasion, were seized, their goods confiscated, and themselves subjected to all the horrid refinements of Eastern torture, to compel the discovery of their hidden riches, till, after six days, their sufferings were closed by an order for the general execution of the survivors. The *cadi*, who had refused to redeem his life by embracing the Sheah tenets, was suspended from a tree by a cord passed through his jaw, and made a mark for the balls of the Persian musketeers; and the wretched Bekir, from whom all the tortures which the ingenious cruelty of the Persians could devise had failed in extorting an acknowledgment of the treasures which his unnatural son denounced him as having secreted, was at length bound to a raft covered with flaming naphtha, and consigned in this state to the stream of the Tigris. Such were the deeds with which this "most happy and victorious prince" (as Knolles terms him on another occasion) celebrated his success; but these horrors are applauded by the historians of his own nation as acts of meritorious severity; and the mercy which he afterwards extended, at the intercession of Seid Durraj, the guardian of the tomb of Hussein, to a single individual of the proscribed sect detected near Kerhelah, is cited as a convincing proof of the natural humanity of his disposition!

The news of the loss of Bagdad was received with consternation at Constantinople; but the resources of the state were too much exhausted by revolts in almost all the provinces, and by the succession of sanguinary revolutions in the capital, (which, after the deposition of two sultans within a year, had only been appeased for the moment by the elevation of Mourad IV.,) to admit of any immediate steps being taken for its recovery; and it was not till the autumn of 1625, that the accommodation effected with Abaza, and the reverses which the Persian arms had sustained in Georgia, encouraged the Grand-Vizir Ha-

fez (to whom, as Pasha of Diarbekir, the reduction of the rebel Bekir had formerly been intrusted) to form the siege of Bagdad. In the confidence of success, Hafez had declared in a council of war, pointing to his scimitar, that "he wore the keys of Bagdad at his girdle;" but the campaign had been commenced with a view only to operations in the field, and from the deficiency of heavy guns, the siege was conducted by the slow and laborious process of mining. Six months had been already consumed in useless efforts, when in May 1626 the Persian army, under the king in person, (the last time Shah Abbas ever appeared in the field,) advanced to the relief of the city, and a succession of bloody but indecisive conflicts took place under the walls, and among the Turkish entrenchments; but the Ottoman commanders were deluded by insidious overtures for negotiation, and by the hope of starving the city into surrender, till the failure of their own provisions and ammunition, and the insubordination of the soldiers, who attributed their want of success to the incapacity of their general, made a retreat inevitable. The army arrived, after a disastrous march, at Aleppo, where the troops broke out into a furious mutiny, in which several officers perished; and Hafez, on the news of his repulse reaching Constantinople, was degraded from the vizirat, and only saved from further punishment by the influence of his wife, the favourite sister of the sultan.

But the spell of Persian success was broken, in the following year, by the death of Shah Abbas the Great, whose grandson and successor Shah Soofi, weak and cruel by nature, and further enervated by his education within the walls of the harem, speedily gave evidence of his unfitness worthily to wield the sceptre which he had inherited. The three following campaigns witnessed the reconquest, by the Turks, of nearly all the territories which had been wrested from them by Abbas, with the exception of the fortresses of Eriwan and Bagdad; and in September 1630 the latter city was again* invested by the grand Ottoman army under the Vizir

* The famous historian and geographer Hadji-Khalfa, who then held the office of secretary of the Janissary muster-rolls, was personally present at this siege,

Khosroo, (the conqueror of Abaza,) flushed with the recent successful invasion of Persia and sack of Hamadan, and amply provided with all the munitions of war. But a current tradition, which declared that Bagdad could never be taken by any army not commanded by a monarch in person, was destined to be again verified: though the fortifications were breached and ruined by the fire of the Ottomans, the gallantry of the defenders repulsed all their efforts to carry the shattered walls by storm or escalade; and after a final assault (Nov. 9,) in which four pashas were slain in the fruitless attempt to plant their horse-tails on the rampart, Khosroo was compelled by the approach of winter to abandon the enterprise, and retreat upon Moosul, where he vented his rage and disappointment in the decapitation of all his Persian prisoners, and of numerous officers whom he accused of misconduct during the siege.

But if Bagdad was fated, in accordance with the popular belief above referred to, to fall only in the presence of a sovereign, the final catastrophe was not long deferred. Until the accession of Selim II. it had been held as a fundamental rule of the empire, that the sultan was bound, at least once in every three years, to assume in person the command of his armies, and wage war against the enemies of the true faith, whether Christians or schismatic Moslems; but from that time this martial ordinance had been suffered to fall into desuetude, and in only two instances* since the death of the great Soliman, had his successors been seen at the head of their troops. But Mourad IV., who had been removed at an early age from the torpidity of the harem to the throne, and whose naturally fierce and martial temperament had already made itself felt in the coercion of the refractory janissaries, and the destruction of all the turbulent spirits whose frequent outbreaks had disturbed the first years of his reign, was little disposed to pass his life in the same inglorious ease as his predecessors, and declared his intention of marching sword in hand to expel the Sheahs

from the fortresses which they still held within the ancient limits of the empire. His first essay in arms was made in the campaign of 1635, when Eriwan was surrendered, or rather betrayed, by the Persian governor, Emir Gounah Khan: but his rigorous investigation of the conduct of the provincial governors made his presence not less dreaded in his own dominions than in the country of the enemy, and death was the punishment which he awarded to the most venial as well as the gravest dereliction of duty. But while his cruelties spread terror along the line of his march, he shrunk not from sharing the privations of the meanest soldier in his army: "for several months," (says Rycaut) "he made use of no other pillow for his head than his saddle, no other blanket or quilt than the covering or foot-cloth of his horse;" and the janissaries saw with admiration and respect the martial virtue of their sovereign. The recovery of Bagdad was postponed for three years; but at the commencement of 1638 an imperial expedition was again announced. A Persian ambassador, who was accredited to Constantinople as the bearer of magnificent presents and propositions of peace, was not only refused an audience, but detained in custody in order to accompany the march of the Ottomans, and become by compulsion the witness of their triumph; and Mourad, summoning his ministers to a solemn divan at the seraglio, imparted to them his determination to efface the last vestige of the disasters which had marked the commencement of his reign, by re-annexing to his sway the ancient seat of the caliphate.

On the 9th of March 1638, the imperial standard of seven horsetails was accordingly pitched in front of the pavilion of the sultan on the heights of Scutari, where the provincial troops of Europe and Asia were already encamped under the orders of the *vassals* or viceroys of Roumili and Anadolu; but an interval of a week elapsed before Mourad himself quitted Constantinople—a delay which was speedily explained to the inhabitants

* The expedition of Mohammed III. into Hungary in 1596, memorable for the battle of Keresztes; and the campaign of Osman II. against Poland in 1621.

of the capital by the tidings of a third fratricide; * the Prince Kasim, whose talents and accomplishments had awakened the dark jealousy of his brother, had been bowstrung in the seraglio by his order and in his presence; and Ibrahim, the youngest son of Sultan Ahmed I., remained the only surviving male, except the reigning monarch, of the line of Othman. The imbecile and sensual temperament of this prince, (who afterwards mounted the throne,) probably saved him from sharing the fate of his murdered brothers; but he was confided to the custody of a trusty mute, who received strict orders to dispatch him if any popular commotion should render his existence dangerous; and, after providing by these barbarous precautions for the stability of his power during his absence, the sultan crossed the Bosphorus at the head of the janissaries, accompanied by the mufti and great officers of the law, whose presence was commanded (as it had been in the campaign of Eriwan) in order to impart an additional character of sanctity to the *holy* war against the Sheah heretics of Persia. Mourad was now in the twenty-sixth year of his age; and the promise of his youth had been matured (if we may credit the concurrent testimony of every contemporary writer) into a frame in which gigantic strength was combined with bodily agility in a degree not equalled by the most robust soldier of his army. Though scarcely above the middle stature, his muscular force was such that he could raise a bulky man by the girdle, and hold him for some time suspended at arm's length in the air. On the march upon Eriwan, he had cut asunder with a single stroke of his scimitar a wild goat which started from the cliffs be-

fore his horse; and the flight of his arrow † in a trial of skill, as marked by pillars in the Ok-meidan of Constantinople, remained unrivalled in extent by the most expert archers of the empire till the days of Sultan Mahmood II. His features, as described by an Italian traveller, were regular and handsome, and his aquiline nose and waving black beard gave dignity to his presence; but the expression of his brilliant dark eyes was marred by an habitual contraction of the brows, which covered his forehead with deep wrinkles, and imparted to his countenance an air of settled ferocity well according with his character. Such was Sultan Mourad-Ghazi, as he entered the camp of Scutari in all the pomp and pride of martial array, himself and his charger armed at all points in complete steel, and the long ends of the scarlet turban which he wore above his headpiece floating over his shoulders in the fashion which he had adopted from his fallen favourite, the unfortunate Abaza; while the troops, in whose eyes the warlike bearing of their sovereign atoned both for the savage cruelty he had often displayed, and for the recent tragical fate of his brother, received with loud acclamations a prince who, after a succession of effeminate rulers, seemed resolved to revive in his own person the severe and hardy manners of the early sultans, who lived in the field at the head of their armies, and shared equally with their soldiers both the perils and glories of war.

The route from Scutari to Bagdad had been divided by a proclamation, immediately before the advance of the army, into a hundred and ten stages or days' marches, with a fixed number of halts: and such was the

* The two elder princes, Bayezid and Soliman, had been executed immediately after the capture of Eriwan in 1635.

† "Another time," says Evliya, "Sultan Mourad pierced with a javelin, in the presence of the German envoys, several shields composed of ten camel-hides, which they had brought as presents; he then returned them, transfixed as they were with the spear, to the German emperor at Vienna, where I saw them suspended in the archway of the inner gate." This anecdote recalls the feat of Haroon-al-Rasheed, who severed, at one blow of his weapon, the bundle of Greek swords presented to him by the ambassadors of Nicephorus.—(See Gibbon, ch. 52.)

‡ The late sultan is said, in his younger days, to have surpassed the experience of all preceding times in the use of the bow, and the jereed or javelin; and almost incredible stories are current as to the distance to which his missiles were impelled; but perhaps we may reasonably doubt whether his prowess was not exaggerated by flattery.

awe with which the terrible severity of Mourad, and the condign punishment which instantly followed the smallest infraction of his orders, had inspired the troops, who, a few years previously, had threatened his throne and life, that neither mutiny nor murmurs were heard as the vast host pressed steadily onward to the frontier where the work of death was appointed to commence. But the presence of Mourad through this march, (the last personal visit paid by any of the Ottoman monarchs to the interior Asiatic provinces of their empire,) was as the progress of the Angel of Death to the Anatolian pashas and governors, whose malversations and oppressions were scrutinized and chastised with an unrelenting rigour which even exceeded that exhibited three years earlier in the march to Eriwan. As the delinquents approached to kiss the stirrup of the sultan, their heads rolled in the dust before his horse's feet: the ancient partisans of Abaza were especially marked out for destruction: and the pasha of Karamania, who had hoped to find favour in consequence of the high state of discipline and equipment in which he presented his contingent, was consigned to the headsman, by an ingenious refinement of tyranny, for that very reason! His government had recently been the scene of some disorders; and Mourad, exclaiming that only indolence or disaffection could have prevented a leader who commanded such troops from more speedily quelling these tumults, gave the signal of death! But these interludes of bloodshed were not suffered to retard the route of the army: the Euphrates and the Tigris were successively crossed in the upper part of their course: and on the 15th of November, the heads of the Ottoman columns appeared before the walls of Bagdad, and immediately proceeded to draw round the devoted city the last leaguer which its ramparts have been hitherto destined to sustain.

The tidings of the storm which impended over his frontier, had for a moment appeared to rouse from his drunken lethargy the weak and effeminate successor of Abbas the Great, and he declared his intention of marching in person to the relief of the most

glorious trophy of the Persian arms: but Shah-Sooft, though endowed with a full share of the cold-blooded cruelty which sullied the great qualities of his grandfather, was utterly destitute of the courage and capacity which had distinguished that mightiest of the Seffavean line: and he speedily found in the incursions of the Uzbeks into Khorassan, and the danger of an attack from the Mogul emperor, Shah-jehan, (who had possessed himself of Candahar,) an excuse for remaining immersed in his harem at Isfahan, under the pretext that he should thus be equidistant from whichever point might first require his presence. Bagdad was left to its own resources; but the fortifications were strong and entire: the stores and munitions were ample: and the valiant governor, Bektash-Khan, who had under his orders three other khans, seventeen *sultans*, (a title which in Persia implies a secondary military rank,) and a garrison of nearly 30,000 troops, including 12,000 *tuffenkajis* or regular musketeers, resolved to bid defiance to the enemy. The city was soon completely invested by the Ottomans, and the sultan in person assigned to the different commanders the posts against which their attack was severally to be directed: the tents of the Grand-Vizir, the Aga of the janissaries, and the Roumili-Valesi, were pitched opposite the Ak-Kapi or White Gate, the bastions adjoining which were selected as the most vulnerable point, being, according to the report of the Persian prisoners, the only part of the defences which had not been strengthened since the last siege by Khosroo-pasha: while the long circuit of the walls, to the Karanlik-Kapi or Gate of Darkness, at the south-western extremity of the city, were watched by the divisions under the Capitan-pasha, the Anadolli-Valesi, and the Kehaya or lieutenant-general of the janissaries. The serpurdahs, or screens of the imperial tents, were erected on an eminence above the Tigris, near the tomb of the Imam Abu-Hanifah; but Mourad, declaring that, while Bagdad remained in the hands of the heretics, he felt unworthy to enter the mausoleum of the Sooni saint, took up his quarters among the soldiers, whom he encouraged by

* This incident is placed by Von Hammer in the campaign of Eriwan.

largesses and promises in the work of opening the trenches and placing the cannon in position. Fired by the presence and example of their sovereign, the janissaries and topjis laboured with unremitting zeal: and on the eighth morning a tremendous shout of *Allah Akbar!* resounding along the whole extent of the Turkish lines, and followed by a general discharge of all their artillery against the ramparts, warned the besieged that the work of destruction was about to commence in earnest. Thirty-six battering guns cast expressly for this purpose, and each carrying a ball of seventy pounds weight, with two hundred pieces of inferior calibre, incessantly poured their shot against the Persian defences, and bulwark and battlement rapidly crumbled away before this iron shower: and while 12,000 horse, under the orders of Shaheen-pasha, hovered about the environs to intercept the convoys which might arrive from Isfahan, the Emir of the desert Arabs, Abu-Rish, poured ample supplies of provisions into the Ottoman camp. The frequent sallies of the garrison were encountered and repulsed by the superior numbers of their opponents: and in one of these casual onslaughts, a Persian champion of colossal stature and redoubted prowess, was confronted hand to hand by the sultan in person, and cloven down after a desperate conflict by the sabre of the monarch. The Kooshler-Kalaasi, or Castle of the Birds, a fortification which commanded the course of the Tigris, was carried by a *coup-de-main*: while, after thirty days of constant cannonade, the walls and towers were reduced to a heap of ruins. The tower of Cicala, so called from its having been erected by that famous general when pasha of Bagdad, was the first which fell: three others shared its fate: and for the space of 800 yards, the defences were so completely levelled, that, in the words of a Turkish writer, "a blind man might have galloped over them with loose bridle, without his horse stumbling." The fosse, which is described as having been "deep as the height of three men," was filled with innumerable fascines and sacks of earth; and, December 22, the signal was given for the general assault.

The 25th *oda* of janissaries volunteered for the forlorn hope; and at the roll of the drums, the Ottomans sprung from the trenches, and rushed with furious cries towards the breach: but the assailants were met by the Persians amid the uncertain footing of the fascines, and the fragments of the ruined works, with gallantry equal to their own, and the conflict, waged with unflinching bravery on both sides with scimitar, pike, and dagger, closed at the end of the short winter's day without advantage on either side. The combat of the following day had a similar result. The sultan, advancing to the brink of the ditch, in vain excited the attacking columns by voice and gesture, and supplied the vacancies in their ranks by continual reinforcements: all the efforts of the Ottomans failed to overbear the indomitable valour of the Persians; and Mourad, after retiring to his tent, overwhelmed with bitter reproaches the grand-vizir, Tayyar-Mohammed-Pasha, to whose inertness he attributed the want of success. "Would to Allah," replied the vizir, "that it were as easy for me to ensure the conquest of Bagdad to my Padishah, as it will be to die in the breach in his service;" and accordingly on the following day, (Christmas-eve, 1638,) he headed in person the final assault. Unrivalled as an archer except by the sultan himself, he plunged into the thickest of the *melée*, dealing death around him with his bow, while his attendants emulated the prowess of their master, till a body of *tuffenkadjis* posted in an adjacent building, recognising the person of the Turkish hero, poured a deadly volley into the midst of the group. The vizir fell, pierced by a ball in the throat, "and the bird of his soul" (in the words of Naima) "fled from its earthly cage to the rose-bushes of paradise; while many around him quaffed the herb of martyrdom." The loss of their leader disheartened the Ottomans, and their zeal was beginning to waver, when a *spahilar-aga*, extricating himself from the press, informed the sultan of the fate of Tayyar-Mohammed. "At this news," (says a contemporary Turkish writer,*) "a blessed tear bedewed the cheek of the Emperor:" but this evidence of human feeling, probably the first and last in-

* See the *Relation du Siege de Babylone*, given in Turkish and French, from a

to which Mourad was ever betrayed, speedily vanished; and instantly sending the seals to the Capitan-pasha Mustapha, he ordered the attack to be pressed with redoubled energy. "The combat," says the writer, quoted by Du Loir, "was now renewed with such fury, that neither Roostam, Kaherman, nor any other of the heroes of antiquity, ever saw such an engagement: the neighing of horses, the whistling of arrows, the clashing of swords, and the never-ceasing roar of artillery and musketry on both sides, rent the hearts of the warriors in twain, and filled both earth and air with a noise more terrible than that of thunder;" but the stubborn perseverance of the Turks, inflamed to desperation by the fall of the vizir, and the obstinacy of the resistance, prevailed at length over all the efforts of the garrison. The Persians were driven from post to post; and ere the sun set upon the scene of carnage, the hand-surmounted* green ensigns of the Fatimites (which Shah-Soofi had recently adopted to commemorate his descent from Ali) were torn down in all quarters, and the crimson and crescent-spangled banner of the Osmanli caliphs was hoisted in triumph on the shattered ramparts, whence it has continued to float till the present day.

"The city's taken, but not rendered;" the Ottomans were in possession of the outer defences, but 25,000 Persians were still in arms in the interior of the town; and on the morning of Christmas-day the victors were preparing to complete their conquest, when "those accursed swine of Sheahs cried from the battlements of the fortified houses to the glorious sultan—'Amān, Amān, (mercy,) Lord of the Koran and Caliph of the world! for the love of God, and for the souls of your ancestors, grant us quarter!'" A suspension of arms was accordingly proclaimed, and the remainder of that day granted for the vanquished to evacuate the city. The governor Bek-tash-Khan repaired to the Ottoman

camp, and was ushered through a double rank of spahis and janissaries, "each of whose unsheathed swords was terrible as a seven-headed dragon, to the tent of Mourad, who at first received him with sternness, but speedily relenting, complimented him on his gallant defence, and invested him with a pelisse of honour and a plume of heron's feathers; after which the Persian retired to the quarters of the new grand-vizir, and sent a written mandate to Meer-Futteh, the second in command, and Khalaf-Khan, the general of the tuffenkdis, desiring them to evacuate the place with their troops before noon of that day.

But in the interim the work of blood had recommenced within the city; a rumour spread through the Persian ranks that the governor had betrayed them, in order to provide for his own safety. The Ottomans were already pillaging the houses in defiance of the capitulation; the garrison again stood to their arms, and partial conflicts took place in the streets and among the ruins. The officers sent into the town by the sultan to enforce the terms of the surrender, in vain strove to re-establish order; and while a number of Roumiliot troops, crowding into the presence of Mourad, remonstrated with loud cries and furious gestures against the extension of mercy to the heretics, beneath whose weapons so many of their comrades had fallen, a party of Persians, conceiving their fate to be inevitable, took refuge in a tower which had remained uninjured, and re-opened a heavy fire on the Turks who thronged the streets. Their first discharge killed the Reis-Effendi; and Mourad, exasperated to fury by the announcement of his minister's fall, instantly ordered Ali-Pasha Arslan-Zadah to enter the town at the head of the janissaries, and slaughter without mercy every one who resisted. All the gates were now thrown open, and myriads of Turks, thirsting for plunder and revenge, poured into the doomed city. Khalaf-Khan and some

narrative written by an officer of the seraglio, in the *Voyages du Sieur du Loir*, Paris, 1654: an interesting and authentic account, which we have in a great measure followed.

* The open hand is both the religious and national emblem of the Persians, and surmounts the staff of their standards as the crescent does those of the Turks; the thumb of the hand represents Mahommed, and the four fingers his son-in-law and daughter, Ali and Fatima, with their martyred sons Hassan and Hussein.

other superior officers threw themselves on the protection of the Silih-dar-pasha, and were sent to the camp as prisoners; but the remainder of the garrison, after a short and fruitless struggle against the overwhelming numbers of their enemies, gave way, and crowded in wild confusion towards the Gate of Darkness, "invoking blessings" (in the quaint language of the Turkish narrative before quoted) "on the whip and the stirrup, by the aid of which they hoped to urge their horses in successful flight." But this hoped-for avenue of escape was already in the possession of the troops of Damascus and Egypt, and all who attempted to issue from it were instantly cut to pieces. The Persians, surrounded on every side, were exposed without defence to the murderous fire of the artillery, which wrought fearful havoc among their dense and disordered masses; and the scimitar and yataghan completed the horrible butchery. Through the whole day the massacre continued; the vaults and cellars* were choked with the bodies of victims who had in vain sought concealment; "the blood flowed in a torrent which would sweep away a horse, and the faces of the orthodox soldiers attained resplendent whiteness from their holy zeal in the extermination of the Sheahs, whose presence had profaned the city of the caliphate!" Of 30,000 men, the number of which the garrison had originally consisted, scarcely 300 remained alive.† And on the evening of Christmas-day, the 116th anniversary of the fall of Rhodes before the

arms of Soliman the Magnificent, Mourad-Ghazi entered Bagdad through the white gate,‡ surrounded by the ensigns of imperial pomp, and, traversing the corpse-encumbered streets, took up his residence in the palace of the governor; whence, on the following day, after having published an amnesty for the lives and property of the resident inhabitants, he repaired in state to the shrine of the Imam-Azem Abu-Hanifah, in order to offer thanksgiving for the restoration of the city to the rule of the Soonis, and to superintend in person the obsequies of the slain grand-vizir, who was interred with the honours due to a martyr in the burial-place of his father, a former pasha of Bagdad, close to the venerated tomb of the Imam.

The mercy at first extended to the peaceful inhabitants has been attributed by some writers to the emotions of pity excited in the mind of Mourad by the plaintive strains§ of Shah-Kouli, (*servant of the Shah*), a famous Persian musician, who was a prisoner in the Turkish camp; but this unwonted mood was of short duration; and the slaughter of the Soonis which had marked the occupation of Bagdad by Shah Abbas fifteen years previously, was destined ere long to be fearfully avenged. The explosion of a powder magazine, by which 800 janissaries were killed and wounded, aroused the sanguinary temperament of the Sultan to fresh deeds of destruction; the calamity was attributed, without examination or proof, to a conspiracy among the Persians; and a firman was pro-

* These subterranean vaults, unusual in Oriental towns, are a peculiarity of Bagdad. "The most singular feature of the habitations is the *serdabs*, (cellars,) which are under ground, and from which the external atmosphere is, as far as it can be, carefully excluded. In the hottest weather, when the simoom sweeps over the town from the desert, I have known Fahrenheit's thermometer to rise as high as 124°. The inhabitants on such occasions retreat to these recesses, which are of a refreshing coolness, the thermometer rarely exceeding 90°!"—WELSTED's *City of the Caliphs*, i. 266.

† The loss of the Turks during the siege, as reported by their own writers, amounted to 5000 killed, and 10,000 wounded.

‡ This gate was walled up immediately after the departure of Mourad, in accordance with a Turkish custom, which considers the entrance through which the Sultan makes his first ingress into any city, as ever afterwards sacred to his exclusive use: it has always since remained closed, as no Ottoman monarch has hitherto revisited Bagdad, and its barricaded portal is now called the gate of the Talliman.

§ Mourad was passionately devoted to music, and himself an accomplished performer; his musical feasts are compared by Evliya, who often participated in them, to those of Hussein-Balkra, a Timuride prince of Khorassan, famous for his patronage of the fine arts.

claimed through the army by the *tchaooshes*, ordaining the instant execution of every one of that nation, without distinction, in the camp or the city! The streets again ran red with blood; two Koordish soldiers, detected in attempting to favour the escape of one of the proscribed creed, were summarily impaled alive as a warning to their comrades of the danger of misplaced humanity. And while the lower classes were confounded in indiscriminate doom, a thousand captives of superior station, including three hundred pilgrims on their way to the shrines of Meshed and Kerhelah, were marshalled before the tent of the Sultan. A soldier, with ready weapon, was posted at the side of each victim. After an interval of dreadful suspense, the curtains of the pavilion were thrown open on a signal given; and, as Mourad ascended his throne, a thousand severed heads fell in the same instant to the ground, and the skill of the executioners was rewarded by a donation from the monarch! "Having thus," in the words of the Ottoman historian Abdul-Rahman Effendi, "effectually cleansed Bagdad from the presence of a pestilient sect who were equally unfit to live and to die;" and, having restored to their pristine splendour the tombs of the Sooni Imams, which had been despoiled of their treasures and rich ornaments by Shah Abbas, Mourad at length bade adieu to the blood-drenched ruins of the fallen Queen of the East, and, after appointing the aga of the janissaries Pasha of Bagdad with a garrison of 12,000 men, set out in triumph with the rest of his army, (February 1639,) on his return to Constantinople.

The martial pomp of the procession which signalized his entry into the capital has been described in detail by several Turkish annalists, and merits commemoration as the last occasion on which the people of Constantinople witnessed the spectacle, so frequent in earlier times, of their monarch returning victorious from the scene of his warlike achievements. Mourad arrived by sea from Nicomedia, escorted by a squadron of fifty-eight galleys, on the

9th of June, and on the following morning "repaired to his palace with a splendour and magnificence which no tongue can tell, nor pen adequately illustrate. The balconies and roofs of the houses were every where thronged with people, who exclaimed with enthusiasm, 'The blessing of God be on thee, O conqueror! Welcome, Mourad! May thy victories be fortunate!' The Sultan was sheathed in resplendent armour of polished steel, with a leopard skin thrown over his shoulders, and wore in his turban a triple aigrette, placed obliquely in the Persian mode. He rode a Nogay charger, and was followed by seven Arab led horses with jewelled caparisons, while trumpets and cymbals resounded before him, and twenty-two Persian Khans* were led captives at the imperial stirrup. As he passed along, he looked proudly on each side, like a lion who has seized his prey, and saluted the people, who shouted *Barik-Allah!* and threw themselves with their faces to the ground. All the vessels of war fired constant salutes, so that the sea seemed in a blaze; and seven days and nights were devoted to constant rejoicings." The next day the Sultan gave audience in grand divan to the residents of the European powers, and received the felicitations of his ministers, and the adulatory odes of the court poets on his recent conquest. A passage from one of these compositions, by Jouri, the most celebrated Turkish lyricist of the age, may be cited as a detectable instance of the extravagance of Oriental panegyric:—"Thou (Mourad) art the magnetic pole towards which the universe turns trembling, like the needle of the compass: but trembling not with the dread of annihilation from thy might, so much as from the earnest desire of laying its homage, in token of absolute submission to thy will, before thy august footstool!"

The catastrophe of Bagdad, however, closed the long and desolating series of wars in which the two empires had been engaged, with the exception of short and hollow intervals of peace, for near a century and a

* Bektash-Khan, the ex-governor of Bagdad, (who was not a native Persian, but an Armenian renegade,) had embraced the service of the Porte, and had received from Mourad the promise of a pashalik; but he was poisoned by his own wife, who was indignant at this second apostasy.

half: the enervated Shah-Soofi shrunk from a prolonged contest with the energy and ferocity of Mourad; and a Persian envoy arrived at Constantinople in September, bearing full powers to conclude a definitive treaty. The pacification of 1555, between Soliman the Magnificent and Shah Tahmasp, was assumed as the basis of the territorial arrangements. Eriwan was restored, as a frontier fortress, to Persia, which solemnly ceded in perpetuity Bagdad with its dependencies, and most of the other extensive territories subdued by the Turks along the eastern boundary: and the friendly relations thus established remained undisturbed for eighty years, till the overthrow of the house of Soofi by the Affghans. But Mourad did not long survive to enjoy the glory of having thus victoriously terminated the tedious strife between the Porte and her hereditary enemy. Early in the ensuing year he was seized with a fever, in consequence of a debauch of wine, a vice with which he had been infected from the example of the renegade Persian Khan of Eriwan, Emir-Gounah, who had become, under the Turkish name of Yusuf-Pasha, one of his favourite associates; and, though the strength of his constitution at first promised to overcome the malady, the superstitious dread which overwhelmed him at an eclipse of the sun in the same sign of the zodiac which it had occupied at his birth, gave a fatal shock to his faculties; and, on Feb. 9, 1640, "Sultan Mourad," in the words of the Turkish annalist, "after having been *lord of the carpet* (confined to his bed) for fifteen days, quitted this transitory world for the kingdom of eternity" before he had completed the twenty-eighth year of his age. In his last moments he gave peremptory orders for the death of his brother Ibrahim; but the execution of this savage mandate, which would have extinguished at a blow the whole Imperial family, was eluded by the contrivance of the officers of the palace and the Sultana-Walidah, and the eyes of Mourad were closed in death without his becoming conscious of the deception which had been practised.

The character and reign of Mourad-Ghazi form a remarkable episode in the drama of Ottoman history. That he was, as Von Hammer calls him, "a tyrant in the widest acceptation of the

term, a tyrant insatiable of blood and vengeance," appears on the first view too palpable a truth to be either denied or palliated. In utter recklessness of human life, and in the sanguinary and inexorable punishments which instantly followed the smallest breach of his mandates, even his ancestor Selim I., though distinguished among the descendants of Othman by the epithet of *Yavooz*, or Ferocious, falls far short of him: and the catalogue of executions and massacres which mark his reign, and particularly the last seven years, after he had established his ascendancy over the janissaries, presents an appalling register of bloodshed. Yet justice requires, that before we consign Mourad to execration as a sullen and brutal despot, (in which light the generality of European historians have represented him,) we should take into consideration the circumstances under which he was placed on the throne, and the state of the empire in the years immediately preceding and following his accession. By the murder of his brother Osman, (towards whom he is said to have felt the strong attachment of a youthful mind,) and the deposition of his uncle Mustapha, the nominal sovereignty devolved on him before he had passed his eleventh year; and his boyhood was spent amid scenes of sedition and bloodshed from the uncontrolled violence of the soldiery, in which his friends and ministers were repeatedly sacrificed before his eyes, and his own life more than once placed in the extremest peril: but he continued to cherish a deep and deadly thirst for vengeance on the authors of these outrages; and the dissimulation which he was compelled for several years to practise, imparted a character of fierce and vindictive cruelty to the retribution which he afterwards exacted. Still his measures of severity, though unsparring even to extermination, were directed principally against those guilty or suspected of offences against the state: he is charged with few of those wanton and capricious acts of useless barbarity which stain the annals of the Seffavean monarchs of Persia; and the new aspect which the administration assumed under the later years of his rule, shows that the searching and summary justice of the scimitar and bowstring had proved, at least for the time, an effectual remedy for the manifold disorders which the

imbecility of the sovereigns since Soliman had suffered to take root, and which had reached their climax at this juncture. The janissaries, who had disposed, according to their lawless pleasure, alike of the throne of the sultan and the property of the citizen, were reduced to mute and awe-stricken obedience: the spahis were reformed, and deprived of the public domains which they had usurped: the profligate peculation, before which the interior revenues of the state had almost disappeared, was checked by prompt punishment of the offenders, and by the institution of a new and more accurate system of finance regulation—while the numerous revolts which had

distracted the provinces, every where disappeared or were crushed, and the ancient frontiers were re-established by the conclusion of a triumphant peace with Persia. The Ottoman empire, in a word, which seemed on the eve of disruption at the accession of Mourad, received, under his fierce but energetic sway, an infusion of new life, and continued to maintain its ancient formidable aspect in the eyes of Europe till the end of the century, when the defeat of Vienna, and the disastrous war which succeeded, broke for ever the spell of Turkish power, and prepared the gradual but inevitable decline which marked its history during the course of the eighteenth century.

REVIEW OF AN UNPUBLISHED TRAGEDY.

It not unfrequently happens that some modest youth, some third cousin perhaps, or other indescribably far off relative, who has written, be it prose or poetry, play or novel, desires above all things that we should condescend to read his production, and give him our candid opinion upon its merits. We, with as many turns and doubles as a frightened hare, endeavour to make our escape from the honour about to be conferred. If escape is impossible, we practise as many tricks and artifices in order to convey, in the gentlest of all manners, some advice, which in substance is extremely unpalatable. Of these matters, however, we shall not speak at present; for we are just now in the vein of amiable and indulgent criticism. Amongst the manuscripts which have come into our hands, there is one that has this singularity connected with it; the writer seems really, and in good faith, to have no idea of publishing, to have never contemplated the use of printer's ink. When we mention that this performance is a tragedy!—it will be said at once that it would be mere nonsense to print it; for all this he is not the less singular in his abstinence.

The knowledge that this manuscript, after lying a certain space of time in desk or *escritoire*, will assuredly be one day torn up in a general massacre of papers, gave it, by one of those caprices of feeling which even critics are subject to, a species of interest in our eyes. "What a world was here!" we said pathetically, as we turned over

the close written pages, "what a world of sentiment, and thought, and character, put together doubtless with infinite pains, and not without bursts of triumph, by this industrious architect—and all for nothing!" We glanced at a line here and there, not with the design of forming any judgment on its deserts—we looked on it as a doomed thing—but with an idle curiosity to see what it *was* that had been so carefully penned, only to be destroyed. The style seemed to be, at least, without affectation, simple, and not so far removed from the conversation of men as to be dramatically improbable; the thoughts, too, were intelligible, and there was a touch of melody in the verse; a matter which our playwrights very wisely give themselves little concern about. At last, as we continued this desultory perusal, we took the generous resolution of extracting some fragments from the poem, and thus saving them from that total oblivion for which they were destined. Our readers must determine how far we have allowed a caprice of good-nature to steal a march upon our critical judgment.

The subject of this piece—it is called "*King Edgar, a play*"—is the well known story of the Lady Elfrida, whom Athelwold was sent to woo for King Edgar, and whom he, by treacherously decrying her beauty, obtained for himself. Dunstan, of course, is a conspicuous figure. Fortunately we have no account to give of the plot; it follows the history with great fide-

lity. In the characters only is there any attempt at invention; and here, as the historical narrative is very meagre, some recourse to imagination was unavoidable. Of Athelwold the writer has made a young nobleman, who, having been educated at Rome, is not only complete in all the accomplishments of a thane, but in all the learning of his age; a man of honour, whose last bitterness, when the king discovers his deceit, is not the loss of life, but remorse for the unworthy falsehood he had uttered. Edgar is such as we suppose all men would figure him, brave, but ostentatious, fond of power, but devoted to pleasure. The priest, at once ambitious and

fanatical, is portrayed in Dunstan; but his fanaticism is represented as that of a man of deep reflection; and we are interested in him by reason of those struggles which we see passing in his own mind.

Amongst Edgar's amours, history has recorded one with a fair nun, whom he contrived to carry off from a convent. She is here met with under the name of *Gilbertha*; and the first scene represents the monarch and his new mistress, who are interrupted in their toying by the ghostly Dunstan. The penance which this subtle priest thinks fit to inflict upon the king, is matter of history.

“*EDGAR and GILBERTHA.*

Edgar. Love thee, *Gilbertha*! By the mass, I do!
Art thou not fair?—good argument for love;
And very gentle?—which is love's own mood;
And stolen fruit withal, sweet vestal, pluck'd
With charming sin from consecrated walls?—
Oh, be thou sure I love!

Gilbertha. I will believe,
But still I fear thee.

Edgar. Sweet *Gilbertha*,
Cast fear away. The mistress of a king
Should bear a royal heart, love whilst he loves,
And, if he slights, meet scorn with equal scorn.

Gilbertha. Meet scorn with scorn! Yes, when a woman's heart,
Weighted with load of sorrow, has become
A weariness, when all her pride is lost
In unreturn'd affection, then her lord
Will bid her scorn him! If such fate be mine
How shall I scorn, and bitterly despise,
Hate, curse, and loathe, and execrate—

Edgar. What now!—
Gilbertha. Myself! myself!—that turn'd from loving God
To love his creature.—(*Weeps.*)

Edgar. No tears, my beautiful.
Come, I will kiss them.

Enter DUNSTAN.

Dunstan. Guilty woman, hence!—[*GILBERTHA slowly withdraws.*
It grieves me much that, like a second Nathan,
I come to chide my king.

Edgar. Insolent man!
Why dar'st thou break upon my privacy?

Dunstan. I am God's messenger. What privacy
Shuts out the eye of heaven?

Edgar. Presumptuous priest!
—But say at once thy purpose. What new gift
Shall I bestow? What wealth or privilege,
What lands, what subtle claim or cruel power,
Dost thou now covet, now prepare to wring
Out of thy monarch's frailties?

Dunstan. Gifts to me!
Think'st thou the baubles of thy giddy world
Are gifts to me, or thou my benefactor?
Edgar. Oh, perfect priest! and priestly most of all
In bold ingratitude. So good a man
Scorns to acknowledge favours from his kind:

He takes the boon, and saves his thanks for Heaven.
 Dunstan, we know your services—know ours.
 If you did help us to this throne of England
 Some years before our title had accrued,
 It was your own most pious, proud ambition
 That prompted you ; and in return have we
 Built and endow'd, proclaim'd, controll'd, ordain'd,
 Just as your righteous will has dictated.
 My private life, I pray thee, leave in peace,—
 I am the king !

Dunstan. Thou art the king,
 Edgar the Great, the monarch of this land.
 I, Dunstan, am a miserable worm
 Whom you may crush and trample. I stand here
 A weak old man, wither'd and full of pains,
 And your rude vassal, at a lordly hint,
 Might thrust me with his staff into the grave.
 But this poor Dunstan, clad in sackcloth rage,
 Is God's vicerent, and his trembling voice
 Shall chide and rule his sovereign. Private life !
 Kings have no private life. A monarch's home
 Is public government ;—is strong as laws
 To give a nation manners. I do urge
 The scandal of your reign ; I bring reproof,
 Censure, and penance : if it be your wish
 I deal them publicly, I will retire.

Edgar. Proceed, divine ambassador ! Thy power,
 At least, is certain ; for the strongest man
 Must yield to him whom all the weak obey.
 I cannot blame thee who am king myself
 By the same public folly makes thee priest.
 On with thy schooling.

Dunstan. Thou hast robb'd the church
 Of treasure above gold, of a pure soul
 That pledged itself to manifest on earth
 The perfect holiness of Christian faith,
 Revealing, for encouragement of all,
 A living saint amidst this troubled world.
 Was't not enough to fill your palaces
 With ministrants of lewdness, and to stretch
 O'er city, camp, and court, your free desires ;
 But you must rush within the sanctuary,
 Drag from the cloister the chaste spouse of Christ,
 And print lascivious kisses upon lips
 Sacred to prayer ? What answer dost thou make ?

Edgar. Humanity is weak—at least mine is.
 To you, in visions blest with angel forms,
 Frail woman is as dust : to some of us
 The painted dust is angel fair enough.
 Lo, I am penitent. Deal gently, priest.
 Let me remind you that your church has not
 A more devoted son ; and such a son
 Should find a gentle parent.

Dunstan. And he shall.
 But love is better shown in chastisement
 Than ruinous neglect. You must do penance ;
 You must abstain——

Edgar. Consider, righteous saint——
 'Twere well the people knew I was submiss——
 Pronounce some sentence that I can obey.

Dunstan. You must abstain, for seven whole years——

Edgar.

Art mad ?

Dunstan. From wearing, save on necessary days,
 That regal vanity, your crown.

Edgar. I bow,

I yield to the strict sentence of the church.

Let it be known, I pray, to all the world

With what humility I kiss the rod.

Dunstan. You must fast, too; nor may you slack your hand

In bounty to the church; thus shall you show

To all mankind example eminent

Of penitential sorrow.

Edgar. I will fill

All England with right noble edifices,

Churches and monasteries. I will fast—

Fast publicly, devoutly, till the appetite

O'errule the better purpose. Let no priest

Forget to name this in his homilies."

In the second act the characters, both of Dunstan and Athelwold, are made to reveal themselves in a dialogue they sustain together. The saint endeavours to gain over to the church the young nobleman, whose talents and elevation of character mark him out as a worthy champion of her cause, and in whom, whilst a layman, Dunstan sees an obstacle to his own

influence at the court of Edgar. He endeavours to persuade the youngthane that the studies to which he is partial may be pursued with more advantage in the church; while, if he continues separate from the ecclesiastical body, his learning will expose him to suspicion—amongst the clergy, of heresy, amongst the people, of magic and unlawful studies.

"*Dunstan.* You are a scholar, have been bred at Rome,

The seat of scholarship; can civil life

Present a scene of labour, or of ease,

Like that a Benedictine monastery

Holds out to such as you?

Athelwold. I am a scholar,

At least have spent some hours in solitude

With books and meditation.—Pleasant hours!

Take whoso will the pomp of happiness,

Wealth, and dominion, give me quiet thoughts

And studious labours, and I rest content

With the pale heritage. I balance not

Ev'n woman's love, and all its dear results,

Of home so populous with sprightly joys,

With the rapt leisure of the student's cell.

But 'tis because I have some scholarship,

Have somewhat ponder'd upon God and man,

I could not join with Holy Church. Start not!

I am no busy heretic. If man,

In his worst madness, bid me expiate

With pangs of martyrdom my quest of truth,

Lo, I am ready—bear me to the stake!

I have no fear—I would not live in fear—

I would not hold existence on the bond,

That, like a coward, I must lie for life.

This for myself; but for mankind at large,

I leave them where I found them—it may be

With errors of some service, in a state

So full of errors—nor would teach a truth

Might work like falsehood on perverted minds.

The tolling world, in mazy movement—vast

Beyond all reach of vision—complicate

Beyond all skill of mine to tamper with—

Moves, or revolves, as God ordains. My task

Is with my single heart, and its own truth.

I cannot struggle with mankind in arms,

Nor find out truth for all.

Dunstan.

Such neutrality,

Young thane, I cannot, must not, tolerate.

Who is not with me is against.

Athelwold.

Must not?

How soon is duty made the slave of will.
Ambitious man! who in religion finds
An instrument of power, go, rule the throng
Whom hopeless ignorance subjects to your sway,
Me you shall never govern!

Dunstan.

Athelwold,
You speak you know not what. Thrice happy they
Who thus are ruled! who, reasoning not at all,
And not responsible for true or false,
Obey in their belief; at peace, they feel
The sense of duty in an act of faith.
Would I were one the humblest of a flock
By others led, by others train'd to thought!—
One of that simple subject multitude
The monarch-priest by his bold government
Protects from doubt and anarchy of mind!
A cheap and safe felicity is his
Whose faith, unsought for, lives within his heart
Like blood within his veins, and warms and thrills
Unquestion'd by what title. He who towers
Above his kind, nor can be taught of them,
Who strains his ears for accents from the skies,
Or tasks the solitary oracle
Of a vex'd spirit, task'd beyond its strength,
Shall feed on heavenly whispers, few, and faint,
And dying oft to stillness terrible."

Athelwold replies that he holds in little estimation this government of superstition. He says—

"Ye sow fears thick as grass upon the earth,
And call it comfort to the race of man."

And, proceeding to criticize this spiritual government which Dunstan

values so highly, he glances, amongst other topics, at the gross inequality in the punishment which he, as the organ of the church, thought proper to inflict on the good Edwin and Elgiva, and that penance which he had just imposed on the licentious Edgar. Dunstan answers—

"*Dunstan.* What! is the nice adjustment, moralist,
Of one man's punishment with one man's sin,
Laid in the balance with my care to save
That sovereignty of Holy Church whereon
The fate of millions hangs? This pompous man
Finds his own interest in our sacred cause,
And being, as he is, a creature spoil'd,
Caress'd and tempted more than man can bear,
We humour him, indulge, and lead along
Our path with gentleness. His brother braved
Our high authority and supreme rule,
And him we conquer'd, him we tamed with blows
—How could we else?—and broke upon the wheel
The stubborn rebel. The dread charge is mine
To conquer guilt and doubt in other men;
Nor may I quit dominion.
Ye children of the earth who feel, at worst,
Simply your own sin and its punishment,
Whose heart is rapt in its dividual care,
Who—having to the priest told forth the tale,
With sighs and wailing, of repented crime,
And heard his pardon, authorized by God—
Go straightway to the busy world again,
To daily labour and to social mirth,
Unburden'd save with better purposes
—A load, alas! but little cumbersome—
How might I envy you! With me ye leave

The past transgression—mine the grief,
The constant sorrow of this wilful world;
And I must render to a watchful God
Account of all my stewardship."

The next scene is 'one of a very different description. Edgar gives a banquet to his courtiers. Here the beauty of Elfrida is lauded in very gallant terms by one of the guests; and the king's curiosity being raised, Athelwold is pitched upon, as combining, by consent of all, an excellent taste with the clearest honour, to go to her residence in Devonshire, and bring back a faithful report of her charms. The third act transfers us to the castle of Olgar, the father of Elfrida, where Athelwold—with all his honour and all his philosophy, and in spite of scholarship and meditation—is taken captive by that beauty which he has come to survey. The youngthane assumes, at first, the habit of a minstrel, and carrying his harp slung across his shoulder, he wanders through the grounds of Olgar's residence, in hopes to meet with the fair lady, and in this manner accomplish his mission. He is fortunate enough to encounter Elfrida, sitting in an open parterre, amidst a bevy of damsels. They are full of mirth, and engaged in preparing some festive ornament—some decorations or other in which the fair of those days bedecked themselves. He has an opportunity of looking at Elfrida some minutes before he is observed. On being detected, his harp and minstrel habit obtain for him a speedy introduction, and he is invited to give them a specimen of his minstrelsy. Athelwold still retains something of his own reflective character in the verses that he sings; but they are

sufficiently gay to please. Here they are. They are worth, we think, saving from the flames.

SONG.

"Go, gather jasmine, gather rose,
Go, weave and wear thy pleasure-wreath!

See how the dancing garland glows
On the smooth happy brow beneath!

Still o'er those eyes, with laughter bright,
May never time presume to set
More pressing charge—a load less light—
Than such loose festive coronet!

Ah me! that festive coronet
Too light the beauteous wearer finds:—
The fluttering wreath is known to fret
The brow it but too loosely binds."

Whether on account of the song or the singer, the music or the sentiment, which seems covertly to advise an exchange of the careless gaiety of the maiden for the happy cares of the wife, the minstrel was much applauded, and he was invited to enter the mansion. Athelwold had convinced himself, without a shadow of a doubt, of the surpassing beauty of Elfrida; his task, therefore, was accomplished; his page was waiting with his steed, he had but to mount and return to Edgar. Instead of which, however, we learn that he gave his harp to the page, resumed his sword, and making some other slight alteration in his equipments, introduced himself to Olgar in his own person, a royalthane and a well-known favourite of the king.

Athelwold at first considers himself out of all danger, because, although fascinated by the beauty of Elfrida, he has no hope and no thought of obtaining her. Some kindness, we suppose, on the part of the lady, took from him the ground of safety, and we found him, apparently with a clear consciousness of his folly, yielding his honour to his passion. Here are some of his reflections under both these predicaments.

"If on the eye the light of beauty fall,
I needs must see; if soft melodious speech
Thrill on the ear, I must be sensible
To the sweet summons; if insidious thought
Of that embrace the happy lover wins
Enter the heart, I cannot make it stone,
And it must tremble with the strong conceit.
But whilst I feel, I yield not. Love to me
Is but a pain, an exquisite endurance,

Where reason, listening to the beating heart,
And hanging o'er its sorrows, gazes down,
Like sage physician o'er the restless sick :
Tortured I am, not subjugated.

It has been said, or sung in gentle verse,
That nature's beauty calms the heart of man,
Suffusing its own peace. They find it so
Who bring the peace they wisely love so well
To the mute vision. I have wander'd forth
To this fair solitude:—the placid world
Of trees and waters, hill and verdant plain,
Is all on fire with love ; the liquid lake
Glow with a beauty warmer than its own ;
In the soft air the breath of woman burns
Upon my blushing cheek. Here do I stand
With head depress'd, in languid attitude,
Faint, motionless, and nothing lives within
But one consuming passion.

A bride—a loving wife—grant it a good,
Of all earth holds the thing most excellent—
And grant that beauty, wit, and happy smiles,
Are in a wife most commendable gifts—
Why, in the name of reason, why alone
This woman's beauty, and why her smiles alone ?
Could never love from other eyes than hers
Look forth upon me ? Can no other hand
Give that soft pressure felt upon the heart ?
Can she smile only ? Is all womanhood
Summ'd in Elfrida, that I must pursue
Her only at the hazard of my life,
And certain loss of honour ?—So it seems.
Oh madness ! madness !—but incurable !
I am destroy'd, lost, blotted from the list
Of reasonable beings. Hour after hour,
Day after day, I sit like any stone,
Musing one endless thought, if thought it be,
Which is a medley not composed at all
Of any jot of reason, a mere maze
Of pain, and pleasure, and delirium."

Athelwold's page, talking of his master, as was and is the custom of all pages, lets us know that his courtship was not carried on altogether by *sitting still*: he gives us this insight into the wooing.—

" Love ! you may call it love—'tis the old phrase,
And many are the wild things answer to it,
And this the wildest. 'Tis an ecstasy ;
The man's enchanted, sir. Now mark you this :
The other day my happy pair rode forth ;
Their very horses, ambling side by side,
Moved in admired accordance, and their heads
Were, like their riders, lovingly inclined
Each to the other. Well, the path they took
Led through a steep defile wall'd on each side
By this red rock, which here in Devonshire
Glow 'midst the verdure like an ornament
Green nature wears, nor looks like barrenness.
High overhead, perch'd on the precipice,
My pretty mistress spies a little flower,
A solitary rose, against the sky
Blooming aloft and to the circling heavens,
And the great sun holding its beauty up,
Ethereal charm beyond all mortal touch.
She draws her rein a moment to admire

The little dauntless covetable flower :
 My gallant knight, whose eye still follows hers,
 Caught at the half-form'd fancy ; setting spurs
 To his astonish'd horse, mad up the height
 Where way was none, as if the beast had wings,
 He tears his desperate course—and plucks the toy.
 My lady shrieks, but ere the blood has time
 To quit the cheek it plays in, by her side
 He brings his panting steed, and gives the rose.
 She blush'd, and chid, and was all rose herself ;
 Upon her temples, 'midst her silken hair,
 She placed the flutter'd blossom ; then, I own,
 It seem'd worth all the hazard."

Athelwold returns to Edgar's court, and tells that falsehood which was almost as repugnant to the lover, as it was to the man of honour. Many excuses readily occur to cheat his conscience ; but chiefly this, that his own love was so much more pure, and would be so much more constant, than that of the roving Edgar. He contrives to describe Elfrida as an ordinary dame, whose renown was owing to her secluded position. He adds, that she is amiable, her father wealthy, and that the match might suit a thane not so devoted to beauty as his sovereign. He obtains permission to pursue his own courtship.

On his second return to court, Athelwold begins to betray signs of repentance and of a troubled spirit. Dunstan, who was desirous that the king should marry, had been disappointed in the failure of the late project, and who beheld in Athelwold an enemy to the Church, is not slow in framing suspicions adverse to the thane. He goes himself to Olgar's castle where the bride was kept immured much against her will—he sees at once the treachery that had been practised, and does not fail to sow some seeds of discord in the mind of Elfrida. He returns, divulges his discovery to Edgar, and then follows the well-known catastrophe. She who

had been loved for *beauty* only, now displays an ungovernable *vanity*. The manner in which she contrives to quarrel with her husband, and justify the *full permission* she gives her beauty to captivate the king, is managed by the writer not without art ; the remorse, too, of the noble thane, for the breach of honour he had committed, mingled as it is with many reflections of a philosophical as well as moral nature, is portrayed with some spirit. But we are not tempted to rescue either of these portions of the play from the flames. They must burn. We shall extend our generosity to one more extract only. In the fourth act, while Athelwold has again left the court, and is completing his courtship of Elfrida, we are brought into closer acquaintance with Dunstan. We see him not in the moving world, but in his solitude. He is sitting by the side of that most miserable of all abodes which ascetic ever constructed—a kind of open grave which he had dug with his own hands for his painful habitation. He here reveals to us a combination, which, in men of such excitable nature and such dubious morality as Dunstan, has probably often existed ; the visions of enthusiasm alternating with religious doubts, and these, coupled with remorse, leading to renewed severities of penance.

" *Dunstan. (alone—midnight.)*

Encircle me, ye angels, and ye saints
 That once like me were mortal ! Lo, I rise,
 And, borne upon the wafture of your wings,
 I mount—I climb the air—I enter heaven !
 Ha ! gone ! all gone ! Deserted here, I rest
 On the bare earth, beneath the vacant moon ;
 Alone with God and nature. Terrible
 Is this unseen Omnipotence !
 Come back, ye shapes that talk'd with me erewhile !
 Oh, stand betwixt this Nature-God and me,
 This dread Invisible ! Let devils come,
 And let me struggle with their grinning spite ;
 Their hideous rage were comfortable here,

And social in this blank immensity.
 —Down on thy knees! Pray! without ceasing, pray!
 So shalt thou find religion, if not God.
 Pray—thou hast sins—*they* are thy bond to Heaven.
 It is not joy, it is not innocence,
 'Tis guilt that leads to the celestial gates.
 Hail, thou mysterious sin!
 Now, what is man, O Lord! that thou should'st have
 Regard for him, his virtue, or his guilt?
 What are to thee his follies or his crimes,
 More than his grief or joy? Man tortures man;
 Let man see to it, punish, and prevent:
 For what end else is he made capable
 Of reason, or of social government?
 Creature most sad, weak, and contemptible,
 Think'st thou thy little day of vagrant life
 Can anger thy Creator, or can please?
 Canst thou do honour, puppet, to thy God?
 Or vex with errors? Or, poor jealous fool!
 Dost hold it for an honour of thine own,
 That God should plague thee everlastingly,
 For mutual, mad, and transitory sins?
 —Not mine—not mine—these thoughts, this blasphemy!
 It is the whispering demon at my ear
 Utters these impious doubts. O God! O God!
 Some say thou didst not of immediate will,
 But through subordinates, create this world;
 If that some spirit seized thy vital power,
 And used it for his wild and sportive thought,
 What huge and dread responsibility
 Lies on that reckless angel! I am dark,
 I cannot *know*, by *willing* more to know;
 But I can suffer;—suffer for these doubts,
 As for all other sins. Here will I lie
 In my damp living grave, with crawling worms
 Balk'd of their wasting prey. My nourishment,
 But feeds disease—my life is agony—
 What can I suffer more? Here let him cast
 His pangs upon me, and re-string my frame
 For the fresh torment; let him doom to hell,
 Eternally with devils to abide.
 I can but suffer. Here I lay me down,
 A prostrate slave before resistless power.
 Let the scourge fall! there is no other help.
 —O Christ! The scourge has fallen, and on thee!"

Such is the conception which this writer formed of Dunstan—and such the manner in which he thought the ascetic hermit might be combined with the political highpriest and the most learned person of his age.

THE CAUCASIAN WAR.*

THE extraordinary and effectual stand which the tribes lying along the eastern coast of the Euxine have made against the gigantic power of Russia, has naturally awakened "strong interest" in Europe; it has all the features of the times of romance, exhibiting the "might that slumbers in a peasant's arm," exemplifying the noble resistance that may exist among men destitute of every thing but native intrepidity, and cheering all independent nations with the evidence that the feeblest who are determined to fight for their firesides, may struggle against the most colossal with distinguished honour, and perhaps with final victory.

It is not our purpose here to pronounce upon the immediate motives of the Russian Cabinet. But the undeniable fact is, that Russia has proceeded in a course of violent aggression on all the neighbouring states for the last hundred years; that this aggression has been continued until it has actually grown into a settled principle of Russian policy; that every successful seizure of territory has been so far from satiating the passion for aggrandizement, that it has given new eagerness for encroachment; and that, in a desperate and unquenchable ambition which palpably aims at the sovereignty of the world, the object present to it from the beginning of its career under the first Peter, and enlarging and spreading with stronger temptation before it to this hour, is the seizure of the empire of the Sultan.

High purposes may be connected in the councils of Providence with this fierce, restless, and insatiable love of possession; the mysterious agency which brings good out of evil may render the march of Russian power the means of accomplishing great objects, of which Russian policy never dreamt. The excitement of war may awake new life in the world of Islamism; the necessity of repelling despotism may give birth to the only antagonist by which it can be finally repelled—constitutional freedom; and

even the ferocity of barbaric minds and manners may eventually be trained to civilization by the pressure of new calamity. But no man, who has the common feeling of right and wrong inculcated in him by nature, and still less, no man who feels the sympathies commanded by Christianity, can doubt, that to covet the territories of other sovereignties is a national crime; that to enforce the claim by blood is a heightening of the crime; and that to protest against the principle and the practice is equally just, in feeling, in policy, and in religion. Russian aggrandizement is the true danger of the world.

Among the striking features of the present crisis is the prominence into which the tribes of the Central Caucasus have been thrown within the last half dozen years. Until that period they were almost wholly unknown. Russia had marched through the country in their rear, and swept the borders of the Caspian with trivial difficulty. She had conquered Mingrelia and Georgia twenty years before, and held them in firm possession. But the tribes which, by their position, were objects of the highest importance to a power whose direct purpose was the command of both shores of the Euxine, remained nearly unknown.

Mr Bell, from whose narrative we chiefly derive the anecdotes and observations that follow, is evidently a man of ability. He writes with clearness and force; he describes spiritedly and not too much, seizing on the prominent features of the country, without confusing them by lavishness of colouring or minuteness of detail. Alarmed as our feelings may be at the progress of human ambition, he places its criminality in the strongest light, by its contrast with the simple patriotism and natural bravery of the race of gallant mountaineers on whose bodies it must trample before it can enslave the land of their fathers.

By one of the treaties signed by Mahmoud in his days of depression, Turkey had made over to the Czar all

* Journal of a Residence in Circassia during the Years 1837, 1838, and 1839. By James Stanislaus Bell. 2 vols.

that belonged to her of sovereignty over the tribes of the Caucasus, and Russia instantly and fearfully availed herself of the pretext for bringing the whole country into subjection. But the truth was, that Turkey had signed away what it was not in her power to bestow; that the Caucasian tribes had never acknowledged more than a nominal sovereignty in Turkey; and that the sea-shore was the only part by which even that was formally acknowledged. The new demand of submission, therefore, came like a thunderbolt upon the Circassians. The Russian army advanced in force sufficient to justify the belief at St Petersburg, that no merely barbarian power could resist it for a single campaign; but the Czar, who had seen nothing but an empire of serfs, was now to take a lesson from a commonwealth of freemen. The Circassians rose in their villages, cursed the name of the invader, pronounced their determination to resist; and adopting, as if by instinct, the true tactic of mountain war, drove their cattle from the valleys, burned their barks on the shores, removed their families to the hills, stockaded the mountain passes, and, calling on every man to take up his rifle, prepared to fight to their last breath against the Czar and slavery. The result was altogether beyond conjecture; for what could the desultory resistance of a population of peasants be expected to perform against the disciplined troops, the financial resources, and the devouring ambition of the Russian empire?

The "affair of the Vixen" has been familiar to the British public. It arose out of an attempt, on the part of some British merchants, to carry on an independent trade with Circassia. The Vixen was seized by the Russians, and the whole business produced a formidable addition to the troubles of Lord Palmerston, already perilously immersed in protocols, and the official puzzling of the most puzzled diplomacy since the days of Laputa. Mr Bell, the chief agent on the occasion, returned to Constantinople. Lord Durham, the champion of Liberalism in England, was sent to display his flexibility at the foot of the despot; he performed the suppliant to admiration, bowed to the Emperor with the pliancy of a Chinese mandarin, found his Radicalism utterly melted down in

the irresistible radiance of the imperial smile, and having accomplished that object dearest to every Whig and Radical in existence—the enjoyment of a two years' salary—returned to England, bringing nothing with him but a character from the Czar, and a couple of Russian ribbands at his buttonhole.

In 1837, Mr Bell resolved on making a second experiment, and started from Constantinople by the Turkish steamer for Trebizond, but landed at Sinope. This town would form a study for the antiquarian; it stands on the end of a promontory, guarded on the land side by lofty double walls, which, having been repaired by the Turks from time to time, give numberless proofs of the barbaric readiness with which they availed themselves of the labours of the past. The walls are patched with slabs bearing Greek and Latin inscriptions, and with fragments of beautifully executed alto-relievos, capitals, entablatures, and fluted marble columns! The country affords no less interest to the geologist, presenting a great variety of soil as it recedes from the coast; hills evidently volcanic, those hills forest-crowned; the valleys fertile and abundant in flowers, among which were "most fragrant violets;" orchards and vineyards, showing the luxuriance of the land, and even the quiet and comfort which the indolence of the Turk allows to the Asiatic farmer. But this fine portion of the earth is coming into play, and it will not be long forgotten or unexamined.

But there is already a silent operation going on, whose effects must have been felt, even without the more rapid stimulant of war. The people of Sinope carry on a considerable trade in the fine oaks with which their adjoining hills abound. The "steamer is abroad," worth all the "schoolmasters" of this liberal age. The Trebizond steamers call at Sinope for coals. The Turks and Persians were at first afraid to trust themselves to ride on these "fire-horses;" but they have now got over their terrors, and they pass, generally, to the number of sixty or a hundred every trip. These are wondrous doings in Turkey. Twenty years ago the passengers would have been taken for madmen, the captain would have been hanged as a magician, and the ship would

have been confiscated as a "contraband" of the Prince of the Power of the Air!

After some discussion as to the mode of arriving at Circassia without being overhauled by the Russians, Mr Bell, at length, embarked on board a coaster, commanded by an old Turk named Khader. Khader was a humourist, who scattered his jokes round all his passengers. Their banquet was not much suited to epicurism; twice a day they had a stew of dried salt-meat, eggs, and onions, followed by a cup of sugarless coffee, and a pipe. Their other meals were irregular, optional, and requiring strong stomachs; for their composition was garlic, olives, and capsicums. They had five Circassians on board, warrior merchants, who brought with them considerable quantities of packages for the home trade; but their first care was to look to their arms and ammunition—a sign of the times! The winds were continually shifting, and at length fell dead calm. Then the native resources of the Oriental came into play. A Mollah wrote a verse from the Koran, which he tied aloft in the rigging, and another Turk hung up the Koran itself at the stern. It may be presumed that the charm was effectual, for a breeze set in shortly after. Next day, as they approached the coast, they were startled by the reports of distant cannon; but a swallow flew by, which was regarded as a happy omen, and they were comforted. The captain was a man of experience; his vessel had been already captured by the Russian cruisers, but he had made his escape with his crew in a cock-boat, in which, after four days of hazard, he reached the shore. He had sailed the Euxine for twenty-five years. His contrivance for ascertaining the set of the wind was happy: his vessel had no vane; but he stuck out his long pipe, which was seldom out of his hand, over the gunwale, and it answered the purpose. The wind at last rose, and put the old captain into remarkable good-humour. He had said to an old Circassian gentleman, who had gone below through a fit of sickness, "that he was happy to see him again on deck, for when he was asleep so often, and forgot to say his prayers, they had bad winds." To a remark, that he seemed in good spirits—"Yes, yes," said he, "I have

one old wife and one son, and, whenever I can make some money for them, I can laugh all day long." The wind fell again; but Moslem invention was not to be exhausted. The Mollah went round the deck with a little cup for *paras*, to buy candles to place in the mosque of a saintly Dervesh at Sinab, which *paras* he wrapped up in a piece of rag, and tied round the tiller! In the evening, another scene perfectly Oriental occurred. The sails being trimmed, and the evening prayers said, the steersman proposed telling them a tale, to pass the time. While he knelt, as they generally do, with the tiller under his arm, and a pipe in one hand, the other being free for action, with the moonlight shining upon his expressive features, and the surrounding circle of Turks and Circassians all listening in silence and light, the whole was an example of the involuntary *picturesque*. His tale was one of the old Arab family, of unhappy sultans and wonderful dervishes; but it was broken short by a fresh breeze. Another night was spent upon the waters. The sea, under the full moon, looked like a bath of silver. To add to the interest of the scene, an eclipse came on. The alarm was obviated by the Englishman's prediction of it, from his almanac; but all his attempts to explain the phenomenon were met with that acquiescent doubt, which relieves the Turk from the trouble of thinking. "It is the will of God," said they; and this solution accounted for every thing. It is the Turkish royal road to science; and saves the brain prodigiously.

But they were now approaching their harbour and their hazard together. Morning showed them the mountains of Circassia about forty miles off; but it soon after showed them two Russian vessels, one a three-masted cutter of six guns, and the other a large gun-brig, coming down full upon them. The chase now began, and the Turks were recommended to throw their bales overboard. But this they would not do: however, as something must be done, they threw overboard a gun-carriage and a Circassian flag. Their only hope was in the tactics of the Russians, who are bad sailors. The cutter commenced firing: the first shots fell short. Twice before she neared them, way was lost by the necessity of altering

her course, owing to the Russian having endeavoured to run in upon them, instead of running between them and the coast. Four or five times, while running alongside, and her shot passing far beyond them, she lost way by altering her course, either for the purpose of closing with them, or bringing her broadside to bear. The Turks were in despair, and proposed an instant surrender; but the Circassians were of other metal. The old Circassian who had been sea-sick, drew his dagger upon the Captain the moment he talked of surrender. The rest loaded their fire-arms, and fixed their daggers in their belts, to keep the sailors to their duty. The Russian fired as slow, as she had manœuvred badly; but she was too strong, and the case now seemed hopeless. The chase had continued for two hours, and the shot falling round them, Mr Bell went below, to get some of his stock of gunpowder in readiness to be thrown overboard. On his return, he took an oar like the rest, and joined in the rowing chant, or in a cheer, of "*Madge, Madge*," equivalent to the French—"courage," in reply to each shot. At length the cutter came within musket range, but they had now got so near the coast, that they could see the people rushing down the hills, and streaming from both sides along the beech, towards the point for which they were making. Seeing this, the Circassians on board, who had been singing their beautiful rowing chant, "*Arira-ri-ra*," set up a scream of piercing shrillness, to which their countrymen on shore set up an equally ear-piercing reply. In a short time, a boat, literally crammed with armed men, was alongside of them. The Russians now seemed to think, that a reinforcement of twenty-five men was not to be trifled with; for the cutter was immediately laid to, firing a shot now and then, in useless anger. The gun-brig next came up, but also brought to; and contented herself with the safe valour of long shots. The shore was now covered with warriors, who naturally took the strongest interest in this struggle of dastardly strength with skill and courage. As the vessel neared the shore, three Circassians plunged into the sea and swam off to her, to carry the cable to land. Another large boat soon joined them. The Russians at length, having

missed their prey, drew off, after having exhibited a very humble share of either seamanship or daring. The crew and cargo were now safe landed, and all was rejoicing, hospitality, and new contempt for the blockaders.

The Circassians, though generally Moslems, have not adopted all the Moslem absurdities. For instance, they are not fatalists, at least so far as the plague is concerned; for hospitably as Mr Bell was welcomed, his first place of residence was a kind of rude lazaretto, and no one would touch any of the newly arrived until the captain had taken an oath, on the Koran, that there was no plague at the port from which he came. The goods were all fumigated; and, when a house was at last chosen for Mr Bell, it was one which had been quitted by the family.

The country on this shore is strikingly beautiful; and this kind of landscape extends from Anapa to Sukum Khale, or nearly from the mouth of the Kuban to the borders of Mingrelia. The construction of the coast is equally singular and picturesque; and would probably afford as much interest to the geologist as to the poet or the painter. A continuous range of lofty and wooded mountains forms the background, while from these descend valleys perpendicular to the shore. Almost all the hills are clothed with oak nearly to the summit; the hills chiefly consisting of a friable clayslate, whose dissolution fills the valleys with a rich soil. The valley of the Subesh, for example, the mountain-stream near which the vessel had reached the shore, was highly fertile. Trees were numerous, and all the larger ones were festooned with enormous vines, from which the people make excellent wine, and even brandy, Moslems though they be. Low hills skirted the valley; where not under tillage, clothed with fruit-trees and a beautiful carpet of grass and wild flowers. But no houses were to be seen in the valley: they lurked in clusters in the wooded dells above, a result of the war.

The family in whose "guest-house" Mr Bell resided (for it seems the national habit to have two—one for hospitality and the other for home) at length returned, and they amply fed the English stranger. Fresh supplies of *pasta*, (a thick porridge made of millet,) meat, either stewed or roasted; *pasta* with goat's milk, *pasta* with honey, were

pouring in upon him all day. One of the daughters, of whom, as he was "unluckily" from home at the moment, he can speak only by hearsay, but who was said to be a beauty of sixteen, waited on him with a bowl of nuts and walnuts, as a present from the family. He was more fortunate in personally receiving another visiter, the daughter of a Circassian noble, who was on a visit in the neighbourhood; "a very pretty girl, whose head and bosom were profusely decorated with lace, and ornaments of silver." She also brought a bowl of nuts and walnuts, and was presented with a pair of scissors in return. Both young ladies were extremely anxious to be sent to "Stamboul," which our European vocabulary pronounces "selling them for slaves;" but which the young and handsome among these mountain nymphs look upon as pushing their fortune; in fact, as what the world of fashion among us calls "bringing out," and with nearly the same motives, and not much difference in the morality.

It being thus known that the Englishman had curiosities in his house, he was frequently honoured with similar levees of his host's family and their visitors. The young sultanas were enchanted with his musical snuff-box, and the display of his other European wonders. But the visits were strictly *en règle*; one or two old gentlemen, corresponding to our *chaperons*, accompanied them. There is nothing new under the sun. Some boys, sons of native nobles, who were living with the family for education, sometimes came. One of them, about nine years old, was soon to return home, having become an excellent rider, and one of the best of shots in the valley. He had completed his "education," and is probably by this time a classic hero, distinguished in the songs of his country for his havoc of the "Yellow-beards," and his eloquence in national harangues, at an age when, among us, he would be pea-shooting at Westminster, or rehearsing the *typus barytonorum* at Eton, with the certainty of never writing a line of longs or shorts from the moment when he arrived at years of discretion. But in this country we can afford to be idle.

Modern tourists are in the habit of tiring or tantalizing the reader, as the case may be, by giving a detail of

their breakfasts, dinners, and suppers, from the moment of landing at Calais. This is unnecessary, since we have ascertained that the French are not anthropophagi, though we allow its value in filling up a page. But the bill of fare in remote and barbaric countries is an indication of the state of the people. The Circassians seem to be well provided. The breakfast in this family (which was one only in the middle rank) was ample.

First were served sweet cake and milk; then, on a clean wooden four-footed tray, a great mess of thick pasta, with a wooden bowl stuck in its middle, in which was the sauce, a mixture of milk, *walnut oil*, and capsi-cum. There were, unfortunately for the elegance of the table, *no* plates for the meat; but the pieces of boiled kid were arranged round the pasta, helped of course with the fingers. Then, to "promote the digestion of fat meats," as they said, was handed round a huge bowl of grape syrup and water, which is recommended as a *specific*; and after all came another large bowl full of kid-broth, thickened with beans, of which the guest was expected to taste. If this were the breakfast, what must be the dinner? We should regard the plethora as much more likely to finish the war than Russian generalship; and the Circassian warriors more likely to fall victims to dilated stomachs and short breath, than to the bullets of the Muscovite. We should, at all events, presume it speedily to disqualify the female stock in trade for the Constantinople market. No Circassian coast-er seems equal to the tonnage of a freight of sultanas on this regimen.

But, at least, it shows that the natives have something to fight for; that they have property, independence, and skill to turn both to their proper purposes. We are not surprised, that comparing their own condition with the penury of the wretched serf of Russia, or the solitary savagery of the Cossack, they should think it better to fight the Czar than to serve him; to shoot his slaves in the field than to drag the chain in his deserts; and to live free in their pleasant valleys and noble forests, than to wear his harness, and go forth at his imperial bidding, to die in the fens of Poland, or freeze in the steppes of Tartary.

In making his progress through the

country, Mr Bell found establishments even on a larger scale, and not without luxuries. At the house of Achmet, a landowner in the valley of Vardan, a fine scene, closed on the east by high hills, in April still capped with snow, he was received in the "guest-house," which, though but lately finished, had "beautifully wrought mats" hung round the divan; the divan itself being furnished with silk curtains, a bed of a soft mattress bordered with velvet, velvet pillows, a quilted silk coverlet, and, "what was better than all, clean white sheeting."

Next morning he was agreeably surprised by seeing a handsome travelling tea-service taken out of a small chest, and some excellent tea handed round. This service, however, had been found in a Russian prize. Achmet, the master of the house, was rich, and had no less than fifty-two persons in his household.

Next day many chiefs arrived. Every man, and almost every boy, carried a rifle. They talked of war. They said that it was approaching them there; that 15,000 Russians were to be collected at Sukum Khale, under the command of Baron Rosen, and that they were expected to make a descent at Mamai, about ten miles from the house of Achmet. But the news seemed to inspire no fear. They declared that the country was difficult enough to defy 100,000 Russians.

Much conversation ensued on the severities which had inflamed them against the Czar. Hassan Bey, one of the chiefs, declared "that he only longed to see the power of Russia broken before he died." He had reason. He had once fallen into Russian hands, and they had forced him—an independent and opulent chief—to serve in their ranks for two years as a *common soldier*! Who can wonder at his wish? Similar insults and barbarities had been inflicted, as they said, upon hundreds of the princes and nobles of Daghestan, whom they had taken prisoners. The consequences are natural. The chief man of Daghestan, Abdallah, was expected, on his return from Constantinople, to combine his countrymen with the Circassians. The Azras, a tribe hitherto in Russian alliance, had been lately irritated by a demand for recruits, and had proposed to join the

general league. One of the chiefs in the very neighbourhood of the Russian camp, and even with one of his sons in the Russian army, had just sent another to the protection of Hassan Bey, the Circassian champion, with a present of a beautiful Georgian charger and fifteen *serfs*!

The evening was characteristically spent. After dinner they went into the field to see the paces and points of the Georgian steed, and to try the Englishman's telescopes. They then had a horse race, which was won by a son of Achmet, a young Alexander or Achilles. The number of fine-looking men was striking. Their lofty stature, great breadth of chest and brawniness of shoulder, thin flanks, small feet, and keen quick eyes, were classic. Excepting the telescopes, the whole description might pass for the evening, and the forms, of a group of Homeric heroes.

But the likeness was to be more complete. After meat and sunset, as they were conversing round the embers of a great wood fire, they heard music from the distant and shaded extremity of the room. This was the performance of an old man and a boy, which raised frequent bursts of laughter. But then came the "bard." This son of Phœbus was a tall, lank, harebrained-looking personage, (their host's brother-in-law,) who had sat apparently dozing by the fire. He sang, in a falsetto voice, a very rapid recitation; and every few minutes three or four others, who sat behind in the shade, contributed a few fine tenor and bass notes, like the swell and fall of an organ. The subject was the charms of an extraordinary beauty of the Zaziokée family, and the rejection of her numerous suitors. The subject had continued in great vogue, though the beauty was married. Thus the fleeting nature of female loveliness receives an immortality from the poet, even among the wild hills of Circassia.

To close this classic evening came supper, about half-past ten, abundant as usual, with wine, or *brandy* for those whose religious scruples made them delicate on the subject of wine—brandy not being within the letter of the law. Such are the niceties of conscience among the Moslem, and even among more civilized personages than the mountaineers of the Euxine pre-

tend to be. About midnight mats and bedding were brought in for Hassan Bey, and some eight or ten other chiefs, while they hospitably insisted on the Englishman's occupying the whole divan. The spirit of clanship is as familiar, yet devoted, in Circassia, as once in the Highlands of Scotland. The dependents addressed their chiefs by what we would call their Christian names, and they occasionally even sit down to meals with their sons; but they still remember the distinction. When a chief enters a room, all present make a movement of rising; and if he is an old man they rise entirely, and until he is seated remain standing. A chant of the nightingale among the thickets and gardens outside gave a romantic character to the evening, in the shape of a natural serenade.

The next arrival was of a mountain hero; a very tall, strongly-built, young man, with an intelligent physiognomy. He was Ali of Jubghe, of the noble sept Kazzek. Ali had done service already in both ways—in outwitting the enemy, and in beating them. Having been taken prisoner by the Russians, they had formed the idea of corrupting him into an agent—offered him a high rank in their service, and sent him back, well supplied with money, to make his experiments on the national fidelity. But to make assurance doubly sure, they had accompanied him by a spy, to ascertain what he really effected. Ali, on his return, denounced the spy, who was put to death; and when the Russians attacked his mountain station with a large land force and nine vessels, he and his friends, with a couple of small cannon, beat them to the shore with considerable loss. An instance of his personal prowess was recorded: in a rencounter on the Kuban, he had got entangled among a group of Russians, of about twenty; but making good use of his skill in the sabre, and his extraordinary strength, he escaped from them all, and even brought away a sub-officer prisoner. This skirmish cost him seven wounds; but health, and above all, victory, are great healers, and Ali was now only longing for battle again.

The expectation of a Russian attack on the northern districts had raised the population in arms, and they had sent Ali for the Englishman, whom they evidently regarded as a

kind of representative of his country. The party were furnished with horses, and they set forward by the coast. The country seems to be remarkably beautiful—a sort of sea-shore Switzerland. On rounding a small promontory, the fine bay of Mamai opened to them. It was clothed with trees to the water's edge, with wooded hills of various forms rising inland; and behind those a line of peaked or snow-clad mountains, part of the great range, a vast barrier to invasion. As the river Terampse, which they had to pass, was too deep at the shore, they went inland for a space, and, following a pathway through the forest, came in sight of a "magnificent landscape—a rich valley, though not of great extent, in the midst of which towered a lofty cone-shaped hill, many of the adjacent hills having the same, or even more striking forms, all clothed with luxuriant forest, while a ridge of snowy peaks glittered in the distance. The valley, stream, and hills, formed one of those masterpieces of nature, which even painting can scarcely represent."

They at length arrived at the habitation of Hassan Bey, where they were hospitably entertained as usual. Mention having been made, during the repast, of a great valley in the neighbourhood, they went out to view it, and were repaid by a splendid landscape. To the north-west were green hills decked with hamlets, a forest of giant beeches, and a glimpse of the sea, converted at the moment by the setting sun into a sheet of burnished gold. To the south-east lay the valley of the Sutsha, with a silvery stream, luxuriant pastures, vineyards, orchards, and hamlets, girt closely with hills apparently quite as fertile, above which rose others more densely wooded, until walled in by the rugged masses of the central range in their shining mantles of snow.

The ladies of Hassan's family were invisible; but a specimen of their taste in dress was given in one of his children, a lively girl of four years, "very smartly dressed in orange-coloured muslin turban, trousers, and vest, with wide white sleeves gaily flowered with silk and gold threads."

Hassan lived in a showy style, and had some European habits. In the evening they had tea with refined sugar, in a service of gilt china, and

a handsome brass tea-urn! The supper was of the Turkish *cuisine*; but they had handsome ivory-handled knives and forks, with massive plated candlesticks; they had also a tolerable native white wine, and a still better brandy, both of which were liberally handed round; the guests were numerous.

Next morning an old chieftain, Ali Achmet prince of Sutsha, came to breakfast. He talked politics; he said that "England and the other European powers had interfered for Greece, though it had not fought for liberty a quarter so much as Circassia." "The Russians," added he, "cannot conquer this country. They may by their ships and their cannon possess themselves of some more points on the coast; but if they could gain the whole coast, that still makes no difference in our determination to resist to the last. For, if they gain these hills, we shall retire," said the old chieftain, pointing to the eastward, "to those snowy mountains and fight them."

On their journey, they had Circassian sports. They were escorted by Hassan, Achmet, and their sons and dependents; the whole forming a gallant-looking cavalcade. At intervals, one of the party started forward, and the whole party followed in a general trial of speed, when, if any one chanced to let his bonnet fall on the ground, another behind him instantly fired his pistol or rifle at it. Among the rest, a striking instance of this practice for mountain skirmishing was given in the rapidity with which a young son of Achmet unslung, uncovered, and discharged his rifle at the fallen bonnet of one but a very short distance before him, both being at the moment at full gallop. Hassan Bey elevated his bonnet on the point of his sabre as a mark for the rifle of some one behind him. The use of thir fire-arms *en route*, is almost incessant. It is evident that they do not apprehend any deficiency of powder.

In this easy and interesting progress, they gradually approached the northern frontier, the Circassians, to beguile the way, singing a riding song, corresponding to their roving chant, an alternate performance, one part being a sort of clamorous recitative, the other a choral fugue. They passed through a luxuriant valley, up a hill covered with wood and fields of

grain six feet high; the fields so clean and well fenced, as to resemble one of the best cultivated parts of Yorkshire. One patch of linseed was carefully weeding by five women, who scrupulously wore their veils, on which, in the open brow of the hill, the view towards the north opened nobly. The slope beneath was studded with smaller hills, richly cultivated, beyond which was a vast level space, extending to the horizon. There lay the river Kubder. While they were gazing, a mounted party came round a neighbouring summit; they alighted from their horses, and advanced to salute the stranger, by kissing his hand, and placing it on their foreheads.

The most remarkable person among them, was a middle-aged man, of very pleasing features, dressed in a coat of ring mail. This person was a priest—for the Mollahs of Circassia not only exhort the people to go forth to battle, but set an example by doing so themselves; a matter which affords a national taunt against the Mollahs of Turkey, who are said to preach to others the blessings of martyrdom, but to carefully avoid them in their own persons.

After a short descent, they came among trees and fields, and soon after, in sight of a hamlet and its corn-fields, very snugly placed at the foot of two hills. So soon as the advance of the party reached its fence, they discharged a pistol or two; these were returned by the inmates, and other firing rapidly succeeded, amidst shouts of men and careering of horses, which might have been supposed a skirmish, but was in reality the announcement of their arrival at their night's quarters. Next day they got a magnificent dinner, or rather two dinners, at half an hour's interval, one consisting of forty-two, and the other of forty-five dishes. They then proceeded through the plain of the Kuban, which in this month (May) exhibited a surface of fertility and flowers. In this country there have been some bloody battles in the course of the last year. Near as it was to the enemy's force, and obviously open to invasion, the active spirit of the people had taken the advantage of the momentary cessation of war, and had ploughed and sowed the fields; but now, intelligence came that the Russians had crossed the Kuban with a large force of infantry,

and were moving toward the south. On this the mailed Mollah came to take farewell, as the enemy had entered his neighbourhood, and he must return home to take care of his family and property. "I may fall," he said, "in the approaching battles, and never see you again in this world; but I hope God will grant you long life and happiness for the exertions you are making for my country."

At length they arrived at the point where they agreed to meet in a kind of congress. First, an inner circle was formed, composed entirely of old men and chieftains; those behind knelt; an outer circle stood; while the trees which commanded a view of the spot were loaded with spectators. The chieftains first demanded what news was brought, by the Englishman, from Constantinople. One of them then stood up, and made an energetic speech, the chief purport of which was, that the Turks had betrayed and deserted them, and that the English ought to come quickly to their aid, if they meant to do so at all, as their supplies of powder were failing them. Others then spoke, and the general determination was strongly expressed, to bring as many men into the field as possible, and resist the Russians to the last.

The Polish troops in the Russian service frequently desert, and as frequently take service with the Circassians. One day Mr Bell's Georgian attendant came running in, saying, "here are two Poles, just escaped from Aboon." The men were brought in hot from travel, with their gray great-coats thrown over their shoulders, and great Russian boots on. One of them could speak German, and on being questioned, their stories coincided in stating, that the Russians had eight thousand men and twenty-four guns at Aboon, besides another force at Gh'elenjik. On a hope being expressed to the chiefs that the Poles would be well treated, they replied, that the Poles always were, that they admitted them to their tables, gave them but light work, and never *sold* them to the Turks "*without their own consent.*"

The Circassians delight in athletic exercises: their horsemanship and skill with the rifle and sabre have been already alluded to; but while they were waiting on the congress, the

retainers of the chiefs amused themselves with throwing a stone from the shoulder. The sun was broiling, the stone was about fourteen pounds weight; yet, without a run, they threw it fifty-one feet—an extraordinary exertion of strength and agility.

The Russians were now beginning their campaign, and the great object of the strangers was, to ascertain what they were doing. Having ascended a high and well wooded hill, they got a view of the splendid plain of the Kuban; but objects of more immediate interest lay beneath them, the valley of the Aboon, with its two recently erected forts. The valley expands rapidly and considerably to the north: at the commencement of the expansion was the first fort. On both sides of it, were heights which seemed to command it. At a distance of about five miles, stood the fort of Aboon, its site well chosen, and not commanded within cannon range. It appeared a complete square, of about two hundred yards, defended by twenty pieces of cannon, and supposed to have a garrison of about two thousand men, half of whom were Poles. After purchasing a couple of beautiful horses, for seven and nine pounds respectively, a circumstance which would astonish the gentlemen of Yorkshire, they rode to the site of two battles; one fought in the year before, the other about ten days before this time. The former battle had continued for several days; and when we recollect the advantage of the Russian artillery, and the discipline of their infantry, the circumstance of having arrested them at all, implies extraordinary courage. On this day they met a chief in a coat of mail, who dismounted to salute them, and were joined by a young warrior of a remarkably active and powerful form. They were told that he had lately captured a Russian standard and five soldiers. On being asked what he did with the soldiers, the answer was, "sold them to be sure." This is a species of prize which we had not contemplated, but which might serve to stock a Circassian farm, or indemnify a chieftain for the expenses of the campaign. The market value of the Muscovites, however, was only from three to five pounds, which shows that the supply was large. This young hero had all the accomplishments of his gallant profession. The

management of his horse, and the uncovering, cocking, and firing of his rifle, at the bonnet on the ground, were complete. But he executed another feat, which was, leaping out of his saddle on the ground, and almost at the same instant uncovering his rifle, or unsheathing his sabre. The generality of Russian soldiers must be as children in such hands. During this period, several deputations or notices from the bordering Tartar tribes, some of them too under direct Russian dominion, came to say, that they would either refuse recruits to Russia, or would join the Circassians, if England would but promise her assistance. From these and other evidences it would appear, that the waving of a British flag might raise the whole country, from the Crimea to the Turkish frontier, in arms.

A curious instance of Circassian simplicity occurred, in their remarks on the advance of the Russians. They said that a meteor had appeared in the heavens above their march, forming a semicircle and exploding. This they regarded as miraculous! It was probably a rocket, sent up by the Russian general to announce his approach to the garrison of Gh'elenjik.

News was brought of a most daring exploit of Hadji Ghuz Beg, whom they had already met on a mission to call his countrymen to the war. Observing that the soldiers of one of the Russian forts brought out their cattle to graze under cover of the guns, he watched his moment, *single-handed* rushed upon them, (probably when their arms were stacked,) killed two of the guard, and brought away one prisoner, with *nine* muskets!

With this love of martial exploits and singular bravery, the people unite a passion for music. Their instruments are wretched, a miserable species of violin and mandoline; but there are few who cannot play upon them. They make songs, too, and recitations upon the events of the time. One of their songs, sung to a highly plaintive melody, was in memory of a young warrior who was married last year; but a Russian inroad having taken place on his wedding-day, he immediately went to battle, and was unfortunately killed. Another was composed to the honour, and in consolation of Hamuz, a gallant old chieftain, who was the principal spokesman

of the late congress, and who was now gone again to fight the Russians. In one bloody struggle with them last year, he *lost four brothers and four sons*, himself being severely wounded!

Such is the havoc with which this detestable war is carried on, and such are the miseries which the accursed desire of adding dominion to dominion, and slave to slave, inflicts upon mankind. And all this measureless evil is done, this innocent blood is shed, this remediless sorrow is heaped upon a peaceable people—for what, in the name of outraged religion and humanity? To give a man, living in royal luxury, the name of a conqueror; to indulge an all-grasping court with the possession of a mountain range scarcely visible in the map of empire; to feed the savage soldier's passion for robbery, and the thirst of the brute populace for bulletins. The career and punishment of the two great disturbers of the last century, Louis XIV. and Napoleon, ought never to be forgotten by either kings or people. History, to this hour, holds up to boundless scorn the royal despot, lounging in his silken chamber, the satiated epicure, the loose profligate, the man incapable of a moment's self-control, and who never felt an hour's privation, yet affecting military fame, assuming the title of a conqueror, and attempting to purchase this mockery by sending war through Europe. The disgraces of his latter days were his punishment; but justice would have been done only, by hanging the crowned villain at the gates of Versailles. The catastrophe of Napoleon was still more signal. That man of blood gave the only instance, in modern Europe, of a sovereign dethroned by the universal abhorrence of mankind, and dying in the chain.

The details of the Circassian war, of which we have given but the slightest outline, place this horrible passion for rapine in full light. We have here a people totally unoffending, yet punished with all the inflictions of military violence; a people who have no ambition, no desire for an increase of territory, and no intention of attacking their powerful neighbour, suddenly plunged into miseries which would be accounted revolting to humanity, even if they were the award of justice. A nation of fishers, hunters, and tillers of the land, seeking only to live by the

labour of their hands and in the enjoyment of the blessings of nature, are forced into the field, to defend their families from the most intolerable insults, and themselves from the most remorseless slavery. The peasant and the farmer, content with their lot, injuring no man, and living in such quiet obscurity as almost to have made their existence a discovery of late years in Europe, are to be hunted down, famished, and butchered; to be slain in the field by the bayonet, torn by cannon, and trampled by cavalry; and for what purpose, after all? to cover with corpses the land which their toll, and the toll of their fathers, has fertilized; to turn their fields into a jungle, or sink their free hearts and free limbs into the miserable and degrading servitude of the Russian slave. And how long is this to last? The power of Russia is so incomparably superior to that of the poor clans of the Caucasus, that she may continue this frightful state of things till there is not a surviving family in Circassia; and she probably will, unless that Eternal Sovereign, who declares that "he will terribly judge the oppressor," shall arrest, by some solemn interposition of avenging justice, the career of an authority which thus tracks its path in blood and sorrow over nations.

During the year 1837 the Russian progress had been retarded, probably by the demonstrations on Turkey, Persia, and India, this restless power mingling itself in every transaction of the world, and in all for its own especial aggrandisement. But this intermitted war breeds bold characters, that strongly resemble the champions of our own border warfare. In crossing the hills above Anapa, the chief quarter of the Russian forces, Mr Bell was received at a lonely hamlet where the family of one of the Beys had taken refuge with an old warrior. This man was seventy years of age, but with the look of fifteen years younger. He had crossed the Kuban, from which his house is but twenty miles distant, annually, and almost monthly, for the last fifty years. Lately he was one of a foray of thirty, who brought away one hundred and five Russian horses—six of which he had taken, single-handed, from five Russian peasants! He goes to the

war accompanied by his five sons, (he had lately lost a sixth in an expedition into the enemy's country.) To train the eldest, he had ordered him to begin by attacking two Cossacks on an outpost. The young warrior killed one and took the other! It was only in the past year, that he himself was in an affair with the Russians near Anapa, in which Ali-bi of Ozerek was made prisoner, and was carried away by a party of twenty. The old hero followed them; and, watching his opportunity till he saw them separate, and the prisoner left with but three soldiers, he then rushed on them, sabre in hand, and killing or wounding the whole, mounted Ali-bi (who had received seven wounds) on his charger behind him, and galloped off. This extraordinary instance of conduct and courage had given him great fame among his countrymen.

When these fine countries shall be rescued from Russian ravages, and opened to the researches of European science, they will in all probability offer some highly-interesting accessions to our knowledge of antiquity. Wrecks of ancient fortifications are to be found among the forests, valuable coins have been dug up, and when we recollect the comparative barbarism and nearly total historic silence in which the whole country has lain, almost from the fall of Mithridates, we may expect no slight results from the vigorous enquiry of modern learning into lands once highly peopled, commercial, and warlike; the borderers on the Armenian, Persian, and Greek sovereignties in their day of splendour. But Circassia must first be independent and at peace; or, if she is to have a protector, it must be the only one consistent with freedom, England.

On one of the hills, which still bore some evidences of having been the site of a fortress, ("Genoese" the Circassians called it, as they call every fortification,) swords of remarkable length, and gold coins, have been found. In the vale of Anapa, the traveller saw a remarkable stone—a fragment of sculptured marble, about eight feet high, twelve inches broad, and six thick. The sculpture extended along its whole length in five lines, one of which was an ample and very graceful wreath. It stood erect, and

was apparently used as a grave-stone, there being around it many graves marked by common stones.

They tell a story of the dexterity of the Emperor on the arrival of a deputation of chiefs from some of the threatened provinces on his tour. When they appeared in their native costume, coats of mail, &c., he asked—"Are these people from the hostile provinces? Bid them keep at a distance." But, to prevent any further hazard, he had the ingenuity to desire to see a Circassian horse-race. The horsemen instantly set off at full speed, of course expecting imperial donatives for their performances; but when they set off the Emperor set off too, only turning his horse's head in the opposite direction; and, when the race was done, leaving them to enjoy their glory as its own reward.

In April 1838, a Russian expedition appeared off the coast. The alarm was spread by the cannon-firing of the Russians, and the news was suddenly brought, that five or six large men of war had cast anchor off Sashe, and that many others were seen to seaward. The visit was so unexpected, that some of the guests in the house where the Englishmen were entertained were from that valley. The supper had been prolonged to a late hour, as usual; and, just as their beds were laid down, the war-cry, which is always accompanied by discharges of fire-arms, was heard through the valley on whose brow the hamlet stood. Two of the party immediately mounted their horses to spread the intelligence through the interior, which is the duty of the chief. The rest armed themselves, and thus lay down awaiting the morn.

The morn arose in the beauty which characterizes this fine climate. But to "this loveliness of nature the Bay of Mamai presented a dismal contrast." There lay the fleet of the enemy making preparations for forcing the Circassians from their position on the shore. The expedition was a formidable one. No less than eight three-deckers, and heavily armed, opened their guns within half cannon range, while beyond them the sea was covered with corvettes, gun-brigs, and transports, in all about thirty-six sail. The firing continued for two hours, and so heavily, against the plateau

where the Circassians were posted at Mamai, that the general belief was adopted of their intending to make their landing at this point. But, when the main body of the Circassians had been drawn to its defence, the Russian commander put his troops into the boats on the offside of the ships, under cover of the smoke, and by rapid rowing landed a strong body at some distance. On seeing this manœuvre, two or three hundred of the native warriors had been immediately sent to attack them; but, as their march was through the rugged forest, (the beach being impassable through the Russian fire,) they could not reach the shore until some time after the landing. Even then the native bravery was conspicuous. They instantly rushed to the attack, sabre in hand. But their force was too unequal; and, though they killed 150 men, and took twenty prisoners and three pieces of cannon, they were compelled to retire. The two largest guns were left behind, as they had no means of carrying them over the rugged ground. Those they threw into a ditch. The loss from the cannonade and the attack was, unfortunately, between two and three hundred killed and wounded. The Russians, having made good their landing, took up ground on the acclivity, to protect the landing of their remaining force and ammunition. But the hills were the natural fortress of the Circassians, and there they continued to gall the enemy with the rifle at every opportunity. The Russian troops were about 8000, the natives about half the number. They wanted only cannon and gunpowder to have swept the invaders into the Euxine.

Corruption is tried as well as terror. The Azras and Georgians who served with the enemy, were said to have been paid *daily* (at first) thirty piastres (six shillings,) while the Russian soldier receives but thirty piastres every *four months*, with wretched diet, the half of their pay being reserved for clothing, &c. It is only astonishing that they fight at all.

The power of a civilized monarchy, warring against a few semi-barbarian tribes, is so palpably superior, that we may well wonder to see resistance ever offered. The intrepidity of the Caucasian tribes may be of a higher class than the highest prowess of the Russians, though the Russians have never

been charged with want of personal bravery. But what must be the condition of a national force, where the men must leave their properties to chance while they take the field; must serve without pay, find their own weapons, supply their own ammunition, meet the inclemencies of the climate without tents, equipment, or medicines; depend on chance for food, and fight under no better generalship than that of a bold hunter, or an expert rifleman, like themselves! In addition to all those formidable disadvantages is the still severer one, the absolute necessity of intermitting their efforts for a portion of the year, for the purpose of returning to their agriculture and the care of their families. This, in fact, constitutes an inferiority which nothing but the most extraordinary spirit of resistance can counteract. The Russians, on the other hand, can make their campaign at every season, and continue it through the year; can follow up their successes without intermission; and, deriving their supplies of men, money, and ammunition, from the resources of one of the most powerful and warlike empires of the world, can disregard those temporary failures which break the heart of a cause supported only by the enthusiasm of the people. Yet the Circassians *have* still kept their colossal enemy on the frontiers of their lovely country; have made every inroad deadly to the invader; and now, at the end of the *tenth* year of a war which has cost the lives of tens of thousands of their enemies, are still as determined as ever to die rather than wear the fetters of the Czar.

But the battle may not be always left to the unassisted bravery of a gallant and oppressed people. A higher arm may vindicate, even before human eyes, that Divine justice which, in all its clouds and darkness, reckons every drop of innocent blood, and which, in its chosen time, will heap direful and inevitable vengeance on tyranny.

In 1838, the effort made by the Russian government threatened subjugation to the tribes. The most powerful fleet which it had ever sent up the Euxine, was off their shore. A fleet so powerful, that it seems to have been intended to show the Sultan the nature of the enemy with whom he might have so soon to contend.

The troops had effected descents at their two chosen points, forts were on the point of being erected, and the penetration of the forests and interior country seemed the inevitable consequence.

But on the night of the 11th of June, they were taught to feel the perils of the Euxine. The heat had become suddenly intense during the 10th, and clouds and rain followed. Next morning the wind rose, blowing right on the shore: the wind increased during the day, and at evening blew with violence. The Russian fleet had been left, by the singular indolence or security of their officers, in the exact situation which must expose them to the full effect of the tempest—on an open shore, (where they had actually remained for a fortnight,) and some of them close to the beach in but ten fathoms water.

The tempest rose to memorable fury during the night, and at daylight the Russian fleet was a ruin. At Sashe, where one of the descents had been made, a man of war of two tiers of guns, two corvettes, five large brigs, and two other vessels, were lying wrecks. At another point of descent, two of the three steamers on the coast were wrecks, with two men of war; while eleven other armed vessels, were driven on shore. In another quarter, a large ship and a cutter were on shore: two more had been seen to founder in another quarter. The whole fleet was either destroyed or dispersed, and the greater part of the unfortunate crews were drowned.

The Circassians universally attributed this signal disaster of their enemies to the interposition of Providence. They had often spoken of the Russian war as a divine chastisement for the national sins. On this occasion they celebrated the event by a solemn sacrifice of thanksgiving on the shore at Toapse, and distributed the bodies of the animals among the poor.

Mr Bell justly contrasts this simple feeling with the profane arrogance of the Russian style. He tells us, that the Russian military epistles to them frequently expressed this daring and insolent language:—"There are but two powers, God in heaven, and the Emperor on earth." He adds in a note, for which we were still less prepared—"It may not be generally known, that the Russian sailors and soldiers

are mustered every evening, and made to say prayers, in which they return thanks for their benefits to God, and to the Emperor '*Our God on earth* !'''

It may be presumed that the Circassians were not slow to take advantage of the Russian wrecks, and that they profited largely by their remains. Yet they still gave an additional proof of their bravery, in open fight. The Russians at Sashe made two sorties from their post, to drive them from the wrecks of two corvettes about three miles off. In the first, they made a night attack, and failed. The second was in daylight; when the natives rushed upon them, broke them, and pursuing them to the gates of the fort, which scarcely above a hundred succeeded in entering, cut all the rest to pieces. Their bodies lay all along the shore; and it was remarked that none of them belonged to the auxiliaries, Georgian or Azran—they were all Russian. On achieving this victory, they set fire to the corvettes. This bold practice continued; for, on the next night, they set fire to four other wrecks right under the guns of the fort, the only way of getting at their iron, &c.; and returned, night after night, stripping them of their water-tanks, copper sheathing, bolts, and iron bars. Large parties, both foot and horse, were constantly on the beach, laden with this plunder, which doubtless was to supply them with the sword as well as the ploughshare. Even the fragments of cable they contrived to turn to use—unravelling, boiling, and bleaching it, to weave into cloth for wearing.

One of the traveller's servants unfortunately fell in an affair at this time. He was residing at Vordan, waiting for a Turkish vessel, by which he was to sail with letters. He had been a soldier, and habit and curiosity prevailed on him to take his chance of seeing what was going on. He was standing in the midst of a party of about a thousand Circassians, who were reconnoitering the wrecks under the fort, when a ball from a small cannon, fired by the Russian guard on board, struck him. He died in a few minutes; yet, after his wound, he had spoken to those around him, bidding them farewell—"as his hour was come"—with as much composure as if he had been unhurt.

Humble as the condition of this

man was, he seems to have been an extraordinary person, with adventures as extraordinary. His real name and country were doubtful; but he was supposed to be a Pole, and at Pera he went by the name of Paulo Veneroli. He had been much in the East, where some of his exploits were known to be of the most singular and daring character. Though he was a hadji in Turkey, having not less than thrice visited the "city of the prophet," in Europe he was "the liberal-minded Frank;" and even in the land of the Moslem, whenever he could find companions after his own heart, "whether in the deserts of Arabia, or in the wine valleys of the Circassian mountains, he indemnified himself by 'deep potations,' in which he was invincible, further eliciting popularity by his skill as a ropedancer." He had evidently all the essential accomplishments for the forest life; for he was first-rate in hunting, hawking, and horsemanship. He clearly ought to have been a Circassian chieftain. But he had other and higher acquirements; for he spoke, besides Polish, a whole leash of languages, German, Italian, Russian, Turkish, Arabian, Persian, Georgian, Hindostanee, and even some English; the last being, perhaps, the most difficult of all to a tongue so long orientalized. Such is fortune: this man, under other chances, might have been one of the founders of a new empire, or the hero of an old one—a Peter in Russia, or Mehemet Ali in Egypt. Some trifle in youth, probably, made all the difference to him between packing up an Englishman's portmanteau and rifling the treasures of a dynasty; a random shot, which, with the common spitefulness of his career, struck him alone among a thousand, finished all his questions at once, and gave him only the barren honour of dying in the field.

The spirit of the people seems to be not only bold, but scientific, so far as war is concerned. At Shakle, where the valley is extensive, fertile, and populous, the opening of the sea broad, and a large portion of it quite level—the people, conceiving it a likely spot for a Russian fort, determined to prevent their fixing it there by throwing up lines of their own, covering them with large ditches, with various angles, in which they purpose sheltering themselves from the fire of the ships,

(as the shore admits of the approach of large vessels,) and then giving them a murderous reception. Such a people have in them noble elements; and they ought not to be sacrificed to a careless or a crooked policy.

Mr Bell is an eloquent writer, and his eloquence, when he writes of Russia, is painted by his indignation. He treats with strong contempt the pretext, that Russian conquests promote Eastern civilisation.

"Russia civilize the East! what a dream! what a deception! What evidence of this has she shown among the mass of her native population? What improvement in their condition has she ever effected since the era of Peter? Are they at this moment in any degree more moral, enlightened, happy, or free, than they ever were; and do her nobility and gentry (of the latter she can scarcely be said to have any) show the rest, in any one respect, even an edifying example? If not one of those questions can be answered favourably for her, as I know they cannot, we may then disbelieve the prophecy as to her mission of civilisation. And while such is the stationary condition of her native subjects, in all that *deserves* the name of civilisation, the condition of her Musulman subjects is incontrovertibly *retrograde*."

Those are strong charges; but they are said to be sustained by the dilapidations of the towns and villages of the Crimea. By the ruin of the Georgian trade, and still more by the inordinate licentiousness introduced by the troops of Russia, the natives—sellers of females as they have been—are yet startled and disgusted by the grossness of their northern masters.

This we regard as the most fatal objection to the progress of Russia. No civilisation can compensate for tolerated licentiousness. In fact, the more civilisation (in the ordinary sense of the word) is introduced, if immorality accompanies it, the more debased becomes the population. The more

the people are accustomed to the inventions, arts, and luxuries of a higher state of society—unless their new desires are unstained by a deeper profligacy—they have the more reason to curse the gift. At all times, a soldiery are the worst civilizers; and the habits of the camp, introduced among tribes restrained only by their hereditary forms of ineffective and ignorant faith, must rapidly spread incurable corruption through the land.

The latest intelligence from this ill-fated but heroic country, confirms the accounts of the indefatigable bravery of the people, and of the sympathy which is felt for them by the tribes of the Caucasian family; and even by the Tartars of the desert. Russia is not quite safe on the edge of the wilderness, and a war with England might soon teach her the miseries of an Asiatic invasion. According to the statements of these volumes, the strongest interest is felt in the movements of our country, rivalled only by the strongest deprecation of the policy pursued by our miserable and shifting cabinet. In allusion to a newspaper which contained one of the speeches of Lord Palmerston on foreign affairs, Mr Bell speaks with contemptuous scorn of the "tergiversation" of the Cabinet, and fears that Circassia and Turkey may be equally the sacrifice of a conduct, which we must confess to be quite unaccountable, except on the principle of openly playing the game of Russia. Lord Ponsonby seems to lead the Foreign Secretary; the Foreign Secretary *constitutes* the Cabinet on those questions. And what has been the result? Notwithstanding all the noble lord's promises of unbroken peace for England, and self-denial on the part of Russia, every hour has brought us nearer to war; the noble lord is more perplexed from moment to moment; we are compelled to send out fleets and fortify islands; and Russia is waiting only the first opportunity to pounce on Constantinople.

TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR.

PART XIII.

"FORTUNA SEVO læta negotio, et
 Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,
 Transmutat incertos honores,
 Nunc mihi, nunc illi benigna.
 Laudo manentem : si CÆLURES QUATIT
 PENNAS, RESIGNO QUÆ DEDIT, ET MEA
 VIRTUTE ME INVOLVO, PROBAMQUE
 PAUPERIEM SINE DOTE QUÆRO."
Hor. Carm. Lib. iii. 49.

THE undulations of the popular excitement in town, were not long in reaching the calm retreat of Titmouse in Yorkshire. To say nothing of his having on several occasions observed artists busily engaged in sketching different views of the Hall and its surrounding scenery, and, on enquiry, discovered that they were sent from town for the express purpose of presenting to the public sketches of the "residence of Mr Titmouse," a copy of the inimitable performance of Mr Bladdery Pip—viz. "TIPPITIWINK," tenth edition—was sent down to Mr Titmouse by Gammon; who also forwarded to him, from time to time, newspapers containing those paragraphs which identified Titmouse with the hero of the novel, and also testified the profound impression which it was making upon the thinking classes of the community. Was Titmouse's wish to witness the ferment he had so unconsciously produced in the metropolis unreasonable? Yatton was beginning to look duller daily, even before the arrival of this stimulating intelligence from town; Titmouse feeling quite out of his element. So—Gammon *non contradicente*—up came Titmouse to town. If he had not been naturally a fool, the notice he attracted in London must soon have made him one. He had been for coming up in a post-chaise and four; but Gammon, in a letter, succeeded in dissuading him from incurring so useless an expense, assuring him that men of as high consideration as himself, constantly availed themselves of the safe and rapid transit afforded by the royal mail. His valet, on being appealed to, corroborated Mr Gammon's representations; adding, that the late hour in the evening at which the mail arrived in town, would effectually shroud him from public observation. Giving strict and

repeated orders to his valet to deposit him at once "in a first-rate West-End hotel," the haughty lord of Yatton, plentifully provided with cigars, stepped into the mail, his valet perched upon the box-seat. That functionary was well acquainted with town, and resolved on his master's taking up his quarters at the Harcourt Hotel, in the immediate vicinity of Bond Street. The mail passed the Peacock, at Islington, about half-past eight o'clock; and long before they had reached even that point, the eager and anxious eye of Titmouse had been on the look-out for indications of his celebrity. He was, however, compelled to own that both people and places seemed much as usual, wearing no particular air of excitement. He was a little chagrined, till he reflected on the vulgar ignorance of the movements of the great for which the eastern regions of the metropolis were proverbial, and also on the increasing duskiness of the evening, the rapid pace at which the mail rattled along, and the circumstance of his being concealed inside. When his humble hackney coach (its driver a feeble old man, with a wisp of straw for a hat-band, and sitting on the rickety box like a heap of dirty old clothes, and the flagging and limping horses looking truly miserable objects) had rumbled slowly up to the lofty and gloomy door of the Harcourt Hotel, it seemed to excite no notice whatever. A tall waiter, in a plain suit of black evening dress, continued standing in the ample doorway, eyeing the plebeian vehicle which had drawn up with utter indifference—conjecturing, probably, that it had come to the wrong door. With the same air of provoking superciliousness he stood, till the valet, having jumped down from his seat beside the driver, ran up, and in a peremptory sort of way exclaimed, "Ma Tit-

mouse of Yatton!" This stirred the waiter into something like energy.

"Here, sir!" called out Mr Titmouse, from within the coach; and on the waiter's slowly approaching, enquired with sufficiently swaggering manner—"Pray, has the Earl of Dreddlington been enquiring for me here to-day?" The words seemed to operate like magic, converting the person addressed, in a moment, into a slave—supple and obsequious.

"His lordship has not been here to-day, sir," he replied in a low tone, with a most courteous inclination; and gently opening the door, and noiselessly letting down the steps. "Do you alight, sir?"

"Who—a—have you room for me, and my fellow there?"

"Oh yes, sir! certainly.—Shall I show you into the coffee-room, sir?"

"The coffee-room? Curse the coffee-room, sir! Do you suppose I'm a commercial traveller? Show me into a private room, sir!" The waiter bowed low; and in silent surprise led Mr Titmouse to a very spacious and elegantly furnished apartment—where, amidst the blaze of six wax candles, and attended by three waiters, he supped, an hour or two afterwards, in great state—retiring about eleven o'clock to his apartment, overcome with fatigue, and brandy and water: having fortunately escaped the indignity of being forced to sit in the same room where an English nobleman, one or two members of parliament, and a couple of foreign princes, were sitting sipping their claret, some writing letters, and others conning over the evening papers. About noon, the next day, he called upon the Earl of Dreddlington; and though, under ordinary circumstances, his lordship would have considered the visit rather unseasonable, he nevertheless received his fortunate and now truly distinguished kinsman with the most urbane cordiality. At the earl's suggestion, and with Mr Gammon's concurrence, Titmouse, within about a week after his arrival in town, took chambers in the Albany, together with the elegant furniture which had belonged to their late tenant, a young officer of distinction, who had shortly before suddenly gone abroad upon a diplomatic mission. Mr Titmouse soon began to feel, in various ways, the distinction which was attached to his name—commen-

cing, as he did at once, the gay and brilliant life of a man of high fashion, and under the august auspices of the Earl of Dreddlington. Like as a cat, shod with walnut-shells by some merry young scapegrace, doubtless feels more and more astonished and excited at the clatter it makes in scampering up and down the bare echoing floors and staircases; so, in some sort, was it with Titmouse, and the sudden and amazing *éclair* with which all his appearances and movements were attended in the regions of fashion. 'Tis a matter of indifference to a fool, whether you laugh with him or at him; so as that you do but laugh—an observation which will account for much of the conduct both of Lord Dreddlington and Titmouse. In this short life, and dull world, the thing is—to create a *sensation*, never mind how; and every opportunity of doing so should be gratefully seized hold of, and improved to the uttermost, by those who have nothing else to do, and have an inclination to distinguish themselves from the common herd of mankind. Lord Dreddlington had got so inflated by the attention he excited, that he set down every thing he witnessed to the score of deference and admiration. His self-conceit was so intense, that it consumed every vestige of sense he had about him. He stood in solitary grandeur upon the lofty pillar of his pride, inaccessible to ridicule, and insensible indeed of its approach, like *vanity* "on a monument smiling at" *scorn*. Indeed,

"His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart."

He did not conceive it possible for any one to laugh at *him*, or any thing he might choose to do, or any one he might think fit to associate with and introduce to the notice of society—which kind office he forthwith performed for Titmouse, with whose odd person, and somewhat eccentric dress and demeanour, his lordship (who imagined that the same operation was going on in the minds of other people) was growing daily more familiar. Thus, that which had at first so shocked him, he got at length thoroughly reconciled to, and began to suspect whether it was not assumed by Titmouse out of a daring scorn for the intrusive opinions of the world, which

showed a loftiness of spirit akin to his own. Besides, in another point of view—suppose the manner and appearance of Titmouse were ever so absurd, so long as his lordship chose to tolerate them, who should venture to gainsay them? So the earl asked him frequently to dinner, took him with them when his lordship and Lady Cecilia went out in the evenings; gave him a seat in his carriage in going down to the House; and invited him to accompany him and Lady Cecilia when they either drove or rode round the Park; as to which latter, Titmouse's assiduous attention at the riding-school enabled him to appear on horseback without being *glaringly* unequal to the management of his horse, which, however, he once or twice contrived to give an inclination towards backing upon those of Lady Cecilia and the earl. Titmouse happening to let fall, at the earl's table, that he had that day ordered an elegant chariot to be built for him, his lordship intimated that a cab was the usual turn-out of a bachelor man of fashion; whereupon Titmouse the next day countermanded his order, and was fortunate enough to secure a cab which had just been completed for a young nobleman who was unable to pay for it, and whom, consequently, the builder did not care about disappointing. He soon provided himself with a great horse and a little tiger. What pen can do justice to the feelings with which he first sat down in that cab, yielding upon its well-balanced springs, took the reins from his little tiger, and then heard him jump up behind! As it was a trifle too early for the Park, he suddenly bethought himself of exhibiting his splendours before the establishment of Mr Tag-rag; so he desired his little imp behind to run and summon his valet, who in a trice came down; and in answer to a question, "whether there wasn't something wanting from a draper or hosier," was informed glibly, that six dozen of best cambric pocket-handkerchiefs, a dozen or two pair of white kid gloves, half-a-dozen stocks, and various other items were "wanting"—(i. e. by the valet himself, for Titmouse was already sufficiently provided.) Off, however, he drove, and succeeded at length in reaching the Oxford Street establishment, before the door of which five or six carriages were standing. I should say that, at

the moment of Mr Titmouse's strutting into that scene of his former miserable servitude, he experienced a gush of delight which was sufficient to efface all recollection of the misery, privation, and oppression, endured in his early days. There was presently an evident flutter among the gentlemen engaged behind the counter—for it must be "the great Mr Titmouse!" Tag-rag, catching sight of him, bounced out of his little room, and bustled up to him through the crowd of customers, bowing, scraping, blushing, and rubbing his hands, full of pleasurable excitement, and exhibiting the most profound obsequiousness. "Hope you're well, sir," he commenced in a low tone, but instantly added, in a louder tone, observing that Titmouse had come upon business, "what can I have the honour to do for you, sir, this morning?" And handing him a stool, Tag-rag, with a respectful air, received a very liberal order from Mr Titmouse, and minuted it down in his memorandum-book.

"Dear me, sir, is that your cab?" said Tag-rag, as having accompanied Titmouse, bowing every step, to the door, they both stood there for a moment, "I never saw such a beautiful turn-out in my life, sir!"

"Ya—a-s. Pretty well—pretty well; but that young rascal of mine's dirtied one of his boots a little—dem him!" and he looked terrors at the tiger.

"Oh dear!—so he has; shall I wipe it off, sir? Do let me!"

"No, it don't signify much. By the way, Mr Tag-rag," added Mr Titmouse in a drawing way, "all well at—at—demme if I've not this moment forgot the name of your place in the country!"

"Satin Lodge, sir," said Tag-rag meekly, but with infinite inward uneasiness.

"Oh—ay, to be sure. One sees, 'pon my soul, such a lot of places—but—all well?"

"All very well, indeed, sir; and constantly talking of you, sir."

"Ah—well! My compliments!"—here he drew on his second glove, and moved towards his cab, Tag-rag accompanying him—"glad they're well. If ever I'm driving that way—good day!" In popped Titmouse—crack went his whip—away darted the horse—Tag-rag following it with an admiring and anxious eye.

As Mr Titmouse sate in his new vehicle, on his way to the Park, dressed in the extreme of the mode, his glossy hat perched sideways on his bushy, well-oiled, but somewhat mottled hair; his surtout lined with velvet; his full satin stock, spangled with inwrought gold flowers, and with two splendid pins, connected together with delicate double gold chains; his shirt-collars turned down over his stock; his chased gold eyeglass stuck in his right eye; the stiff wristbands of his shirt turned back over his coat cuffs; and his hands in snowy kid gloves, holding his whip and reins: when he considered the exquisite figure he must thus present to the eye of all beholders, and gave them credit for gazing at him with the same feelings which similar sights had, but a few months before, called forth in *his* despairing breast, his little cup of happiness was full, and even brimming over. This, though I doubt whether it was a just reflection, was still a very natural one; for he knew what his own feelings were, though not how weak and absurd they were, and of course judged of others by himself. If the Marquis of Whigborough, with his £200,000 a-year, and 5000 independent voters at his command, were on his way down to the House, absorbed with anxiety as to the effect of the final threat he was going to make to the Minister, that, unless he had a few strawberry leaves promised him, he would feel it his duty to record his vote against the great bill for "*Giving Every Body Every Thing*," which stood for a third reading that evening; or if the great Duke of Thunderbolt, a glance of whose eye, or a wave of his hand, would light up an European war, and who was balancing in his mind the fate of millions of mankind, as depending upon his fiat for peace or war—I say that if both or either of these personages had passed or met Titmouse, in their cabs, which they were mechanically urging onward, so absorbed the while with their own thoughts, that they scarce knew whether they were in a cab or a hand-barrow, in which latter, had it been before their gates, either of them might in his abstraction have seated himself; Titmouse's superior acquaintance with human nature assured him that the sight of his tip-top turn-out could not fail of attracting their attention, and nettling their pride. Whether Milton, if cast on a desolate island, but with

the means of writing *Paradise Lost*, would have done so, had he been certain that no human eye would ever peruse a line of it; or whether Mr Titmouse, had he been suddenly deposited, in his splendid cab, in the midst of the desert of Sahara, with not one of his species to fix an envying eye upon him, would nevertheless have experienced a great measure of satisfaction, I am not prepared to say. As, however, every condition of life has its mixture of good and evil, so, if Titmouse had been placed in the midst of the aforesaid desert at the time when he was last before the reader, instead of dashing along Oxford Street, he would have escaped certain difficulties and dangers which he presently encountered. Had an ape, not acquainted with the science of driving, been put into Titmouse's place, he would probably have driven much in the same style, though he would have had greatly the advantage over his rival in respect of his simple and natural appearance; being, to the eye of correct taste, "when unadorned, adorned the most." Mr Titmouse, in spite of the assistance to his sight which he derived from his glass, was continually coming into collision with the vehicles which met and passed him, on his way to Cumberland Gate. He got into no fewer than four distinct rows (to say nothing of the flying curses which he received in passing) between the point I have named and Mr Tag-rag's premises. But as he was by no means destitute of spirit, he sate in his cab, on these four occasions, cursing and blaspheming like a little fiend, till he almost brought tears of vexation into the eyes of one or two of his opponents, (cads, cab-drivers, watermen, hackney-coachmen, carters, stage-coachmen, market-gardeners, and draymen,) who unexpectedly found their own weapons—*i. e.* slang—wielded with such superior power and effect, for once in a way, by a swell—an aristocrat. The more manly of his opponents were filled with secret respect for the possessor of such powers. Still it was unpleasant for a person of Mr Titmouse's distinction to be engaged in these conflicts; and he would have given the world to be able to conquer his conceit so far as to summon his little tiger within, and surrender to him the reins. Such a ridiculous confession of his own incapacity, however, he could not think

of, and he got into several little disturbances in the Park; after which he drove home: the battered cab had to be taken to the maker's, where the injuries it had sustained were repaired for the trifling sum of twenty pounds.

The eminent position secured for Titmouse by the masterly genius of Mr Bladdery Pip, was continued and strengthened by much more substantial claims upon the respect of society, possessed by the first-named gentleman. Rumour is a dame that always look at objects through very strong magnifying glasses; and guided by what she saw, she soon gave out that Titmouse was patron of three boroughs, had a clear rent-roll of thirty thousand a-year, and had already received nearly a hundred thousand pounds in hard cash from the previous proprietor of his estates, as a compensation for the back rents, which that usurper had been for so many years in the receipt of. Then he was very near in succession to the ancient and distinguished Barony of Drelincourt, and the extensive estates thereto annexed. He was young; by no means ill-looking; and was—unmarried. Under the mask of *naïveté* and eccentricity, it was believed that he concealed great natural acuteness, for the purpose of ascertaining who were his real and who only his pretended friends and well-wishers; and that his noble relatives had given in to his little scheme for the purpose of aiding him in the important discovery upon which he was bent. Infinite effect was thus given to the Earl's introductions. Wherever Titmouse went he found new and delightful acquaintances; and invitations to dinners, balls, routs, soirées, came showering daily into his rooms at the Albany, where also were left innumerable cards, bearing names of very high fashion. All who had daughters or sisters in the market, paid eager and persevering court to Mr Titmouse, and still more so to the Earl of Dreddlington and Lady Cecilia, his august *sponsors*; so that—such being the will of that merry jade Fortune—they who had once regarded him as an object only of shuddering disgust and ineffable contempt, and had been disposed to order their servants to show him out again into the streets, were now, in a manner, *magnified and made honourable* by means of their connexion with him;

or rather, society, through his means, had become suddenly sensible of the commanding qualities and pretensions of the Earl of Dreddlington and the Lady Cecilia. In the ball-room—at Almacks' even—how many young men, handsome, accomplished, and of real consequence, applied in vain for the hand of haughty beauty, which Mr Titmouse had only to ask for, and have! Whose was the opera-box into which he might not drop as a welcome visiter, and be seen lounging in envied familiarity with its fair and brilliant inmates? Were there not mothers of high fashion, of stately pride, of sounding rank, who would have humbled themselves before Titmouse, if thereby he could have been brought a suitor to the feet of one of their daughters? But it was not over the fair sex alone that the magic of Mr Titmouse's name and pretensions had obtained this great and sudden ascendancy, he excited no small attention among men of fashion—great numbers of whom quickly recognised in him one very fit to become their butt and their dupe. What signified it to men secure of their own position in society, that they were seen openly associating with one so outrageously absurd in his dress—and vulgar and ignorant beyond all example? So long as he bled freely, and trotted out briskly and willingly, his eccentricities could be not merely tolerated, but humoured. Take, for instance, the gay and popular MARQUIS GANTS-JAUNES DE MILLEFLEURS; but he is worth a word or two of description, because of the position he had contrived to acquire and retain, and the influence which he managed to exercise over a considerable portion of London society. The post he was anxious to secure was that of the leader of *ton*; and he wished it to appear that that was the sole object of his ambition. While, however, he affected to be entirely engrossed by such matters as devising new and exquisite variations of dress and equipage, he was, in reality, bent upon graver pursuits—upon gratifying his own licentious tastes and inclinations with secrecy and impunity. He despised folly, cultivating and practising only vice, in which he was, in a manner, an epicure. He was now about his forty-second year, had been handsome, was of bland and fascinating address, variously accom-

plished, of exquisite tact, of most refined taste; there was a slight fullness and puffiness about his features, an expression in his eye, which spoke of *satiety*—and the fact was so. He was a very proud, selfish, heartless, person; but these qualities he contrived to disguise from many of even his most intimate associates. An object of constant anxiety to him was, to ingratiate himself with the younger and weaker branches of the aristocracy, in order to secure a distinguished status in society; and he succeeded. To gain this point, he taxed all his resources: never were so exquisitely blended, as in his instance, with a view to securing his *influence*, the qualities of dictator and parasite; he always appeared the *agreeable equal* of those whom, for his life, he dared not seriously have offended. He had no fortune; no visible means of making money—did not sensibly sponge upon his friends—nor fall into conspicuous embarrassments; yet he always lived in luxury—without money, he in some inconceivable manner always contrived to be in the possession of money's worth. He had a magical power of soothing querulous tradesmen. He had a knack of always keeping himself, his clique, his sayings and doings, before the eye of the public, in such a manner as to satisfy it that he was the acknowledged leader of fashion; yet it was really no such thing, it was a false fashion—there being all the difference between him and a man of real consequence in society, that there is between mock and real pearl, between paste and diamond. It was true that young men of sounding name and title were ever to be found in his train, thereby giving real countenance to one from whom they fancied that they themselves derived celebrity; thus enabling him to effect a lodgment in the outskirts of aristocracy; but he could not penetrate inland, so to speak, any more than foreign merchants could advance further than to Canton, in the dominions of the Emperor of China. He was only tolerated in the regions of real aristocracy—a fact of which he had a very galling consciousness, though it did not apparently disturb his equanimity, or interrupt the systematic and refined sycophancy by which alone he could secure his precarious position. With some sad ex-

ceptions, I think that Great Britain has reason to be proud of her aristocracy: I do not speak now of those gaudy flaunting personages, of either sex, who, by their excesses or eccentricities, are eternally obtruding themselves, their manners, dress, and equipage, upon the ear and eye of the public; but of those who occupy their exalted sphere in simplicity, in calmness, and in unobtrusive dignity and virtue. I am no flatterer or idolater of the aristocracy. I have a profound sense of the necessity and advantage of the *institution*: but I could pay its members, personally, an honest homage only, after a stern and keen scrutiny into their personal pretensions; thinking of them ever in the spirit of those memorable words of Scripture—*“Unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required,”* and that not hereafter only, but here also. No one would visit their faults and follies with a more unsparring severity than I; yet making all just allowances for their peculiar perils and temptations, exposed as they are, especially at the period of their entrance upon life, to sedulous and systematic sycophancy, too often also to artful and designing profligacy, can any thing excite greater indignation and disgust in the mind of a thoughtful and independent observer, than those instances, occasionally exhibited, of persons imagining that the possessors of rank enjoy a sort of prescriptive immunity from the consequences of misconduct?—

—“*Si præcipientem rapit ambitus atque libido—*

Incipit ipsorum contra te stare parentum Nobilitas, claramque facem præferre pendendis.

Omne animi vitium tantò conspectius in se Crimen habet, quantò major qui peccat habetur.”

To a thoughtless, an insolent, a profligate nobleman, I choose to address the dignified reproofs of the same stern satirist—

—“*Tumes alto Drusorum sanguine tanquam,*

Feceris ipse aliquid propter quod nobilitas esses.

—Miserum est alienæ incumbere famæ, Ne collapsa ruant subductis tecta columnis.

—Ergo, ut miremur te, non tua, primum aliquid da,

Quod possim titulis incidere, præter honores,

Quos illis damus, et dedimus, quibus omnia debes.

—*Malo pater tibi sit Thersites, dummodo tu sis*

Æacidæ similis, Vulcaniaque arma capessas,

*Quam te, Thersites similem, producat Achilles.**

And I shall sum up what I have to say upon this head, in the notable language of the fine old Bishop Hall:—

“I confesse I cannot honour blood without good qualities; nor spare it, with ill. There is nothing that I do more desire to be taught, than what is true nobility: what thanks is it to you that you are *born* well? If you could have lost this privilege of nature, I feare you had not been thus far noble; that you may not plead desert, you had this before you were; long ere you could either know or prevent it. You are deceived if you think this any other than the *body* of gentility. The *life* and *soule* of it is in noble and virtuous dispositions, in gallantnesse of spirit without haughtinesse, without insolence, without scornful overliness; shortly, in generous qualities, carriage, actions. See your error, and know that this demeanor doth not answer an honest birth.”†

Such are *my* sentiments—those of a contented member of the middle classes, with whom are all his best and dearest sympathies; and who feels as stern a pride in his “Order,” and determination to “*stand by it*,” as ever was felt or avowed by the haughtiest aristocrat for *his*; of one who with very little personal acquaintance with the aristocracy, has yet had many opportunities of observing their conduct; and sincerely and cheerfully expresses his belief, that very, very many of them are worthy of all that they enjoy—are bright patterns of honour, generosity, loyalty, and virtue; that, indeed, of by far the greater proportion of them it may be said that they

“Have borne their faculties so meek—
have been

So clear in their great office, that their
virtues

Will plead like angels;”

and finally, I say these are the sentiments of one who, if their order were in jeopardy, would, with the immense majority of his brethren of the middle classes, freely shed his blood in defence of that order; for their preservation is essential to the well-being of society, and their privileges are really ours.

To return, however, to the Marquis. The means to which, as I have above explained, he resorted for the purpose, secured him a certain species of permanent popularity. In matters of dress and equipage, he could really set the fashion; and being something of a practical humorist, and desirous of frequent exhibitions of his power, in order to enhance his pretensions with his patrons—and also greatly applauded and indulged by the tradespeople profiting by the vagaries of fashion, he was very capricious in the exercise of his influence. He seized the opportunity of the advent of my little hero, to display his powers very decisively. He waved his wand over Titmouse, and instantly transformed a little ass into a great lion. 'Twas the Marquis, who with his own hand sketched off, from fancy, the portrait of Titmouse, causing it to be exhibited in almost every bookseller's shop window. He knew that, if he chose to make his appearance once or twice in the Parks, and leading streets and squares, in—for instance—the full and imposing evening costume of the clown at the theatre, with painted face, capacious white inexpressibles, and tasteful jacket—within a few days' time several thousands of clowns would make their appearance about town, turning it into a vast pantomime. Could a more striking instance of the Marquis's power in such matters have been exhibited, than that which had actually occurred in the case of Titmouse? Soon after the novel of Tippiwink had rendered our friend an object of public interest, the Marquis happened, somewhere or other, to catch a glimpse of the preposterous little ape. His keen eye caught all Titmouse's personal peculiarities at a glance; and a day or two afterwards appeared in public, a sort of splendid edition of Titmouse—with

* Juv. Sat. VIII. *passim*.

† Epistles, VI.—“*A Complaint of the Mis-education of our Gentry*.”

quizzing-glass stuck in his eye and cigar in his mouth; taper ebony cane; tight surtout, with the snowy corner of a white handkerchief peeping out of the outside breast-pocket; hat with scarce any rim, perched slantingly on his head; satin stock bespangled with inwrought gold flowers; shirt-collar turned down; and that inimitable strut of his!—"Twas enough; the thoughtful young men about town were staggered for a moment; but their senses soon returned. The Marquis had set the thing going; and within three days' time, that bitter wag had called forth a flight of *Titmies* that would have reminded you, for a moment, of the visitation of locusts brought upon Egypt by Moses. Thus was brought about the state of things recorded towards the close of the last portion of this history. As soon as the Marquis had seen a few of the leading fools about town fairly in the fashion, he resumed his former rigid simplicity of attire, and, accompanied by a friend or two in his confidence, walked about the town enjoying his triumph; witnessing his trophies—"Tittlebats" and "Titmouse-ties" filling the shop windows on the week-days, and peopling the streets on Sundays. The Marquis was not long in obtaining an introduction to the quaint little *millionaire*, whose reputation he had, conjointly with his distinguished friend Mr Bladdery Pip, contributed so greatly to extend. Titmouse, who had often heard of him, looked upon him with inconceivable reverence, and accepted an invitation to one of the Marquis's *recherché* Sunday dinners, with a sort of tremulous ecstasy. Thither, on the appointed day, he went accordingly, and, by his original humour, afforded infinite amusement to the Marquis's other guests. 'Twas lucky for Titmouse that, getting dreadfully drunk very early in the evening, he was quite incapacitated from accompanying his brilliant and good-natured host to one or two scenes of fashionable entertainment, as had been arranged, in St James's Street.

Now, do let us pause to ask whether this poor little creature was not to be pitied? Did he not seem to have been plucked out of his own sphere of safe and comparatively happy obscurity, only in order to become every one's game—an object of every

body's cupidity and cruelty? May he not be compared to the flying fish, who, springing out of the water to avoid his deadly pursuer there, is instantly pounced upon by his ravenous assailants in the air? In the lower, and in the upper regions of society, was not this the condition of poor Tittlebat Titmouse? Was not his long-coveted advancement merely a transition from scenes of vulgar to refined rapacity? Had he, ever since "*luck* had happened to him," had one single friend to whisper in his ear one word of pity and of disinterested counsel? In the splendid regions which he had entered, who regarded him otherwise than as a legitimate object for plunder or ridicule, the latter disguised by the *designing* only? Was not even his dignified and exemplary old kinsman, the Earl of Dredlington, Right Honourable as he was, influenced solely by considerations of paltry self-interest? Had he not his own ridiculous and mercenary designs to accomplish, amidst all the attentions he vouchsafed to bestow upon Titmouse? 'Twas, I think, old Hobbes of Malmesbury who held, that the natural state of mankind was one of war with each other. One really sees a good deal in life, especially after tracing the progress of society, that would seem to give some colour to so strange a notion. 'Twas, of course, at first a matter of downright fisticuffs—of physical strife, occasioned, in a great measure, by our natural tendencies, according to him of Malmesbury; and aggravated by the desire every body had, to take away from every body else what he had. Have you ever seen a drop of unclean water through the medium of the astounding hydro-oxygen microscope, and shuddered at sight of the frightful creatures there made apparent—a spectacle which must have brought tears of delight into the eyes of the old philosopher I have been mentioning, on account of the vivid illustration it would have afforded of his theory? I have several times witnessed what I am alluding to, and I always think, when I see the direful conflict that goes on in these drops of water, "when Greek meets Greek," of Titmouse and his enemies. In the progress of society we have, in a measure, dropped the physical part of the business; and instead of punching,

scratching, kicking, biting, and knocking down one another, true to the original principles of our nature, we are all endeavouring to circumvent one another; every body is trying to take every body in; the moment that one of us has got together a thing or two, he is pounced upon by his neighbour, who in his turn falls a prey to another, and so on in endless succession. We cannot help ourselves, though we are splitting our heads to discover devices, by way of laws, to restrain this propensity of our nature: it will not do; we are all overreaching, cheating, swindling, robbing one another, and, if necessary, are ready to maim and murder one another in the prosecution of our designs. So is it with nations as with individuals, and minor collections of individuals. Truly, truly, we are a precious set, whether the sage of Malmesbury be right or wrong in his speculations.

The more that the Earl and Lady Cecilia perceived of Titmouse's popularity, the more eager were they in parading their connexion with him, and openly investing him with the character of a protégé. In addition to this, the Lady Cecilia had begun to have now and then a glimmering notion of the objects which the earl was contemplating. If the earl took him down to the House of Lords, and having secured him a place at the bar, would, immediately on entering, walk up to him, and be seen for some time condescendingly pointing out to him the different peers by name, as they entered, and explaining to his intelligent auditor the period, and mode, and cause, of the creation and accession of many of them to their honours, and also the forms, ceremonies, and routine of business in the House; so Lady Cecilia was not remiss in availing herself, in her way, of the little opportunities which presented themselves. She invited him, for instance, one day early in the week to accompany them to church on the ensuing Sunday, and during the interval gave out amongst her intimate friends that they might expect to see Mr Titmouse in her papa's pew. He accepted the invitation; and, on the arrival of the appointed hour, might have been seen in the earl's carriage, driving to afternoon service at the Reverend MORPHINE VELVET's chapel—Rosemary Chapel, near St

James's Square. 'Twas a fashionable chapel, a chapel of *Ease*; rightly so called, for it was a very *easy* mode of worship, discipline, and doctrine that was there practised and inculcated. If I may not irreverently adopt the language of scripture, but apply it very differently, I should say that Mr Morphine Velvet's yoke was very "easy," his burden very "light." He was a popular preacher; middle-aged; sleek, serene, solemn in his person and demeanour. He had a very gentlemanlike appearance in the pulpit and reading desk. There was a sort of soothing, winning, elegance and tenderness in the tone and manner in which he *prayed* and *besought* his dearly-beloved brethren, as many as were there present, to accompany him, their bland and graceful pastor, to the throne of the heavenly grace. Fit leader was he of such a flock! He read the prayers remarkably well, in a quiet and subdued tone, very distinctly, and with marked emphasis and intonation, having sedulously studied how to read the service under a crack theatrical teacher of elocution, who had given him several "points"—in fact, a new reading entirely—of one of the clauses in the Lord's Prayer, and which, he had the gratification of perceiving, produced a striking, if not, indeed, a startling effect. On the little finger of the hand which he used most, was to be observed the sparkle of a diamond ring; and there was a sort of careless grace in the curl of his hair, which it had taken his hair-dresser at least half an hour, before Mr Morphine's leaving home for his chapel, to effect. In the pulpit he was calm and fluent. He rightly considered that the pulpit ought not to be the scene for attempting intellectual display; he took care, therefore, that there should be nothing in his sermons to arrest the understanding, or unprofitably occupy it, addressing himself entirely to the feelings and fancy of his cultivated audience, in frequently interesting compositions. On the occasion I am speaking of, he took for his text a fearful passage of Scripture, 2 Cor. iv. 3.—"*But if our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost.*" If any words were calculated to startle such a congregation as was arrayed before Mr Velvet, out of their guilty and fatal apathy, were not these? Ought

not their minister to have looked round him and trembled? So one would have thought; but "*dear Mr Velvet*" knew his mission and his flock better. He presented them with an elegant description of heaven, with its crystal battlements, its jasper walls, its buildings of pure gold, its foundations of precious stones; its balmy air, its sounds of mysterious melody, its overflowing fulness of everlasting happiness—amidst which friends, parted upon earth by the cruel stroke of death, recognize and are re-united to each other, never more to pronounce the agonizing word "*adieu!*" And would his dear hearers be content to lose all this—content to *enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season*? Forbid it, eternal mercy! But lest he should alarm his hearers, he took the opportunity to enforce and illustrate the consolatory truth, that

"Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less;"

and presently, resuming the thread of his discourse, went on to speak of the really serious consequences attending a persevering indifference to religion; and he went on to give striking instances of it in the merchant in his counting-house and on 'change; the lawyer in his office; the tradesman in his shop; the operative in the manufactory; showing how each was absorbed in his calling—labouring for the meat which perisheth, till they had lost all appetite and relish for spiritual food, and never once troubled themselves about "the momentous concerns of hereafter." Upon these topics he dwelt with such force and feeling, that he sent his distinguished congregation away—those of them, at least, who could retain any recollection of what they heard for five minutes after entering their carriages—fearing that there was a very black look-out, indeed, for the kind of persons that Mr Velvet had mentioned—tailors, milliners, mercers, jewellers, and so forth; and who added graver offences, and of a more positive character, to the misconduct which had been pointed out—in their extortion and their rapacity! Would that some of them had been present! Thus was it that Mr Velvet sent away his hearers overflowing with Christian sympathy; very well pleased with Mr Velvet, but infinitely better pleased

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with themselves. The deep impression which he had made was evidenced by a note he received that evening from the Duchess of Broadacre, most earnestly begging permission to copy his "*beautiful sermon*," in order to send it to her sister, Lady Belle Almack, who was ill of a decline at Naples. About that time, I may as well here mention, there came out an engraved portrait of "*the Rev. Morphine Velvet, M.A., Minister, Rosemary Chapel, St James's*"—a charming picture it was, representing Mr Morphine in pulpit costume and attitude, with hands gracefully outstretched, and his face directed upward with a heavenly expression, suggesting to you the possibility that some fine day, when his hearers least expected it, he might gently rise out of his pulpit into the air, like Stephen, with heaven open before him, and *be no more seen of men!* Happy is that people that is in such a case; yea, happy is that people whose minister is the Rev. Morphine Velvet!

Four or five carriages had to set down before that containing the Earl of Dreddlington, Lady Cecilia, and Mr Titmouse, could draw up; by which time there had accumulated as many in its rear, so eager were the pious aristocrats to get into this holy retreat. As Titmouse, holding his hat and cane in one hand, while with the other he arranged his hair, strutted up the centre aisle, following the Earl and Lady Cecilia, he could hardly repress the exultation with which he thought of a former visit of his to that very chapel some two years before. Then, on attempting to enter the body of the chapel, the vergers had politely but firmly repulsed him; on which, swelling with vexation, he had ascended to the gallery, where, after being kept standing for ten minutes at least, he had been beckoned by the pew-opener towards, and squeezed into, the furthestmost pew, close at the back of the organ, and in which said pew were only four footmen besides himself; and if he was disgusted with his mere contiguity, guess what must have been his feelings when the footman nearest to him good-naturedly forced upon him a part of his prayer-book, which Titmouse, ready to spit in his face, held with his finger and thumb, as though it had been the tail of a snake. Now, how changed was all!

He had become an aristocrat ; in his veins ran some of the richest and oldest blood in the country ; his brow might ere long be graced by the coronet which King Henry II. had placed upon the brow of the founder of his family, some seven hundred years before ; and a tall footman, with powdered head, glistening silver shoulder-knot, and sky-blue livery, and carrying in a bag the gilded implements of devotion, be humbly following behind him ! What a remarkable and vivid contrast between his present and his former circumstances, was present at that moment to his reflecting mind ! As he stood, his hat covering his face, in an attitude of devotion—"I wonder," thought he, "what all these nobles and swells would say, if they knew how I had worshipped here on the last time ;" and again—"Pon my life, what would I give for—say Huckaback—to see me just now !" What an elegant and fashionable air the congregation wore ! Surely there must be something in religion when people such as were around him came so punctually to church, and behaved so seriously ! The members of that congregation were, indeed, exemplary in their strict discharge of their public religious duties ! Scarce one of them was there that had not been at the opera till half-past twelve over night ; the dulcet notes of the singers still thrilling in their ears, the graceful attitudes of the dancers still present to their eyes ; every previous night of the week had they been engaged in the brilliant ball-room, and whirled in the mazes of the voluptuous waltz, or glittering in the picturesque splendour of fancy dress, till three, four, and five o'clock in the morning : yet here they were, in spite of all their exhaustion, testified by the heavy eye, the ill-suppressed yawns, the languor and ennui visible in their countenances, prepared to accompany their gentle pastor, "with a pure heart and humble voice," unto the throne of the heavenly grace, to acknowledge, with lively emotion, that they "had followed too much the devices and desires of their own hearts ;" praying for "mercy upon them, miserable offenders," that God would "rest them being penitent," so that "they might thereafter lead a godly, sober, and sober life." Here they were punctual to their time, decor

manners, devout in spirit, earnest and sincere in repentance and good resolutions—knowing, the while, how would be spent the remainder of the season of their lives ; and yet resolving to attend to the affectionate entreaties of Mr Velvet, to be "not hearers only, but doers of the work." Generally, I should say that the state of mind of most, if not all of those present, was analogous to that of persons who go and sit in the pump-room, to drink the Bath or Cheltenham waters. Every body did the same thing ; and each hoped that, while sitting in his pew, what he heard would, like what he drunk at the pump-room, in some secret mode of operation, insensibly benefit the hearer, without subjecting him to any unpleasant restraint or discipline—without requiring active exertion, or inconvenience, or sacrifice. This will give you a pretty accurate notion of Lord Dreddlington's state of mind upon the present occasion. With his gold glasses on, he followed with his eye, and also with his voice, every word of the prayers, with rigid accuracy and unwavering earnestness ; but as soon as Mr Velvet had mounted the pulpit, and risen to deliver his discourse, the Earl quietly folded his arms, closed his eyes, and, in an attentive posture, composed himself to sleep. Lady Cecilia sat beside him perfectly motionless during the whole sermon, her eyes fixed languidly upon the preacher. As for Titmouse, he bore it pretty well for about five minutes ; then he pulled his gloves off and on at least twenty times ; then he twisted his handkerchief round his fingers ; then he looked with a vexed air at his watch ; then he stuck his glass in his eye, and stared about him. By the time that Mr Velvet had ceased, Titmouse had conceived a very great dislike to him, and was indeed in a fretful humour. But when the organ struck up, and they rose to go ; when he mingled with the soft, crushing, fluttering, rustling satin-clad throng—nodding to one, bowing to another, and shaking hands with a third, he felt "himself again." The only difference between him and those around him was, that they had been to bear with calm fortitude the severe trial of his temper. He had got out ; the crash of

delightful objects to their eyes—they were, in short, in the dear world again, and breathed as freely as ever.

Mr Titmouse took leave of the Earl and Lady Cecilia at their carriage-door, having ordered his cab to be in waiting—as it was; and entering it, he drove about leisurely till it was time to think of dressing for dinner. He had accepted an invitation to dine with a party of officers in the Guards, and a merry time they had on't. Titmouse in due time got blind drunk; and then one of his companions, rapidly advancing towards the same happy state, seized the opportunity, with a burned cork, to blacken poor Titmouse's face all over—who, therefore, was pronounced to bear a very close resemblance to one of the black boys belonging to the band of the regiment, and thus afforded as much fun to his friends when dead drunk as when sober. As he was quite incapable of taking care of himself, they put a servant with him into his cab, (judging his little tiger to be unequal to the responsibility.)

Titmouse passed a sad night, but got better towards the middle of the ensuing day; when he was sufficiently recovered to receive two visitors. One of them was young Lord Frederic Feather, (accompanied by a friend,) both of whom had dined in company with Titmouse overnight; and his lordship it was, who, having decorated Titmouse's countenance in the way I have described—so as to throw his valet almost into fits on seeing him brought home—imagining it might possibly come to his ears who it was that had done him such a favour, had come to acknowledge and apologize for it frankly and promptly. When, however, he perceived what a fool he had got to deal with, he suddenly changed his course—declared that Titmouse had not only done it himself, but had there presumed to act similarly towards his lordship, whose friend corroborated the charge—and they had called to receive, in private, an apology. Titmouse's breath seemed taken away on first hearing this astounding version of the affair. He swore he had done nothing of the sort, but had suffered a good deal; then, dropping a little on observing the stern looks of his companions, protested “he did not recol-

lect” any thing of the sort; on which they smiled good-naturedly, and said that *that* was very possible. Then Titmouse made the requisite apology; and thus this awkward affair ended. Lord Frederic continued for some time with Titmouse in pleasant chat; for he foresaw that, “hard-up” as he frequently was, Mr Titmouse was a friend who might be exceedingly serviceable. In fact, poor Lord Frederic could, on that very occasion, have almost gone on his knees for a cheque of Mr Titmouse upon his bankers, for three or four hundred pounds. Oh, thought Lord Frederic, what would *he* have given to be in Titmouse's position, with his twenty thousand a-year, and a hundred thousand pounds of hard cash! But, as the reader well knows, poor Titmouse's resources, ample as they were, were upon a far less splendid scale than was supposed. Partly from inclination, and partly through a temporary sense of embarrassment, occasioned by the want of ready money, Titmouse did not spend a tenth part of the sum which it had been every where supposed he could disburse freely on all hands, which occasioned him to be given credit for possessing all that rumour assigned to him; and, moreover, for a disposition not to squander it. He had on several occasions been induced to try his hand at *carté, rouge et noir*, and hazard; and had, on the first occasion or two, been a little hurried away through deference to his distinguished associates, and bled rather freely; but when he found that it was a matter of business—that he must *pay*—and felt his purse growing lighter, and his pocket-book, in which he kept his bank-notes, rapidly shrinking in dimensions as the evening wore on, he experienced vivid alarm and disgust, and an increasing disinclination to be victimized; and his aversion to play was infinitely strengthened by the frequent cautions of the Earl of Dreddlington.

But there was one step in Mr Titmouse's upward progress which he presently took, and which is worthy of special mention; I mean his presentation at court by the Earl of Dreddlington. The necessity for such a step was explained to Titmouse, by his illustrious kinsman, a day or two after the appearance of the ordinary official announcement of

the next levee. This momentous affair was broached by the Earl, one day after dinner, with an air of deep anxiety and interest. Indeed, had that stately and solemn old simpleton been instructing his gaping protégé in the minutely-awful etiquette requisite for the due discharge of his duties as an ambassador sent upon a delicate and embarrassing mission to the court of his Sacred Majesty the King of Sulkypunctilio, he could not have appeared more penetrated by a sense of the responsibility he was incurring. He commenced by giving Titmouse a very long history of the origin and progress of such ceremonies, and a minute account of the practical manner of their observance, all of which, however, was to Titmouse only like breathing upon a mirror—passing as quickly out of one ear as it had entered into the other. When, however, the Earl came to the point of dress, Titmouse was indeed “a thing all ear, all eye,” his faculties being stimulated to their utmost. The next morning he hurried off to his tailor, to order a court dress. When it had been brought to his rooms, and he had put it on, upon returning to his room in his new and imposing costume, and glancing at his figure in the glass, his face fell; he felt infinitely disappointed. It is to be remembered that he had not on lace ruffles at his coat-cuffs, nor on his shirt front. After gazing at himself for a few moments in silence, he suddenly snapped his fingers, and exclaimed to the tailor, who, with the valet, was standing beside him, “Curse me if I like this thing at all!”

“Not like it, sir!” exclaimed Mr Clipclose, with astonishment.

“No, I don’t, demme! Is *this* a court dress? It’s a quaker’s made into a footman’s! ‘Pon my soul, I look the exact image of a footman; and a devilish vulgar one, too!” The two individuals beside him turned suddenly away from him, and from one another, and from their noses there issued the sounds of ill-suppressed laughter.

“Oh, sir—I beg a thousand pardons!”—quickly exclaimed Mr Clipclose, “what can I have been thinking about? There’s the sword—we’ve quite forgot it!”

“Ah—‘pon my life, I thought there

was *something* wrong!” quoth Titmouse, as Mr Clipclose, having brought the sword from the other end of the room, where he had laid it upon entering, buckled it on.

“I flatter myself that *now*, sir”—commenced he.

“Ya—as—Quite the correct thing! ‘Pon my soul, most uncommon striking!”—exclaimed Titmouse, glancing at his figure in the glass with a triumphant smile. “Isn’t it odd, now, that this sword should make all the difference between me and a footman, by Jove?” Here his two companions were seized with a simultaneous fit of coughing.

“Ah, ha—it’s *so*, a’n’t it?” continued Titmouse, his eyes glued to the glass.

“Certainly, sir: it undoubtedly gives—what shall I call it? a grace—a finish—a sort of commanding—especially to a figure that becomes it”—he continued, with cool assurance, observing that the valet understood him. “But—may I, sir, take so great a liberty? If you are not accustomed to wear a sword—as I think you said you had not been at court before—I beg to remind you that it will require particular care to manage it, and prevent it from getting between”—

“Demme, sir!” exclaimed Titmouse, starting aside with an offended air—“d’ye think I don’t know how to manage a sword? By all that’s tremendous”—and plucking the taper weapon out of its scabbard, he waved it over his head, and throwing himself into the first position—he had latterly paid a good deal of attention to fencing—and with rather an excited air, went through several of the preliminary movements. ‘Twas a subject for a painter, and exhibited a very striking spectacle—as an instance of power silently concentrated, and ready to be put forth upon an adequate occasion. The tailor and the valet, who stood separate from each other, and at a safe and respectful distance from Mr Titmouse, gazed with silent admiration at him.

When the great day arrived—Titmouse having thought of scarce any thing else in the interval, and teased every one he met with his endless questions and childish observations on the subject—he drove up, at the appointed hour, to the Earl of Dreddling-

ton's, whose carriage, with an appearance of greater state than usual about it, was standing at the door. On alighting from his cab, he skipped so nimbly up stairs, that he could not have had time to observe the amusement which his figure occasioned even to the well-disciplined servants of the Earl of Dreddlington. Much allowance ought to have been made for them. Think of Mr Titmouse's little knee-breeches, white silks, silver shoe-buckles, shirt-ruffles and frills, coat, bag, and sword; and his hair, plastered up with bear's grease, parted down the middle of his head, and curling out boldly over each temple; and his open countenance irradiated with a subdued smile of triumph and excitement! On entering the drawing-room, he beheld a really striking object—the Earl in court costume, wearing his general's uniform, with all his glistening orders, standing in readiness to set off, and holding in his hand his cap, with its snowy plume. His posture was at once easy and commanding. Had he been standing to Sir Thomas Laurence, he could not have disposed himself more effectively. Lady Cecilia was sitting on the sofa, leaning back, and languidly talking to him; and, from the start they both gave on Titmouse's entrance, it was plain that they could not have calculated upon the extraordinary transmogrification he must have undergone, in assuming court costume. For a moment or two, each was as severely shocked as when his absurd figure had first presented itself in that drawing-room. "Oh, heavens!" murmured Lady Cecilia; while the Earl seemed struck dumb by the approaching figure of Titmouse. That gentleman, however, was totally changed from the Titmouse of a former day. He had now acquired a due sense of his personal importance, a just confidence in himself. Greatness had lost its former petrifying influence over him. And, as for his appearance on the present occasion, he had grown so familiar with it, as reflected in his glass, that it never occurred to him as being different with others who beheld him for the first time. At the same time, that candour upon which I pride myself urges me to state, that when Titmouse beheld the military air and superb equipments of the Earl—notwithstanding that Titmouse, too, wore

a sword—he felt himself *done*. He advanced, however, pretty confidently—bobbing about, first to Lady Cecilia, and then to the Earl; and after a hasty salutation—" 'Pon my life, my lord, I hope it's no offence, but your lordship *does* look most *particular* fine." The Earl made no reply, but inclined towards him magnificently—not seeing the meaning and intention of Titmouse, but affronted by his words.

"May I ask what your lordship thinks of *me*? First time I ever appeared in this kind of thing, my lord—ha! ha, your lordship sees!" As he spoke, his look and voice betrayed the overawing effects of the earl's splendid appearance—which was rapidly freezing up the springs of familiarity, if not indeed of flippancy, which were bubbling up within the little bosom of Titmouse, on his entering the room. His manner became involuntarily subdued and reverential. The Earl of Dreddlington in plain clothes, and in full court costume, were two very different persons; though his lordship would have been mortally affronted if he had known that any one thought so. However he now regretted having offered to take Titmouse to the levee, there was no escape from the calamity; so, after a few minutes' pause, he rang the bell, and announced his readiness to set off. Followed by Mr Titmouse, his lordship slowly descended the stairs; and when he was within two or three steps of the hall floor, it distresses me to relate, that he fell nearly flat upon his face, and, but for his servants' rushing up, would have been seriously hurt. Poor Titmouse had been the occasion of this disaster; for his sword getting between his legs, down he went against the earl, who went naturally down upon the floor, as I have mentioned. Titmouse was not much hurt, but terribly frightened, and went as pale as death when he looked at the earl, who appeared a little agitated, but, not having been really injured, soon recovered his self-possession. Profuse were poor Titmouse's apologies, as may be supposed; but much as he was distressed at what had taken place, a glance at the angry countenances with which the servants regarded him, as if inwardly cursing his stupidity and clumsiness, stirred up his spirit a little, and restored him to

a measure of self-possession. He would have given a hundred pounds to have been able to discharge every one of them on the spot.

"Sir—enough has been said," quoth the earl, rather coldly and haughtily, tired of the multiplied apologies and excuses of Titmouse. "I thank God, sir, that I am not hurt, though, at my time of life, a fall is not a slight matter. Sir," continued the earl, bitterly, "*you* are not so much to blame as your tailor; he should have explained to you how to wear your sword!" With this, having cut Titmouse to the very quick, the earl motioned him towards the door: they soon entered the carriage; the door was closed; and, with a brace of footmen behind, away rolled these two truly distinguished subjects to pay their homage to majesty—which might well be proud of such homage. They both sate in silence for some time. At length—"Beg your lordship's pardon," quoth Titmouse, with some energy; "but I wish your lordship only knew how I hate this cursed skewer that's pinned to me;"—and he looked at his sword, as if he could have snapped it into halves, and thrown them through the window.

"Sir, I can appreciate your feelings. The sword was not to blame; and *you* have my forgiveness," replied the still ruffled earl.

"Much obliged to your lordship," replied Titmouse, in a somewhat different tone from any in which he had ever ventured to address his august companion; for he was beginning to feel confoundedly nettled at the bitter contemptuous manner which the earl observed towards him. He was also not a little enraged with himself; for he knew he had been in fault, and thought of the neglected advice of his tailor. So his natural insolence, like a reptile just beginning to recover from its long torpor, made a faint struggle to show itself—but in vain; he was quite cowed and overpowered by the presence in which he was, and he wished heartily that he could have recalled even the few last words he had ventured to utter. The Earl had observed it, though without appearing to do so. He was accustomed to control his feelings; and on the present occasion he exerted himself to do so, for fear of alienating Titmouse from him by any display of offended dignity.

"Sir, it is a very fine day," he observed, in a kind manner, after a stern silence of at least five minutes.

"Remarkable fine, my lord. I was just going to say so," replied Titmouse, greatly relieved; and presently they fell into their usual strain of conversation.

"We must learn to bear these little annoyances calmly," said the Earl, graciously, on Titmouse's again alluding to his mishap:—"as for me, sir, a person in the station to which it has pleased Heaven to call me, for purposes of its own, has his peculiar and very grave anxieties—substantial anx—"—

He ceased suddenly. The carriage of his old rival, the Earl of Fitz-Warren, passed him; the latter waved his hand courteously; the former, with a bitter smile, was forced to do the same; and then relapsing into silence, showed that the iron was entering his very soul, affording a striking illustration of the truth of the observation he had been making to Titmouse. Soon, however, they had entered the scene of splendid hubbub, which at once occupied and excited both their minds. Without, was the eager crowd, gazing with admiration and awe at each equipage, with its brilliant occupants, that dashed past them:—then the life-guardsmen, in glittering and formidable array, their long gleaming swords and polished helmets glancing and flashing in the sunlight. Within, were the tall yeomen of the guard, in velvet caps and scarlet uniforms, and with ponderous partisans, lining each side of the staircase—and who, being in the exact military costume of the time of Henry the Eighth, forcibly recalled those days of pomp and pageantry to the well-informed mind of Mr Titmouse. In short, there were all the grandeur, state, and ceremony that fence in the dread approaches to majesty. Fortunately, Titmouse was infinitely too much bewildered and flustered by the novel splendour around him, to be aware of the ill-concealed laughter which his appearance excited on all hands. In due course he was borne on, and issued in due form into the presence-chamber—into the immediate presence of majesty. His heart palpitated: his dazzled eye caught a hasty glimpse of a tall magnificent figure standing before a throne. Advancing—scarce aware whether on his head or his heels—he reverently

paid his homage—then rising, was promptly ushered out through a different door; with no distinct impression of anything that he had passed;—'twas all a dazzling blaze of glory—a dim vision of awe! Little was he aware, poor soul, that the king had required him to be pointed out upon his approach, having heard of his celebrity in society, and that he had the distinguished honour of occasioning to majesty a very great effort to keep its countenance. It was not till after he had quitted the palace for some time, that he breathed freely again. Then he began to feel as if a vast change had been effected in him by some mysterious and awful agency—that he was penetrated and pervaded, as it were, by the subtle essence of royalty—like one that had experienced the sudden, strange, thrilling, potent, influence of electricity. He imagined that now the stamp of greatness had been impressed upon him; his pretensions ratified by the highest authority upon earth. 'Twas as if wine had been poured into a stream, intoxicating the *tittlebats* swimming about in it. As for me, seriously speaking, I question whether it was any thing more than an imaginary change that had come over my friend. Though I should be sorry to cite against him an authority, couched in a language with which I have reason to believe he was not *critically* acquainted, I cannot help thinking that Horace must have had in his eye a Roman Titmouse, when he penned those bitter lines—

“*Licet superbus ambules pecuniâ
Fortuna non mutat genua.
—Videsne Sacram metiente te Viam
Cum bis ter ulnarum togâ,
Ut ora vertat huc et huc euntium,
Liberrima indignatio?
—‘Sectus flagellis hic triumphalibus
Præconis ad fastidium,
Arat Falerni mille fundi jugera,
Et Appiam mannis terit!’”*

TO HIM I LOVE,

1.

*Affettuosa-
mente.*

Ah me! I feel the smart
Of Cupid's cruel dart
Quivering in my heart,
Heigho, ah! whew!

While Titmouse was making this splendid figure in the upper regions of society, and forming there every hour new and brilliant connexions and associations—in a perfect whirl of pleasure from morning to night—he did not ungratefully manifest a total forgetfulness of the amiable persons with whom he had been so familiar, and from whom he had received so many good offices in his earlier days and humbler circumstances. Had it not, however—to give the devil his due—been for Gammon, (who was ever beside him, like a mysterious pilot, secretly steering his little bark amidst the strange, splendid, but dangerous seas which it had now to navigate,) I fear that, with Titmouse, it would have been—out of sight out of mind. But Gammon, ever watchful over the real interests of his charge, and also delighted to become the medium of conferring favours upon others, conveyed from time to time, to the interesting family of the Tag-rags, special marks of Mr Titmouse's courtesy and gratitude. At one time, a haunch of *doe* venison would find its way to Mr Tag-rag, to whom Gammon justly considered that the distinction between buck and doe was unknown; at another, a fine work-box and a beautifully bound Bible found its way to good Mrs Tag-rag; and, lastly, a gay guitar to Miss Tag-rag, who forthwith began twang-twang, tang-a-tang tang-it, from morning to night, thinking with ecstasy of its dear distinguished donor; who, together with Mr Gammon, had, some time afterwards, the unspeakable gratification, on occasion of their being invited to dine at Satin Lodge, of hearing her perform the following exquisite composition, for both the words and air of which she had been indebted to her music-master, a youth with black mustaches, long dark hair parted on his head, shirt collars à-la-Byron, and eyes full of inspiration.

* Hor. Carm. V., iv.

2.

Allegro.

With him I love
Swiftly time would move;
With his cigar,
And my guitar,
We'd smoke and play
The livelong day,
Merrily, merrily!
Puff—puff—puff,
Tang-a, tang, tang!

3.

*Adagio, et
con molto
espressioni.*

When he's not near me,
O! of life I'm weary—
The world is dreary—
Mystic spirits of song,
Wreathed with cypress, come along!
And hear me! hear me!

Teneramente.

Singing,
Heigho, heigho—
Tootle, tootle, too,
A—lackaday!

Such were the tender and melting strains which this fair creature (her voice a little reedy and squeaking to be sure) poured into the sensitive ear of Titmouse; and such are the strains by means of which, many and many a Miss Tag-rag has captivated many and many a Titmouse; so that sentimental compositions of this sort are deservedly popular, and do honour to our musical and poetical character as a nation. I said that it was on the occasion of a dinner at Satin Lodge, that Mr Titmouse and Mr Gammon were favoured by hearing Miss Tag-rag's voice, accompanying her guitar; for when Mr Tag-rag had sounded Mr Gammon, and found that both he and Titmouse would be only too proud and happy to partake of his hospitality, they were invited. A very crack affair it was, (though I have not time to describe it)—given on a more splendid scale than Mr Tag-rag had ever ventured upon before. He brought a bottle of *champagne* all the way from town with his own hands, and kept it nice and cool in the kitchen cistern for three days beforehand; and there was fish, soup, roast mutton, and roast ducks, roast fowls, peas, cabbage, cauliflowers, potatoes, vegetable marrows; there was an apple-pie, a plumb-pudding, custards, creams, jelly, and a man to wait, hired from the tavern at the corner of the hill. It had not occurred to them to provide themselves with champagne glasses, so they managed as well as they could

with the common ones—all but Titmouse, who with a sort of fashionable recklessness, to show how little he thought of it, poured out his champagne into his tumbler, which he two-thirds filled, and drank it off at a draft, Mr Tag-rag trying to disguise the inward spasm it occasioned him, by a grievous smile. He and Mrs Tag-rag exchanged anxious looks; the whole of their sole bottle of champagne was gone already—almost as soon as it had been opened!

"I always drink champagne out of a tumbler; I do—'pon my life," said Titmouse carelessly; "it's a devilish deal more pleasant."

"Ye-e-s—of course it is, sir," said Mr Tag-rag, rather faintly. Shortly afterwards, Titmouse offered to take a glass of champagne with Miss Tag-rag:—Her father's face flushed; and at length, with a bold effort, "Why, Mr Titmouse," said he, trying desperately to look unconcerned—"the— the fact is, I never keep more than a dozen or so in my cellar—and most unfortunately I found this afternoon that six bottles had—burst—I assure you."

"'Pon my soul, sorry to hear it," quoth Titmouse; "must send you a dozen of my own—I always keep about fifty or a hundred dozen. Oh, I'll send you half-a-dozen!"

Tag-rag scarcely knew, for a moment, whether he felt pleased or mortified at this stroke of delicate generosity. Thus it was that Titmouse

evinced a disposition to shower marks of his favour and attachment upon the Tag-rags, in obedience to the injunctions of Gammon, who assured him that it was of very great importance for him to secure the good graces of Mr Tag-rag. So Mr Titmouse now drove up to Satin Lodge in his cab, and then rode thither, followed by his stylish groom; and on one occasion, artful little scamp! happening to find no one at home but Miss Tag-rag, he nevertheless alighted, and stayed for nearly ten minutes, behaving precisely in the manner of an accepted suitor, aware that he might do so with impunity since there was no witness present; a little matter which had been suggested to him by Mr Gammon. Poor Miss Tag-rag's cheek he kissed with every appearance of ardour, protesting that she was a monstrous lovely creature; and he left her in a state of delighted excitement, imagining herself the fated mistress of ten thousand a-year, and the blooming bride of the gay and fashionable Mr Titmouse. When her excellent parents heard of what had that day occurred between Mr Titmouse and their daughter, they also looked upon the thing as quite settled. In the meanwhile, the stream of prosperity flowed steadily in upon Mr Tag-rag, his shop continuing crowded; his shopmen doubled in number:—in fact, he at length actually received, instead of giving payment, for allowing young men to serve a short time in so celebrated an establishment, in order that they might learn the first-rate style of doing business, and when established on their own account, write up over their doors—"Peter Tape, *late from Tag-rag & Co., Oxford Street.*"

Determined to make hay while the sun shone, he resorted to several little devices for that purpose, such as a shirt front with frills in the shape of a capital "T," and of which, under the name of "*Titties*," he sold immense numbers amongst the inferior swells of London. At length it occurred to Gammon to suggest to Titmouse a mode of conferring upon his old friend and master a mark of permanent, public, and substantial distinction; and this was, the obtaining for him, through the Earl of Dreddlington, an appointment as one of the *royal tradesmen*—namely, draper and hosier to the King. When Mr Tag-

rag's disinterested and indefatigable benefactor, Gammon, called one day in Oxford Street, and calling him for a moment out of the bustle of his crowded shop, mentioned the honour which Mr Titmouse was bent upon doing his utmost, at Mr Gammon's instance, to procure for Mr Tag-rag, that respectable person was quite at a loss for terms in which adequately to express his gratitude. Titmouse readily consented to name the thing to the great man, and urge it in the best way he could; and he performed his promise. The Earl listened to his application with an air of anxiety. "Sir," said he, "the world is acquainted with my reluctance to ask favours of those in office. When I was in office myself, I felt the inconvenience of such applications abundantly. Besides, the appointment you have named, happens to be one of considerable importance, and requiring great influence to procure it. Consider, sir, the immense number of tradesmen there are of every description, of whom drapers and hosiers (according to the last returns laid before Parliament at the instance of my friend Lord Goose) are by far the most numerous. All of them are naturally ambitious of so high a distinction: yet, sir, observe, that there is only one king and one royal family to serve. My Lord Chamberlain is, I have no doubt, harassed by applicants for such honours as you have mentioned."

Hereat Titmouse got startled at the unexpected magnitude of the favour he had applied for; and, declaring that he did not care a curse for Tag-rag, begged to withdraw his application. But the Earl, with a mighty fine air, interrupted him—"Sir, you are not in the least presuming upon your relationship with me, nor do I think you overrate the influence I may happen—in short, sir, I will make it my business to see my Lord Ko-too this very day, and sound him upon the subject."

That same day an interview took place between the two distinguished noblemen, Lord Dreddlington and Lord Ko-too. Each approached the other upon stilts. After a display of the most delicate tact on the part of Lord Dreddlington, Lord Ko-too, who made a mighty piece of work of it, promised to consider of the application.

Within a day or two afterwards Mr Tag-rag received a letter from the Lord Chamberlain's office, notifying that his Majesty had been graciously pleased to appoint him draper and hosier to his Majesty! It occasioned him similar feelings of tumultuous pride and pleasure to that with which the Earl of Dreddlington would have received tidings of his long-coveted marquissate having been conferred upon him. He started off, within a quarter of an hour after the receipt of the letter, to a carver and gilder a few doors off, and gave orders for the immediate preparation of a first-rate cast, gilded, of the royal arms; which, in about a week's time, might be seen, a truly resplendent object, dazzlingly conspicuous over the central door of Mr Tag-rag's establishment, inspiring awe into the minds of passers-by, and envy into Mr Tag-rag's neighbours and rivals. He immediately sent off letters of gratitude to Mr Titmouse, and to "the Right Honourable, the Most Noble the Earl of Dreddlington;" to the latter personage, at the same time, forwarding a most splendid crimson satin flowered dressing-gown, as "an humble token of his gratitude for his lordship's mark of condescension."

Both the letter and the dressing-gown gave great satisfaction to the Earl's valet, (than whom they never got any further,) and who, having tried on the dressing-gown, forthwith sat down and wrote a very fine reply, in his lordship's name, to the note which had accompanied it, taking an opportunity to satisfy his conscience, by stating to the Earl the next morning that a Mr Tag-rag had "*called*" to express his humble thanks for his lordship's goodness. He was, moreover, so well satisfied with this specimen of Mr Tag-rag's articles, that he forthwith opened an account with him, and sent a very liberal order to start with. The same thing occurred with several of the subordinate functionaries at the palace; and—to let my reader, a little prematurely however, into a secret—this was the extent of the additional custom which Mr Tag-rag's appointment secured him; and, even for these supplies, I never heard of his getting paid. But it did wonders with him in the estimation of the world. 'Twas evident that he was in a fair way of becoming the head house in the trade. His appointment caused

no little ferment in that nook of the city with which he was connected. The worshipful Company of Squirmakers elected him a member; and on a vacancy suddenly occurring in the ward to which he belonged, he was made a common council-man. Mr Tag-rag soon made a great stir as a champion of civil and religious liberty. As for church and county rates, in particular, he demonstrated the gross injustice of calling upon one who had no personal occasion for the use of a church, of a county bridge, a county jail, or a lunatic asylum, to be called upon to contribute to the support of them. A few speeches in this strain attracted so much attention to him, that several leading men in the ward (a very "liberal" one) intimated to him that he stood the best chance of succeeding to the honour of alderman on the next vacancy; and when he and Mrs Tag-rag were alone together, he would start the subject of the expenses of the mayoralty with no little anxiety. He went to the chapel no longer on foot, but in a stylish sort of covered gig, with a kind of coal-scuttle-shaped box screwed on behind, into which was squeezed his footboy, (who, by the way, had a thin stripe of crimson let into each leg of his trousers, on Mr Tag-rag's appointment to an office under the crown;) he was also a trifle later in arriving at the chapel than he had been accustomed to be. He had a crimson velvet cushion running along the front of his pew, and the bibles and hymn-books very smartly gilded. He was presently advanced to the honoured post of Chief Deacon; and on one occasion, in the unexpected absence of the central luminary of the system, was asked to occupy the chair at a "great meeting" for the *Prevention of Civil and Religious Discord*; when he took the opportunity of declaring his opinion, which was enthusiastically cheered, that the principles of free trade ought to be applied to religion; and that the voluntary system was that which was designed by God, to secure the free blessings of competition. As for Satin Lodge, he stuck two little wings to it; and had one of the portraits of Tittlebat Titmouse (as Tipitiwink) hung over his drawing-room mantelpiece, splendidly framed and glazed.

Some little time after Tag-rag

had obtained the Royal appointment, which I have been so particular in recording, Gammon, *happening* to be passing his shop, stepped in, and observing Mr Tag-rag, very cordially greeted him; and then, as if it had been a thought of the moment only, without taking him from the shop, intimated that he had been westward, engaged in completing the formal details of a re-arrangement of the greater portion of Mr Titmouse's estates, upon which that gentleman had recently determined, and the sight of Mr Tag-rag's establishment had suggested to Mr Gammon, that possibly Mr Tag-rag would feel gratified at being made a formal party to the transaction; as Mr Gammon was sure that Mr Titmouse would feel delighted at having associated with the Earl of Dreddlington, and one or two other persons of distinction, in the meditated arrangement, the name of so early and sincere a friend as Mr Tag-rag: "one who, moreover"—here Gammon paused, and gave a smile of inexpressible significance, "but it was not for *him* to hint his suspicions"—

"Sir—I—I—*will* you come into my room?" interrupted Tag-rag, rather eagerly, anxious to have a more definite indication of Mr Gammon's opinion; but that gentleman, looking at his watch, pleaded want of time, and suddenly shaking Mr Tag-rag by the hand, moved towards the door.

"You were talking of signing, sir—Is it with you? I'll sign any thing!—any thing for Mr Titmouse; only too proud—it's an honour to be any way connected with him!" Gammon, on hearing this, felt in his pockets, as if he supposed that he should find there what he perfectly well knew had been lying ready, cut and dried, in his safe at Saffron Hill for months.

"I find I haven't got the little document with me," said he carelessly; "I suppose it's lying about with other loose papers at the office, or I may have left it at the earl's"—[if Gammon meant here to allude to the Earl of Dreddlington, I think it only fair to say that he had never been, for one instant in his life, in that great man's presence.]

"I'll tell you what, Mr Gammon," said Tag-rag, considering—"Your office is at Saffron Hill? Well, I shall be passing your way to-morrow, about

noon, and will look in and do all you wish."

"Could you arrange to meet the earl there?—or, as his lordship's movements are—ah, ha!—not very?"

"Should be most proud to meet his lordship, sir, to express my personal gratitude"—

"Oh, the earl never likes to be reminded, Mr Tag-rag, of any little courtesy or kindness he may have conferred! But if you will be with us about twelve, we can wait a little while; and if his lordship should not be punctual, we must even let you sign first, ah, ha!—and explain it to his lordship on his arrival, for I know your time's very precious, Mr Tag-rag! Gracious! Mr Tag-rag, what a constant stream of customers you have!—I heard it said, the other day, that you were rapidly absorbing all the leading business in your line in Oxford Street."

"You're very polite, Mr Gammon! Certainly I've no reason to complain. I always keep the best of every thing, and sell at the lowest prices, and spare no pains to please; and it's hard if"—

"How do you do?" quoth Gammon, suddenly starting, and bowing to some one on the other side of the way, whom he did not see. "Well, good-day, Mr Tag-rag—good-day! To-morrow at twelve, by the way?"

"I'm yours to command, Mr Gammon," replied Tag-rag; and so they parted. Just about twelve o'clock the next day, the latter, in a great bustle, saying he had fifty places to call at in the city, made his appearance at Saffron Hill.

"His lordship a'n't here, I suppose?" quoth he, after shaking hands with Mr Quirk and Mr Gammon. The latter gentleman pulled out his watch, and, shrugging his shoulders, said with a smile, "No—we'll give him half-an-hour's grace."

"Half-an-hour, my dear sir!" exclaimed Tag-rag, "I couldn't stay so long if there were half-a-dozen lords coming. I am a man of business, he isn't: first come first served, you know, eh? All fair that!" There were a good many recently engrossed parchments and writings scattered over the table, and from among them Gammon, after tossing them about for some time, at length drew out a sheet of foolscap. It was stamped,

and there was writing upon the first and second pages.

"Now, gentlemen, quick's the word—time's precious!" said Tag-rag, taking up a pen, and dipping it into the inkstand. Gammon, with an unconcerned air, placed before him the document he had been looking for. "Ah, how well I know the signature! That flourish of his—a sort of boldness about it, a'n't there?" said Tag-rag, observing the signature of Titmouse immediately above the spot on which he was going to place his own; there being written in pencil, underneath, the word "Dreddlington," evidently for the intended signature of the earl. "I'm between two good ones, at any rate, eh?" said Tag-rag. Gammon or Quirk said something about a "term to attend the inheritance"—"trustee of an outstanding term"—"legal estate vested in the trustees"—"too great power to be put in the hands of any but those of the highest honour."

"Stay!" quoth Gammon, ringing his little handbell—"nothing like regularity, even in trifles." He was answered by one of the clerks, a very dashing person—"We only wish you to witness a signature," said Gammon. "Now, we shall release you, Mr Tag-rag, in a moment. Say, 'I deliver this as my act and deed'—putting your finger on the little wafer there."

So said and so did Mr Tag-rag as he had been directed; the clerk wrote his name under the witnessing clause, "Abominable Amminadab;" and from that moment Mr Tag-rag had unconsciously acquired an interest in the future stability of Mr Titmouse's fortunes, to the extent of some TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS.

"Now, gentlemen, you'll make my compliments to his lordship, and if he asks how I came to sign before him, explain the hurry I was in. Time and tide wait for no man. Good morning, gentlemen; good morning; best regards to our friend, Mr Titmouse." Gammon attended him to the door, cordially shaking him by the hand, and presently returned to the room he had just quitted, where he found Mr Quirk holding in his hand the document just signed by Tag-rag; which was, in fact, a joint and several bond, conditioned in a penalty of forty thousand pounds, for the due repayment, by Titmouse, of twenty

thousand pounds and interest, about to be advanced to him on mortgage of a portion of the Yatton property. Gammon, sitting down, gently took the instrument from Mr Quirk, and with a bit of India-rubber calmly effaced the pencilled signature of Dreddlington.

"You're a d——d clever fellow, Gammon!" exclaimed Mr Quirk, presently, with a sort of sigh. Gammon made no reply. His face was slightly pale, and wore an anxious expression. "It will do now," continued Mr Quirk, rubbing his hands, and with a gleeful expression of countenance.

"That remains to be seen," replied Gammon, in a low tone.

"Eh? What? Does any thing occur—eh? By Jove, no screw loose, I hope?"

"No—but we're in *very deep water* now, Mr Quirk"—

"Well—devil only cares, so long as you keep a sharp look-out, Gammon. I'll trust the helm to you."

As Gammon did not seem in a talkative mood, Quirk shortly afterwards left him.

Now, though Mr Tag-rag is no favourite of mine, I begin to feel a good deal of anxiety on his behalf. I wish he had not been in so vast a "hurry," in a matter which required such grave deliberation, as "signing, sealing, and delivering." When a man is called on to go through so serious a ceremony, it would be well if he could be apprised of the significance of the formula—"I deliver this as my act and deed." Thus hath expressed himself, upon this point, a great authority in the law, old Master Plowden. 'Tis a passage somewhat quaint in form, but not the less forcible and important in substance:—

"Words are oft spoken unadvisedly, and pass from men lightly and inconsiderately: but, where the agreement is by deed there is more time for deliberation; for when a man passes a thing by deed, first, there is the determination of the mind to do it, and upon that he causes it to be written, which is one part of deliberation; and, afterwards, he puts his seal to it, which is another part of deliberation; and, lastly, he delivers the writing as his deed, which is the consummation of his resolution. So that there is great deliberation used in the making of deeds, for which reason they are received as a *lien*, final to the party, and are adjudged to bind

the party, without examining upon what cause or consideration they were made.”*

Possibly some one now reading these pages hath had most dismal experience in the matter above-mentioned; and I hope that such dismal experience, a due reflection will avert from many a reader. As for Tag-rag, it may turn out that our fears for him are groundless: nevertheless, *one hates to see men do important things in a hurry*:—and, as we shall not see him again for some time, there can be no harm in wishing him well out of what he has done.—

“If ’twere done when ’tis done—
Then ’twere well ’twere done quickly”—
and not otherwise.

The London season was now advancing towards its close. Fine ladies were getting sated and exhausted with operas, concerts, balls, routs, soirées, assemblies, bazaars, fêtes, and the Park. Their lords were getting tired of their clubs during the day, and hurried dinners, late hours, foul air, long speeches, at the two Houses; where, however they might doze away the time, they could seldom get the luxury of a downright nap for more than an hour or two together—always waking, and fancying themselves in the tower of Babel, and that it was on fire, so strange and startling were the lights and the hubbub! The very whippers-in were looking jaded and done—like a Smithfield drover’s dog on a Monday night, that at length can neither bark nor bite in return for a kick or a blow; and, hoarse and wearied, falls asleep on his way home—a regular somnambulist. Where the Earl of Dreddlington and Lady Cecilia were to pass their autumn, was a question which they were beginning to discuss rather anxiously. Any one glancing over their flourishing list of residences in England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, which were paraded in the Peerages and Court Guides, would have supposed that they had an ample choice before them: but the reader of this history knows better. The mortifying explanation—mortifying to the poor Earl—having been once given by me, I shall not again do so. Suffice it to say that Poppleton Hall, Hertfordshire, had its disadvantages; there

they must keep up a full establishment, and receive county company and other visitors—owing, as they did, much hospitality. ’Twas expensive work, also, at the watering-places; and expensive and also troublesome to go abroad at the Earl’s advanced period of life. Pensively ruminating on these matters one evening, they were interrupted by a servant bringing in a note, which proved to be from Titmouse—inviting them, in terms of profound courtesy and great cordiality, to honour Yatton, by making a stay there during as great a portion of the autumn as they could not better occupy. Mr Titmouse frankly added, that he could not avoid acknowledging some little degree of selfishness in giving the invitation—namely, in expressing a hope that the Earl’s presence would afford him, if so disposed, an opportunity of introducing him—Titmouse—to any of the leading members of the county who might be honoured by the Earl’s acquaintance; that, situated as Titmouse was, he felt an increasing anxiety on that point. He added, that he trusted the Earl and Lady Cecilia would consider Yatton, while they were there, as in all respects their own residence, and that he, Titmouse, would spare no exertion to render their stay as agreeable as possible. The humble appeal of Titmouse prevailed with his great kinsman, who, on the next day, sent him a letter, saying that his lordship fully recognised the claims which Mr Titmouse had upon him as the head of the family, and that his lordship should feel very glad in availing himself of the opportunity which offered itself, of placing Mr Titmouse on a proper footing of intercourse with the people of the county. That, for this purpose, his lordship should decline any invitations they might receive to pass their autumn elsewhere, &c. &c. &c. In plain English, they jumped at the invitation. It had emanated originally from Gammon, who, from motives of his own, had suggested it to Titmouse, bade him act upon it, and drew up the letter conveying it. I say, from motives of his own, Gammon was bent upon becoming personally acquainted with the Earl, and fixing himself, if possible, thoroughly in his lordship’s

* Plowden’s Commentaries, 308, a, (Sharrington v. Strotton.)

confidence. He had contrived to ascertain from Titmouse, without that gentleman's being, however, aware of it, that the few occasions on which his (Gammon's) name had been mentioned by the Earl, it had been accompanied by alighting expressions—by indications of dislike and suspicion. Give him, however, thought he, but the opportunity, and he could very soon change the nature of the Earl's feelings towards him. As soon, therefore, as the Earl's acceptance of the invitation had been communicated to Gammon, he resolved to be one of the guests at Yatton during the time of the Earl's stay—a step, into the propriety of which he easily brought Mr Quirk to enter, but which he did not, for the present, communicate to Titmouse, lest he should, by prematurely disclosing it to the Earl, raise any obstacle, arising out of an objection on the part of his lordship, who, if he but found Gammon actually *there*, must submit to the infliction with what grace he might. In due time it was notified on the part of the Earl, by his man of business, to Mr Titmouse, (who had gone down to Yatton,) through *his* man of business, that the Earl, and a formidable portion of his establishment, would make their appearance at Yatton by a named day. The Earl had chosen to extend the invitation to Miss Macspleuchan, and also to as many attendants as he thought fit to take with him, instead of letting them consume their board-wages in entire idleness in town or at Poppleton. Heavens! what accommodation was required, for the Earl, for the Lady Cecilia, each of their personal attendants, Miss Macspleuchan, and five servants! Then there were two other guests invited, in order to form company and amusement for the Earl—the Marquis Gants-Jaunes de Millefleurs and a Mr Tuft. Accommodation must be had for these; and, to secure it, Mr Titmouse and Mr Gammon were driven to almost the extremities of the house. Four servants, in a sort of baggage-waggon, preceded the arrival of the Earl and Lady Cecilia by a day or two, in order to “arrange every thing;” and, somehow or another, one of the first things that was done with this view, was to install his lordship's chief servants in the quarters of Mr Titmouse's

servants, who, it was suggested, should endeavour to make themselves as comfortable as they could in some little unfurnished rooms over the stables! And, in a word, before Mr Titmouse's grand guests had been at the Hall four-and-twenty hours, there was established there the same freezing state and solemn ceremony which prevailed in the Earl's own establishment. Down came at length, thundering through the village, the Earl's dusty travelling-carriage and four; himself, Lady Cecilia, and Miss Macspleuchan, within, his valet and Lady Cecilia's maid behind: presently it wound round the park road, crashing and flashing through the gravel, and rattling under the old gateway, and at length stood before the Hall door—the reeking horses pulled up with a sudden jerk, which almost threw them all upon their haunches. Mr Titmouse was in readiness to receive his distinguished visitors; the carriage-door was opened—down went the steps—and in a few moments' time the proud old Earl of Dreddlington and his proud daughter, having entered the Hall, had become the guests of its flustered and ambitious little proprietor. While all the guests are occupied in their dressing-rooms, recovering themselves from the cramp and fatigue of a long journey, and are preparing to make their appearance at dinner, let me take the opportunity to give you a sketch of the only one of the guests to whom you are at present a stranger: I mean Mr Tuft—Mr VENOM TUFT.

Oft hath an inexperienced mushroom-hunter, deceived at a distance, run up to gather what seemed to be a fine cluster of mushrooms, growing under the shade of a stately tree, but which, on stooping down to gather them, he discovers with disappointment and disgust to be no mushrooms at all, but vile, unwholesome—even poisonous funguses, which, to prevent their similarly deluding others, he kicks up and crushes under foot. And is not this a type of what often happens in society? Under the “cold shade of aristocracy,” how often is to be met with—the sycophant?—Mr Venom Tuft was one of them. His character was written in his face. Disagreeable to look at—though *he* thought far otherwise—he yet contrived to

make himself pleasant to be listened to, by the languid and ennuyéed fashionable. He spoke ever—

“In a toady’s key,

With bated breath and whispering humbleness.”

His person was at once effeminate and coarse; his gesture and address were cringing—there was an intolerable calmness and gentleness about them at all times, but especially while labouring in his vocation. He had the art of administering delicate and appropriate flattery by a look only, deferential and insinuating—as well as by words. He had always at command a copious store of gossip, highly seasoned with scandal; which he collected and prepared with industry and judgment. Clever toadies are generally bitter ones. With sense enough to perceive, but not spirit enough to abandon their odious propensities, they are aware of the ignominious spectacle they exhibit before the eyes of men of the least degree of independence and discernment, and whose open contempt they have not power or manliness enough to resent. Then their smothered rage takes an inward turn; it tends to, and centres in the tongue, from which it falls in drops of scalding virus; and thus it is, that the functions of sycophant and slanderer are so often found united in the same miserable individual. Does a sycophant fancy that his patron—if one may use such a term—is not aware of his character and position? Would that he could but hear himself spoken of by those to whom he has last been *cottoning*! If he could but for one moment “see himself as others see him”—surely he would instantly wriggle out of the sight of man! But Mr Tuft was not an everyday toady. Being a clever man, it occurred to him as calculated infinitely to enhance the value of his attentions, if he could get them to be regarded as those of a man of some ability and reputation. So reasonable a wish, as thus to rise to eminence in the calling in life to which he had devoted himself—viz. toadyism—stimulated him to considerable exertion, which was in time rewarded by a measure of success; for he began to be looked on as *something* of a literary man. Then he would spend his mornings in reading up, in those quarters whence he might cull materials for

display in society at a later period of the day, when he could watch his opportunity, or, if none presented itself, make one, by diverting the current of conversation into the channel on which was the gay and varied bordering of his recent acquisitions. All his knowledge was of this gossiping *pro hac vice* character. He was very skilful in administering his flattery. Did he dine with his Grace, or his Lordship, whose speech in the House appeared in that or the preceding day’s newspapers? Mr Tuft got it up carefully, and also the speech in answer to it, with a double view—to show himself at home in the question; and then to differ a little with his Grace or his Lordship, in order to be presently set right by them, and convinced by them! Or when conversation turned upon the topics which had, overnight, called up his Grace or his Lordship on his legs, Mr Tuft would break in by observing that such and such a point had been “put in the debate with admirable point and force by *some one* of the speakers—he did not recollect whom;” and on being apprised, and receiving a courteous bow from the great man entitled to the undesigned compliment, look so surprised—almost, indeed, piqued! Carefully, however, as he managed matters, he was soon found out by *men*, and compelled to betake himself, with tenfold ardour, to the women, with whom he lasted a little longer. *They* considered him a great literary man; for he could quote and criticise a great deal of poetry, and a good many novels. He could show that what every body else admired was full of faults; what all condemned was admirable: so that the fair creatures were forced to distrust their own judgment as they deferred to his. He would allow no one to be entitled to the praise of literary excellence except individuals of rank, and one or two men of established literary reputation, who had not thought it worth their while to repel his obsequious advances, or convenient not to do so. Then he would polish the poetry of fine ladies, touch up their little tales, and secure their insertion in fashionable periodicals. On these accounts, and of his piquant tittle-tattle, no *soirée* or *conversazione* was complete without him, any more than without tea, coffee, ice, or lemonade. All toadies hate one another; but his

brethren both hated and feared Mr Tuft; for he was not only so successful himself, but possessed and used such engines for *depressing* them. Mr Tuft had hoped to succeed in being popped in by one of his patrons for a snug little Whig borough, (for Tuft happened to be a Whig—though, for that matter, he might have been, more advantageously, a Tory;) but the great man got tired of him, and turned him off, though the ladies of the family still secured him access to the dinner-table. He did not, however, make a very grateful return for such good-natured condescensions. Ugly and ungainly as he was, he yet imagined himself possessed of personal attractions for the ladies, and converted their innocent and unsuspecting familiarities, which had emanated from those confident in their purity and their greatness, into tokens of the ascendancy he had gained over them; and of which, with equal cruelty, folly, and presumption, he could afterwards boast pretty freely. Till this came, however, to be suspected and discovered, Mr Tuft visited a good many leading houses in town, and spent no inconsiderable portion of each autumn at some one or other of the country mansions of his patrons—from whose “castles,” “halls,” “abbeys,” “priories,” and “seats,” he took great pride in dating his letters to his friends. I must not forget to mention that he kept a book, very gorgeously bound and embellished, with silver-gilt clasps, and bearing on the back the words—“Book of Autographs;” but I should have written it—“Trophies of Toadyism.” This book contained autograph notes of the leading nobility, addressed familiarly to himself—thus:—

“The Duke of Walworth presents his compliments to Mr Tuft, and felt particularly obliged by,” &c.

“The Duchess of Diamond hopes Mr Tuft will not forget to bring with him this evening,” &c.

“The Marquis of M—— has the honour to assure Mr Tuft that,” &c.

“Dear Tuft,

“Why were you not at —— House last night? We were dreadfully dull without you! X—— so stupid”—

[This was from a very pretty and fashionable countess, whose initials it bore.]

“If Mr Tuft is dead, Lady Dulcimer requests to be informed when his funeral will take place, as she, together with a host of mourners, intend to show him a last mark of their respect.”

“Dear Tuft,

“The poodle you brought me has got the mange, or some horrid complaint or other, which is making all his hair fall off. Do come and tell me what is to be done. Where can I send the sweet suffering angel?—Yours,

“ARABELLA D——.”

[This was from the eldest and loveliest daughter of a very great duke.]

“The Lord Chancellor presents his compliments, and begs to acknowledge the receipt of Mr Venom Tuft’s obliging present of his little ‘*Essay on Greatness*.’”

These are samples, taken at random, of the contents of Mr Tuft’s book of autographs, evidencing abundantly the satisfactory terms of intimacy upon which he lived with the great; and it was ecstasy to him, to see this glittering record of his triumphs glanced over by the envious admiring eyes of those in his own station in society. How he delighted to be asked about the sayings and doings of the exclusive circles! How confidentially could he intimate the desperate condition of a sick peer—an expected *éclaircissement* of some fashionable folly and crime—or a move to be made in the House that evening: poor Tuft little suspecting (lying so snug in his shell of self-conceit) how frequently he felt, on these occasions, among the Philistines—and was, unconsciously to himself, being trotted out by a calm sarcastic hypocrite, for the amusement of the standers-by, just as a little monkey is poked with a stick to get up and exhibit himself and his tricks. Such was Mr Tuft, a great friend and admirer of “the Marquis,” through whose influence he had procured the invitation from Titmouse, in virtue of which he was now dressing in a nice little room at the back of the Hall, overlooking the stables; being bent upon improving his already tolerably familiar acquaintance with the Earl of Dreddling—

ton and Lady Cecilia, and also extracting from the man whose hospitality he was enjoying, materials for merriment among his great friends against the next season.

When the party had collected in the drawingroom, in readiness for dinner, you might have seen Mr Tuft in earnest conversation with the Lady Cecilia; Mr Gammon standing talking to Miss Macspleuchan, with an air of courteous ease and frankness—having observed her sitting neglected by every body; the Earl conversing now with the Marquis, then with Titmouse, and anon with Tuft, with whom he appeared to be particularly pleased. Happening at length to be standing near Gammon—a calm, gentlemanlike person, of whom he knew nothing, nor suspected that his keen eye had taken in his lordship's true character and capacity at a glance; that he would, in a few hours' time, acquire as complete a mastery over his said lordship, as ever the present famous *hippodromist* at Windsor, by touching a nerve in the mouth of a horse, reduces him to helpless docility and submission—the Earl and he fell into casual conversation for a moment or two. The air of deference with which Gammon received the slight advances of the great man, was exquisite and indescribable. It gave him clearly to understand that his lofty pretensions were known to, and profoundly appreciated by, the individual he was addressing. Gammon said but little; that little, however, how significant and decisive! He knew that the Earl would presently enquire of Titmouse who the unknown visitor was; and that on being told in the conceited and probably disparaging manner which Gammon knew Titmouse would adopt, if he supposed it would please the Earl, that "it was only Mr Gammon, one of his solicitors," he would sink at once and for ever beneath the notice of the Earl. He resolved, therefore, to anticipate—to contrive that it should ooze out easily and advantageously from himself, so that he could see the effect it had upon the Earl, and regulate his movements accordingly. Gammon sat down before the fortress of the Earl's pride, resolved that, for all it appeared so inaccessible and impregnable, it should fall, however his skill and patience might be taxed in the siege. Till he had cast

his piercing eye upon the Earl, Gammon had felt a little of the nervousness which one may imagine would be experienced by Van Amburgh, who, on being summoned into the presence of majesty to give a specimen of his skill upon an animal concealed from him—of whose name and qualities he was ignorant—should summon all his terrors into his eye, and string his muscles to their highest tension; and, on the door being opened, turn with smiling scorn—if not indignation—from a sucking pig, a calf, an ass, or a chicken. Something similar were the feelings experienced by Gammon, as soon as he had scanned the countenance and figure of the Earl of Dreddlington. He quickly perceived that the dash of awe which he had thrown into his manner, was producing its due effect upon that most magnificent simpleton. Watching his opportunity, he gently introduced the topic of the recent change of ownership which Yatton had undergone; and in speaking of the manner in which Mr Titmouse had borne his sudden prosperity—"Yes, my lord," continued Gammon, with apparent carelessness, "I recollect making some such observation to him, and he replied, 'very true, Mr Gammon.'" Gammon finished his sentence calmly; but he perceived that the Earl had instantly withdrawn himself into his earldom. He had given a very slight start; a very little colour had mounted into his cheek; a sensible hauteur had been assumed; and by the time that Gammon had done speaking, the space between them had been—as Lord Dreddlington imagined, unobservedly—increased by two or three inches. Gammon was a man—an able and a proud man—and he felt galled; but, "let it pass," he presently reflected—"let it pass, you pompous old idiot; I will one day repay it with interest." The Earl separated from him, Gammon regarding him as a gaudy craft sheering off for a while, but doomed to be soon sunk. Mr Tuft, (who was the son of a highly respectable retired tobacconist in the north,) having ascertained that Gammon was only Mr Titmouse's attorney, conducted himself for a while as though there were no such person in the room; but being a quick observer, and catching once or twice the faint sarcastic smile with which Gammon's eye was settled on him, he ex-

perienced a very galling and uneasy consciousness of his presence. The Marquis's superior tact and perception of character led him to treat Gammon very differently—with a deference and anxiety to please him, which Gammon understood thoroughly—in fact, he and the Marquis had many qualities in common, but Gammon was the man of *power*. During dinner he sate beside Miss Macspleuchan, and was almost the only person who spoke to her—in fact, he said but little to any one else. He took wine with Titmouse with a marked but guarded air of *confidence*. The Marquis took wine with Gammon with an air of studied courtesy. The Earl's attention was almost entirely engrossed by Mr Tuft, who sate next to him, chattering in his ear like a little magpie perched upon his shoulder. The Marquis sate next to the Lady Cecilia; for whose amusement, as far as his cautious tact would allow him, he from time to time drew out their little host. At length, in answer to a question by the Marquis, the Earl let fall some pompous observation, which the Marquis, who was getting very tired of the vapid monotony which pervaded the table, ventured to differ from pretty decisively. Tuft instantly sided with the Earl, and spoke with infinite fluency for some minutes: Gammon saw in a moment that he was an absurd pretender; and watching his opportunity, for the first time that he had interchanged a syllable with him, with one word exposing a palpable historical blunder of poor Tuft's, overthrew him as completely as a bullet from a crossbow dislodges a tomtit from the wall on which he is hopping about, unconscious of his danger. 'Twas a thing that there could be no mistake about whatever.

"That's a *settler*, Tuft," said the Marquis, after a pause: Tuft gulped down a glass of wine; and presently, with the slightly staggered Earl, became a silent listener to the discussion into which the Marquis and Gammon had entered. Obtuse as was the Earl, Gammon contrived to let him see how effectually he was supporting his lordship's opinion, which Mr Tuft had so ridiculously failed in. The Marquis got slightly the worst of the encounter with Gammon, whose object he saw, and whose tact he admired; and with much judgment permitted Gammon to

appear to the Earl as his successful defender, in order that he might himself make a friend of Gammon. Moreover, he was not at all annoyed at witnessing the complete and unexpected discomfiture of poor Tuft, whom, for all his intimacy with that gentleman, the Marquis thoroughly despised.

However it might possibly be that his grand guests enjoyed themselves, it was far otherwise with Mr Titmouse; who, being compelled to keep sober, was quite miserable. None of those around him were drinking men:—and the consequence was, that he would retire early to his bedroom, and amuse himself with brandy and water, and cigars, while his guests amused themselves with cards, billiards, or otherwise as best they might. He did, indeed, "stand like a cipher in the great account;" instead of feeling himself the Earl of Dreddlington's host, he felt himself as one of his lordship's guests, struggling in vain against the freezing state and etiquette which the Earl carried with him wherever he went, like a sort of atmosphere. In this extremity he secretly clung to Gammon, and reposed upon his powerful support and sympathy more implicitly than ever he had done before. As the shooting season had commenced, and game was plentiful at Yatton, the Marquis and Tuft found full occupation during the day, as occasionally did Mr Gammon. Mr Titmouse once accompanied them; but having contrived once or twice very nearly to blow his own hand off, and also to blow out the eyes of the Marquis, they intimated that he had better go out alone for the future—as he did once or twice, but soon got tired of such solitary sport. Besides—hares, pheasants, partridges—old and young, cock or hen—'twas all one—none of them seemed to care one straw for him or his gun, let him pop and blaze away as loud and as long, as near or as far off, as he liked. The only thing he hit—and that plump—was one of his unfortunate dogs, which he killed on the spot; and then coming up with it, stamped upon the poor creature's bleeding carcass, saying with a furious oath—"Why didn't you keep out of the way, you brute?"

The Earl was really anxious to perform his promise of introducing, or procuring Titmouse to be introduced,

to the leading nobility and gentry of the county; but it proved a more difficult task than his lordship had anticipated—for Titmouse's early doings at Yatton had not yet been forgotten: some of the haughty Whig gentry joined with their Tory neighbours in manifesting their open contempt, and dislike, for one who could so disgrace the name and station to which he had been elevated in the county; and the Earl had to encounter one or two somewhat mortifying rebuffs, in the course of the efforts which he was making for the establishment of his young kinsman. There were some, however, whom mere political considerations—some whom deference for the Earl's rank, and unwillingness to hurt his feelings, and others from considerations of political interest—induced to receive the new squire of Yatton on a footing of formal intimacy and equality; so that his lordship's numerous drives were not entirely useless. The whole party at the Hall attended the Earl to church on the Sundays—entirely filling the squire's pew and the adjoining one; their decorous conduct presenting a very edifying spectacle to the humble congregation, and suggesting a striking contrast between the present and the former visitors at the Hall. Worthy Doctor Tatham was asked several times to dinner, at the Earl's instance, who treated him on such occasions with great though stately courtesy. The only persons with whom the little doctor felt at his ease, were Mr Gammon and Miss Macspleuchan, who treated him with the utmost cordiality and respect. What became during the day of the two ladies, I hardly know. There was no instrument at Yatton: bagatelle-board, and novels from a circulating library at York, frequent rides and drives through the grounds and about the country, and occasional visits to and from one or two families with whom Lady Cecilia had a town acquaintance, occupied their day; and in the evening, a rubber at whist, or cribbage, or écarté, with the Earl—sometimes, too, with the Marquis and Mr Tuft, both of whom lost no opportunity of paying marked attention to Lady Cecilia, with a view of dissipating as far as possible the inevitable ennui of her situation—would while away the short evenings, very early hours being now kept at the Hall. 'Twas won-

derful that two such men as the Marquis and Mr Tuft could stay so long as they did at so very dull a place, and with such dull people. Inwardly, they both voted the Earl an insufferable old twaddler; his daughter a piece of languid insipidity; and one would have thought it daily more irksome for them to keep up their courtly attentions. They had, however, as may presently be seen, their objects in view.

As Gammon, a little to the Earl's surprise, continued apparently a permanent guest at the Hall, where he seemed ever engaged in superintending and getting into order the important affairs of Mr Titmouse, it could hardly be but that he and the Earl should be occasionally thrown together; for as the Earl did not shoot, and never read books, even had there been any to read, he had little to do when not engaged upon the expeditions I have alluded to, but saunter about the house and grounds, and enter into conversation with almost any one he met. The assistance which Gammon had rendered the Earl on the occasion of their first meeting at dinner, had not been forgotten by his lordship, but had served to take off the edge from his pre-conceived contemptuous dislike for him. Gammon steadily kept in the background, resolved that all advances should come from the Earl. When, once or twice, his lordship enquired, with what Gammon saw to be only an affected carelessness, into the state of Mr Titmouse's affairs, Mr Gammon evinced a courteous readiness to give him *general* information; but with an evident caution and anxiety, not unduly to expose, even to the Earl, Mr Titmouse's distinguished kinsman, the state of his property. He would, however, disclose sufficient to satisfy the Earl of Mr Gammon's zeal and ability on behalf of Mr Titmouse's interests, his consummate qualifications as a man of business; and from time to time perceived that his display was not lost upon the Earl. Mr Gammon's anxiety, in particular, to prevent the borough of Yatton from being a second time wrested out of the hands of its proprietor, and returning, by a corrupt and profligate arrangement with ministers, a Tory to Parliament, gave the Earl peculiar satisfaction. He was led into a long conversation with Mr Gammon upon political ma-

ters; and, at its close, was greatly struck with the soundness of his views, the strength of his liberal principles, and the vigour and acuteness with which he had throughout agreed with every thing the Earl had said, and fortified every position he had taken; evincing, at the same time, a profound appreciation of his lordship's luminous exposition of political principles. The Earl was forced to own to himself, that he had never before met with a man of Mr Gammon's strength of intellect, whose views and opinions had so intimately and entirely coincided—were, indeed, identical with his own. 'Twas delightful to listen to them upon these occasions—to observe the air of reverence and admiration with which Gammon listened to the lessons of political wisdom that fell, with increasing length and frequency, from the lips of his lordship.

“Του και απο γλωσσης μιλισης γλυκιων
 ριιιν αυδη.”

Nor was it only when they were alone together, that Gammon would thus sit at the feet of Gamaliel: he was not ashamed to do so openly at the dinner-table; but, ah! how delicately and dexterously did he conceal from the spectators the game he was playing—more difficult to do so though it daily became—because the more willing Gammon was to receive, the more eager the Earl was to communicate instruction! If, on any of these occasions, oppressed by the multifariousness of his knowledge, and its sudden overpowering confluence, he would pause in the midst of a series of half-formed sentences, Gammon would be at hand, to glide in easily and finish what the Earl had begun, out of the Earl's own ample materials, of which Gammon had caught a glimpse, and only worked out the Earl's own, somewhat numerous, half-formed illustrations. The Marquis and Mr Tuft began, however, at length to feel a little impatient at observing the way Gammon was making with the Earl; but of what use was it for them to interfere? Gammon was an exceedingly awkward person to meddle with; for, having once got fair play, by gaining the Earl's ear, his accuracy, readiness, extent of information upon political topics, and admirable temper, told very powerfully against his two opponents, who at length interfered less and less with

him; the Marquis only *feeling* pique, but Tuft also *showing* it. Had it been otherwise, indeed, it would have been odd; for Gammon seemed to feel a peculiar pleasure in demolishing him. The Marquis, however, once resolved to show Gammon how distinctly he perceived his plan of operations, by waiting till he and the poor Earl had reached a climax of absurdity, and then, with his eye on Gammon, bursting into laughter. Seldom had Gammon been more ruffled than by that well-timed laugh; for he felt *found out*! When the Earl and he were alone, he would listen with lively interest, over and over again, never wearied, to the Earl's magnificent accounts of what he had intended to do, had he only continued in office, in the important department over which he had presided, viz. the Board of Green Cloth; and more than once put his lordship into a soft flutter of excitement, by hinting at rumours which, he said, were rife—that, in the event of a change of ministers, which was looked for, his lordship was to be President of the Council. “Sir,” the Earl would say, “I should not shrink from the performance of my duty to my sovereign, to whatever post he might be pleased to call me. The one you mention, sir, has its peculiar difficulties, and if I know any thing of myself, sir, it is one for which—I should say, I am peculiarly qualified. Sir, the duty of presiding over the deliberations of powerful minds, requires signal discretion and dignity, because, in short, especially in affairs of state—Do you comprehend me, Mr Gammon?”

“I understand your lordship to say, that where the occasion is one of such magnitude, and the disturbing forces are upon so vast a scale, to moderate and guide conflicting interests and opinions”——

“Sir, it is so; *tantas componere lites, hic labor, hoc opus*,” interrupted the Earl, with a desperate attempt to fish up a fragment or two of his early scholarship; and his features wore for a moment a solemn commanding expression, which satisfied Gammon of the sway which his lordship would have had when presiding at the council-board. Gammon would also occasionally introduce the subject of heraldry, asking questions concerning that science, and also concerning the genealogies of leading members of the peerage, with which

he safely presumed that the Earl would be, as also he proved, perfectly familiar; and his lordship would go on for an hour at once upon these interesting and vividly-exciting subjects.

Shortly after luncheon one day, of which only Gammon, the Earl, and the two ladies, were in the hall to partake, Mr Gammon had occasion to enter the drawing-room, where he found the Earl sitting upon the sofa, with his heavy gold spectacles on, leaning over the table, engaged in the perusal of a portion of a work then in course of periodical publication, which had only that day been delivered at the Hall. The Earl asked Gammon if he had seen it, and was answered in the negative.

"Sir," said the Earl, rising and removing his glasses, "it is a remarkably interesting publication, showing considerable knowledge of a very difficult and all-important subject, and one, in respect of which the lower orders of the people—nay, I lament to be obliged to add, the great bulk of the middle classes also, are wofully deficient—I mean heraldry, and the history of the origin, progress, and present state of the families of the old nobility and gentry of this country." The work which had been so fortunate as thus to meet with the approbation of the Earl, was the last monthly number of a History of the County of York, and of which work, as yet, only thirty-eight seven-and-sixpenny quarto numbers had made their appearance. 'Twas an admirable work, every number of which had contained a glorification of some different Yorkshire family. The discriminating patronage of Mr Titmouse for this estimable performance, had been secured by a most obsequious letter from the learned editor—but more especially by a device of his in the last number, which it would have been strange indeed if it could have failed to catch the eye, and interest the feelings of the new aristocratical owner of Yatton. Opposite to an engraving of the Hall, was placed a mag-

nificent genealogical tree, surmounted by a many-quartered shield of armorial bearings, both of which purported to be an accurate record of the ancestral glories of the house of 'TITMOUSE OF YATTON!' A minute investigation might indeed have detected that the recent flight of *Titmice*, which were perched on the lower branches of this imposing pedigree, bore nearly as small a proportion to the long array of chivalrous Drelincourts and Dreddlingtons which constituted the massy trunk, as did the paternal coat* (to which the profound research and ingenuity of Sir GORGEOUS TINTACK, the — king-at-arms, had succeeded in demonstrating the inalienable right of Tittlebat) to the interminable series of quarterings, derived from the same source, which occupied the remainder of the escocheon. At these mysteriously significant symbols, however, Mr Titmouse, though willing to believe that they indicated some just cause or other of family pride, had looked with the same appreciating intelligence which you may fancy you see a chicken displaying, while hesitatingly clapping its foot upon, and quaintly cocking its eye at, a slip of paper lying in a yard, covered over with algebraic characters and calculations. Far otherwise, however, was it with the Earl, in whose eyes the complex and recondite character of the production infinitely enhanced its value, and struck in his bosom several deep chords of genealogical feeling, as he proceeded, in answer to various anxious enquiries of Gammon, to give him a very full and minute account of the unrivalled splendour and antiquity of his lordship's ancestry. Now Gammon—while prosecuting the researches which had preceded the elevation of Mr Titmouse to that rank and fortune of which the united voice of the fashionable world had now pronounced him so eminently worthy—had made himself pretty well acquainted with the previous history and connexions of that ancient and illustrious house, of which the Earl of Dreddlington was

* Per bend Ermine and Pean, two lions rampant combatant, counterchanged; armed and languid Gules, surmounted by three bendlets undee Argent, on each three fleurs-de-lis Azure; on a chief Or, three TITMICE volant proper, all within a bordure gubonated Argent and Sable.

Crest.—On a cap of maintenance a Titmouse statant proper, ducally gorged Or, holding in his beak a woodlouse embowed Azure.

the head; and his familiarity with this topic, though it did not surprise the Earl, because he conceived it to be every one's duty to acquaint himself with such momentous matters, rapidly raised him in the good opinion of the Earl, to whom, at length, it occurred to view him in quite a new light; viz. as the chosen instrument by whose means (under Providence) the perverse and self-willed Aubrey had been righteously cast down from that high place which his rebellious opposition to the wishes and political views of his liege lord, had rendered him unworthy to occupy; while a more loyal branch had been raised from obscurity to his forfeited rank and estates. In fact, the Earl began to look upon Gammon as one whose just regard for his lordship's transcendent position in the aristocracy of England, had led him even to anticipate his lordship's possible wishes; and proceeded accordingly to rivet this spontaneous allegiance, by discoursing with the most condescending affability on the successive noble and princely alliances which had, during a long series of generations, refined the ancient blood of the Drelincourts into the sort of super-sublimated ichor which at present flowed in his own veins. Mr Gammon marked the progress of the Earl's feelings with the greatest interest, perceiving the increasing extent to which respect for him—Gammon—was mingling with his sublime self-satisfaction; and, watching his opportunity, struck a spark into the dry tinder of his vain imagination—blew it gently—and saw that it caught, and spread. Confident in his knowledge of the state of the Earl's feelings, and that his lordship had reached the highest point of credulity, Gammon intimated, in a hesitating but yet impressive manner, his impression that the recent failure in the male line of the princely house of HOCH-STIFFELHAUSEN NARRENSTEIN DUMERLEINBERG* had placed his lordship, in right of the marriage of one of his ancestors, during the thirty years' war, with a princess of that august line, in a situation to claim, if such were his lordship's pleasure, the dormant honours and sovereign rank at-

tached to the possession of that important principality. The Earl appeared for a few moments transfixed with awe. The bare possibility of such an event seemed too much for him to realize; but when further conversation with Gammon had familiarized his lordship with the notion, his mind's eye glanced to his old rival, the Earl of Fitzwarren: what would he say to all this? How would his little honours pale beside the splendours of his Serene Highness the Prince of Hoch-Stiffelhausen Narrenstein Dumerleinberg! He was not sorry when Mr Gammon soon afterwards left him to follow out, unrestrained by the swelling current of his thoughts, and yield himself up to, the transporting ecstasies of anticipated sovereignty. To such a pitch did his excitement carry him, that he might shortly afterwards have been seen walking up and down the Elm Avenue, with the feelings and the air of an old King.

Not satisfied, however, with the success of his daring experiment upon the credulity and inflammable imagination of the aspiring old nobleman—whom his suggestion had set upon instituting extensive enquiries into the position of his family with reference to the foreign alliances which it had formed in times past, and of which so dazzling an incident might really be in existence—it occurred to Mr Gammon, on another occasion of his being left alone with the Earl, and who he saw was growing manifestly more pleased with the frequent recurrence of them, to sink a shaft into a new mine. He therefore, on mere speculation, introduced, as a subject of casual conversation, the imprudence of persons of rank and large fortune devolving the management of their pecuniary affairs so entirely upon others—and thus leaving themselves exposed to all the serious consequences of employing incompetent, indolent, or mercenary agents. Mr Gammon proceeded to observe that he had recently known an instance of a distinguished nobleman, (whose name he for very obvious reasons suppressed,) who, having occasion to raise a large sum of money by way of mortgage, left the sole nego-

* I vehemently suspect myself guilty of a slight anachronism here: this ancient and illustrious monarchy having been mediatised by the Congress of Vienna in 1815—its territories now forming part of the parish of *Siebn-reed*, in the kingdom of —.

tiation of the affair to an agent, who was afterwards proved to have been in league with the lender, (the mortgagee,) and permitted his employer to pay, for ten or twelve years, an excess of interest over what he might, with a little exertion, have obtained money for, which actually made a difference in his income of a thousand a-year. Here, looking out of the north-east corner of his eye, the placid speaker, continuing unmoved, observed the Earl start a little, glance somewhat anxiously at him, but in silence, and slightly quicken the pace at which he had been walking. Gammon presently added, in a careless sort of way, that accident had brought him into professional intercourse with that nobleman—[Oh Gammon! Gammon!]—whom he was ultimately instrumental in saving from the annual robbery that was being inflicted upon him. It was enough; Gammon saw that what he had been saying had sunk like lead into the mind of his companion, who, for the rest of the day, seemed burdened and oppressed with it—or some other cause of anxiety; and, from an occasional uneasy and wistful eye which the Earl fixed upon him at dinner, he felt conscious that not long would elapse, before he should hear something from the Earl connected with the topic in question—and he was not mistaken. The very next day they met in the park; and, after one or two casual observations, the Earl remarked that, by the way, with reference to their yesterday's conversation, it "*did so happen*,"—very singularly—that the Earl had a friend who was placed in a situation very similar to that which had been mentioned by Mr Gammon to the Earl; a very intimate friend—and the Earl would like to hear what was Mr Gammon's opinion of the case. Gammon was scarcely able to refrain from a smile, as the Earl went on, evincing every moment a more vivid interest in behalf of his mysterious friend, who at last stood suddenly confessed as the Earl of Dreddlington; for, in answer to a question of Mr Gammon, his lordship unwittingly spoke in the first person. On perceiving this, he got much confused, but Gammon passed it off very easily; and by his earnest, confidential tone and manner, soon soothed and reconciled the Earl to the vexatious disclosure he had made

—vexatious only because the Earl had thought fit, so very unnecessarily, to make a mystery of an everyday matter. He rather loftily enjoined Mr Gammon to secrecy upon the subject, to which Gammon readily pledged himself, and then they entered upon an unrestrained discussion of the matter. Suffice it to say, that in the end Gammon assured the Earl that he would without any difficulty undertake to procure a transfer of the mortgage at present existing on his lordship's property, which should lower his annual payments by at least one-and-a-half per cent; and which, on a rough calculation, would make a difference of very nearly five hundred a-year in the Earl's favour! But Gammon explicitly informed the Earl, that he was not to suppose that his interests had been in any way neglected, or he overreached, in the original transaction; that it had been conducted on his lordship's behalf, by his solicitor, Mr Pounce, one of the most respectable men in the profession; and that a few years made all the difference in matters of this description; and before he, Mr Gammon, would interfere any further in the business, he requested his lordship to write to Mr Pounce, enclosing a draft of the arrangement proposed by Mr Gammon, and desiring Mr Pounce to say what he thought of it. This the Earl did; and in a few days' time received an answer from Mr Pounce, to the effect that he was happy that there was a prospect of so favourable an arrangement as that proposed, to which he could see no objection whatever; and would co-operate with Mr Gammon in any way, and at any time, which his lordship might point out. Mr Gammon was, in fact, rendering here a real and very important service to the Earl; being an able, acute, and energetic man of business—while Mr Pounce was very nearly superannuated,—had grown rich and indolent, no longer attending to business with his pristine energy, but pottering and dozing over it, as it were, from day to day; unable, from his antiquated style of doing business, and the constantly narrowing circle of his connexions, to avail himself of those resources which were open to younger and more energetic practitioners, with more varied resources. Thus, though money was now much more plentiful, and conse-

quently to be got for a less sum than when, some ten years before, the Earl had been compelled to borrow a large sum upon mortgage, old Mr Pounce had suffered matters to remain all the while as they were, and so they would have remained but for Gammon's accidental interference; for the Earl was not a man of business—could not bear to talk to any one about the fact of his property being mortgaged—did not like even to think of it; and concluded that good old Mr Pounce kept a sufficiently sharp eye upon his noble client's interest. The Earl gave Mr Pounce's letter to Mr Gammon, and requested him to lose no time in putting himself into communication with Mr Pounce, for the purpose of effecting the suggested transfer. This Gammon undertook to do; and perceiving that he had fortunately made so strong a lodgement in the Earl's good opinion, whose interests now bound him, in a measure, to Mr Gammon, he thought that he might safely quit Yatton and return to town, in order to attend to divers matters of pressing exigency. Before his departure, however, he had a very long interview with Titmouse, in the course of which he gave that now submissive personage a few simple, perspicuous, and decisive directions, as to the line of conduct he was to pursue, which alone could conduce to his permanent interests, and which he enjoined him to pursue, on terror of the consequences of failing to do so. The Earl of Dreddlington, in taking leave of Mr Gammon, evinced the utmost degree of cordiality that was consistent with the stateliness of his demeanour. He felt real regret at parting with a man of such superior intellect, such a fascinating deference towards himself, (the Earl,) and it glanced across his mind, that he would be the very fittest man that could be thought of, in respect of tact, energy, and knowledge, to become prime minister to—his Serene Highness the Prince of Hoch-Stiffelhausen Narrenstein Dummerleinberg!

The longer that the Earl continued at Yatton—in which he could not have more thoroughly established himself if he had in the ordinary way engaged it for the autumn—the more he was struck with its beauties; and the oftener they presented themselves to his

mind's eye, the more vivid and powerful became his regrets at the splitting of the family interests which had so long existed, and his desire to take advantage of what seemed almost an opportunity specially afforded by Providence for re-uniting them. As the Earl took his solitary walks, he thought with deep anxiety of his own advanced age, and sensibly increasing feebleness. The position of his affairs was not satisfactory. Then he left behind him an only child—and that a daughter—on whom would devolve the splendid responsibility of sustaining, alone, the honours of her ancient family. Then there was his newly discovered kinsman, Mr Titmouse, sole and unembarrassed proprietor of this fine old family property; simple-minded, and confiding, with a truly reverential feeling towards them, the heads of the family; also the undoubted, undisputed proprietor of the borough of Yatton; who entertained and avowed the same liberal and enlightened political opinions, which the Earl had ever maintained with dignified consistency and determination; and who, by a rare conjunction of personal merit, and of circumstance, had been elevated to the highest pitch of popularity in the highest regions of society; and who was, moreover, already next in succession, after himself and the Lady Cecilia, to the ancient barony of Drelincourt and the estates annexed to it. How little was there, in reality, to set against all this?—An eccentricity of manner, for which nature only, if any one, was to blame; a tendency to extreme modishness in dress, and a slight deficiency in the knowledge of the etiquette of society—but which daily experience and intercourse were rapidly supplying; and a slight disposition towards the pleasures of the table, which no doubt would disappear on the instant of his having an object of permanent and elevating attachment. Such was Titmouse. He had as yet, undoubtedly, made no advances to Lady Cecilia, nor evinced any disposition to do so; numerous and favourable had been, and continued to be, the opportunities for his doing so. Might not this, however, be set down entirely to the score of his excessive diffidence—distrust of his pretensions to aspire after so august an alliance as with the Lady Cecilia?—Yet there certainly was an-

other way of accounting for his conduct: had he got already entangled with an attachment elsewhere?—Run after in society, as he had been, in a manner totally unprecedented during his very first season—had his affections been enveigled?—When the Earl dwelt upon this dismal possibility, if it were when he was lying awake in bed, he would be seized with a fit of intolerable restlessness—and getting up, wrap himself in his dressing-gown, and pace his chamber for an hour together, running over, in his mind, the names of all the women he knew who would be likely to lay snares for Titmouse, in order to secure him for a daughter. Then there was the Lady Cecilia—but she, he knew, would not run counter to his wishes, and he had therefore no difficulty to apprehend on *that* score. She had ever been calmly submissive to his will; had the same lofty sense of family dignity that he enjoyed; and had often concurred in his deep regrets on account of the separation of the family interests. She was still unmarried—and yet, on her father's decease, would be a peeress in her own right, and possessed of the family estates. The fastidiousness which alone, thought the Earl, had kept her hitherto single, would not, he felt persuaded, be allowed by her to interfere for the purpose of preventing so excellent a family arrangement as would be effected by her union with Titmouse. Once married—and he having secured for her suitable settlements from Titmouse—if there should prove to be any incompatibility of temper or discrepancy of disposition, come the worst to the worst, there was the shelter of a separation, and separate maintenance to look to; a thing which was becoming of daily occurrence—which implied no reproach to either party—and left them always at liberty to return to each other's society when so disposed. And as for the dress and manners of Titmouse, granting them to be a little extravagant, would not, in all probability, a word from her suffice to *reduce* him, or *elevate* him into a gentleman? Thus thought her fond and enlightened parent, and thus thought also she; from which it is evident, that Titmouse once brought to the point—made sensible where his duty and his privilege converged—it would be a straightfor-

ward plain-sailing business. To bring about so desirable a state of things as this—to give the young people an opportunity of thoroughly knowing one another, and endearing themselves to each other, were among the objects which the Earl had proposed to himself, in accepting the invitation to Yatton. Time was wearing on, however, and yet no decisive step had been taken. Lady Cecilia's icy coolness—her petrifying indifference of manner, her phlegmatic temperament and lofty pride, were qualities, all of which were calculated rather to check than encourage the advances of a suitor, especially such a one as Titmouse; but, though the Earl did not know it, there were others whose ardour and impatience to possess themselves of such superior loveliness could not be similarly restrained or discouraged. Would the reader believe, that Mr Venom Tuft, having been long on the look-out for an aristocratic wife, had conceived it not impossible to engage the affections of Lady Cecilia—to fascinate her by the display of his brilliant acquirements; and that the comparative seclusion of Yatton would afford him the requisite opportunity for effecting his wishes? Yet even so it really was: intoxicated with vanity, which led him to believe himself peculiarly agreeable to women, he at length had the inconceivable folly and presumption, on the morning after an evening in which he fancied that he had displayed peculiar brilliance, to intimate to her that his affections were no longer under his own control, having been taken captive by her irresistible charms. Vain thought! as well might a cock-sparrow have sought to mate himself with the stately swan! It was for some time rather difficult for the Lady Cecilia to understand that he was seriously making her a proposal. At length, however, he succeeded; and as much astonishment as her drooping eyelids and languid hauteur of manner would permit the display of, she evinced. When poor Mr Tuft found that such was the case, his face burned like fire.

"You haven't mistaken me for Miss Macspleuchan, Mr Tuft, have you?" said she, with a faint sly smile. "You and Mr Titmouse, and the Marquis, I hear, sate much longer after dinner last night than usual!" Tuft was

utterly confounded. Was her ladyship insinuating that he was under the influence of wine? He was speechless.

"I assure you, Lady Cecilia"—he stammered.

"Oh—now I understand!—You are rehearsing for Lady Caudle's private theatricals? Do you play there next month? Well, I dare say you'll make a delicious Romeo." Here the Earl happening to enter, Lady Cecilia, with a languid smile, apprized him that Mr Tuft had been rehearsing, to admiration, a love-scene which he was studying against Lady Caudle's theatricals; on which the Earl, with a good-natured smile, said that he should like to witness it, unless it were too much trouble. If Mr Tuft could have crept up the chimney without being observed, he could have employed the first moment of repose and security in praying that the Lady Cecilia might bring herself to believe, that he had really been doing what at present he feared she only affected to believe. He resolved to outstay the Earl, who, indeed, withdrew in a few minutes' time, having entered only for the purpose of asking Lady Cecilia a question; and on her ladyship and her would-be lover being again alone—

"If I have been guilty of presumption, Lady Cecilia"—he commenced with tremulous earnestness, looking a truly piteous object.

"Not the least, Mr Tuft," said she, calmly smiling; "or, even if you *have*, I'll forgive it on one condition"—

"Your ladyship has only to intimate"—

"That you will go through it all with Miss Macspleuchan; or, couldn't we get up a sweet scene with my maid? Annette is a pretty little thing, and her broken English"—

"Your ladyship is pleased to be exceedingly severe; but I feel that I deserve it. Still, knowing your ladyship's good-nature, I will venture to ask one great favour, which, if you refuse, I will within an hour quit Yatton; that your ladyship will, in mercy to my feelings, mention this little scene to no one."

"If you wish it, Mr Tuft, I will preserve your secret," she replied, in a kinder and more serious manner than he had ever witnessed in her; and, when he had escaped into solitude, he could hardly tell whom he hated most—himself or the Lady Ce-

cilia. Several days afterwards, the Marquis Gants-Jaunes de Millefleurs, purposing to quit Yatton on his way northward, sought a favourable opportunity to lay himself—the brilliant, irresistible Marquis—at the feet of the all-conquering Lady Cecilia, the future Lady Drelincourt, peeress in her own right, and mistress of the family estates. He had done the same kind of thing half-a-dozen times to as many women—all of them of ample fortune, and most of them, also, of rank. His manner was exquisitely delicate and winning; but Lady Cecilia, with a slight blush, (for she was really pleased,) calmly refused him. He saw it was utterly in vain; for a few moments he felt in an unutterably foolish position, but quickly recovering himself, assumed an air of delicate raillery, and put her into such good humour, that, forgetful in the moment of her promise to poor Tuft, she, in the strictest confidence in the world, communicated to the Marquis the offer which Mr Tuft had been beforehand with him in making her! The Marquis's cheek flushed and tingled; and, without being able to analyse what passed through his mind, the result was, an intolerable feeling, as if he and Tuft were a couple of sneaking adventurers, and worse—of exposed adventurers. For almost the first time in his life, he felt an embarrassment amid the momentary conflict of his thoughts and feelings, which kept him silent. At length, "I presume, Lady Cecilia," said he in a low tone, with an air of distress, and a glance that did more in his behalf with Lady Cecilia than a thousand of his most flattering and eloquent speeches, "I shall, in like manner, have afforded amusement to your ladyship and Mr Tuft?"

"Sir," said she, haughtily, and colouring,—“Mr Tuft and the Marquis Gants-Jaunes de Millefleurs, are two very different persons; I am surprised, Monsieur le Marquis, that you should have made such an observation.”

He felt greatly consoled, and perfectly secure against being exposed to Tuft, as Tuft had been exposed to him. Yet he was mistaken. How can the reader forgive Lady Cecilia for her double breach of promise, when he is informed that a day or two afterwards, Tuft and she being thrown together,

partly out of pity to her rejected and bitterly-mortified suitor, and partly from an impulse of womanly vanity, and partly from a sort of glimpse of even-handed justice, requiring such a step as a kind of reparation to Tuft for her exposure of him to the Marquis—she, in the strictest confidence, informed him that his example had been followed by the Marquis, forgetful of that excellent maxim, “begin nothing of which you have not well considered the end.” It had not occurred to her ladyship as being a thing almost certain to ensue upon her breach of faith, that Tuft should ask her whether she had violated *his* confidence. He did so: she blushed scarlet—and though, like her papa, she could have equivocated when she could not have lied, here she was in a dilemma from which nothing but a fib could possibly extricate her; and in a confident tone, but with a burning cheek, she simply told a falsehood, and had the pain of being conscious, by Mr Tuft’s look, that he scarcely believed her. Nothing could exceed the comical air of embarrassment of the Marquis and Mr Tuft, whenever, after this, they were alone together! To return, however, to the Earl of Dreddlington, (who was really in ignorance of the Marquis and Mr Tuft’s proposals to Lady Cecilia,) the difficulty which at present harassed his lordship was, how he could, without compromising his own dignity, or injuring his darling scheme by a premature development of his purpose, sound Titmouse upon the subject. How to break the ice—to broach the subject—was the great problem which the Earl turned over and over again in his mind. Now be it observed, that when a muddle-headed man is called upon at length to act, however long beforehand he may have had notice of it—however assured of the necessity there will be for eventually taking one course or another, and consequently enjoying an ample opportunity for consideration, he remains confused and irresolute up to the very last instant—when he acts, after all, merely as the creature of caprice and impulse,—’twas thus with Lord Dreddlington. He had thought of half-a-dozen different ways of commencing with Titmouse, and decided upon adopting each; yet, when the anxiously-looked for moment had

arrived, he lost sight of them all, in his inward fluster and narrowness.

’Twas noon, and Titmouse, smoking a cigar, was walking slowly up and down, his hands stuck into his surtout pockets, and resting on his hips, in the fir-tree walk at the end of the garden—the spot to which he seemed, during the stay of his grand guests, to have been tacitly restricted for the enjoyment of that luxury. When the Earl saw that Titmouse was aware that his lordship had observed him, and tossed aside his cigar, the Earl “begged” he would go on, and tried to calm and steady himself, by a moment’s reflection upon his overwhelming superiority over Titmouse in every respect; but it was in vain.

Now what anxiety and embarrassment would the Earl have been spared had he been aware of one little fact, that Mr Gammon was unconsciously, secretly, and potently his lordship’s friend in the great matter which lay so near to his heart? For so it was, in truth. He had used all the art he was master of, and availed himself of all his mysterious power over Titmouse, to get him at all events to make an advance to his distinguished kinswoman. Considering, however, how necessary it was “to be off with the old love before he was on with the new,” he had commenced operations by satisfying Titmouse how vain and hopeless, and, indeed, unworthy of him, was his passion for poor Miss Aubrey. Here, however, Gammon had not so much difficulty to contend with as he had anticipated; for Miss Aubrey’s image had been long ago jostled out of his recollection, by the innumerable brilliant and fashionable women among whom he had been latterly thrown. When, therefore, Gammon informed him that Miss Aubrey had fallen into a decline; and that, moreover, when he (Gammon) had, according to his promise to Titmouse, taken an opportunity of pressing his wishes upon her, she had scornfully scouted the bare notion of such a thing; [all which was, of course, Mr Gammon’s pure invention]—

“’Pon—my soul! The—devil—she did!” said Titmouse, with an air of insolent astonishment. “The gal’s a devilish pretty gal, no doubt,” he presently continued, knocking the ashes off his cigar, with an indifferent air; but—it’s too good a joke—’pon my

soul it is ; but d'ye think, Gammon, she ever supposed I *meant* marriage ? By Jove !" Here he winked his eye at Gammon, and then slowly expelled a mouthful of smoke. Gammon had grown pale with the conflict excited within, by the last words of the execrable little miscreant. He controlled his feelings, however, and succeeded in preserving silence.

" Ah—well !" continued Titmouse after another whiff or two, with an air of commiseration, " if the poor gal's *booked*—eh ? it's no use ; there's no harm done. Devilish poor, all of 'em, I hear ! It's d——d hard, by the way, Gammon, that the prettiest gals are always the soonest picked off." As soon as Gammon had completely mastered his feelings, he proceeded to excite the pride and ambition of Titmouse, by representations of the splendour of an alliance with the last representative of so ancient and illustrious a house ; in fact, when Gammon came, he said, to think of it, he found it was *too* grand a stroke, and that she would not entertain the notion for a moment ; that she had refused crowds of young lords ; that she would be a peeress of the realm in her own right, with an independent income of L.5000 a-year ; mansions, seats, and castles, in each of the four quarters of the kingdom :—topics such as these excited and inflated him to the full extent desired by Mr Gammon, who, moreover—that was the great topic of his last interview with Titmouse, before leaving Yatton, as I have already apprised the reader—with great solemnity of manner, gave him distinctly to understand, that on his being able to effect an alliance with the Lady Cecilia, absolutely depended his continuance in, or expulsion from the possession of the whole Yatton property. Thus it came to pass, that Titmouse was penetrated by a far keener desire to ally himself to the Lady Cecilia, than ever the Earl had experienced to bring about such an auspicious event ; and at the very moment of Titmouse's catching sight of the Earl, while pacing up and down the fir-tree walk, inhaling the soothing influence of his cigar—as I a short time ago presented him to the reader—he was tormenting himself with apprehensions that such a prize was too splendid for *him* to draw, and asking

himself the constantly recurring question, how, in the name of all that was funny, could he set the thing agoing ? —When Greek met Greek, *then* came—it was said—the tug of war : and when the Earl of Dreddlington and Titmouse—a great fool and a little fool—came to encounter each other—each impelled by the same wishes, and restrained by similar apprehensions—it was like the encounter of two wily diplomatists, sitting down with the intention of outwitting each other, in obtaining an object, in respect of which their aim was, unknown to each other in fact, precisely coincident, this hidden coincidence being the exact point which their exquisite manoeuvres had succeeded in reciprocally masking, it being quite possible for Talleyrand and Pozzo di Borgo, pitted against each other, under similar circumstances, to separate, after a dozen long conferences, each having failed to secure their common object—peace.

" Well, Mr Titmouse"—commented the Earl, blandly, springing at once, with graceful boldness, out of the mist, confusion, and perplexity which prevailed amongst his lordship's ideas—" *what are you thinking about ?* —For you seem to be thinking !" and a courteous little laugh accompanied the last words.

" 'Pon—'pon my life—I—*beg* your lordship's pardon—but it's monstrous odd your lordship should have known it"—stammered Titmouse, his face suddenly grew of a scarlet colour. " Sir," replied the Earl, with greater skill than he had ever evinced in his whole life before—such is the effect of any one's being intensely in earnest—" it is not at all odd, when it happens that—the probability is—that—we are, perhaps—mind, sir, I mean possibly—thinking about the same thing !" Titmouse grew more and more confused, gazing in silence, with a strange simpering stare at his noble companion, who, with his hands joined behind him, was walking slowly along, with Titmouse.

" Sir," continued the Earl, in a low tone—breaking a very awkward pause—" it gives me sincere satisfaction to assure you, that I can fully appreciate the delicate embarrassment which I perceive you are now"—

" My lord—your lordship's most uncommon polite"—quoth Titmouse,

suddenly taking off his hat, and bowing very low. The Earl moved his hat also, and slightly bowed, with a proudly-gratified air; and again occurred a little pause, which was broken by Titmouse.

"Then your lordship thinks it will do?" he enquired very sheepishly, but anxiously.

"Sir, I have the honour to assure you, that as far as I am concerned, I see no obst"—

"Yes—but excuse me, my lord—your lordship sees—I mean—my lord, your lordship sees"—

"Sir, I think—nay, I believe I do"—interrupted the Earl, wishing to relieve the evident embarrassment of his companion—"but—I see nothing that should alarm you."

[How interesting to watch the mysterious process by which these two powerful minds were gradually approximating towards understanding each other! 'Twas a sort of *equation* with an unknown quantity, in due course of evolution!]

"Doesn't your lordship, indeed?" enquired Titmouse, rather briskly.

"Sir, it was a saying of one of the great—I mean, sir, it is—you must often have heard, sir—in short, *nothing venture, nothing have.*"

"I'd venture a precious deal, my lord, if I only thought I could get what I'm after!"

"Sir?" exclaimed the Earl, condescendingly.

"If your lordship would only be so particular—so uncommon kind—as to name the thing to her ladyship—by way of—eh, my lord? A sort of breaking the ice, and all that"—

"Sir, I feel and have a just pride in assuring you, that the Lady Cecilia is a young lady of that superior delicacy of"—

"Does your lordship really think I've a *ghost* of a chance?" interrupted Titmouse, anxiously. "She must have named the thing to your lordship, no doubt—eh, my lord?"

This queer notion of the young lady's delicacy a little staggered her distinguished father for a moment or two. What was he to say? She and he had really often named the thing to each other; and here the question was put to him plumply. The Earl scorned a flat lie, and never condescended to equivocation except when it was absolutely necessary.

"Sir," he said, hesitatingly; "undoubtedly—if I were to say—that now and then, when your attentions have been so pointed"—

"'Pon my life, my lord, I never meant it; if your lordship will only believe me," interrupted Titmouse, earnestly; "I beg a thousand pardons—I meant no harm, my lord."

"Sir, there is no harm done," said the Earl, kindly. "Sir, I know human nature too well, or I have lived thus long to little purpose, not to be aware that we are not always master of our own feelings."

"That's exactly it, my lord! Excuse me, but your lordship's hit the thing!"

"Do not imagine, Mr Titmouse, that I think your attentions may have been *unpleasant* to the Lady Cecilia—by no means; I cannot, with truth, say any such thing!"

"Oh, my lord!" exclaimed Titmouse, taking off his hat, bowing, and placing his hand upon his breast, where his little heart was palpitating with unusual force and distinctness.

"*Faint heart*, says the proverb, Mr Titmouse—ah, ha!" quoth the Earl, with gentle gaiety.

"Yes, my lord, it's enough to make one faint, indeed! Now, if your lordship—(I'm not used to the sort of thing, my lord!)—would just make a sort of beginning for me, my lord, with the Lady Cicely—to set us going, my lord—the least shove would do, my lord."

"Well, Mr Titmouse," said the Earl, with a gracious smile, "since your modesty is so overpowering—I'll try—to—become your ambassador to the Lady Cecilia. If, Mr Titmouse," his lordship presently added, in a serious tone, "you are fortunate enough to succeed in engaging the affections of the Lady Cecilia, you will discover that you have secured indeed an invaluable prize."

"To be sure, my lord! And consider, too, her ladyship's uncommon high rank—it's so particular condescending.—By the way, my lord, will she—if she and I can hit it off, so as to marry one another—be called *Mrs Titmouse*, or shall I be called *Lord Titmouse*? I wonder how that will be, my lord? 'Tis only, your lordship understands, on Lady Cicely's account I ask, because it's, in course, all one to me when once we're married."

The Earl was gazing at him as he

went on, with an expression of mingled surprise and concern: presently, however, he added with calm seriousness, "Sir, it is not an unreasonable question, though I should have imagined that you could hardly have been—but—in short the Lady Cecilia will retain her rank, and become the Lady Cecilia Titmouse—that is, during my life: but, on my demise, she succeeds to the barony of Drelincourt, and then will be called, of course, Lady Drelincourt."

"And what shall I be then, my lord?" enquired Titmouse, eagerly.

"Sir, you will of course continue Mr Titmouse"——

"'Pon my life, my lord—shall I indeed?" he interrupted, with a crest-fallen air, "Mr Titmouse and Lady Drelincourt? Excuse me, my lord, but it don't sound at all like man and wife"——

"Sir, so it always has been, and will be, and so it ever ought to be," replied the Earl gravely.

"Well but, my lord, (excuse me, my lord)—but marriage is a very serious thing, my lord, your lordship knows."

"It is, sir, indeed," replied the Earl, gloom visibly overspreading his features.

"Suppose," continued Titmouse, "Lady Cicely should die before me."

The Earl, remaining silent, fixed on Titmouse the eye of a FATHER—a father, though a very foolish one; and presently, with a sensible tremor in his voice, replied, "Sir, these are rather singular questions—but, in such a mournful contingency as the one you have hinted at"——

"Oh, my lord! I humbly beg pardon—of course, I should be, 'pon my soul, my lord, most uncommon sorry"—interrupted Titmouse, with a little alarm in his manner.

"I was saying, sir—that in such an event, if Lady Drelincourt left no issue, you would succeed to the barony; but, should she leave issue, they will be called Honourable"——

"What!—the Honourable Tittlebat Titmouse, if it's a boy, and the 'Honourable Cecilia Titmouse,' if it's a girl?"

"Sir, it will be so—unless you should choose to take the name and arms of Dreddington, on marrying the sole heiress"——

"Oh! indeed, my lord? 'Pon my

life, my lord, that's worth considering—because I a'n't over and above pleased with my own name. What will it cost to change it now, my lord?"

"Sir," said the Earl, struck with the idea, "that is really a matter worth considering. In a matter of that magnitude, sir, I presume that expense would not be a matter of serious consideration."

After some further conversation, the Earl came plump upon the great pivot upon which the whole arrangement was to turn—settlements and jointures—oh, as to *them*, Titmouse, who was recovering from the shock of the discovery that his marriage, however it might degrade the Lady Cecilia, would not enoble him—promised every thing—would leave every thing in the hands of his lordship. Soon afterwards they separated; the Earl suggesting to him, that probably in a matter of infinite delicacy, like that on which they had been conversing, he would keep his own counsel—to which also Titmouse pledged himself. Soon afterwards, and before seeing his daughter, with an anxious, but not an excited air, he ordered his horse and took a long ride, accompanied only by his groom: and if ever in his whole life he had attempted serious REFLECTION, it was on the occasion of that same long, slow, and solitary ride; then, for the first time, he forgot his peerage, and thought only of the *man*—and the father.

But to what purpose? Shortly after his return he sought the Lady Cecilia, and performed his promise, by preparing her to receive, probably on the ensuing day, the proposals of TITTLEBAT TITMOUSE.

The desired opportunity occurred the next day. Titmouse had slept like a top all night, after smoking in his bed-room a great many cigars, and drinking two or three tumblers of brandy and water; but Lady Cecilia had passed a very uneasy, and almost a sleepless night, and did not make her appearance at the breakfast-table. Understanding, however, that her ladyship was in the drawing-room and alone, about noon, Titmouse, who had bestowed during the interval more than usual pains upon his dress, gently opened the door, and observing that she was alone, reclining on the sofa, with a sudden beating of the heart, closed the door and approach-

ed her, bowing profoundly. Poor Lady Cecilia immediately sat up, very pale and trembling.

"Good-morning, good-morning, Lady Cicely," commenced Titmouse, taking a chair and sitting down in it, plump opposite to her.

"You aren't well this morning, are you, Lady Cicely?" said he, observing how pale she looked, and that she did not seem disposed to speak.

"I am quite well," she replied in a low tone; and then each was silent.

"It's beginning to look like winter a little, eh, Lady Cicely?" said he, after an embarrassing pause, looking through the windows. 'Twas an overcast day; and a strong wind was stripping the bare and yellow leaves in great numbers from the lofty trees which were not far distant, and which gave forth a melancholy rushing moaning sound; and another pause ensued.

"Certainly it is getting rather cheerless," replied Lady Cecilia. Titmouse turned pale; and, twirling his fingers in his hair, fixed upon her a stupid and most embarrassing look, under which her eyes fell towards the ground, and remained looking in that direction.

"I—I—hope his lordship's been saying a good word for me, Lady Cecilia?"

"My father mentioned your name to me yesterday," she replied, trembling excessively.

"Pon my soul, monstrous kind!" said Titmouse, trying desperately to look at his ease. "Said he'd break the ice for me." Here ensued another pause. "Every body must have a beginning, you know. 'Pon my solemn honour, all he said about me is quite true." Profoundly as was Lady Cecilia depressed, she looked up at Titmouse for a moment with evident surprise. "Now, Lady Cicely, just as between friends, didn't he tell you something very particular about me? Didn't he? Eh?" She made him no answer.

"I dare say, Lady Cicely, though somehow you look sad enough, you ain't vexed to see me here? Eh? There's many and many a woman in London that would—but it's no use now. 'Pon my soul I love you, I do, Lady Cicely;" she trembled violently, for he was drawing his chair nearer to her. She felt sick—sick almost to death.

"I know it's—it's a monstrous un-

pleasant piece of—I mean it's an awkward thing to do; but I hope you love me, Lady Cicely, eh? a little?" Her head hung down, and a very scalding tear oozed out and trickled down her cheek. "Hope you ar'n't sorry, dear Lady Cicely? I'm most uncommon proud and happy! Come, Lady Cicely." He took the thin white hand that was nearest him, and raised it to his lips; had his perception been only a trifle keener, he could not have failed to perceive a faint thrill pervade Lady Cecilia as he performed this act of gallantry, and an expression of features which looked very much like disgust. He had seen love made on the stage frequently, and, as he had seen lovers do there, he now dropped down on one knee, still holding Lady Cecilia's hand in his, and pressing it a second time to his lips.

"If your ladyship will only make me—so happy—as to be—my wife—'pon my life, you're welcome to all I have; and you may consider this place entirely your own! Do you understand me, dearest Lady Cicely? Come! 'Pon my life—I'm quite distracted—do you love me, Lady Cicely? Only say the word." A faint—a very faint sound issued from her lips—"twas a 'Yes.' Oh, poor Lady Cecilia!

"Then, as true as God's in heaven, dear gal, I love you," said he, with ardour and energy; and rising from his knee, he sat down beside her upon the sofa—placed an arm round her waist, and with his other hand grasped hers—and—imprinted a kiss upon the pale cheek which had been so haughtily withdrawn from the presumptuous advances of the Marquis de Millefleurs, and from some half-dozen others; several of whom were men of high real pretensions—elegant in person and manners—of great accomplishments—of intellect—of considerable fortune—of good family; but in her opinion, and that of the Earl her father, not of family good enough, nor fortune considerable enough, to entitle them to an alliance with her.

"'Pon my life, Lady Cicely, you are a most lovely gal," quoth Titmouse, with increasing energy—and now you're all my own! Though I am only plain Mr Titmouse, and you'll be Lady Cicely still. I'll make you a good husband!" and again he pressed her hand and kissed her cold cheek. But slow and dull as were the Lady

Cecilia's feelings, they were becoming too much excited to admit of her continuing much longer in the room.

"I'm sure you'll excuse me, Mr Titmouse," said she, rising and speaking quickly and faintly. When she had regained her room, she wept bitterly for upwards of an hour; and Miss Macspleuchan, who knew full well the cause of it, knew not how to console one who had so deliberately prostrated herself before the hideous little image of Mammon; who, in degrading herself, had also—and Miss Macspleuchan's bosom swelled with wounded pride and indignation at the thought—degraded her whole sex. In due time, however, the *Aurora*, a morning fashionable London newspaper, thus announced to the public the au-

spicious event which I have so faithfully, feeling much pain the while, described to the reader:—

"It is rumoured that Mr Titmouse, who so lately recovered the very large estates of Yatton, in Yorkshire, and whose appearance in the fashionable world has created so great a sensation; and who is already connected, by consanguinity, with the ancient and noble family of Dreddlington, is about to form a closer alliance with it, and is now the accepted suitor of the lovely and accomplished Lady Cecilia Philippe Leopoldina Plantagenet, sole daughter and heiress of the Right Hon. the Earl of Dreddlington, and next in succession to the barony of Drelincourt, the most ancient, we believe, in the kingdom."

FIELD FLOWERS.

Ye who courtly beauty prize,
Cast not here your scornful eyes—
Nature's lowly children we,
Bred on bank, in brake, on lea
By the meadow runlet's brink,
In the tall cliffs craggy chink;
On the sea-shore's arid shingle,
On bleak moor, in bosky dingle;
On old tower and ruin'd wall,
By the sparkling waterfall.

Not a hue of gaudier glow,
Not a streak to art we owe:
Never hand but nature's own,
("Nature's sweet and cunning one,")
Hath imparted charm or grace
To our unaspiring race.
All her elements of might,
Common air, and common light;—
Shower and sunshine, mist and dew,
And his labourers, (blithe ones too!)
All unhired for love she finds,
Bees, and birds, and wandering winds.

Courtly scornors! not for ye
Bloom our tribes of low degree.
Stately Aloe, Tuberosé tall,
Finely decks baronial hall;
Flaunting in exotic pride,
(Sculptured nymph or fawn beside,)
From marble vase on terrace wide—
Where jewell'd robes sweep rustling
by,
And lordly idlers lounge and sigh—
There intrude not such as we,
Commoners of low degree.
Yet have we our lovers too,
Hearts to holy nature true,

Such as find in all her ways
Objects for delight and praise,
From the Cedar, straight and tall,
To the Hyssop on the wall.

Favour'd mortals! to your eyes
All unveil'd an Eden lies
Hidden from the worldlings view.
Wells of water gush for you,
Where his sealed sight can spy
Nought but dull aridity.
Hither come—to you we'll tell
Where our sweetest sisters dwell;
Show you every secret cell
Where the coy take sanctuary.
"Pale maids that unmarried die."
Primroses; and paler yet
Th' unstain'd, odorous Violet.
Hither come, and you shall see
Where the loveliest Lilies be;
They through forest vistas gleaming,
(Azure clouds of heaven's own seem-
ing)—

They, their snowy heads that hide
Cowering by the coppice side;
They that stand in nodding ranks
All along the river's banks,
Golden Daffodils: and they
(Brightest of the bright array!)
With a swan-like grace that glide,
Anchor'd on the waveless tide.
These, and flowery myriads more,
All their charms (a countless store),
All their sweets shall yield to thee,
Nature's faithful votary.

Though we grace not lordly halls,
Yet, on rustic festivals,

Who than we are fittler seen
 Flaunting o'er the village green?
 Many a kerchief deck we there,
 Many a maiden's nut-brown hair;
 Many a straw-hat, plaited neat
 By shepherd boy, we make complete
 With Cowslip cark'net. Then, to see
 With what an air, how jauntily,
 On his curl'd pate 'tis stuck awry
 To snare some cottage beauty's eye.

Joyous childhood, roving free,
 With our sweet Bells greedily
 Both his chubby hands doth fill;
 Welcome plunderer! pluck at will.
 Nature's darling! dear to thee,
 More than costlier sweets are we:
 Pluck at will, enough to deck,
 Boy! thy favourite lambkin's neck.

Pineth some pale wretch away
 In prison cell, where cheerful day
 Only through the deep-set bars
 Beams obliquely; and the stars
 Scarce can glance a pitying eye
 On the poor soul's misery;
 Haply on some lodgment nigh,

Mossy bastion's mouldering edge,
 Loophole chink, or grating ledge,
 One of us (some fragrant thing)
 Taketh stand, and thence doth fling
 On the kind air soft perfume
 Down to that dark prison-room—
 Entering, with the balmy gale,
 Thoughts of some dear native vale,
 Some sweet home by mountain stream,
 On the captive's soul may gleam;
 Wafting him in fondest dream
 To the grass plat far away,
 Where his little children play.

On the poor man's grave we're found,
 Honouring the unhonour'd ground.
 To the grave—the grave for aye,
 Reverential dues we pay.
 When all thought hath pass'd away
 From all living, long ago
 Of the dust that sleeps below:—
 From the sunken hillock gone,
 E'en the cold memorial stone;—
 Unforsaking, we alone,
 Year by year, fresh tribute spread
 O'er the long-forgotten dead.

C.

CIRCASSIA.

THE extraordinary resistance of the tribes on the east of the Black Sea to the Russian arms, has long since attracted the eye of every man who wishes well to the cause of national bravery fighting for national independence. Five successive campaigns have scarcely advanced the dominion of the Czar beyond the sea-coast; and even that dominion, within the present year, has been singularly restricted. The Circassians, who had hitherto contented themselves with desultory, though highly destructive, attacks on

the Russian troops among the hills, appear to have acted under some more general system, and have combined powerful attacks on the Russian fortresses from the river Cuban to the Mingrelian border. Aboun, Ghelendik, Thapsene, and others, with strong garrisons, have been rapidly stormed; and, colossal as the strength of Russia is, and furious and all-grasping as her ambition has been, and continues, she has evidently been hitherto baffled, with great waste of treasure and loss of life.

THE CIRCASSIAN WAR-SONG.

A shout from the mountains!
 The hunters are near,
 But their horn is not wound
 For the chase of the deer.
 The sons of Circassia
 Have clasp'd on their mail;
 They are bloodhounds that hang
 On the Muscovites' trail.

They have hunted the robber
 From forest to shore;
 And the sands of the Euxine
 Are red with his gore.

Woe, woe, to the yellow-beards,*
 Woe to their Czar,
 When the flame on our hills
 Calls our chieftains to war.

His blood shall run cold,
 And his cheek shall be wan,
 When he hears of the corpses
 That load the Cuban;
 And the howl of his host
 As they sank in its stream,
 Shall poison his banquet,
 And madden his dream.

* A Turkish name of contempt for the Russians.

We march'd through the midnight,
 We march'd through the noon ;
 At evening we saw
 The grim walls of Aboun.
 Like a lion, it bask'd
 On the brow of its hill.
 At midnight it roar'd,
 But at morning was still.

We tamed it with fire,
 And we choked it with blood ;
 Now—the gore-blacken'd ground
 Alone shows where it stood.
 Hurrah, for the morn
 When proud Ghelendik fell !
 What cared the Circassian
 For shot or for shell ?

Though her ramparts were blazing
 With rocket and gun,
 The hearts of the sons
 Of the mountains were one.
 What if fire came like thunder,
 And balls fell like hail,
 Three thousand white skeletons
 Now tell her tale.

Hurrah for the sunset
 That show'd us Thapsene ;
 We roused up its wolves
 From their marble ravine.
 'Twas lovely to see,
 In the twilight's rich fold,
 Its sun-colour'd towers
 Of ruby and gold ;

But 'twas lovelier to see,
 In the morning's pale haze,
 The smoke, like a shroud,
 That o'erhung its last blaze.
 The wolves of that cavern
 No longer shall prowl ;
 Their hunter was Death—
 We heard their last howl.

Pale slaves of the Czar,
 What ye sow ye shall reap—
 We care not for hunger,
 We care not for sleep.
 We are falcons—we rush
 Up the cannon-crown'd ridge ;
 Our feet are our wings,
 And our bodies our bridge.

We laugh at your cannon—
 We trample your gold—
 We have rifles and hearts—
 Soon your tale shall be told.
 We saw the Black Eagle,
 We see it no more ;
 We have reddened its plumage
 In Muscovite gore.

We have cut off its talons,
 And blunted its beak ;
 Let it frighten the Persian
 Or feed on the Greek ;
 Let it pounce on the Turk,
 Or the Pole in his fen ;
 But no heart of Circassia
 Shall gorge it again !

EWS.

THE DEVIL'S LAST WALK.

I.

The elderly gentle-
 man in natural
 mourning, troubled
 with an indisposition.

It wasn't his dinner, or supper, or tea ;
 What it was, not an imp could tell :
 But something or other, 'twas easy to see,
 Had dared with his stomach to disagree,
 And the case was as plain as case could be,
 The Devil was far from well !

II.

He complaineth of a
 sensation of all-
 overishness,

He hadn't a mite of appetite,
 Which was strange in one so craving :
 He had pains, he said, in his hoofs and his head,
 And he cut himself in shaving !

III.

and evinceeth symp-
 toms of a catholic
 dissatisfaction,

Not a thing went right in the Devil's sight,
 Not a soul could please or profit :
 And his valet look'd blue, and his butler look'd white,
 And his running footman swore outright,
 That, since he was born, such a stormy morn
 Had never been known in Tophet !

There arriveth opportunely
a very renowned mediciner,

IV.
But at last there came an imp of fame,
And vast repute for knowledge :
He had floor'd them all at Surgeons' Hall,
And eke at Physicians' College.

who delivereth his
opinion touching the
cause of the elderly
gentleman's ailment.

V.
And he felt his pulse, and he eyed his tongue,
And he look'd exceeding wise,
And he order'd a draught to be forthwith quaff'd,
And he gave it out that, beyond a doubt,
It was want of exercise !

The elderly gentleman
manifesteth extreme
eagerness to be
restored to health.

VI.
Says the Devil, " O ho ! do you think 'tis so ?
Then I'm glad you've given me warning !
My hat here, quick ! and my gold-headed stick,
And the 'Tosh that I bought to'ther day upon tick ;
By my grandmother's ghost there's no time to be lost !
I'll be off this blessed morning !

The elderly gentleman
propoundeth to himself
many nice and
important questions,

VII.
" But hold," quoth the Devil, " I've yet to choose
In what form to take my journey—
And which way to steer—and who to leave here,
In my absence to watch o'er my children dear,
With a power of attorney ! "

and revolveth the
same silently in his
mind,

VIII.
So into a study, the Devil, he fell
For a minute, or two, or three,
But what he resolved not an imp could tell,
For never a word spake he,
Not even to name what kinsman in Hell
Should act as his deputy.

apparently much to
his own contentment.

IX.
But he winked his eye, and he nodded his head,
So that all, who knew him not well, would have said
That nothing with him could have gone ill,—
And with arms stuck a-kimbo, he started from Limbo,
In the likeness of Dan O'Connell.

The elderly gentleman
indueth his
travelling dress,

omitting not to lay
in good store both
for mind and body,

X.
But first in his pockets were carefully stow'd
A trifle or two, to amuse on the road
His majesty infernal ;—
The last Poor-Law Acts, all in pauper-skin bound—
And a table that show'd how the Pope gained ground—
And a gin bottle stout, and the number last out
Of Alderman Harmer's Journal !

Whereby he marvelously
beguileth the
length of his journey.

XI.
And being much pleased with the style of the last,
O'er hill and o'er vale in deep study he past,
Till his legs 'gan wax a-weary :
So he stopp'd on a sudden, and raising his eyes,
He found he had got, to his great surprise,
In the heart of Tipperary !

The elderly gentleman becomes witness to the untimely extinction of a fellow-traveller,

XII.
Just then pass'd a Protestant, homeward bound,
And he wish'd him a pleasant ride :
But half an hour after his corpse he found,
With a fractured skull, and a bullet wound,
And a dagger in his side—
And he marked the murderer prowling round
To make sure that his victim died !

and the sudden destruction of a tenement and its contents.

XIII.
He saw the same miscreant, that same night,
Set fire to a poor man's dwelling,
And gloat o'er the fierce flames' crimson light,
And the inmates' frantic yelling !

Whereat he manifesteth much becoming displeasure, maketh some pertinent enquiries, and receiveth an explanation highly satisfactory.

XIV.
Then the Devil him took to a shady nook,
Apart from observation :
And ask'd him quietly, with a look
Of virtuous indignation,
" What on earth he meant by being so bent
On murder and conflagration ?"
Quoth the fellow, " Oh, ho ! here's a precious go,
When there's none so well as yourself can know,
That it 's ' peaceable agitation ! "

He proceedeth thereupon to moralize upon the advantages of experience.

XV.
" Great thanks," quoth the Devil—" who lives, they say
To learn, can never miss ;
I did myself, in my earlier day,
Somewhat in the agitating way,
But I never did aught like this."

Imparteth some virtuous counsel, maketh a present, and rendereth himself scarce.

XVI.
So he told him he oughtn't to do so again,
And he gave him a sword and pistol ;
And, posting away to the seaside then,
He steam'd across to Bristol.

The elderly gentleman arriveth in the metropolis, and becometh fatigued by visiting his numerous friends.

XVII.

The elderly gentleman lighteth upon an agreeable restorative.

XVIII.
So he turn'd him into Downing Street,
And found it quite reviving.
" By my faith," quoth the Devil, " 'tis marvellous sweet
To view one's children thriving.

Remembereth himself of an obligation,

XIX.
" By the way," added he, " there's a man I must see
Hangs out not many a yard hence ;"
So he stroll'd to a certain Baronet's
Who lived in Privy Gardens.

and dischargeth it accordingly.

XX.
And he left his card, for he couldn't do less,
Just to make him some slight amends ;
" 'Tis no more than fair, when he's taken such care
Not to incommode my friends."

The elderly gentleman
encountereth a
Ghoul, who deriveth
his subsistence from
dead bodies,

XXI.
Then he lounged along the Strand,
Just to see what he might meet ;
And he chanced on a certain Coroner
Coming up from Essex Street.

and expresseth to-
wards him his sym-
pathy.

XXII.
And he gave him a nod, and a knowing wink,
And " Brother, how do ? " quoth he,
" It's not so long since you put, I think,
Your foot in the fire, like me ? "

The elderly gentleman,
proceeding to act
with the best possible
intentions, experien-
ceth an unexpected
rebuff,

XXIII.
To St James's he went, with a loyal intent,
To visit a lady fair ;
But with jeer and with flout they kick'd him out,
For he had no business there !

whereby he consider-
ed himself much ag-
grieved.

XXIV.
And he twitch'd his tail, as he stalk'd away,
With indignation glowing :—
" As to business there, " quoth Old Nick, " I'll swear,
I'd as much as Robert Owen ! "

.

The elderly gentleman
attendeth a fa-
shionable exhibition.

XXVII.
He squeezed in to see the new ballet,
In the midst of a terrible crush ;
But out again he was forced to sally,
For it made the Devil blush :
Tho' the ladies, who stay'd, wife, widow, and maid,
Didn't seem to care one rush.

.

Examined, with
much satisfaction,
into the administra-
tion of justice.

XXIX.
He saw a nobleman fined one pound,
Because he had, after dark,
Twisted off five knockers, and fifteen bells,
For an aristocratic " lark : "
And a poor man, for the selfsame crime,
As a bright example fix'd on,
And doom'd, instant, to spend his time
For the next three months at Brixton !
And, with hands upraised, and heart elate,
He bless'd the sitting magistrate !

Encountereth and
very promising
disciple,

XXX.
By chance he met with ———,
And it tickled him to the core :
For he could not teach him a single vice
That he hadn't got before.

and retireth into the
bosom of his domestic
circle.

XXXI.
And the Devil turn'd to hide the mirth
That long'd to overflow :—
" Two of us at once are too much upon earth,
So I shall go back below. "

THE BRIDEGROOM OF BARNA.

"Begone!—outstrip the fleet gazelle—
The wind in speed subdued;
Fear cannot fly so swift, so well,
As vengeance shall pursue!"—*Mrs HEMANS.*

I.

WHAT traveller that is familiar with Ireland, and has walked or ridden along the roads of that country, has not remarked the unwearying disposition the peasantry who happen to journey in the direction he is proceeding in, evince to enter into conversation with him, or, failing that, to at least shorten and sweeten their way by following close at his heels, whether he be on horseback or a pedestrian? As they are naturally a most inquisitive, as well as social race, this disposition on their part is peculiarly favourable to the gratification of their propensities. Should you, for instance, be accompanied by a friend, there are nine chances to one that they become familiarly acquainted with your private business or family history; and even if alone, and disposed to repel all attempts to be communicative, they are sure not to quit you, without being enlightened upon some part of your personal affairs. If you ride—they will "take the weight" of your horse, calculating by the state the animal is in the exact distance you have travelled; by its breed and grooming the probable amount of your property; and as they are resolved not to give up the chase until you are run to earth at the next park-gate or market-town to which you are bound, they leave you with a tolerable guess at the cause of your journey. If you walk—the matter is still more easily settled; you have less chance of baffling them: and the style of your dress, the appearance of energy or fatigue, the knapsack of a tourist, or the unencumbered ease and delicate cane of a morning visiter, are all satisfactory manifestations of your intentions or pursuits. How often have I amused myself in crossing the scent, by suddenly stopping short, and affecting to wait for some invisible acquaintance in the rear, and thus letting these persecutors get a-head, where I endeavoured in vain to keep them!—they will still linger behind, and if you hasten to outstrip them by superior speed, you but

overtake a fresh group of tormentors, nor can you reasonably expect any relief until the close of the day, or the arrival at your destination, effects your deliverance.

I had just pulled up at the summit of a long hill, in one of the wildest districts of the county Tipperary, which I had been ascending for a tedious half-hour, in a chill, though bright March evening—in order to alight and walk my mare down the corresponding declivity, that unveiled its lengthy and precipitate way into a champaign country of extensive and bleak appearance.

Having loosened the saddle-girths a little, to relieve my faithful steed, I turned to pursue my way, when I perceived still lingering near me a stranger who had kept close upon my track with unwearied pertinacity, from the town of Ballymore, a distance of seven or eight Irish miles, and all whose attempts to enter into conversation, however graciously offered, I had most perseveringly resisted, not from a feeling that there was any thing obtrusive in the individual, but simply that I was "not i' the vein." As, however, I perceived that although we were at a cross-road, (a spot where four roads meet,) my fellow traveller was about to take the one I had selected, I was now induced to bestow a little more attention upon him. He was an undersized, athletic-looking young man, perhaps about twenty years of age; bull-necked, with a powerful chest, his countenance harsh and massive beyond his years, with a mouth which would have indicated undisguised ferocity, were it not that the upper part of his face in some degree relieved this expression, or rather diverted attention from it by a broad forehead, and a quick, bright, but restless eye. Altogether he would have given assurance of a tremendous physical maturity, but either naturally or accidentally the mould had been marred—his right arm was wanting, as the empty sleeve pinned to the breast of his

jacket too plainly showed; but as if determined to compensate the loss by all the means in his power, he carried in his left hand a club, or, as it is termed all over Munster, a *wattle*, of such prodigious dimensions, and so loaded at the heavier end with lead, as at once to excite my surprise and—shall I own it?—distrust, in a country where I knew, by a recent police enactment, such murderous weapons were prohibited. And yet there was something fantastic about the fellow's appearance notwithstanding. Instead of the customary frieze dress of the peasantry, he wore an old and much-rubbed shooting-jacket of black plush, in the button-holes of which he had arranged sundry gay feathers, the ultimate use of which might be inferred from a quantity of fishing-tackle twisted round his cap, which was huntsman-shaped, and covered with a bristling fox-skin of a fiery-red hue; his feet were bare, and he had his strong corduroy trousers tucked up very high, probably to afford him the greater facility in travelling.

As the gaze with which I regarded my companion was not to be mistaken, even by stronger assurance than he was able to muster in his face at the moment, he very civilly touched his cap and said, "He'd be bound he knew where I was going, and he'd be proud to show me the way."

"And pray, my fine fellow, where do you suppose I am going?" I had the curiosity to ask; "or how have you been able to learn any thing of my movements?"

"O by gonnies!" he said, "I know well. Didnt I not see your honour in Ballymore this morning talkin' to Father Mick, and laughin' with him; an' by the same token you'd be sure to meet him this evenin', as, of all things, you'd like to see an Irish weddin'; and then I knew at wonst that you'd be at Hugh Lawlor's weddin'. 'Tis there Father Mick an' half the parish 'll be this evenin', an' there I'll be myself, with the help o' God. See," he added, not waiting to learn how this introduction was received—"see, sir, over the hill yonder, about a mile an' a half, you can jest spy the

smoke of the doin's at Davy Nugent's. Hugh Lawlor is to have Miss Ellen afther all, an' 'tis the boys of Eliogarty are glad to have him back at last; they thought they'd never see him agin, good, bad, or indifferent."

"And do they all carry such slips of palm as that pretty one in your fist," I could not help saying, "when they go to welcome back a friend?"

The fellow grinned. "What business would I have up in this counthry without my wattle, sir, when they're all Cumminses about us here, an' I a Dharrig? * Only to be shure, now that Masther Hugh is back, an' to be married to a Cummins, I suppose we'll have some sort of paece an' quietness. Gie me the rein, your honour, an' I'll lead the mare easy, an' you can keep off the stones on this smooth bit o' road."

"No, I thank you; but let me ask what was the interesting business that deprived the barony so long of Mr Hugh's presence?"

"Yes, sir."

"You don't hear me, I believe. Pray, what kept Master Hugh away so long?"

"Wisha, 'tisn't myself very well knows, sir," was the reply, after a slight pause and an inquisitive glance. "People said a deal about his bein' away. He was fond of Miss Ellen since they wor childer; but his bein' a Dharrig, an' all belongin' to her Cumminses, in coarse they wor mortal enemies. But Hugh, havin' neither father nor mother, nor one belongin' to him since he was a gorsoon; an' havin' fine farms, and bein' his own masther, nothin' could keep him from goin' about Barna, that's Nugent's—jest yonder—an' bein' a great scholar entirely, fit for Thrinity College, shure—Ellen was breakin' her heart for him, an' used to meet him out late in the evenin' unknowent to her family—an' she caught could, an' was near dyin', (shure she was never well since,) an' thin Hugh came oftener to find out how she was—an' her brother Tom watched him, an' they had the divil's own murder about it. Lawlor wanted to go away quietly, an' not to mind Tom Nugent's

* The two principal clans or factions of the county Tipperary were distinguished by the epithets of *Dharrig* and *Cummins*, for which we have never learned a satisfactory reason.

blackguardin' till he drew a cane-sword upon Lawlor, an' tould him he was a Captain Rock, an' was out with the Whiteboys the night—The mare has a stone, by your leave, sir."

Before I had time to see what the matter was, he had disengaged a stone from the off hind hoof of the animal, and resumed.

"An' so, whatever strugglin they had betuxt them, Tom Nugent was run through with the sword, an' left for dead, an' wasn't expected for a long time. An' Lawlor kep' out o' the way, an' Mrs Nugent, who was on her deathbed, gave him her curse, an' the same to her daughter if she ever had any thing to do with him ever after. Still, for all that, when the ould woman was gone, and when Miss Ellen kep' always so bad, dyin' in love for Hugh, the father an' the brother thought it a sin to see her goin' to the grave before their face—the creatur!—an' she the only girl o' the whole family, an' a fine fortun', an' a great education entirely at the nunnery in Thurles—so, at long an' last, they forgiv an' forgot—an' Tom Nugent died ov a decline,* an' then the sister was the only one left to the ould man—an' Lawlor kem back to Barna; an' bee gonnies! you an' I'll see their weddin' this blessed night, ples God."

"But how do the Dharrigs like Master Hugh's match, my friend?" I asked. "He must, I suppose, be a great favourite with them." At once I perceived a strong change to pass over his face. His countenance fell, and a hideous expression of hate fastened on it; but, as if afraid to let the feeling be observed, he quickly resumed his lively tone. "A great favourite is it? Ah, 'twas he that was! There wasn't such a boy in the five counties for runnin'—leapin'—throwin' a stone, or any one thing; but, O Lord! O Lord! th! th! th! see what a sight o' people are crowdin' down yondher, in all directions, to Barna!"

By this time we had descended the declivity, and had gained the level road, which, after straggling for about half a mile over a sullen moor, led into traces of cultivation, and finally opened through broad fields, gay-looking,

and green with the early wheat, occasionally absorbing into its line a *bore-heen*, (or by-road,) with an additional share of travellers, apparently wending in the direction we were going, until by the time we had passed the gentle ascent, above which the chimneys of Barna had long been peering, the numbers had increased to a goodly crowd of the most diversified appearance; and all, as my companion asserted, evidently bound for festivity. Snug-looking farmers on horseback, with their wives mounted behind them; jaunty young men, of that doubtful rank, known nowhere but in Ireland, designated "half-sirs," conspicuous by the ambitious cut of their bottle-green or stone-blue riding-coats and peppery nags; *jingles*, laden with gentry from the neighbouring towns; quilt-covered carts, filled with colonies of village coquettes, clad in all the awful armour of rural beauty; with a host beside, that may best be enumerated by quoting the satisfactory catalogue compiled upon a more ancient and celebrated occasion.

"There were pipers, and fiddlers, and tailors,
And cobblers, and weavers, and nailers,
And sifers, and sogers, and sailors,
Assembled at Ballyporeen."

Amongst the foremost of the scrambling pedestrians, were to be seen two or three couples of *boccochs*—the sturdy beggars of the country, a hateful, and generally a most profligate set of scoundrels—one acting a stone-blind object, in a long loose coat of grey freeze and a filthy nightcap, led by another with a shrivelled arm, which he thrust, with little ceremony, upon the attention of the passengers; both together shrieking out an abominable supplication in Galt, with all their might and main, letting the harmony pause after the following fashion:—

"Good Chrest—yans give your charity—
To the poor blind object—
Never see the blessed—
Light o' day—for Jesus—
Sake have pity on the—
Poor blind object—(&c. *da capo*.)

Great was the commiseration bestowed upon those afflicted sufferers by

* *An lice*—Consumption.

the tender-hearted of the softer sex, as they hurried on. Upon the masculine portion of the crowd, they appeared to produce little effect; and the stroller at my side—who, by the way, seemed to know every one, and to be universally known—evinced a most unqualified contempt for those mendicants.

"Bad 'cess to yez! Bryny Boccogh, an' your biind eyes, you villyan! 'tis you that'll have another tune in your throat to-night after you clear your sight with eight or ten dandys of punch;"—here a fresh group of characters caught his attention—"Ah! Jacky-the-Dance,* no fear you should miss Lawlor's weddin'. What a double-shuffle you'll cut upon the barn-floor by-'n-by! Padeen-na-piperah, how is every bit of you? Oh, murder! what a call there'll be to-night upon your chanter! Kantheen ashore, take care of your father's pipes, an' keep the childer away from him when he's playin', fear they'd make a hole in his music. Hah, dhar dhieu!" he exclaimed of a sudden—"look at all the Cumminses going yondher the field—'tis a black day for some one the day he tuck up with them!"

Thus my itinerant acquaintance rambled on, occasionally receiving the salutations of his neighbours, in the shape of an "Ah, Bush, are you there?" "Yerrah, Bush, what brings you to this quarter?" "Bush, you villyan, you're up to some mischief now, I'll be bail!" and so forth; and it was observable that the heartiness of Mr Bush produced by no means a corresponding share of jocularity on the part of his acquaintances. On the contrary, I thought they all seemed to regard him with coolness, and some to shrink from his recognition altogether with aversion.

We had now approached the scene of intended festivity. Turning short off the high-road, a narrow lane or avenue, skirted by clumps of elder and black thorn trees, brought us to a rude open gateway, passing through which, the house and messuages of Barna stood before us. The dwelling was a long, irregular building, no doubt formerly of only one story, but which appeared in later years to have been raised another, enlarged and dignified with a slated roof; a neglected

flower-bed or two sloped below the windows, and with a screen of climatis and woodbine, that clambered over the door, showed some softer spirit had once shed an influence about a spot sufficiently harsh in its general features. A huge range of buildings, as usual in Irish farm-houses, projected at right angles, like wings, from the dwelling, and with the main building formed three sides of a square; the fourth being occupied by an immense stone-paved yard, at the extremity of which were piled a heap of ploughs, carts, and other utensils of husbandry, that had been hastily cleared away to leave the area free upon this festive occasion. The whole was environed by an extensive garden and orchard, and sheltered in the rear by some venerable lime-trees and elms.

All within and around the place was a scene of the highest bustle and animation; the yard was thronged with the country guests getting themselves to rights after the journey, and resounded with laughter, congratulation, and music. The humbler class of visitors were ushered at once to the banquet prepared for their reception, in the long range of lateral buildings already mentioned; while those of a higher rank, or the immediate connexions of the family, were introduced to the dwelling-house, and received by the hosts themselves. On my arrival, I was met by Father O'Hea, the worthy priest, under whose auspices I ventured, prompted by curiosity, to appear at Barna, an uninvited guest. He had already been occupied—for it was Shrovetide—in uniting several other creatures, impatient for happiness, in different parts of the country, and had just arrived in time to be my chaperon to the bridal circle. It requires slight preface to establish your claim at any time to Irish hospitality, above all, upon a wedding occasion; I therefore felt no surprise on receiving at the threshold a cordial welcome and shake of the hands from old Davy Nugent himself, a ruddy, respectable little man, in a cauliflower wig and top-boots. We were ushered, by him, to an interior apartment, which, though of capacious dimensions, was crowded with the *élite* of Mr Nugent's fellow-parishioners. My attention, however, in the

* Jack, the dancing-master.

midst of this gay, but incongruous assembly, was at once riveted by the bride and bridegroom; and whether the sequel of their extraordinary story has had any thing to do in heightening the interest they excited, I know not; but it seems to me now, after the lapse of several years, that they appeared from the moment I first beheld them two things totally different from the class to which they belonged—a pair marked out, as it were, by nature to be memorable in their generation.

As young Lawlor, the bridegroom, advanced to assure me, being a stranger, of his satisfaction at meeting any friend of his respected pastor, he necessarily first engaged my attention. There was something indescribable in the man. Scarcely arrived at maturity, his frame had all the fulness and development of one in the prime of life; and, aided by a commanding stature, and an ease of manner and fluency of address, which courts will not sometimes bestow, and which yet sometimes may be found in cottages, he was admirably calculated for making an impression upon those he addressed. I was about to say an agreeable one—but it was not so; his dark handsome face and deep flashing eye would have been resistless but for a certain furtive expression that every now and then—at all times—in the repose of thought or excitement of argument, hastily overshadowed them, causing the smile to vanish, and the glance to shrink from yours, and then was gone in a moment; but not until it had jarred the pleasure reflected by his presence, as the dip of a flitting wing breaks up the surface of a summer lake. I saw him but this evening, yet in that brief space I hoarded the vivid recollections of an age of observation. I could not but remark him if it were only for the strong relief in which he stood out from the crowd around, and an air of abstraction, from which he was never entirely divested through all the festivity, save when his eyes rested upon the form, or his voice responded to the accents of, Ellen Nugent; “for then ear, eyes, and heart would all awake.”

“This,” he said, bringing me forward, “is the fair girl who has condescended to take charge of my happiness;” and I bowed low before one of the brightest and most delicate creatures I have ever beheld. Her pale gold hair, deep blue melancholy

eyes, and pure colourless cheek, combined with a form light and faery-like as ever danced in a moonbeam, reminded one less of an earthly being, than of some mournful angel doomed for a while to hover amongst mankind, waiting for the appointed moment to wing home to its native world. As my friend, Mr Bush, had intimated, I perceived traces of recent ill health in this interesting girl, whose excessive fragility of frame might well awaken apprehension. While her betrothed lingered at her side, she looked one of the happiest of the happy. It was only during his momentary absence that her spirits seemed to waver; she then evinced symptoms of anxiety and dejection, such as persons exhibit who are conscious that a beloved object is exposed to danger that by their presence only can be averted. Knowing the peculiar circumstances of her story, I was not surprised at this; but I could not avoid feeling there was less appearance of heartfelt felicity about this young couple than the agreeable termination of so disastrous a courtship might warrant.

After waiting some time for a Doctor O'Drizzle, a principal accessory, I understood, to all merry-meetings, it was announced that this important personage had arrived, and a summons to dinner was the immediate consequence.

“Mrs Mackesy, allow me the pleasure, ma'am—to the big parlour, ladies and gentlemen, if *you* please—Tim Carroll, see that the neighbours outside are comfortable—Father Hennessy (to the coadjutor) you're young and hearty, will you help Miss Nelly (a venerable spinster) to do the honours to the boys and girls that haven't room with us?”

Thus gabbled old Davy Nugent, as he marshalled us to the big parlour, which well deserved the appellation: at all times a goodly-sized apartment, even in Eliogarty, where architects are less circumscribed than in Marylebone, the room had been hastily enlarged to three times its dimensions, by the simple and accommodating principle of removing a partition, and letting into it what very much resembled a beautified barn. Here the chief banquet was spread, and graced by the presence of the most important guests, amongst whom, probably as being the greatest stranger, I found

I had a distinguished place. After events have so impressed upon my recollection every trifling detail of a scene, which would otherwise have melted into indistinctness among the occurrences of an active life, that I must be pardoned such reminiscences. Yet, under the most ordinary circumstances, a genuine Irish wedding is a scene not easily forgotten; and the present one might have served as a specimen *par excellence* of that high festival of good fellowship and fun.—“Father O’Hea, grace if you please;” and in a moment the hundred-and-odd eager faces and voluble tongues were seized with a becoming gravity, while the priest uttered a benediction less characterized by its length than fervour; at the same time I observed the greater number of the guests describe some mysterious signs upon their foreheads, and plump we all sat down, and then the long array of turkeys, hams, and sirloins, no longer smoked in vain. Dire was the tumult!—the windows of the apartment, though it was chilling spring, were necessarily open to temper the atmosphere within; and the pronouncing of grace was at once the signal to our fellow-travellers in the adjacent buildings to sympathize with us, and to a brigade of pipers to open their harmonious batteries upon every quarter of the establishment. They were ably supported by a reserve of beggars, who, the moment attention was properly diverted from matters of minor importance, beset every window and avenue, and with their squabbling, shouting, and oburgations, literally “filled up each pause the bagpipers had made.”

“Tim Carroll—a rue—will you go out and see that Bill Fagan keeps away them vagabones from the windows—let him get a flail—do you hear me—a flail!” “Father,” interjected the gentle voice of Ellen Nugent, “not on this evening—let the poor creatures have it their own way to-night. I see that sad boy Tom Bush is back again in the country; I thought”—she suddenly stopped and looked away. “Ellen—my pet—that fellow was never born to be drowned—Mrs O’Shaughnessy, the pleasure of a glass o’ wine, if you please—Doctor O’Drizzle, may I trouble you—Mrs O’s glass—now, good people, take care of yourselves—see if ye can make your dinners!” &c. &c.

As I happened to sit near young Lawlor, I had occasionally some chat with him, as well as his manifold occupations would admit, and found him as superior to his class in intelligence as in appearance. I took an opportunity to ask respecting my pedestrian acquaintance, of whom I had just heard mention, and received by no means a satisfactory character of him.

He was a foundling, and derived his name from the bush or thicket in which he had been discovered—had been brought up, the evil, unaided, wretched childhood and youth of an Irish country pauper—had got into habits of the most inveterate vice—was turbulent and brutal in his conduct; and, in an affray between the faction to which he attached himself and their opponents, received an injury which led to the loss of his arm. He was skilful—Lawlor added—as a *marker* for the country gentlemen, and generally knowing about field sports; but he had lately been imprisoned for some offence, and had, my informant supposed, but just now returned.

These remarks induced allusions to the present state of the country, a subject upon which Lawlor was not communicative. He seemed careless of disclosing his opinions to a stranger, and confined himself to comments on the supineness of the neighbouring magistrates, to which he principally attributed the increase of crime and insubordination; an opinion in which he was supported by no less an authority than the viceroy himself, who, on a late occasion, had expressed his sense of the service of those functionaries, in terms that pretty plainly implied he considered “they loved their own barns better than the public weal.”

Though Lawlor was “one of the people,” and a Catholic, with, it might be supposed, all the prejudices and sense of wrongs—real or imaginary—of his class and creed, I found him disposed to impress me with an idea of his liberality in politics. He painted Whiteboyism and secret meetings in the most odious colours, until the very force of his language led me to suspect its earnestness. We had not, however, much time for such disquisitions: the mirth, without and around, waxed “fast and furious.” We had dined, and were lapped in the joyous indulgence of the hour succeeding dinner; the port and sherry were lubricating the tongues inside, while po-

teen and porter were lending *tone* to the throats without; the pipers played brisker than ever, while boccoghs and beggars danced in the yard with the wild delight of slaves in a saturnalian emancipation. A ring having been cleared before the windows, in the midst of it was placed a smooth wooden platter or trencher, and Mr Bush coming forward, made his best bow to the gentry in the parlour, and flourishing his wattle, proceeded to dance a hornpipe upon the dish, carefully confining the sphere of his saltation to its limited circumference. This, in more senses than one, is the *ne plus ultra* of an Irish peasant's accomplishments; and to do Tom Bush justice, he performed his task to perfection, concluding, as they say in the playbills, with a "paralysing" brandish of his weapon, and another obeisance to the company. A fresh tumbler of punch was, by Hugh Lawlor's directions, handed to him—a refreshing compliment it would be degenerate in a host or bridegroom to omit at the close of such a piece of ingenuity.

The vagrant, placing his cudgel under his arm and raising aloft the beaker, advanced to the window to return thanks. "Healts apiece to ye, gentleels, an' my blessin', Masther Hugh, an' the blessed Virgin's on you an' Miss Ellen every day ye see a pavin' stone, an' may ye be as happy as the day is long!" He had just uttered the benediction, and was about to confirm it by draining the glass, when it was shattered to fragments in his grasp, cutting his solitary hand severely in the crash. A stone flung from the rear of the crowd, either by design or accident, was the cause of this untimely and ominous interruption. Yielding at once to the impulse of his savage nature, the fellow snatched his bludgeon, and turning round, without enquiry or hesitation, felled the person who stood next him to the ground. This happened to be no other than Tim Carroll, an official high, as we have seen, in the household of old Nugent, and still higher in his estimation and that of his followers, who at once burst through the crowd upon the offender, and laid him low by the side of Carroll. A general fray now ensued. Bush, it will be remembered, belonged to the faction of the Dharrigs, to whom he had strongly recommended himself by his reckless and abandoned daring. Several of this clan, as was natural,

had attended the wedding of their principal chief, and now instantly rose *en masse*, and rushed from the different tables at which they had been carousing, to avenge their prostrate and insulted favourite. Arming themselves with loosened paving stones, (for they had left offensive weapons at home upon this occasion,) and raising their cry of combat—"Here's Dharrig!" they dashed upon the defenceless Cumminses with resistless effect. The stones flew in every direction, sweeping down all before them with the devastation of grape-shot, dashing through the open doors, and shivering to pieces the windows of the surrounding buildings. So sudden and unexpected was the outbreak—scarcely occupying as many seconds as it has taken words to describe it—that not one of any influence amongst the assembled guests had time to stay the tumult before it had risen to a height that threatened the most disastrous consequences. Before the dismayed host, seconded by his reverend guests, the clergymen, could gain the yard, the Cumminses—in other words—the dwellers about Barna and its vicinity, including all the immediate retainers of the Nugents—had rallied, and were doing deadly battle, hand to hand, with their opponents, while fierce shouts of—"Here's Dharrig!"—"Here's Cummins!" were blent with the shrieks of affrighted women, and the loud battering of the missiles, as they told upon the walls and windows of the edifice. At imminent peril to themselves, Davy Nugent and the priests flung themselves among the combatants, and, with uplifted hands and voices, besought them to have mercy upon each other, and respect for the holy sacrament they had assembled to celebrate. "The ould master," as I found he was familiarly termed, limited his exertions to indignant expostulation; but it cannot be concealed that his reverend assistants enforced their remonstrances with the more logical application of two stout horsewhips, whose arguments were too convincing to be long resisted, and the rival factions at length retired—

"As mountain waves from wasted lands
Sweep back to ocean blue!"

I was so amazed at this scene of strife and clamour, that I scarce noticed the effects it had upon my companions. I saw, however, that Hugh

Lawlor sprang up at the first cry of his faction, but Ellen Nugent was instantly at his side; she clung to his arm, terrified at the scene without, but doubly anxious, it seemed, to prevent her lover from mingling in it, although he assured her repeatedly it was necessary that he should act as a mediator in the conflict. It was to no purpose; she appeared filled with a dread of his leaving her presence for a moment, and he was at last obliged to yield, and wait the efforts of her father's and the priests' interference.

When peace was established, it was found that the number of wounded happily bore slight proportion to the combatants; and that, with the exception of Tim Carroll, who was severely hurt by the left-hand he had received, no serious results were to be apprehended to those engaged in the affray. Hugh Lawlor having now been permitted by his fair *fiancée* to join her father, took the opportunity of severely reprimanding Bush, who, thanks to the thickness of his pericranium, was fast regaining his faculties, for the wanton enormity of which he had been guilty, in committing the assault that had led to so inauspicious an interruption of their harmony. He ordered him at once to depart, and not make his appearance again at Barna, adding, that a strict watch should be kept upon him in case the life of Carroll should be endangered. Far from exhibiting any symptoms of contrition, the fellow replied in a tone of mingled sullenness and defiance, muttering, it appeared, in an undergrowl, some taunting words, to the effect that it would be well if some people felt the same dislike to bloody hands that they did to broken heads. Whatever might be implied by these words, they seemed to exasperate the bridegroom to frenzy—he wrenched the fatal cudgel from the grasp of its owner, and dragging him to the gateway, beat him from its threshold like a dog. Slowly, and with hell-fire glaring in his eyes, Tom Bush, still facing his ejector, withdrew. When he had got some distance from the gate, he pointed significantly to the branch of a mighty elm that projected over the avenue, shook his hand fiercely at young Lawlor, and plunged into the darkness of the gathering night, with which peals of distant thunder, announcing an approaching storm, now began to mingle.

There were very few spectators of

this occurrence. Unluckily, in Ireland scenes of popular violence and strife are too frequent to produce much impression—the moment, therefore, the shortlived battle of the factions had subsided, the revellers returned with a tenfold zest to the conviviality of their respective circles. The tables, which had been so plenteously bestowed, and so rapidly relieved of their goodly viands, were in the meanwhile removed—the apartments were gaily lighted up, and preparations for dancing commenced. Hugh Lawlor had by this time rejoined us, quite unruffled by the incident that had just occurred, save that his face, I thought, looked paler than when he had left us; but he was at the side of Ellen in a moment more, and every other thought was lost in the looks of eagerness and delight with which he drank in her beauty. The cheerful glass, with its accompanying toast and joyous laugh, now circulated merrily—the old related their choicest stories—the young gentlemen who happened to be unpaired, told each other of their hardest rides over the stiffest countries; while those who had a pretty partner at their side, (and they were the majority,) whispered those tales that sound sweetest in the ears of a single auditor. I perceived that Father Mick was absent for the last quarter of an hour, and now a little sleek-headed man entered the room, and, looking up towards the head of the table at old Davy Nugent, made a low bow; whereupon Ellen Nugent turned very pale, and then red, and then still paler; and young Lawlor sprang up, and catching her hand, gently drew it within his arm; and then all the gentlemen rose, and each seized a lady, and Davy Nugent led out, with a jaunty air, Mrs Mackesy, bobbing like a peony in her scarlet bombazine. And so we went back to the small parlour, or, as they would call it in a fine house, the drawing-room. And there was Father Mick in his alb and surplice, looking quite venerable, and the holy water and his breviary before him on a little table, and near him the sleek-headed herald before mentioned—the clerk of the chapel—a useful attendant upon the occasion. And then there was a crowding and pressing forward; and I being a thin man, and easily slipped over in a throng, found myself very much in the rear. But I could see the top of Hugh Lawlor's stately head, and could ima-

gine him whispering some words of encouragement to Ellen, perhaps bidding her remember his long and arduous, and once hopeless suit, and blessing this hour that so brightly repaid him for all. After some low-voiced conversation for a few minutes, Father Mick opened his breviary, and every one knelt down; a few words were said; a prayer uttered, and an amen pronounced; and Ellen Nugent rose up for life and in death the wife of Hugh Lawlor. Then the rushing was greater than ever; but Lawlor was before them all; he had folded his Ellen to his bosom, and laughing, as he disappointed those who sought to anticipate him, bestowed upon her pure lips a most emphatic kiss; whereupon I could not close my ears to the conviction, that a mighty rustling and smacking resounded through the apartment, even as if every woman in the room was being kissed—not excepting Mrs Mackesy herself, who, however, gave old Davy Nugent a reproachful punch on the head as she was wiping her mouth, which set his wig marvelously awry.

The sudden burst of bagpipes, reinforced by a strong detachment of fiddlers, that now resounded from every corner of the abode, announced the impatience of the humbler guests for the presence of the fair bride and her party. Leaning on the arm of her husband, Ellen led the way to the apartments assigned for dancing, and taking their place at the head of some forty or fifty couple, the happy pair led off the country-dance to the appropriate measure of *Haste to the wedding*. The reign of innocent and frolic mirth was now fully established; and it was early dawn that saw the conclusion of the nuptials of Barna. As I had to travel some miles in an opposite direction to that which I had come, for the purpose of paying a long-promised visit to a friend, I took my leave early in the night, waiting merely to contribute a trifle to the collection made for the priest—one of the principal sources of his support in a country where no provision is by law established for the Roman Catholic clergy.

II.

While all was light and gaiety within the bridal mansion of Barna, one of those tempests which, during the equinox, visit the islands of the Atlantic with such extraordinary violence, was raging far and near without. The wind swept the hills with the roar and fury of a hurricane, and seemed to pause only in its career when out-bellowed by the thunder, which burst forth in tremendous and long-continued peals through the advancing night. The rain descended in torrents, drifting in sheets along the country, and swelling the mountain streams until they rose above their channels, and rushed down to aid in the conflict of the devastating elements. Amid the tumultuous din of merriment and music at the abode of Davy Nugent, such a storm, if heard at all, was little heeded; but in the quieter abodes of the surrounding country, its terrors were impressively felt and were long remembered. Amongst those who sat listening to its effects, crowded round a cheerful and happy hearth, that contrasted strongly with the desolation outside, was the family of Major Walker, a gentleman of independent fortune,

and a magistrate for the county, who resided about four miles distant from the scene of our narrative, but still higher up the country, where, after sinking into moor and morass, and assuming the wild features of mountain districts, the land rises and unites with the principal chain of hills that intersects Tipperary. The house, which was a spacious one, was well adapted for its position—it was strongly as well as handsomely built. The place had been but a few years occupied by Major Walker, who had planted extensively around it; but the plantations were not grown, the shrubberies were stunted, and in the midst stood the house, wrapped in a feignought of weather-slating, and imparting to the whole, what it only borrowed itself, a look of solitary bleakness. Far different, however, was the aspect of the mansion within. The bright drawing-room fire, around which the family were this night seated, blazed upon a cheerful group, surrounded by all the comforts of social existence, that are met with nowhere in greater profusion than in the abodes of the Irish gentry. Wax lights were glancing upon tables strewed with portfolios

and books. One of the latter turned down upon its open pages, an idle work-stand, and a piano with expanded music—appeared to have been just abandoned, as if unable to amuse or interest amid the howling of such a tempest. Upon another table was the tea-equipage, with its still simmering urn; while by the fire, in *fauteuils* and easy chairs, were seated the owner of the mansion, a tall grave gentlemanly man of about fifty—his lady, some few years younger—their daughter, a fine florid bright-cheeked girl of seventeen—and two sons, a couple of years, perhaps, the juniors of their sister. A lady and gentleman, Mr and Mrs Craven, visitors from a distant part of Ireland, completed the circle, which had gradually narrowed as the violence of the storm increased.

"William, my boy," asked Major Walker, "have you seen to the fastenings of doors and windows to-night?"

"I have indeed, sir—John Bryan and I went through the house at six, as usual. You are not apprehensive, I hope, that doors and windows, proof against bullets and Captain Rock, can be affected by the storm?"

"I am not—but it is wise to take precautions against both."

"Of the two," observed Mr Craven, "the tempest would be far the more merciful intruder."

"I fear so," Major Walker replied; "for, though I have no reason to think I am unpopular, the very fact of my being in the commission of the peace marks me out for odium—it is certainly a dreadful state of things!"

"Well," cried Charles Walker, "if Captain Rock should come to pay us a visit he will meet a warm reception—there are eight of us men, including servants, with three blunderbusses, two guns, three cases"—

"How can you go on so, Charley?" said his sister; "good gracious!" she exclaimed, "how it does blow!—one is at a loss to say which is safer, the outside or inside of the house. What a bad night for Ellen Nugent's wedding, poor thing!—I understand half the country were invited to it."

"I don't think," said her brother William, "we had such a storm as this since the night Garryvoe bridge was carried away, when Fogarty the post-boy was drowned at Templebegford."

"He couldn't have better luck,"

said Charles; "he was connected, they say, with all the bad boys about the country; and it was strongly suspected he knew something of poor Milo Byrne's murder."

"That was a frightful affair, if I recollect rightly," observed Mr Craven, "the newspapers were full of it for days—but I do not exactly remember why it excited so much horror?"

"From its unparalleled atrocity," replied his host. "Poor Byrne was a man of easy fortune, an old neighbour of mine before I left Upper Ormond for this part of the country—he lived about seven miles away, at a fine old place that his family—a Catholic one—had for a number of years. They are not exactly gentry, but gentlemen farmers, and Milo was a worthy representative of a respectable stock. He was a fellow of the most inoffensive disposition, universally beloved for his hospitality and kindness of heart—an excellent landlord, and an indulgent master; and so well known through the greater part of Tipperary for his benevolence and charity, that, as a convincing proof of his popularity, it is believed, (however extraordinary such a thing may appear in Tipperary, where we live with the knife almost at our throats,)—that at Curraheen, (the name of his place,) they never took the precaution of placing more than an ordinary latch upon the doors at night. He used to say he never injured any one—never drove for rent—never ejected a tenant—never turned a beggar away empty—and that, therefore, there could be no temptation for people to come at night to seek the spoil or redress they were welcome to by day."

"And yet he met with such an untimely end!"

"Untimely indeed! It was a fine moonlight night in October—about eight o'clock, Byrne was seated with his family, I believe, reading the newspaper aloud to them—when"—

"Papa! do you hear nothing?" exclaimed Miss Walker, starting suddenly up, as a fresh burst of the hurricane shook the house to its foundations.

"There is no cause for alarm, my love. As I was saying, poor Byrne, it appears, was reading aloud, when the front door of his dwelling was opened, and a number of men, all armed, their faces covered with crape, walked into the room. In other cases

of atrocity, insult is generally added to outrage; but, according to the testimony of the unfortunate man's family, the intruders used no words of menace or reproach. They entered with the usual salutation—which, it was observed, they expressed in Irish, a language little spoken in this county—and, addressing Byrne in a respectful manner, said they wanted to speak with him outside. He rose and followed them, two of the party being left in the room to repress any alarm its inmates might attempt to make. In a few minutes more his wife, with the quick ear of anxiety, caught the voice of her husband in earnest expostulation in front of the house, apparently requesting to be allowed to speak with her. In a short time one shot was fired—a dreadful pause—the sentinels were called off; and, when his terrified family rushed out, Byrne lay stone-dead at his own threshold."

"And the cause of all this?" enquired Mr Craven.

"Was the most revolting and incredible in the annals of crime. The murderers, on leaving the scene, met some of the farm-servants; and, with a kind of inconsistent justice, frequent in this passionate and distracted people, desired them to proclaim that the men who killed Milo Byrne were actuated by no ill-will towards him—on the contrary, that they respected and esteemed his character—but *his life was the last surviving one in White Will Redmond's lease; a man that ruined, they said, their families and themselves; and, by cutting off Byrne in the prime of life, they deprived their oppressor so many years the earlier of an income of about four hundred a-year—a deadly and more lasting revenge, they added, than taking away his life.*"

"Horrible! Were the murderers brought to justice?"

"Not one of them," replied Major Walker, "It is now more than two years since the transaction, and nothing has transpired to throw light upon the matter. The interest it excited is gradually dying away amongst more recent occurrences; but its barbarous wantonness will never let it wholly be forgotten."

"Well, I always feel confident," interposed Mrs Walker, "that the perpetrators of that evil deed will yet be discovered. The murderers of so blameless a man will not die unpunished. Even, if all living agency fails, the very dead will rise!"—

As she spoke, a peal of thunder broke above the storm with a crash, as if the very mountains had rent asunder, and were toppling on the dwelling; and, while the awestruck circle awaited the cessation of its stunning roar, a loud knocking at the hall door reverberated sharply and distinctly through the house, as though the fiend of the tempest was demanding entrance.

The little party instantly sprang up—the already excited females clinging in dismay to their protectors. Major Walker, as calm as usual, rang the bell, while his eldest son advanced to the door of the apartment, and impressed upon the servant the needless caution (in Tipperary) that upon no pretence was the nocturnal visitant to be admitted.

Again the thunder rattled round the hills; and the knocking, which had ceased for a moment, was more violently renewed than before. The voice of the servant was now heard in parley with some person, who, it appeared, eagerly sought admission; and, after the lapse of a few minutes, the domestic ascended to the drawing-room.

"The ould boy himself, I do verily b'lieve, Major, is outside. The cross o' Christ betune us an' all harm! sure such another night no Christan would ventur out in! I 'ont take it on me to swear whether 'tis man or beast is there; but whichever it is, he keeps cursing and bellowing that he wants to see you, an' that he won't go till he does."

"Did you not tell him, Bryan, that no stranger is allowed into my house after nightfall upon any account?"

"Faith an' shure I did, over an' over, Major; an' 'twas little use for me;—'didn't you tell me your mas-ther is at home,' ses he; 'shure 'twouldn't be out sich a night as this he'd be,' ses I, 'nor any one else that

* In Ireland, where a number of persons are to be frequently found, in a town-land or parish, bearing the same name, the peasantry distinguish them by appellations generally having reference to their personal appearance. Thus there are White—Red—and Black Patrick Sullivan, according to the difference of hair or complexion in those respectable individuals.

was about any thin' that's good,' ses I; 'well, go up and tell him that I'm come a long journey on weighty business,' ses he, 'an' if I go without seein' him, the sin of it be on his own sowl,' ses he, (them were his very words, savin' your favour, Major;) 'whisper your message through the keyhole, can't you,' ses I, 'an' I'll take it safe an' sound for you,' (by the same token I could hardly hear my own ears with the wind and thundher;) with that, my dear life, he hot the dure such a sthroke, I thought 'twas dhruv in in my face; and then such an oath as he swore, 'I'll have you yet,' ses he, 'where there'll be no oak betune us,' 'wisha I cross,' ses I, 'an' in the name o' God be off out o' that, whoever you are, an' come again in the mornin.' 'I can't come in the daylight at all,' ses he, soft as if he put his mouth down to the keyhole; 'I can't come in the daylight, Bryan,' (how well he knows my name, God help us!) 'I must gi' my message to the maaster afore twelve to-night, or not at all; an' if he does not take it the sin of it be on his own sowl, an' go up an' tell him so,' and so I came up to let you know what he ses."

"Go down, then, again," said Major Walker, without hesitation, "and say, what I suppose this person is well aware of, that no gentleman, in the present state of the country, allows his doors to be opened to let in a stranger at such an hour as this. If his errand is on magisterial business, tell him he can go to the police-barrack at Capparue, only two miles off, and they will attend to him instantly."

"Thrus for you, sir; shure 'tisan't out of our senses we'd be to open the dure, when maybe 'tis Captain Rock, or some one far worse, is there," and Bryan descended with the message.

The little party listened in breathless attention to learn the effect of this second denial. While the servant was engaged in the foregoing recital, the knocker continued to be plied violently at intervals, showing that the visitant by no means relinquished the expectation of being admitted. They could now hear Bryan's voice again announcing his master's inflexible resolution: they heard no more; nothing but inarticulate sounds outside, blown away by the tempest, and again John Bryan appeared before them.

"You never heard how he swore, NO. CCCI. VOL. XLVIII.

your honour, when I gev him your message; I could hear him mutther-in' to himself when I put my ear to the keyhole; at last I thought he was gone away entirely, when by this an' by that up he comes again, an' the dure gets another pelt. 'Are you there?' ses he; 'what do you think o' yourself?' ses I. 'Well, up again wid you,' ses he, 'an' tell your maaster I'm come for some money he owes me this long time, an' here's the receipt.' With that I sees this weeny bit o' paper thrust through the keyhole," and raising his hand, Bryan extended a scrap of dirty paper to his master.

Major Walker glanced at it, and started; after a pause of some minutes, he said—"I must see this person."

"Is it now, your honour?"

"Instantly: tell them to place lights below in the study," he said, turning to his daughter; "and do you, Charles and William, get Hartnett to the next room, over the hall-door, and keep a good look-out to see that this is no stratagem of Rockites to get in upon us. If there is but one person outside, make no noise while the door is opened: should any more make their appearance or offer for the house, clear away with the blunderbusses—it will be check enough until the door is fast again."

So saying, Major Walker descended, followed by the trusty Bryan, having first supplied themselves with pistols from the armoury closet on the landing-place.

To those of our readers who are only accustomed to the order and tranquillity that prevail in countries where the laws are feared at least, if not respected, and where every man's house is literally his castle, the precautions just mentioned may appear the exaggerations of some imaginative storyteller; but they whose birth or business has bound them to the distracted country in which our narrative is laid, will, very probably, perceive that the sketch is more remarkable for feebleness of outline than for depth of colour. To such the marvel would be, not that a country gentleman should place a little garrison under arms when his house-door was to be opened after dark, but that, under any pretence, he should permit it to be opened at all.

On reaching the hall, Bryan was directed to undo the fastenings of the door, while his master stood at the

entrance opening to the study, and watched with some anxiety a process which, any where but in Munster, would not be an important one. As the last bar was heaved away, and the bolts undrawn, a terrific gust of wind, mingled with the groan of thunder, fiercely blew the door wide open, and the nocturnal visitant sprang in as if winged with the red lightning that at the moment went hissing through the sky.

John Bryan, who had been flung to some distance by the unexpected blast, instantly closed and fastened the door, and the stranger stood alone before his master.

"Humph!" said Major Walker, after closely eyeing the intruder; "I think I have seen *you* before now?"

"Glory be to God! if it isn't Tom Bush after all, the villyan; but dhar dhieu! more like the ould!"

"Jack Bryan—none o' your jaw—or it'll be worse for you!" interrupted the fellow, pulling from the breast of his coat a large clasp-knife, with the blade unclosed, and looking with his flashing eyes—his savage face ghastly with passion, strongly contrasting with the fiery-red cap by which his wild and haggard looks were surmounted, more like

"Angry demon sent,
Red from his penal element,"
than an inhabitant of the living world.

"I wish to speak with you, Major, i' you please, about that bit o' paper I sent you just now."

"Come this way," said Major Walker, leading the way into the study; "and do you, Bryan, wait in the hall until I call."

They entered the study, and Bush immediately shut the door, seeking, in vain, to adjust the bolt by which persons inside were saved from intrusion.

"There is no occasion—we shall not be interrupted; come forward, and let me hear what you have to say." And the magistrate seated himself within reach of the bell-pull, placing the reading-lamp, the only light that had been supplied, on the table, so as to diffuse its ray as equally as possible through the room.

But Bush did not choose to advance more than a few paces from the door: he kept aloof from the circle of light

emitted by the lamp, and stood within the flickering shade that enveloped the greater part of the apartment; his form half bent, his chin resting on his hand, and his eye glistening like a rattlesnake's about to spring upon its prey.

"I have here," said Major Walker, "the piece of paper you sent in. It is the advertisement proclaiming the reward of four hundred pounds offered by Government two years back for the discovery of the murderers of Mr Milo Byrne of Curraheen—are you able to give any information on the subject?"

"If I worn't able, 'tisn't here I'd be now," said the fellow, after a pause. "Where's the pen an' ink, Major?"

"I am quite ready to take a memorandum of any thing you wish to say, previous to your deposition being duly made out, which can be done to-morrow," said Major Walker, at the same time drawing to him writing materials, and taking up the pen.

"To-morrow! thon-na-mon-dhou! it must be to-night, Major! I'll scald the heart in him, and spile his pleasure—if I swung for it! Promise me, by all the blessed books in the house, that if I put my hand upon the man that killed Milo Byrne, you'll get him taken that minnit? Promise me that, or hell to my soul!" swore the ruffian, "if I ever open a lip upon the matter if you were to have me torn between wild horses."

"Go on, then," said Walker, anxiously, "I promise you."

"Put down—first an' foremost—last Michaelmas-night two years."

"Very well—what of it?"

"Put down, a dance at John Regan's, at the Rag,* Major, an' that the boys an' girls wor comin' laughin' an' roystering away from it, an' when they came as far as Bill Molumpy's borheen—five o' the boys—an' I was one of the five—turned off to go home a short cut through the fields;" again he paused, as if doubtful whether his auditor was sensible of the value of his communication, perceiving that it was not entirely committed to paper.

"Proceed, my good fellow; depend on it I shall omit nothing important in your story."

"Well an' good—while we wor

* Public-houses in the remote parts of Ireland, where they cannot afford painted sign-boards, are sometimes distinguished by a wisp of hay, or a sod of turf, suspended over the door. The hamlet alluded to above, obtained its appellation from a house of this kind, whose decoration was a rag tied on a pole, thrust through the thatch.

goin' through the fields, it biggun to rain cats an' dogs upon us, an' we got undher a big black thorn hedge for shelther, an' then the boys biggun to chat about the girls, an' to brag about their sweethearts, an' all that—at last we biggun to talk of Hugh Lawlor an' Miss Ellen Nugent, an' the long courtship there was betune them. I suppose you often hear of it yourself, Major?"

"I think I have—well?"

"Well, at this time, Hugh Lawlor was on his keepin', on account of hurtin' Tom Nugent, Ellen's brother, in some dispute there was about Hugh's comin' about Barna to see her—an' we wor sayin' what a sin it was for the poor fellow to be kept out o' the country, account of it—an' then Lanty Mara, one o' the boys ses—'well, by Gor!' ses he, 'it 'll be worse for them that has a hand in breedin' disturbance betune 'em—an' Hugh Lawlor isn't the man to let it pass with them, tho' he keeps himself so quiet,' ses he. 'An' who's blemp't for it?' ses Jack Dougherty, (another o' the boys was with us.) 'Them,' ses Lanty, 'that's the cause of all Hugh's throuble of late—them that tould Harden of Marnane to take the parks o' Marnane from Lawlor, afther his father an' gran'father bein' tenants at will upon 'em for many a long year—shure it took a good hundred a-year from him.' 'But Lanty,' ses Jack, 'if Lawlor wasn't belied, you know people used to say, that he was captain o' the gang the night they broke up the parks; that Harden's father tould him, with his dyin' breath, never to have undher any thing but pasture.' 'Well, an' what of it?' ses Lanty; 'shure the tenant had a right to make the most o' the land, an' when Lawlor asked leave to till it, he was refused, an' then five hundred o' them kem at night, with ploughs, an' broke it up; an' Harden, of coorse, blamed Lawlor, an' had him ejected, but sorrow the more notice he'd have taken of it, if it worn't for White Will Redmond, who put him up to gettin' a warrant agin the poor boy, adding to his trouble, an' 'twas long before he could show his face in the country, till Harden dropped it.'"

"But what has all this to say to the business in hand, fellow?"

"Plenty, Major, lashins an' lavins! never fear. Well, then, Lanty tould us that White Will was doin' all in

his power to spile Lawlor's chance with Ellen Nugent, bekase he wanted to get her for his own son, an' Davy Nugent liked the match well, account of the property—over L.400 a-year—that White Will had; an' at last Jack Dougherty said, what a good deed 'twould be to give White Will a beatin', and that he supposed it 'twould be somethin' in our way from Hugh Lawlor—"Bee the law!" ses Mara, 'if you knew but all, there's a way to spite him worse than beatin'.—'But when I mean beatin', ses Dougherty, 'I mean doing the thing well—clean off.'—"There's a better way by far," ses Mara, 'if people had the courage to be thrue to one another.'—"Can't you speak out," ses Jack, 'like a man?' ses he.—"No I won't," ses Mara,—"there's Darby Kieran there—Lawlor's own man, that never threw in a word since we biggun to speak of the matter, an' he knows more than any one about it."—"I'll tell ye what, boys," ses Kieran, startin' up, 'anyone that's for the thing, let him meet me to-night week, at six o'clock, at the Cross of Drumm, an' we'll see more about it; an' Bush,' ses he, 'you're a good boy an' a shure one—do you come too—we'll want you.' Have you all that down, Major?"

"All that is necessary," replied the listener; "pray get on, the night is growing late."

"Well, to make a long story short, we met at the Cross o' Drumm—put down first and foremost Darby Kieran, Major—Jack Dougherty—Lanty Mara—a boy of the Clearys, from the parish of Golden—Long Jack Moher, an' myself. Kieran brought whisky, an' we took three glasses a man, an' then he swore us."

"Who?" said the magistrate.

"Darby Kieran swore us on the prayer-book to be thrue to one another on what we wor goin' to do—but hell to the word else he'd tell us—"an' Bush,' ses he, 'you know all the places as we go along, an' you must quiet the dogs,' ses he, 'you know all their names,' an' with that we went to the gripe where the guns war hid—an' we got crapes from Kieran, an' we darkened ourselves, an' off we went—an' shure enough 'twasn't to White Will's we wor goin'—another pause.

"What else?"

The informer bent forward, but did not advance a step. "Put down in that paper," he said, "that we took the

high-road that led to Milo Byrne's gate, an' when we got about a mile up the road, Kieran whistled, an' a man, with his face dark like ourselves, jumped over the hedge—an' Darby went up to him, an' they spoke easy—an' then Kieran came back an' bid us follow the captain—that was the new-comer—an' off we set an' never stopped till we came to Curraheen gate, that was wide open. The strange man turned up, but never spoke a word; so up we went to the house, an' easy enough 'twas to get into it; an' sure you know the rest!"—

"But you have told me nothing—positively nothing," said his anxious hearer.

"Do you tell me over again if there's thruth in what that paper I sent you ses? on the virtue of your sowl, is there a free pardon for every one but the man that fired the shot?"

"So the Government promise," said Major Walker, "and I am confident they promise truly."

The fellow proceeded. — "They brought out Byrne—an' the moon was shinin' as bright as day—an' he was quite easy an' pleasant like, 'till they bid him kneel down. 'For what?' ses he; 'to say your prayers,' ses one o' them, 'an' prepare for death.' With that he leapt up, you'd think the height of the house, an' axed what had they agin him, but no one answered; an' they put a blunderbuss to his breast, an' axed him had he a mind to

say his prayers; so with that they forced him down upon his knees, an' then I suppose he knew he was for death, for he begun an avy-maryah; but he couldn't finish it, he was in such a hurry. 'Boys,' ses he, 'let me only spake to the wife,' ses he; an' still the captain never spoke a word, but made a sign, and one o' them riz the gun, an' thrun it away from him agin, sayin' in Irish, that Byrne never hurt him or his, and that he could not pull the thrigger. With that, the tall man kem forward—levelled—an' fired himself, an' Milo Byrne dhropped like a bullock!"

"But who was this man?—this captain?"

"By that blessed timber, HUGH LAWLOR himself!" said Bush, his voice dropping to a whisper, and his face becoming still whiter in the shadow of the room. "Hugh Lawlor!" he said, lifting his hand and striking on the table—"he that's marryin' to-night—'twas he that shot Mr Byrne with his own hand. An' now I give myself up to you, Major, an' remember, you promised to take the murderer the minnit he was pointed out to you."

The bell was rung violently—

"Bryan, tell Hartnett to saddle Spring and the chestnut mare, and go up and bid Mr Charles get himself ready to be off with me to Capparue barracks in a quarter of an hour."

* * * *

III.

Barna was shining far through the stormy night, with the blaze of a hundred wedding lights. Roof and rafter shook to merry music and uproarious revelry, and the jocund dancers thronged with untiring steps every corner of the edifice. The elder portion of the assembly, ranged along the sides of the apartments, or huddled together in the corners, intent upon the joyous groups that rustled by, discussed the comparative merits of their young acquaintances, some as to their personal graces, others as to their artificial accomplishments; and ever their remarks were qualified with a, "My service to you, Mrs Ryan!" or, "Mr Keating, your good health!" followed by a trifling sound resem-

bling the jingle of a spoon in a tumbler, and a bland but scarcely perceptible smacking of the lips, and on they went upon the subject again. Many a rustic beauty obtained her due meed of praise that evening—many a diffident beau was patted on the back with an approving, "That's your sort, Phil!" and long-continued and vehement were the differences of opinion upon the comparative deserts of the girls of Borrisoleigh and Nenagh. Upon one topic alone did any unanimity prevail, and on that there was not one dissentient voice—that Hugh Lawlor and his bride were the handsomest couple that had been married in Eliogarty for twenty years.

Fatigued from dancing, and over-

come by the heat, that fair and delicate bride now stood, leaning on the arm of her husband, in the recess of a window to which he had led her, upon reaching the bottom of the set; and the plain but ample curtain with which the window was furnished, while it afforded them a kind of retirement, was doubly welcome by its screening off, in some degree, the glare and warmth of the room.

"Ellen, darling Ellen!" murmured the low deep voice of Lawlor, "you are weary of this scene—you have over-exerted yourself—you look faint—let me implore you to retire."

"I am not weary now, Hugh," and she slightly pressed the arm against which she leaned her forehead; "besides, I have promised to dance the next set with John Butler of Pallace."

"The stupid fool!"

"Come, sir, don't be pettish; I thought you would be to-night the happiest and most grateful swain that ever won a wife after so long and weary a wooing as ours."

"And so I am, my own beloved girl," he said; "how little did I think two years back that I should stand here as blest as I do this hour—holding you close to this heart that you may hear beating loud with its fullness of love and truth to you! Are you indeed at last my own for ever?" and he folded her closer to his side.

"God only knows, dear Hugh—(Gracious powers! how it lightens! did you ever see such flashes?)—often and often I think of that nasty Nansie, the fortune-teller—that woman you are always so kind to—that you gave the cabin to when Cregan ejected her. I never liked that woman, Hugh; do you remember her look, and what she said the day she first examined my hand?—'A bride wedded'—and the innocent girl pained—"

"'And never bedded!' I do well, dearest; 'twould be bad for Nansie that all her predictions had so poor a chance of being realized. What a start!—the thunder is certainly terrific; but you are sadly nervous. John Butler of Pallace!—let me lead you from this place."

"Hugh, will you never check your hasty temper?—ah! remember all that it has cost us. I own, whenever

I hear you burst out thus, and that your look grows so dark, I always fly back to that hideous time when you used to be obliged to steal over here like a thief at night—when we had no place to meet but by Dempsey's Heap,* for we knew no one else dared come near it. How savage you used to be then with every one in the world!"

"With every one?"

"But me, Hugh; you were never cross to me. Oh, yes! once, when I asked you in a joke, after a long absence, what kept you away—was it Milo Byrne's murder? and you grasped my neck so, and held back my head to look at my face, and said—ah, Heavens! I have made you angry again! Come away from this spot—indeed, indeed you hurt me—you grip my arm so"—

"Stay, girl! what did I tell you when I looked in your face?"

"I don't remember—I don't indeed."

"By all your hopes of heaven, you do!"

"Something about your not minding twenty murders sooner than lose this face—or lose myself—or some such foolish saying. Ah! come from this spot—I cannot bear the lightning. Come, I will even retire—I will say I am fatigued"—

"Ellen Nugent—I beg pardon—Mrs Lawlor, the set is waiting for you to lead off: permit me. Lawlor, there's Harriet Burke dhroopin' alone like the last rose of summer—she says you engaged her three sets ago—there goes the pipes, and *Sir Roger de Coverley* for ever!" and away swept John Butler with the passive bride.

"Right and left—hands across—down the middle;" and in ten minutes twenty merry couple were footing it away to drone and chanter. "Well done, Master John!" "Luck to your own purty foot, Miss Ellen!" "Now for it, Miss Harriet—set the girls of Borris a pattern!" "Ah, Mr Lawlor, you take the shine out o' them all!" interjected the servants, as they stood crowded inside and outside the door, waiting until a cessation in the dance afforded them an opening to slip unharmed through the throngs, laden with trays of sparkling glasses

* In the southern parts of Ireland, wherever a murder has been committed, the spot is marked by a heap of stones—the accumulated contributions of passers by.

filled with positive lemonade, comparative negus, and superlative punch, for the refreshment of the dancers, and the edification of the high contracting parties who looked on, imbibing from the proceedings, as we have said, a large portion of pleasure, with a modicum of potation. "See how them Thurles girls dances"—(the domestics went on)—"well, the dickens wouldn't tire them; I give it up to them." "Oh, Masther Ned, the foot is off me! that I mightn't die in sin, but that boy threads like a coult. Yeh, who's that pushin' there behind?" "Nanse the fortune-teller!" "Wisha 'iss a-grahal, let me jest have one peep at the quality," and the sybil edged into the room.

"Oh, then! blessins down upon you Miss Ellen, this night—it does my heart good to look in your purty face!"

"Thank you, Nanse; do you remember telling me my fortune?" and the bride flew on.

"Yerrah, Master Hugh, I wouldn't doubt your step to be the nimblest in the room!" and still Nanse edged forward, as Lawlor danced to his place at the bottom of the set. "You had always the swiftest foot in the barony."

"Oh, I hear you, Nansel!" said the modest bridegroom.

"If you do," she said, stooping forward until, unperceived, her mouth came close to his ear, "*heed me*—see if your foot is able for a jig without pumps now—the red-coats an peelers are crossin' the bawn-field—they'll be on you in five minnits; but try one good run for your life at any rate!"—

IV.

If on a bright sunny day, while some gallant vessel, with every sail set, went careering, all life and bravery, before the wind, the ammunition-store exploded, and in place of the stately shadow that a moment before danced upon the waves, left them one wide scene of wreck and devastation, the ruin could not be more sudden and irreparable than that which one hour effected in the happy abode of Barna. The cold peevish morning broke upon a little world of the most abject misery. Here were seen guests hurrying from the spot, as though it had been the centre of pestilence, not of pleasure, their faces sickly from the exhaustion of revelry, and wild with horror. There, groups of the lower classes, the peasantry, the neighbours, the servants of Davy Nugent, standing sullenly with folded arms around the mansion, communicating their surmises in whispers, full of apprehension and dismay. Within the house the derangement consequent upon the termination of unbounded festivity, was heightened by the confusion produced in the search of the military and police through the apartments. The furniture lay in heaps, sideboards and tables shattered or overturned, where they fell with their piles of glass and china, as the terror-stricken revellers rushed away upon the entrance of the authorities. The servants were no where to be seen;

and in chambers that a few hours back shook with the noise of music and the dance, all was now silent as the grave. A couple of greyhounds and a favourite terrier seemed the only things that remained to tell where so much life had lately been; they strolled lazily and unquietly through the lower part of the house, occasionally going to the foot of the stairs, placing their fore-paws upon the lowest step, snuffing anxiously up the ascent, and, after a comfortless wag or two of the tail, turning away to repeat their rounds again. Yet, lonely and abandoned as that house appeared, how much of terrible Affliction—of Hope for ever prostrate—and blasted Youth, and despairing Old Age, did it contain!

In an upper and remote chamber that needed no artificial darkening—for the ancient trees of the orchard grew with their broad branches against the windows—knelt, at the foot of a bed, two female servants, their heads bent down upon the coverlet, and enveloped (as is the custom with the women of their country in affliction) in the folds of their ample aprons. On one side sat their wretched master, his aged head bent down upon his breast in that kind of stupor exhibited by one who has suddenly received a stunning blow, from which he vainly strives to rouse himself to life and recollection; while opposite to him,

with looks of anxiety and horror, stood the venerable priest, whose blessing had so lately been pronounced upon the bright frail head of her he now watched, extended before him, in doubt whether the death or life contending in her frame was finally to triumph. There lay Ellen Nugent, crushed as utterly by her sudden disasters as were the delicate blossoms that leant upon the window-stone, all withered by the thunders of the night. From the moment the officers of justice burst into the dancing-room, she never uttered a word. A moment before, she had been turned in the dance by her husband, her fingers still trembled from the light kiss he had secretly dropped upon them as he touched her hands; the next instant there was a cry—the room was full of armed men—she heard one beloved name hissing from every lip. She sprang forward. With that glance of love, almighty in its power to search for The One amid the Ten Thousand, she saw that Lawlor was not there. She felt her eyes broadening; the faces round her spread into monstrous aspects; then all things turned the colour of blood; a noise as of the sea swam in her ears, and the rest was forgetfulness. She was borne insensible to the couch where her distracted friends now watched the first symptoms she had yet exhibited of returning consciousness.

And where was Lawlor?

Far away, amid the wildest fastnesses of impracticable mountains, the morning saw him shrink to cover, like the stag from the hunters—a doomed and guilty man: his flight alone sufficient evidence of guilt; his guilt most dire assurance of his doom. That any one, however degraded in soul or lost in principle, could be found, in an age like the present, capable of committing the enormous atrocity with which his flight avowed him stained, may well be matter of horrible surprise; but that it should be perpetrated by one like Lawlor, gifted with intellectual attainments of no common order, and raised by fortune sufficiently above those of his class to free him from contact with all that impedes humanity of heart and refinement of manners, involves a moral anomaly as extraordinary as it is appalling. That such persons, however, are capable, in one

frenzied hour, of the commission of deeds the most fiercely at variance with their natures, has ere now been abundantly proved; and it has been attempted to account for such preternatural excesses, by attributing them to monomania or hallucination. In the instance at present under contemplation, the motives bear so remote a relation to the crime as to warrant in a great degree such a conclusion. "It is the only way," to use the words of the most thoughtful of living writers,* "that we can account for one deed at war with a whole life, blasting, indeed, for ever the happiness, but making little revolution in the pursuits and dispositions, of the character."

From an early age we have seen that Lawlor was left his own master. Endued with feelings of high susceptibility and strong passions, he unfortunately lacked a guide to restrain them when they could alone be taught control. Then came his inauspicious attachment to Ellen Nugent. The long, and bitter, and hopeless opposition that attachment had to undergo, no doubt gave his spirit an inflexibility and sullenness that gradually hardened a heart not naturally ill-disposed, and imparted to it a selfishness by which it was finally corrupted. To his lonely and affectionate spirit, Ellen was all the world—the only living thing that he felt necessary to his existence; and, as he grew to manhood, the potency of this master-passion affected more or less all his social proceedings, until the possession of his mistress became with him almost as much an object by which his skill in baffling his foes (for so he deemed all who did not favour his suit) was to be estimated, as one that was to confirm the happiness of his life. By degrees the impediments to that happiness gave way. The wounded brother of his beloved recovered to fall by the slower but surer hand of disease. The irritated mother, too, resigned her enmity and her breath together. But then came White Will, with his impressive purse and his long train of persecutions; and if ever a crime, by its dreadful originality, indicated the revenge of a master-spirit, it was that by which Lawlor, so fatally for himself, resolved to cross his enemy. The deed was

* The author of *Eugene Aram*, one of the most magnificent and impassioned productions in our language.

done. By the death of Byrne, Redmond was reduced to comparative poverty, and with his wealth subsided his pretensions to claim Ellen Nugent as the bride of his son; and the des-

perate but devoted lover at once effected the humiliation of his enemy, and secured the hand of his long-worshipped mistress.

V.

Months passed away, and Lawlor still continued to elude the officers of justice—but this was all that could be ascertained of his fate; and Time, that veers alike through the most buoyant hours of bliss and the profoundest nights of affliction, saw his hapless bride revive to a state of languid health and mournful resignation. She again attempted to resume the little daily round of domestic duties, and to whisper peace to her infirm father, when she knew there was no peace in the sinking heart that prompted her. From the fatal evening of her nuptials, she never pronounced the name of her husband, nor was it ever breathed in her hearing. She had loved him with a love surpassing that of women. She had for his sake long encountered the stern anger of her brother—the loss of her father's confidence—the reproachful upbraidings of her mother, whose dying injunction, sealed with a solemn curse, that she should not wed with Lawlor, she had disregarded. The more loud the whispers of calumny spread, that his life was irregular—that his pursuits were unlawful—the more perseveringly she fought in his cause, with all that generous devotion and fidelity that none but her glorious sex can feel or practise. "Were Hugh here," she would scornfully say to his detractors, "you dared not insinuate in his presence the stories with which you are so ready to wound the feelings of his only defender. Pronounce them to his face, and I will judge by your boldness whether they are deserving of belief." And now—that idolized one, no longer her lover, but her husband, was, like the first murderer, a fugitive upon the earth, with a curse as deep as Cain's pursuing his footsteps; and she—but no—she had no more to hear of him in blame or obloquy; for, coarse as the people were by whom she was surrounded, their hearts too deeply sympathized in her early sorrows not to respect the eternal silence that sealed her lips. Of one thing only, connected with Lawlor's fate, it was thought she could not

be ignorant—that her abode was watched by the emissaries of justice, from a supposition that she was so passionately beloved by the criminal, that he would at some period attempt to visit her: but on this subject too, it is needless to say, she never ventured a remark; perhaps she felt the current of her existence drying away too surely, to care further about any event by which it might be momentarily ruffled or illumined.

It was far in summer. At the close of a sweet evening in July, Ellen sat alone in the window of her chamber that opened upon the deep soft grass and refreshing umbrage of the orchard by which the greater part of the mansion was overshadowed. The air was sweet with the fragrance of lime-trees, and slumberous with the lulling hum of the bees that clustered in the branches. The melancholy girl had thrown the window entirely open, and sat reclined, with her head thrown back, resting in a reverie against the wainscot, scarce conscious of the departing sunset, whose lingering tints, as they fell upon her wan, fair forehead, and the long locks of paly gold that descended to her shoulders, invested her whole aspect with that mournful and spiritual beauty that subdues us in the immortal pencillings of Guido. To a careless eye she would have seemed intently listening to the mellow song of the blackbird, that gushed at intervals upon her ear; but the sweetest sounds of earth had no longer charms for Ellen. Her spirit was far away, in petitions to Him who had chosen, for His own wise purposes, to break so bruised a reed as her pinning and tortured heart. The warm tint of evening faded from her face, and the twilight night of summer came down amid the green recesses of the orchard, and still she sat motionless, drinking the holy peace of the scene. All at once she was roused by a shadow encroaching on the faint light admitted through the window; and, starting up, she saw the tall figure of a woman standing close to it. It was

Nanse, the fortune-teller, who curtsied low when she saw that she was perceived, but preserved that respectful silence by which, with innate good sense or taste, the Irish peasantry evince the sense of the sorrows of their superiors, when they feel that they are beyond human consolation. Associated as this woman was with some of the most painful recollections of her past life, Ellen naturally felt shocked upon recognising her; but she was too sorely injured to little trials of this kind not to overcome them; she therefore, upon recovering herself, enquired of the woman the cause of her being so late about the house.

"Pickin' a few herebs about the orchard I was, Miss Ellen," was the reply, "for a poor girl that's not very well. I was just goin' away when I saw you, an' I made bould to come over an' ax afther your health; an' proud I am to see you sittin' there lookin'" — but she dared not finish the hollow flattery.

"What is the matter with the girl?"

"Wisha, Miss, nothin' but down-right frettin'; she was married last Shroff* was a twelvemonth; but I'm loth to keep you in the damp, Miss; the dew is very entirely to night, and you're not very sthrong."

"I don't mind it," said Ellen swerving from the blow, and making an effort to be resolute. "Who did she marry?"

"A boy of the Donoghues, Miss; an' the match didn't turn out well at all, at all."

"Why?" persevered Miss Nugent.

"Sorrow-a-one o' me knows," replied Nanse; "but they don't live together—their people came betune 'em, I b'lieve: they used to say he was wild, an' all that; but sore, at any rate, that's no reason for separatin' man an' wife afther being married before the althar."

Ellen's heart died within her; she enquired no further, but bid the woman a scarcely audible good-night.

"The best o' good-nights an' blessin's, Miss," said the herbalist, about to depart; but pausing, she added, "I b'lieve that mather is not at home to-night, Miss; I saw him go yonder the road this mornin', as if for the fair of Nenagh."

"My father is not at home; did you want him?"

"Oh geh! no Miss; good-night, an' luck attend you."

"Mother of Him whom you watched upon the cross through the long and killing night!" murmured the distracted girl, when again alone, "look down upon me with pity; you, whose sinless soul was wrung with more than mortal agony, teach a helpless and erring creature to struggle with the lot that is wearing her to the grave!" and she raised her eyes to the brightening stars. When she dropped them again, Lawlor was standing close to her; his very breath almost mingling with the rich shadows of her hair. One frantic shriek, as she sprang with an electric shiver from the spot, gushed to her lips; but, with an instinctive sense of the result, she stifled it ere it passed them, and with a groan sank upon her knees before the window, her hands in vain motioning the intruder to depart.

"Ellen," he murmured, "Ellen, hear me!"

She made no reply, but remained bent in an attitude of supplication and dismay, until she perceived him attempting to enter the apartment; with a stifled sob she rushed forward and essayed to close the window against him.

"Very well," he said, "it is a matter of indifference to me; for you and for your love I have become what I am—I have lost them both, and life is intolerable; here, then, I remain until I am observed and given up to justice."

"No, no!" she almost shrieked, "do not drive me to distraction—wretched, sinful, outcast man, what have I done to deserve this trial?"

"Ellen, my life, my bride, hear me!—the world and all its prizes—pleasure, wealth, fair fame, are to me henceforward what they are to the dead. I had long ceased to value them; one thing alone, your affection, bound me to earth; that, that is gone too, this terrible hour convinces me. What, then, have I to dread?—No; here I remain—let me die at least within the air you breathe."

"Madman! will you kill me?—Every path about the house is beset by armed men thirsting for your blood."

"I know it, Ellen, yet I have ven-

tured, and dared them all. Oh, darling! what have I not dared, in this world and the next, to be for ever within sight of the beauty from which I am debarred for ever? Yet one hour with you, only *one hour*, Ellen, if it were but once in the long dreary year, and I could bear to live."

"May God assist me!" cried the frenzied girl.—"Oh, Hugh! live—live to repent what has come between us, and left us blackened and withered wretches upon God's fair world."

"Give me one sign, one proof then, Ellen," said the impassioned criminal, "that you still have not lost all the fond love you so often vowed me; let me clasp you once more to this breaking heart, and, degraded and branded

as I am, I will be more boundlessly happy than thrones could make me out of your sight. Say that you disclaim me, that I am not your husband, wedded in the sight of that church you reverence so deeply; shut me out from your presence, all of heaven I have long dared to hope for, and give me up to a shameful death; or afford me one hour's shelter in peace and rapture by your side—May I enter?"

There was no reply—he sprang through the window and extended his arms—shuddering, she recoiled from him, but only for an instant—with one broken gasp she darted forward and fell senseless on his bosom.

* * *

VI.

The hush of midnight had long been on the earth; the broad round summer moon had risen and filled it with mellow light, and was fast hastening to her setting, when a strong party of police, headed by their officer, and accompanied by the nearest magistrate, Major Walker, turned rapidly from the main road and proceeded up the avenue that led to Barna. They were within a short distance of the mansion, when the foremost man of the party stumbled, and nearly fell over the recumbent figure of some person whom the excessive darkness, occasioned by the thick foliage that overhung the pathway, had until that moment prevented him from perceiving.

"Who is here!" exclaimed the man, as he grasped the figure, which had now assumed an upright posture, presenting the outline of a very tall female enveloped from head to foot in the dark blue cloaks worn by her class in Munster. "Who and what are you?"

"Wisha! only poor Nanse the fortune-teller—a ragal!" was the reply, and the cloak was thrown open, and an apron exhibited filled with a goodly collection of herbs.

"(Go on, Corporal White, with four men to the house, and keep guard upon the windows until we join you;) and is not this a pretty hour for you to be here?" said the officer, "and about no good either, I warrant."

"Never fear that, sir," rejoined a policeman; "no time will do Nanse but one o'clock o' moonlight nights to

pick her herbs for pishoges an' charms, an' all that."

"Wisha, God bless you, Tim Kiely! you were always pleasant—let a poor woman be goin', captain."

"Not till you answer one question—how long have you been here?"

"Faiks, an' a good while, your honour; I was for a bit o' the time in the orchard."

"Did you observe any one come or go this way? or meet a stranger about the house to-night?"

"Haith an' I did so—I won't be telling you a lie at this hour in the mornin'!"

"Who, who? what kind of person?"

"Yeh! who would it be but HIM ye're lookin' for—don't I know well what ye're about?"

"Where is he then?—Out with it, woman, at once—every minute is worth a guinea."

"If it is then, captain jewel, wouldn't you be afther sharing with a poor creature?—Pay me well," she said, lowering her voice, "an' I'll tell ye somethin' worth knowing."

"Speak it out, and I promise you you shall be rewarded," said Major Walker—"Do you know any thing of Lawlor?"

"How much o' the *four hundred* will I get, Major?"

"Never mind the woman! I said the officer; "come on, Walker, we lose time."

"Well," exclaimed Nanse, "I depend upon twenty pound at least—twenty goold sov'rens.—I saw Lawlor this blessed night."

"Where, where?"

"Fastenin' down the window o' Miss Ellen's room yondher in the orchard," said the hag, "jist after the clock struck ten."

"By heaven! then," said the officer, "he's gone long since—he would never be fool enough to pay so long a visit—let us dash on, however, and search the house."

"Old Nugent is not at home," said Major Walker; "that poor girl his daughter is in miserable health; and if I thought, as you say, that this dreadful fellow was away again, I would not for worlds subject her to the scene I witnessed in that house before."

"Promise me the twenty guineas," said Nanse, "an' I'll soon find out for you whether he's in the house or no."

"Twenty devils!—you shall have five guineas in the morning if you can learn by any means that Lawlor is now in Barna House."

"Oh, I'm not goin' to sell my soul for five guineas yet," bartered the fortune-teller; "make it ten, an' I'll be thrue to you."

"It *shall* be ten if we make him prisoner—if we seize him dead or alive."

"Well, 'tis a bargain. I'll go up to the house an' knock, and ax for a dhrop o' vinegar for a child in the fever, an' never fear I'll soon get in; the girls in the house know well that they daren't face Miss Ellen in the mornin' if they refused to let a body in for any thing they want for a sick person."

"But still, how will this find out what we want to know? The girls won't tell you."

"The girls don't know themselves. Peg Casey will have to go to her mistress* for the key o' the pantry, an' won't I have my ear cocked? If she gets into Miss Ellen's room without any trouble or knockin', you may go look for *him* somewhere else; but if the door is locked, an' she can't get in by the latch, my hand to ye but ye're made men."

"Don't delay an instant in letting us know: if you keep us waiting we will follow you into the house."

"Now mind," said Nanse, "that this is the token:—if Lawlor is within, I'll come out and go away up by the right-hand side o' the house into the haggard; don't ye stop one minnit,

but make for the door before Peg Casey bolts it after me, an' ye are in without a bit o' noise, an' then ye know what to do yourselves."

The party advanced, and in a minute or two joined their companions, who were stationed at each corner of the mansion. After having disposed a strong guard upon the windows that opened to the garden, the officer with the main body withdrew to some distance in front of the house, and the spy was directed to perform her office.

Resolutely Nanse advanced to the door, and commenced a gentle but pertinacious knocking, from which she did not desist until a voice was heard to enquire the cause of the disturbance. The response was given as Nanse had agreed upon; she was admitted, and the door again closed and fastened.

The police party now waited with intense anxiety for the reappearance of their messenger, upon which probably depended the capture of a criminal for whose apprehension so large a sum had been offered, (the county volunteering to double the Government reward,) and the delay in whose detection was considered through the kingdom an imputation on the vigilance of the local authorities.

Ten minutes had hardly elapsed when the door of Barna House was once more opened, and the fortune-teller appeared. With joy the excited party saw her turn, as she had preconcerted with them, to the right of the house, and enter the haggard. At once they dashed forward, but not in time to anticipate Peg Casey in re-shutting the door, which they found effectually secured. They loudly knocked, and demanded entrance in the king's name, but no answer was returned. By the orders of Major Walker the guard on the rear of the house was now reinforced, so as to prevent all possibility of escape in that direction, and the men in front were commanded instantly to force the door.

But the doors and windows of an opulent farmer in a retired part of Ireland, and that part Tipperary, possess a provoking stubbornness and obstinacy, that it would sometimes require the energy of the engineers of the Ghizni gate to subdue. Of this class was the one in question; and the rage

* Mistress.

of its assailants rose in proportion to the resistance it presented to their efforts to break it open ; nor was it until a full half hour had elapsed, and a temporary battering train had been procured from the nearest forge, that the party, amidst the yelling of dogs and the piercing shrieks of women, at last effected an entrance.

" Coward ! " said the officer, " he might have struck one fair blow for his life, at all events."

Lights were procured, and every apartment was instantly visited. At one alone they met a fresh delay. It was the chamber, the servants said, of their young mistress. To this the officer himself proceeded : the door was made fast—he imperatively knocked for entrance, but receiving no reply, he directed it to be forced. But even here, when the slight door had given way, the entrance was blocked up ; the whole furniture of the apartment, including a heavy old-fashioned bedstead (upon which the lovely inmate of the chamber was wont to repose) being piled across it.

The police, however, soon scrambled through these impediments ; the lights were brought forward, and gave

to view the fainting form of Ellen Nugent stretched upon the floor, supported by a female servant, who, apparently unconscious of, or unconcerned at the scene before her, was occupied in chafing the burning temples of her mistress. But the room contained no one else ; and the disappointed party were about to retire, when one of them perceived, by the chinks in a partition, that a narrow closet was attached to the room : he eagerly rushed to it, opened it, and dragged forward, wrapped in an immense fearnought coat and slouched hat—Nanse the fortune-teller.

It were vain to attempt describing the scene that followed.

" Take this woman," said Major Walker, " and make out her committal, as an accomplice after the deed"—

" With all my heart ! " cried Nanse—" there is many a mile between the poor fellow and you now Major ; and so you thought I was goin' to sell the blood of him I often an' often nursed upon my knee in his father's kitchen—God rest his soul ! No—if he war twenty times the unfortunat' he is ! "

* * *

VII.

The delicate constitution of Ellen Nugent never recovered the repeated shocks of that trying and terrible night. On awaking from the long swoon into which she had not fallen until the loud knocking of the police for admission assured her of the escape of Lawlor, she was seized with fever and delirium, which threatened for several days a fatal termination. During this time she raved incessantly about her unhappy husband, whom she seemed to see constantly by her side, and to whose imaginary entreaties, that she would fly with him to some foreign land, she answered with expressions of the most impassioned devotion. Sometimes she fancied she beheld him in the hands of justice, and prayed and supplicated to be allowed to watch his fate and share his grave. Her disorder, however, yielded to the skill of the physicians—reason again assumed its control—and she once more became rigidly silent respecting the name and the affection for which her heart was breaking. As the lovely autumnal season of her native island set in with unusual mildness, it

was hoped that with care her health would be re-established ; but when winter came, symptoms of consumption—a disease that had already been fatal to more than one of her family—appeared, and it was evident that her days were numbered. The sweet patient herself was the first to feel the conviction ; and the smile of satisfied resignation and thankfulness with which she received its confirmation from the lips of the physician, showed that Hope—that last seed to wither in the hearts of the young and gentle—had long perished in hers. " What have I to do with earth and earthly things ? " she said ; " my poor old father will not long stay after me, when he misses his spoiled Ellen from his lonely hearth—and then we will sleep together in the same quiet grave, and I shall know what it is to be at peace at last." Winter passed away—the faint perfumes of the early flowers of spring arose from the neglected garden ; and ere they had disappeared, one more frail and fair than they was gathered to the dust. Her grave lies in the old

churchyard of Abbeymahon ; its soft turf is ever bright and green, though the rude letters on the stone by her gentle head are fast becoming illegible :—

“ PRAY FOR THE SOUL OF
ELLEN ———,
ONLY DAUGHTER OF DAVID NUGENT
OF BARNÁ,
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE
THE 2D DAY OF APRIL 1821,
AGED NINETEEN YEARS.”

It was the third morning after her interment that Tom Bush entered the guard-room of the police barrack at Capparue, where he had for many months been obliged to reside for that protection which such a place alone could afford in Tipperary to an informer—of all miscreants the most odious in the eyes of its turbulent and fierce-spirited peasantry. He had occasionally, for the purpose upon which his revengeful spirit was bent, been permitted to make excursions through the country in the disguise of a mendicant—that generally assumed by his degraded profession—carefully contriving to conceal the great defect by which he was rendered so notorious, beneath his manifold and ragged habiliments, and which he was enabled to do the more securely as he mostly travelled in the night, skulking along deserted roads and other by-places, in his visits to those remote mountain fastnesses where he thought there was any likelihood of furthering the object he had in view.

“ Well, boys !” he exclaimed, in an exulting tone, as he entered the room—around the ample fireplace of which several of the men were crowded—and proceeded to divest himself of his soiled and tattered outside garments, exhibiting all the appearance of having that moment returned from a long and weary journey.—“ Well, boys, I have him at last !”

The men, with a simultaneous impulse, jumped up, eagerly enquiring, “ Where—where ?”

“ Never mind, I’m jest cum from the chief*—he knows all about it, an’ he’ll be over here directly—only let ye be ready against nightfall. We’ll have a long journey to go, an’ the

sooner we get to the end of it afore the moon rises, the better.”

Further than this, Bush would not be communicative.

Early in the evening, the men comprising the little force stationed at Capparue, headed by their officer, and under the guidance of Bush, set out upon the excursion. By their starting so early, it was evident their destination was a distant one. They were reinforced, as they proceeded, by the men at two stations in advance on their route. As night darkened, the party no longer confined themselves to the main roads of the country, but struck forward on those which led to the mountains by the least circuitous routes. This, however, rendered their journey tedious and fatiguing, and would have made it, without the escort of a guide, an impracticable one, from the nature of the country to be traversed. The paths, for the most part, lay through swampy moorland, and not unfrequently across vast tracts of bog, where all traces of a footway disappeared ; and where, without the aid of one thoroughly acquainted with the way, a single step to the right or left would have buried the whole party in the deep watery slough that spread far and wide around. It had rained heavily on the preceding day, which served still the more to impede their exertions, and a sharp spring frost, which was setting in, made the slowness of their progress doubly irksome. At length they crossed the chain of wild hills that divides the county of Tipperary, on the south, from that of Cork ; but, despite of all their efforts, the moon had long risen above the stupendous range of the Galty mountains—through which their road now wound—before they came in sight of the spot which their officer at length informed them was to be the termination of their march—the churchyard of Abbeymahon. They could see it plainly at a considerable distance—the ruined tower of the Abbey, and the grey walls by which it was surrounded, crowning the summit of a lonely hill directly before them, and glancing white in the broadening moon.

On approaching the place they halted ; and Bush, motioning them to preserve unbroken silence, crept stealthily

* The chief constable.

up the ancient road that led, by a winding and steep ascent, to the burial-ground. After a short absence he reappeared, and beckoned to the party to follow. Imitating the stealthy pace of their conductor, and pressing silently forward without waking a single echo by their tread, they reached the wall of the grave-yard, outside of which the officer disposed his men so as to form an unbroken line of sentinels around the enclosure.

Advancing to a rude stile that led into the cemetery, the spy directed the officer's attention to a scene within it, which, when fully comprehended by the spectator's astonished gaze, made the blood run tingling and freezing through his veins.

By the side of Ellen Nugent's new-made grave sat the murderer Lawlor, enclosing in his arms the form that had once comprised all earth's love and beauty for him, and which, like a miser, with mild and maniac affection, he had unburied once more to clasp and contemplate. The shroud had fallen from the upper part of the body, upon which decay had as yet made slight impression. The delicate head lay reclined upon that shoulder which had been its home so often, and over which now streamed the long bright hair like a flood of loosened gold, the wan face turned up to his as if it still could thrill to the mad kisses in which he steeped it, while he had twined one of the white arms frantically about his neck.

"Ellen!" he said, "Ellen, speak to your murderer! speak to him who now for the first time holds you to his heart without one answering throb—without one word from those lips that never allowed me to kiss them, and

kept that cheek so white, before. Darling! remember the hour in the happy summer-house when you first pledged your faith to mine, with my lips on those eyelids that all the warmth of my heart will never waken into life again. Remember this, and say upon this grave, that you forgive the wretch who killed you because he could not live without your love!"

"Now's your time, captain," whispered Bush, "this is the second night of his comin' an' takin' her up—give the word an' we're on him."

"Advance, men!" said the chief constable, and sprang into the enclosure.

Lawlor was on his feet in an instant—his frenzied eyes glaring with the fierceness of a roused tiger—grasping a carbine, which until then had lain unperceived with the mattock and other implements he had used in opening the grave. The moment he rose he saw Bush advancing with the officer—he leavelled and fired—and fell himself, at the same instant, dead by the side of his unburied bride. One of the men, alarmed at the danger to which his officer was exposed, had discharged his musket at him from behind, but not before Bush, the informer, had fallen beneath the unerring aim of the foe he had betrayed.

The remains of Ellen Nugent were recommitted to the earth. An inquest was held on the spot upon the body of her husband, and a report thereof transmitted to Government. Hugh Lawlor was the last of his family, and his corpse was unclaimed by friend or relative; but the strangers who dug his grave did not venture to separate in death the hapless pair who in life could never be united.

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RAYMOND.

CHAPTER I.

It was a sad day for Henry Raymond, when, at ten years of age, he quitted, for the first time, his parents' roof for the public grammar-school at Belford-upon-Thames. Being her only surviving child, and, as such, brought up by his mother with great tenderness, he deeply felt the shock of separation from her; and, as the post-chaise rattled along the high western road, his father, who accompanied him, had no little difficulty in keeping up his son's spirits, whose young heart quite sunk within him at the idea of the weeks and months that might elapse before he should again see his mother. Nor is this grief to be wondered at; for the change from home to school, where he has to "rough it" every hour of his life, is, to a susceptible and delicately-nurtured child, as painful and startling a one as it is possible to conceive. All is so repulsive—so unlike what he has been used to! The sky-blue milk, with the tiny penny roll for breakfast; the half-cold leg of fat Leicestershire mutton, washed down with indifferent swipes, for dinner; the thick wedge of stale bread, and Lilliputian allowance of the cheapest cheese, for supper; the loud ringing of the school bell in the morning, that rouses you from a dream of home to the drudgery of syntax and prosody; the awful master, with his cane and birch, cast-iron visage, and thundering voice; the tyrannical flogging system; the

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confinement on long winter evenings to the dim-lit, uncarpeted hall, where you have to fight for a seat by the fireside; the hard bed, shared perhaps with a bigger boy, who doubles the bolster under his own head, borrows your share of the sheets and blankets, and kicks you out if you are so unreasonable as to remonstrate;—all these, to say nothing of various minor miseries, have a most blighting effect on the feelings of a young and sensitive boy; and Henry Raymond felt them so acutely, that, for nearly a fortnight after the return of his father to London, not a night passed but his pillow was wet with tears.

But youth's sorrows, like April showers, are transitory; and in the course of a month Henry had become tolerably well reconciled to his lot. Being endowed with a quick apprehension and retentive memory, his school tasks were not the bugbears to him that they are to those of more limited capacity. He mastered them, when he pleased, with facility, and consequently soon grew into favour with his masters; while, at the same time, he won "golden opinions" from his class-fellows by his frankness, his good-humour, and his readiness to assist them in their exercises. As his constitution, though sound, was delicate, he did not enter with much avidity into the usual sports of boyhood; but, when the hours of study were over, he would wander alone to the ruins of an abbey which bordered

the playground, and there seat himself, with some favourite volume in his hand, or else remain behind in the school-room, poring over the books in the well-stored library. In this way he got through the plays of Shakspeare and Beaumont and Fletcher, books of voyages and travels, biographies, histories, and translations of history without number. But his favourite reading was that which appeals to the imagination. Poetry, in particular, exercised quite a spell over him; and the effect thus produced, at a time when the mind is most susceptible of impressions, though its softening and elevating influence was for a while disturbed, was never afterwards eradicated. Such were the occupations of young Raymond's leisure hours. His classical studies were pursued with equal zest; for the head master, who was a consummate judge of character, and was impressed with a favourable opinion of his capacity, took great pains to call forth his energies; so that, by the time he reached his sixteenth year, he had become an excellent Latin scholar, and no mean proficient in the glorious literature of Greece.

In the spring of the ensuing year a severe calamity befell him in the loss of his mother, who had long been in a declining state of health, and died when he was at home for the Easter holidays. As he took this bereavement deeply to heart, the elder Raymond, whose mind—though not usually accessible to the tenderer emotions—was also much disturbed by it, resolved on a change of scene for himself and son; and accordingly they crossed over to the Continent, traversed a great portion of France, Switzerland, and Italy, mixing as much as possible in society, especially at Paris, Florence, and Lausanne, at each of which places they remained nearly two months; and returned home to London shortly after Christ-

mas, when Henry was immediately sent back to school.

From this period a striking change took place in his character. He was no longer the quiet, studious, contemplative boy he had hitherto been; for foreign travel—which has always, in youth, such a sudden quickening effect on the faculties—had invigorated and given a more worldly tone to his intellect, taught him self-confidence by enlarging the sphere of his observation, and furnished him with that tact and self-possession, which, when accompanied by a buoyant and generous spirit, are always prime favourites in the social circles. Nor was his physical nature less improved. His countenance, wont to wear a languid and relaxed expression, was now replete with energy; his dark eye sparkled with animation, and his tall, well-proportioned figure, braced by constant rambles among the Swiss mountains, showed that he was capable of undergoing much toil.

This change in Raymond's constitution induced a corresponding one in his tastes and pursuits. A love of reading ceased to form the predominant feature of his character—though he still read hard by fits and starts—for his high animal spirits required ruder stimulants than books could furnish him with; and his chief object of ambition now was to excel his colleagues in all athletic, out-of-door exercises. He would be *aut Cæsar aut Nullus*—that is to say, cock of the walk or nothing—the best cricketer, skater, boxer, &c., in the whole school; and the pre-eminence for which he thirsted was at length conceded to him, though not without many a severe struggle; for a public school is an epitome of the great world, where no distinction is to be gained except by unflinching courage and continuous energy, and against a host of jealous competitors.

CHAPTER II.

The Belford playground formed a sort of table-land, which swelled gradually up from an extensive range of meadows, through which flowed the Thames, and was terminated at one end by the old-fashioned school-house, and on the other by some mo-

nastic ruins, and an artificial green mound, round which ran a brick wall, with a broad dry ditch at its base. On this mound stood three magnificent elm-trees, and from its summit—as, indeed, from every other part of the elevated playground—a splen-

did view was commanded of the neighbouring country, and particularly of some high chalk cliffs, which rose precipitously from the river, in the immediate vicinity of a picturesque village about three miles distant from Belford. From the beauty and convenience of its site—it was just on the outskirts of the town, and must originally have formed part of the abbey gardens—this playground, or rather the portion of it nearest the ruins, was a frequent resort of the lower classes of Belford; and fairs, twice a-year, were held on it, infinitely to the annoyance of the boys, who considered it as their own exclusive property. Numerous, in consequence, were their quarrels with the “snobs”—as they pertly styled the invaders—and on all these occasions, on one of which he achieved the high honour of a broken head, Raymond was ever foremost to distinguish himself.

One autumnal afternoon when, the day's tasks at an end, the boys were all out on the playground, a fellow, well known by the appropriate nickname of Don Rat, came among them with a bundle of stout ash-sticks under his arm. This genius picked up a precarious subsistence by going about the country selling ballads, and fruit, and walking-sticks; and when this sort of business was slack, by “snapping up,” like Autolycus, “unconsidered trifles.” Scamp though he was, he was something of a favourite with the school, for he was fond of mischief, which he loved disinterestedly for its own sake, sang a capital song, and was no small proficient in mimicry. On his approach, many of the boys, among whom was Raymond, hurried up to have a chat with him, when he informed them—for he was an inveterate newsmonger, and knew all the gossip of the neighbourhood—that it was the intention of the townsmen on the morrow evening to have a cricket-match on the playground.

“Are you sure of that, Don?” enquired Raymond.

“Cock sure, sir; I heerd some on ’em a discoursing on the affair, as I were passing along the market-place last Wednesday night.”

“Humph,” replied Henry, sententiously, “then we must pitch into them, gents—that’s all.”

“Yes, yes,” said one of Raymond’s ardent admirers and imitators, a young

fellow by name Jenkins, “we must lick the snobs off.”

“That’s easier said nor done,” observed Don Rat.

“Nonsense,” rejoined Henry, “a dozen of us are a match for a hundred of them.”

“May be so; howsoever it’s no affair of mine;” and having so said, and disposed of a great portion of his cudgels, at his own, by no means modest, valuation, Don Rat shuffled off the playground, with the intention, if possible, of getting rid of the remainder of his stock among the belligerents of his own order.

The next day being a half-holiday, there was ample time for preparation. Raymond, as commander-in-chief, assembled all his disposable forces, consisting of about a hundred and twenty boys ranging from fourteen to eighteen years of age, in the centre of the playground; appointed Jenkins standard-bearer, and was proceeding to enforce on his troops the necessity of their keeping close together in action, when loud shouts were heard, and presently a mob of cricketers came round the corner from the town. The moment the boys caught sight of them, they gave three stunning cheers, which, reaching the head-master’s ears, he threw up his study window, and seeing at a glance how matters stood, called his pupils about him, and severely remonstrated with them on their audacity in disobeying his repeated injunctions, by attempting to pick a quarrel with the townsmen. He was going on in this strain, when Raymond, who was one of his favourites, and was apt to presume on it, apprehensive that the glorious fun would be spoiled, took advantage of an observation let fall by the doctor, to the effect that, if they persisted in their design to assault the mob, they would most assuredly be given in charge—to shout with his utmost force of lungs—“Gents, the doctor says we may charge—hurrah!”

“Hurrah for the charge!” chattered the youngsters, flourishing their cudgels above their heads, and instantly precipitated themselves in a compact phalanx on the enemy, some of whom were busy pitching the wickets, while others were tossing up for first innings. Fierce was the rush—tremendous the uproar—irresistible the assault! A dozen snobs at least saluted

their mother earth, which so surprised and alarmed the rest, that they fled in disorder to the mound which I have already described, scrambled up the ditch, scaled the wall, and then rallied in a body on the summit. Hither they were immediately followed by the impetuous striplings; but those who reached the mound first, being staggered by the difficulties of the position, halted beside the ditch, till, Raymond coming up, restored their courage by rushing across it, and mounting the wall amid a desperate discharge of stones and bricks, flung down on him by the besieged.

While this was going forward, the doctor, alarmed for the integrity of his pupils' skulls, which frequent rows of this sort had convinced him were by no means brickbat proof, despatched an elder brother of one of his boys, a young Irish ensign of dragoons, who chanced to be dining with him, to the scene of action in the capacity of pacificator! This officer set out on his mission with the sincerest desire to restore peace; but, alas! on reaching the mound, where the besiegers and besieged were busy in strenuous conflict, he could not resist the strong inclination he felt to take an active share in the skirmish; so, yielding at once to the temptation, he snatched a cudgel from the hands of the lad who stood nearest him, and placing himself beside Raymond, who was cheering on his troops in the very thick of the battle, he drummed away upon the enemy's heads and shoulders with a heartiness of purpose that proved him to be a pacificator of true Irish growth.

After a lively and well-sustained affair of about half-an-hour, towards the close of which Henry was hurled from the mound into the ditch, where he narrowly escaped the enviable distinction of a broken neck, the snobs took to flight; the school banner, fashioned out of his own pillow-case, which he had previously cribbed for the purpose, was planted by the standard-bearer, Jenkins, on the walls of the mound; and a few days afterwards, Raymond, in imitation of *Tyræus*, celebrated the victory in an irregular dithyrambic, which produced, as newspapers say, "an intense sensation" throughout the school.

My hero's next exploit, though of a different nature, was equally charac-

teristic of his peculiar idiosyncrasy. At the Lent Assizes, it was the doctor's custom to grant his senior classes a whole holidy, in order that they might attend the trials in the town-hall, and so get some little insight into the mode of administering the laws of the country. This holyday, however, was not often applied to the purposes for which it was granted; for, except on very extraordinary occasions, the boys never honoured the courts with their presence, preferring instead, to go out sailing or rowing on the Thames, or driving or riding along the high-road. About a week previous to the holding of one of these assizes, it was proposed to Raymond, by his friend Jenkins, to drive over in a tandem to Windsor. The proposition was of course acceded to; but unluckily there was one serious obstacle in the way of its execution—neither of the would-be-whips could summon up more than twelve shillings, and the sum demanded for a day's hire of the vehicle was exactly one guinea! In this exigency, Henry, rendered inventive by necessity, bethought him of turning his attention to a Greek play, by mastering the difficulties of which he knew he could obtain the required sum; for the doctor, in order to stimulate their love of study, was in the habit of rewarding his pupils by money for whatever voluntary work they did out of school hours—sixpence a page, for instance, for repeating passages from the best classic French or English authors; ten shillings for construing a book of Homer, a comedy of Terence, or an oration of Cicero; and a guinea for a play of *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, or *Euripides*.

Bent on putting his project into execution, and seeing no other way of accomplishing it, Henry resolved on setting to work at a Greek tragedy; and getting up by daybreak on a mild March morning, he commenced operations on the *Phœnissæ*, which, besides being one of the longest plays of *Euripides*, contains one or two choral passages as stiff as the abstrusest bits of *Pindar*. Urged on by the strong pressure of the case, he laboured hard, with the sole aid of his *Hederick*, and occasional reference to the tame, paraphrastic version of *Potter*; and, by dinner-time, had got through one third of his task. After a few hasty mouthfuls of an impracticable leg of mutton,

he rose from table and resumed his work ; and, after twelve hours incessant application, accomplished it between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, when he repaired to the doctor's study, was subjected to a rigid examination, and finally rewarded with his guinea !

Having thus secured the *viaticum*, he sought out the enraptured Jenkins, and off they both set, late as was the hour, into town, at the risk—in the event of their being detected “out of bounds”—of a ferocious flogging—engaged the tandem, which they ordered to be in waiting for them at the head of a lane leading off the Belford high-road, and spent a delightful day

at Windsor, whose main street, to the great horror of its pacific pedestrians, they entered at a gallop to the sound of a key-bugle, and immortalized themselves by the scientific style in which they turned into the “Christopher” at Eton, which, forty years ago—the period to which this tale refers—was far from being the fine hotel which it now is. Thus passed my hero's time, varied by intervals of hard study, till he became what is called “captain of the school,” when he was immediately dispatched to the University, there to be his own master, at an age when he most stood in need of strict surveillance.

CHAPTER III.

Despite Gibbon's assertion to the contrary, there is much truth in the commonplace remark, that our school-days are the happiest of our lives. At no other period is the capacity of enjoyment so much on the alert within us, or its materials drawn from so many sources. With manhood comes a consciousness of responsibility, deepening as years steal on us, regulating our feelings by the square and rule of discretion, and qualifying the pleasure of to-day by the thought of to-morrow. But in boyhood there is no such drawback on happiness. Impulse prompts us to unleavened enjoyment. We have no past to regret, no future to distrust. The present is all-in-all with us ; and if we ever venture to look beyond, it is with the eye of hope, who spreads before us a prospect steeped in the hues of Paradise. Then the friendships which we form at this sunny, unreflecting season ! how disinterested their character—how enthusiastic the spirit that suggests them ! They seem entwined with our very heart-strings ; but, alas ! they are mere impulses, generous but short-lived, that fade and become extinct as experience dawns on the mind. Engaged in after years too much with ourselves to bestow a thought on others, our attention is solely occupied in bustling through the crowd that every where checks our progress. Though we see the friend of our youth pressed and trodden down beneath our feet, we gaze with indifference at the sight. Perhaps at that moment a re-

collection of past times dims our eyes. But the crowd thickens—the trouble and hazard of interference increase ; so we just cast a cautious glance about us, sigh out “poor fellow,” and then pass on, leaving the object of our early love to perish or escape, as may happen. Such is human nature ! The affections of the heart, like streams flowing on towards the sea, roll awhile in different channels, but are all at last centred and swallowed up in self.

This, however, was a stern truth which Raymond had yet to experience. At present he knew and felt nothing but that he was about to bid *adieu* to a place where he had spent many happy years, which had, in fact, been a sort of home to him ; for his father—a cold, reserved London merchant, whose every thought and feeling were monopolized by business—had, since his mother's death, shown him but little active kindness.

It was in the October term that Henry quitted Belford for Cambridge, and entered himself of Peterhouse. His conduct, for the first six or eight weeks, was as orderly as could be desired. He was punctual in his attendance at chapel, hall, and lectures, and in his leisure hours assiduously cultivated the *Belles Lettres*. But his natural vivacity of temperament soon caused him to tire of this regular mode of life. His daily attendance at college lectures, in particular, went sadly against the grain ; for he had an absolute hatred of the exact sciences ; and though he managed to crawl as

far as the "ass's bridge" in Euclid, yet he stuck fast there, like Bunyan's Pilgrim in the Slough of Despond. Being thus shut out from all chance of acquiring high academical distinction—for in those days the system pursued at Cambridge was by no means so liberal as it is now—he abandoned all idea of hard, continuous study, and determined to enlist among the *ααααα*, or non-reading men of the university. In this determination he was strengthened by his old friend and school-fellow, Jenkins—a silly, good-natured young man, with a rosy expanse of countenance, always on the grin—who arrived at Cambridge at the end of the Christmas vacation, and soon began to influence Raymond's actions by his animal spirits, his unassuming temper, and his ardent love of a frolic.

"Harry," said this ingenious and enlightened freshman, as the two friends encountered each other one cold winter morning in the pease-market, "you must come and wine with me to-day; you must indeed. I'll take no excuse. There will be some capital fellows to meet you—Potts of Trinity—Lloyd of Jesus—fine fellow Lloyd; such a voice! sings like a nightingale; you may hear him half down Trumpington Street—Thompson of Christ's; I'm sure you'll like Thompson; he's a charming boxer, and so fond of a row! Then, too, he's got such a beautiful collection—quite a museum—of knockers, bell-handles, street-lamps, and wooden highlanders, all carried off by himself. I declare he's quite a credit to the university, and I think myself most fortunate in knowing him."

"I've no doubt Thompson is all you say, but I shall not be able to meet him."

"Why not?"

"Because," added Raymond gravely, "I've promised to get the whole of Simpson's Euclid by heart, and repeat it, word for word, at lecture to-morrow. I'm sure, Jinks, you're too much of a man of honour to wish me to break my promise."

"O Lord! O Lord, how good! That's so like you! Just the same fellow you were at Belford. But, joking apart, you really must come, and we'll make a night of it; and to-morrow, if the frost holds, we'll have our long-talked of skate to Ely.

Thompson tells me the Cathedral's well worth looking at; and we can get a capital dinner at the George, for it's the inn where all the parsons put up."

"Well, for this once," replied Henry, slyly, "I don't much mind sacrificing duty to inclination. But remember, I won't have it drawn into a precedent; for it's highly indecorous to be tossing off heel-taps among a set of hardened reprobates, when one should be seated alone in one's study, erecting an isosceles triangle on a given straight line. I can hardly reconcile it to my conscience, I assure you."

"Hah! hah! I wish Thompson was by to hear you. He does so relish a bit of fun."

"What time do you commence operations?"

"Early, say four o'clock, for we shall have a good deal of business to get through. I've just laid in a fresh stock of Timmins's best port; but I must not stay chatting here, for I've an appointment at twelve with Potts at Chesterton, and it's now past eleven; so, adieu till four, Harry, and be sure you don't forget to-morrow."

Punctual to the hour, Raymond made his appearance at Jenkins's rooms, where he found a snug party of eight assembled; and among them the illustrious Thompson, a jolly, rough-hewn, stout-built fellow, bearing no slight resemblance to the figure-head of a Newcastle collier. This remarkable biped was famous for his practical jokes, and had recently achieved an undying celebrity for the skill with which he had contrived to tie two tutors of Trinity together by the coat-tails, while they were standing side by side in Trumpington Street, staring up at a comet which was then nightly visible in the heavens. This difficult, and—in less scientific hands—impracticable achievement, he of course looked on as his *chef-d'œuvre*; and when Raymond was made acquainted with it, he felt, with a blush of conscious inferiority, that he had yet much to learn ere he could hope to become a Thompson!

After the bottle had made about a dozen rounds of the table, its effects soon manifested themselves; and by the time some thirteen or fourteen corks had been drawn, the experienced Thompson was the only one of the party who had not utterly disqualified himself for passing muster at a tem-

perance society. One mercurial young freshman threw up the window, despite the intense cold, and amused himself by taking aim at the people below him with nuts and apples; another, who was rather sparingly endowed with brains, kept telling the same story four or five times over; a third, while endeavouring to show himself particularly sober, disappeared under the table, where he fell fast asleep, and was accommodated with a pair of cork mustaches, the coal-scuttle for a pillow, and a fragment of Jenkins's silk gown for a nightcap; and a fourth, snatching up the tongs, rushed out of the room in a perfect paroxysm of pugnacity! This effervescent gownsmen was immediately followed by the rest of the party, and an energetic street row commenced, like that which has been described with such graphic skill in *Reginald Dalton*. It was soon, however, put a stop to by the timely apparition of the proctor and his bull-dogs; and the belligerents proceeded in a body towards Castle-end, where, at Thompson's suggestion, they tore off a placard of "Seminary for Young Ladies," from a girls' school near the turnpike, and affixed it on the great gates of Trinity!

When Jenkins called next morning on Raymond, he found him looking exceedingly dismal. His hand shook, his head ached, and his cheeks were as yellow as a daffodil. "Well, Harry," said the former, "what do you think of Thompson?"

"Oh! a decent fellow enough."

"Yes, and what astonishing abilities! Do you know what he did after you left us last night? Kissed old T——, the tutor, by mistake! Seeing him come waddling along in his black gown, he mistook him for a clergyman's widow, and insisted on a chaste salute, if only, as he said, to show his respect for the cloth. The old fellow roared 'murder,' just as if he were having his throat cut; upon which we all took to our heels, and knocked up a friend at Barnwell, who gave us some devilled kidneys and a bottle of Madeira, which soon set us all to rights."

"Yet you look a little out of sorts, Jinks, for all that."

"Who, I? Never was better in my life, with the exception of a slight

headache, which I attribute to early rising;" and so saying, Jenkins made a vigorous attack on the broiled fowls, tongue, ham, &c., which the gyp had just placed on the table; and which, with the addition of a strong cup of green tea, with about a thimbleful of brandy in it, soon completed his and Raymond's restoration. After breakfast the friends sallied down to the fields near Sapsford's boat-house, and thence started on their novel skating expedition. The day was bright, but intensely cold; the clouds floated high in heaven; the dew hung unmelted on the thistle's beard; and the frosted grass in the meadows that stretch along the river's southern bank, gave out a sharp, crackling sound as the ploughman crushed it beneath his tread. Swiftly and cheerily the two Cantabs flew along the smooth, leaden surface of the Cam, which here bears the closest possible resemblance to a Dutch canal, and is about as alert and lively in its movements; experiencing the highest sense of animal enjoyment as a fresh, north-east wind blew right against them.

When they had accomplished nearly a-third of their journey, they came to a small village, on whose outskirts stood a pretty cottage in the centre of a flower-garden, about two hundred yards or so from the river. Just as Raymond passed it—his companion was some distance in advance—two ladies appeared at the garden-gate, where they stood for a few minutes as if considering what direction they should take for a walk. On catching sight of these fair strangers, Henry moderated his pace, and cast a scrutinizing glance towards them; but the distance at which they stood prevented him from distinguishing more than that one stooped considerably and wore spectacles, and that the other was tall, slender, and graceful in figure, whence he sagely inferred that they were mother and daughter, and felt strongly disposed to believe, also, that the latter was a remarkably pretty girl. Impressed with this agreeable notion, he could not resist the temptation—oh! the exquisite self-conceit of youth!—of showing off; and accordingly, instead of pursuing his course, he began cutting a variety of figures on the ice, now rolling on the inside edge, and now whirling semicircular-

ly on the spread-eagle, with an ease and elegance that he felt persuaded were irresistible.

Thus was he occupied, when suddenly, just as he was advancing with a long graceful sweep towards the bank, nearly opposite the gate where the ladies were standing, a large stone—those infernal stones are always in the way on delicate occasions like this!—tripped him up, and down he came with a dismal crash on the ice, his hat flying off in his descent. Infinite were his shame and confusion at this unexpected and inelegant catastrophe. The pain of his fall he thought nothing of; but how humiliating to be made the object of a pretty girl's laughter, at the very moment when he fancied her rapt in admiration of the grace and dignity of his attitudes! Scrambling up again as quickly as he could, and afraid to look behind him, lest his glowing scarlet face might betray his anguished sensibilities, he shot forward like lightning to rejoin Jenkins; and when he came up with him, took care to preserve a discreet silence on the subject of his inglorious mishap.

No other incident worthy of notice occurred till the friends reached Ely, a small, old-fashioned city, remarkable only for its supernatural dulness and ugliness. The very aspect of this Boeotian spot is provocative of slumber. There is no bustle, no variety of any sort to break its drowsy still-life. The tradesmen seem to be without business, and half the dingy private houses without tenants; the women you meet in the streets are, for the most part, elderly, and have thick ankles; and as for the men, they are generally plump, apoplectic, and of singular breadth in the stern; dressed in rusty black, with a cotton umbrella poking out under their left arm, and the last number of

the *Quarterly Review* sticking out of their coat-pocket; and when they stop to converse, or rather to drone like cockchafers, they have a horrid trick of catching each other by the button-hole!

Yet dull as it is, to a degree bordering on the miraculous, Ely is not without its attraction. It has a magnificent cathedral, scarcely even surpassed by that at York; and hither, while the dinner, which they had ordered at the head hotel, was getting ready, Raymond and Jenkins repaired. Having ascended to the summit of one of the towers, they were greatly struck, not only with the extensive prospect that lay stretched out beneath them, but also with its very peculiar character. In whatever direction they cast their eyes, the country—a dead cheerless flat—appeared to be but one large sheet of frozen water, with here and there a lean hedge, a half-starved elm which looked like a quiz upon vegetation, a damp, rheumatic cottage, or a forlorn spire peeping out in the midst of it. Northward, in the far distance, might be seen the summits of Peterborough cathedral; and eastward, that noble sheet of water, Whittleseamere, which is surrounded by a broad fringe of bullrushes, the unshaved growth of ages; and is so full of fish of the most gigantic size, that if an angler happens to hook a pike, it is a moot point whether he pulls the monster out, or it pulls him into, the water!

Having sufficiently admired this paradisaical landscape, Henry and his companion, who were by this time as ravenous as one of the pikes of which I have just made honourable mention, returned to dinner to their hotel, where they took up their quarters for the night, and at an early hour next day set out again for Cambridge.

CHAPTER IV.

In this manner, among a set of extravagant, non-reading men, Henry passed his freshman's year, the only orderly portion of which, was that spent at home in vacation time. Yet despite the constant round of gayety in which he indulged, he was far from feeling happy; and no wonder, for nothing can be more commonplace, or

barren of satisfaction, than the course of dissipation pursued at Cambridge. Billiards—boating on the narrow, muddy Cam—tippling at parties, where the wine is generally as bad as the jokes, a row at night, with its customary accompaniment, a black eye—tandem-driving, where the odds are, that the shaft-horse falls lame after the first few

miles, and the leader turns right round, and coolly stares you in the face every fourth or fifth yard, indulging the while in a sly horse-laugh at your expense—a trip to Newmarket, the dull-est race-course in Christendom, where little more is to be seen than just a few horsemen scampering with blue noses across the chilly heath, a few carriages drawn up alongside the course, and a squad of individuals in shabby hats and old great-coats standing about the betting-post, looking, the majority, as keen and business-like as if they were on 'Change, and some as scampish as if they had just eloped from the tread-mill—such are the amusements of the non-reading men at Cambridge; and of these it is no wonder that Henry soon began to tire, the more especially as they had involved him in heavy pecuniary embarrassments.

Just at this critical juncture, when, pressed by the importunities of his creditors, he was meditating a return to a more regular and economical mode of life, a circumstance took place, which, unimportant as it at first appeared, had a decisive effect on his after destiny. He had agreed to accompany Jenkins to a grand public ball at the Huntingdon assembly rooms, for which his friend had procured tickets; and after a quick drive in one of Jordan's nattiest mail-carts, they put up at the Fountain inn in that town, where they dined, dressed, and then, in the course of the evening, set out for the rooms in question.

On their entrance they took up their position near the door, and amused themselves while a country-dance was going forward—for as yet quadrilles were not—with watching the company as they came in, and looking about them for eligible partners for the next set. A few minutes after their arrival, an elderly lady entered the room, leaning on the arm of a young girl, whose uncommon beauty at once fixed Raymond's attention. "Jinks," said he, "do, for God's sake, look at that lovely creature who has just taken her seat opposite us! Did you ever see such a face?"

"Face!" replied Jenkins laughing, "yes, she has a face; certainly, and has had one these sixty years, I'll swear. Young, indeed! Why, she's an old woman, as dry as a chip, and with scarcely a tooth in her head!"

"Idiot! I don't mean her—I mean the girl who is sitting next but one to

her, and is now talking to that lady in half-mourning."

"Oh, aye, she's something like," observed Jenkins, "quite a Venus, as you said at Belford when you kissed the tart-woman's daughter behind the hedge. You remember that, don't you?"

Without vouchsafing any reply to this delicate school reminiscence, Raymond abruptly quitted his companion, and hurried off to the master of the ceremonies, who was standing at the upper end of the room, near the dancers. He was a formal beau of the Chesterfield school; was overpoweringly polite in his manners, accompanying almost every third word by a bow; and took snuff out of a massive gold box, which he tapped thrice previous to opening it, with an air of ineffable dignity. His countenance expressed a grave self-sufficiency, the result of an unalterable conviction that his office was one of first-rate importance, and dancing the most intellectual accomplishment in the world.

When Raymond came up to him, he was discussing the comparative merits of the minuet and the country-dance with a gentleman who appeared to possess all the qualifications of a good listener. He stopped for an instant just to make a bow to the young Cantab, while at the same time he directed a discriminating glance at his costume, and then resumed as follows:—"As you say, sir, the country-dance is lively and bustling enough, but there is one great objection to it—it does not afford scope for developing the higher order of genius. The slow, stately minuet was the thing, sir, that brought out talent in the most surprising manner. As to the country-dance, I must confess that I look on it as a sign of the degeneracy of the times—in fact, it is not a dance at all, but a game of romps, very unsuitable to the dignity of the national character. I remember the late Duke of Godmanchester made the same"—

"You knew his grace, then, Mr Walker?" said his attentive listener.

"Sir, I had that distinguished felicity," replied the master of the ceremonies with grave emphasis. "I knew his grace, I may say, intimately; and on one remarkable occasion I had the honour of being specially invited to the castle, to superintend the arrangements for a grand public ball which his grace gave on his son's coming of

age. I well recollect that ball, sir; it was the most splendid affair of the sort ever seen in the county, and went off so much to his grace's satisfaction, that the next day, when I waited on him by appointment, 'Walker,' said his grace—his grace, I should tell you, had a very playful and affable way of expressing himself—'Walker,' said he, 'you're a d—d clever fellow, and managed matters admirably last night. There wasn't much in the words, but it was the manner that was so taking; manner is every thing in good society. Well, with that, sir, his grace went into the next room, and returned in a few minutes with a handsome gold snuff-box, which he requested my acceptance of, in token, as he flatteringly observed, of his and the duchess's approbation of my conduct.'

"I suppose," said the gentleman, "that is the box you now hold in your hand."

"Sir, your hypothesis is well founded," rejoined Mr Walker.

"Indeed! Well, I'm sure it was very handsome in his grace."

"Handsome!" observed the master of the ceremonies, "sir, there was no end to his grace's generosity. He was a public benefactor in the noblest sense of the term, and gave us this splendid chandelier for our ball-room. I may call him, indeed, one of the most shining characters of his day, for he danced like an angel—I say it advisedly—like an angel. Then his bow! it was an epoch in one's life to have seen that man bow. Ah, sir, when I think of what his grace was as a dancer, I often say to myself, what might he not have been, had he devoted the powers of his great mind to affairs of state! But he's gone—broke his neck at a fox hunt—it was a thousand pities."

"Dear, dear; how shocking!" exclaimed the gentleman.

"Sir, you're quite right; it *was* shocking—I remember thinking so at the time, and I am still of the same opinion."

"Does the present duke inherit any of his father's genius?" enquired the gentleman, with a smile.

"Not much," replied the master of the ceremonies. "In the first place, he has a very indifferent leg—I say it advisedly—a very indifferent leg for a minuet; and secondly, between you

and me, he has no more idea of keeping time than the chandelier above us. However," continued Mr Walker, in his most benevolent and encouraging manner, "let us hope for the best; his grace is young yet, and may improve."

"You have a pretty full attendance to-night, Mr Walker," interposed Raymond, who had been on thorns during this prolix discourse.

"We have so, sir; but the rooms are not near so well attended as they used to be in the late duke's time. You're from the university, I presume?"

"Yes."

"I guessed as much," said the master of the ceremonies, with one of his profoundest bows; "a pleasant place Cambridge—rather too cold in winter though. Will you do me the honour to take a pinch of snuff, sir? I rather pique myself on this snuff, which I call the Godmanchester Mixture, from the circumstance of its having been a great favourite with the late duke."

"It is certainly a well-flavoured snuff," replied Henry, applying a moderate portion to his olfactories, "but a little too pungent."

"Bless me, how odd! That's the very same remark that the late duke made, when he first honoured me by taking a pinch! 'Walker,' said he—for his grace was singularly happy at repartee—'your snuff is not to be sneezed at, I can tell you that!' Uncommon smart—wasn't it? I thought I should have died of laughing."

"Just so," rejoined Raymond impatiently; and then mentioning his name, and his desire to obtain a partner for the next set of dances, he requested and obtained an introduction to Miss Wyndham, the young girl who had so much struck his fancy. After chatting a few minutes with her and her companion, a quiet, good-humoured, middle-aged lady, well known to the master of the ceremonies, Raymond led the former out to dance, not a little proud of his good fortune in having thus early secured the hand of the prettiest female in the room. She was, indeed, a most attractive creature, slight and graceful in figure, with luxuriant auburn hair, black eyes, sparkling with intelligence and vivacity, an oval-shaped countenance, just lightly and delicately tinged with the rosy hue of health, and a small,

exquisitely formed mouth, in the angles of which a smile seemed always nestling. Her manners were frank, playful, and of singularly fascinating simplicity; and there was an archness and tempered freedom in her conversation, that indicated a nature not yet trammelled and sophisticated by the conventional etiquette of society.

When the dance was at an end, Raymond led his partner back to her seat, and a lively conversation ensued, in which the elderly lady occasionally took part. "I am sure you are fond of dancing, Miss Wyndham," said Henry, "by the way in which you excel in it."

"I am indeed very partial to it; but I go out so seldom, and have so few opportunities of following it up, that I dare hardly venture to call myself a dancer. Now your favourite amusement, I should say, was—let me see—skating: am I right?"

"Partly so; I am certainly fond of skating, but I cannot say I prefer it to dancing. How should I, when I am honoured with you for a partner?"

"I do not wonder," observed Miss Wyndham, taking no notice of this compliment, "at your fondness for skating; it is a graceful amusement, especially when a perverse stone happens to come in one's way, and cause an unlucky tumble. Such things *have* occurred, I'm told;" and the saucy girl looked archly at Raymond, while a roguish smile hovered about her rosy lips.

"Tumble! I never tumble!" exclaimed Henry, with as much cool assurance as if he had been baptized in the waters of the Shannon.

"It is not every skater who can boast of such good fortune," slyly resumed Miss Wyndham; "for a short time since, when I happened to be going out with grandmamma for a walk by the river's side, I saw an unhappy gentleman tumble backward on the ice, at the very moment when he was exhibiting some most graceful attitudes. I assure you grandmamma quite felt for him; it was so disagreeable, you know, to fall at such a time—quite a catastrophe."

"So, then, it was you who were the eyewitness of my mishap," replied Raymond, affecting to laugh. "I remember the circumstance well, and also that two ladies were standing near a garden-gate at the time, no doubt highly amused at what they

must have thought was my clumsiness: I can assure you, however, that the accident was one that might have occurred—indeed often does occur—to the very best skaters."

Henry then hastened to change the conversation, which was soon afterwards put an end to by the early departure of the ladies; but not before he had contrived to become acquainted with their address, and dexterously extorted permission to wait on them the next day, in order to ascertain how they were after the fatigues of the night. No sooner had he accompanied them to the sedan—those were the days of sedan-chairs—which was in waiting to convey them home, than he returned to the spot which Miss Wyndham had so lately occupied, and stood there, looking half bewildered, as if a bright light had suddenly vanished from his path. Strange infatuation! But three short hours before, he had not known that there was such a creature as Julia Wyndham in existence; yet now she occupied his thoughts to the exclusion of every other consideration!

He was just about quitting the ball-room, having wholly forgotten his friend Jenkins, when that worthy came up and joined him. "Well, Harry," said he, "you've had a pretty good spell of it with those ladies. Egad, I must confess the youngest is about as pretty a girl as I ever saw. I would not interrupt you, as I saw you so resolutely bent on having her all to yourself. It's not fair though—curse me if it is; you should have given me a turn, instead of leaving me to shift for myself. I've only had two partners, both old and ugly, one of whom did nothing but chatter, and the other wouldn't open her mouth. But, come, it's time for us to be going."

"Going! What do you mean? They're gone; I saw them myself to their sedan!"—

"I said nothing about a sedan; but merely that it is time for us to be going."

"Oh, ay—true! I misunderstood you. Well, come along, I'm ready."

"I see how it is," observed Jenkins to himself, as they returned together to the Fountain, "a second edition of the tart-woman's daughter! However, it's no business of mine; but only to see now how easily some birds are caught—and so shrewd as I always thought him!—O Lord! O Lord!"

CHAPTER V.

Julia Wyndham, whose parents had died when she was in her infancy, resided with her grandmother, the widow of a physician, in a small village, a few miles distant from Cambridge, where Raymond had first seen her. The old lady and her granddaughter lived in great seclusion—for their means were somewhat straitened—associating only with two or three intimate friends at Kimbolton, and at Huntingdon, with one of whom Julia was now staying on a short visit. In the more modern acceptation of the term, Miss Wyndham would not have been considered accomplished, for her acquaintance with music was far from scientific; she knew nothing of Italian; and, as a dancer, would hardly—notwithstanding the natural elegance of her movements—have passed muster with so critical a judge of the art as the Huntingdon master of the ceremonies. But, though not highly accomplished, she was a very delightful girl; for she sang and played with infinite feeling, had a keen sense of humour, tempered by the strictest feminine delicacy; was of a lively, affectionate nature, and as ignorant of the world as those usually are whose youth has passed in retirement.

Henry, as may be surmised, was not long in making discovery of all these attractive qualities; and, when he visited Julia next day, previous to his return with Jenkins to Cambridge, she confirmed, by her artlessness and vivacity, the favourable impression she had made on him the night before. At the moment of his entrance, she was seated with Mrs Lovat—the lady at whose house she was staying—in the drawing-room, copying a print of one of Murillo's Spanish shepherd boys. After the usual introductory commonplaces, the conversation ran upon the scenery of the neighbourhood, which Raymond justly pronounced to be the most insipid he had ever seen.

"It has, indeed, few attractions to boast of," observed Mrs Lovat.

"Oh, do not say so!" replied Julia, laughing, "think of the banks of the Cam!"

"True!" exclaimed Raymond, falling in with the lively girl's humour, "I forgot that classic stream, so pel-

lucid—so picturesque—so every way worthy of Arcadia."

"And have you nothing to say too," resumed Julia, "in praise of those charming moorlands which lie between our village and this town? Do you know that, when we crossed them the other day, I actually counted not less than three dwarf-elm within the compass of a dozen miles! You look incredulous, but it is a fact. My arithmetic may be relied on."

"I have heard say that a tree—or rather the apparition of one—is occasionally to be met with in this neighbourhood; but, as I am no believer in ghosts, I scouted the assertion as a calumny. If I recollect rightly, however, the scenery improves near your village."

"Oh, yes!" said Julia, "there can be no question of that. We have, for instance, the similitude of a field within a reasonable walking distance of us—to say nothing of a garden or two, where, provided you are endowed with keen faculties of observation, you may sometimes detect an imperfectly developed rose, and very frequently a currant or gooseberry bush!"

"You astonish me, Miss Wyndham! Of all things, I should like to visit this romantic village of yours; for its acquaintance must be as well worth making as that of our remarkable friend, the master of the ceremonies, with his long story about the Duke of Godmanchester."

"I would not advise you to try the experiment," observed Julia; "for your visit will be sure to end in disappointment."

Henry was about to make a most gallant reply, when Mrs Lovat, addressing her young guest, said, "Julia, my love, Mr Raymond, I am sure, will excuse my reminding you that we have some morning-calls to make, and that it is getting late."

This gentle intimation had the desired effect, and the young Cantab rose to take leave, not a little surprised to find that, instead of the short ten minutes' visit he had calculated on, he had been chatting upwards of half an hour. When he returned to his hotel, he found the tandem at the door, and Jenkins anxiously looking out for him. "My God, Harry!" exclaimed the latter, "what can have detained you

so long? You told me you would not be gone more than five minutes, and here's the tandem been standing at the door nearly an hour. It's too bad, upon my life it is, to keep one waiting in this way. But, come! jump in; we've not a moment to lose."

On their road home, Raymond, in answer to his friend's repeated enquiries, acquainted him with the particulars of his visit to Miss Wyndham, carefully suppressing, however, all mention of the singular fact, that he had feloniously abstracted one of her gloves, which he chanced to find lying on the sofa, out of consideration, no doubt, to Jenkins's morals, who would have been shocked at the idea of familiarly associating with one who had subjected himself to the penalty of the tread-mill.

When they reached Cambridge, Henry, who was by this time quite *ennuyé*d with his companion's small talk, and was specially anxious to be alone—a remarkable feature in the idiosyncrasy of young lovers—quitted him, and went off to his own rooms, whither he was soon afterwards followed by his gyp. "Oh, sir!" said the servant, "here's been such a to-do since you left! Timmins the wine-merchant, and Screw the tailor, and I don't know how many more on 'em, have been here raging like so many mad bulls. They say you've put 'em off quite long enough, and that they won't wait till next term; and, ecod! I believe 'em."

"Humph!" said Raymond, with a sardonic smile, "a clear case of combination and conspiracy. And what did you do?"

"Do? Bless you, what could I do? They wouldn't take no notice to quit; and though I told 'em over and over again it were no use their staying here, blowing you up behind your back, they stuck all the faster for it; so at last I were obligated to go down to the unoccupied rooms below—them as Mr Spinks has just left—and sing out 'Murder!' Upon which they all rushed down stairs to see what was the matter, when I instantly shoves past 'em, hurries up again, and sports the oak."

"A very ingenious contrivance, Tom; you deserve a fellowship for it."

The bashful Thomas made no reply to this dulcet compliment, but

contented himself with observing, "It's only getting rid on 'em for a day, sir; they'll be sure to be back to-morrow, more vicious than ever. I know 'em well—too well I may say—for many and many's the good master I've had as has had his temper quite spoiled by 'em. They've no bowels, sir—at least none to sinnify—but go on dunning, day after day, just for the pleasure of the thing, or because they think it good for their health, I suppose. If you'll take my advice, sir, you'll"—

"That will do, Tom; now leave me; I'm tired; and be sure you shut the outer door after you."

When the servant was gone, Raymond began considering by what means he might best extricate himself from the consequence of his thoughtless extravagance; but before he could come to any decisive resolution, a message was brought to him from the master of the college, requesting his immediate attendance; and when he waited on that august dignitary, behold, it was to receive sentence of confinement to gates, hall, and chapel for a week, in consequence of the flagrant manner in which he had of late neglected his routine duties! How now should he act? Were he to obey this peremptory mandate, he would lose his best chance of strengthening his acquaintance with Julia; and were he to set it at nought, he would, in the event of discovery, be rusticated, and perhaps expelled. Either alternative was a painful one; but love, as it generally is at the green age of twenty, was victorious. What! live for a whole week without seeing Miss Wyndham—he who held possession of her glove, and was bound, therefore, as a gentleman to return the precious vestment? Impossible! It was his duty instantly to see her; and accordingly, on the fourth day after the ball, he quitted Peterhouse by the back way, and set out for Huntingdon.

Mrs Lovat received him civilly, but somewhat coldly, he thought; and Julia smiled with much archness when he gravely pleaded, as an excuse for his visit, the glove which he had taken away in the hurry of the moment, in mistake for his own. In the course of conversation, however, he so won upon the elder lady by the respectful deference of his manner, that she men-

tioned that she should be happy to see him, should circumstances ever again lead him to Huntingdon; and after he was gone, praised him to Julia as a modest, intelligent, well bred, and virtuous young man, who appeared to have none of the dissipated habits so common among Cambridge men of his age.

Having thus gained the suffrages of the two ladies, Raymond took every opportunity of improving his good fortune; and when Julia returned home at the expiration of a month, he visited her quite on the footing of an old friend, and made the same favourable impression on her grandmother that he had previously made on Mrs Lovat. The result may be conjectured. A strong mutual attachment sprung up between the young people; and the old lady, without directly encouraging it, permitted the affair to take its own course, for she had every confidence in Julia's prudence, and was naturally anxious to see her happily settled before she herself (a poor annuitant) should be removed from the stage of life.

This was a happy period of Henry's existence; but, alas! it was not without its alloy. His creditors beset him day after day with their clamorous importunities; and however anxious to do so, he had no present means of liquidating their demands. From his father he had but slender hopes of assistance, for he was a man who would not, or could not, make allowance for youthful indiscretions; and who was now more reserved than ever towards his son, having recently married a

vain, but wealthy widow, against whom Henry had early imbibed a strong prejudice, from the circumstance that she had caused the removal of his revered mother's picture from the drawing-room, where it used to hang, to a small, smoky, half-furnished back parlour, which was seldom or never used except as a lumber-room. But though he had not much hope of assistance from his father, and felt persuaded, that whatever influence his mother-in-law possessed would be exerted rather against than for him, still he resolved to make the experiment of an application; and, accordingly, he dispatched a letter to the old gentleman, wherein he made a candid confession of his follies, stated the exact extent of his embarrassments, and respectfully requested his aid, at the same time promising amendment for the future.

Nor was this an idle boast, for a change for the better was already in progress in the young man's mind. He no longer courted the society of his old companions; his intercourse with Julia had imparted a healthier tone to his feelings, refined his tastes, and given a nobler direction to his ambition. How coarse and debasing now appeared his late career of dissipation! How barren of all, save the most humiliating, results! But henceforth he was a changed man. The scales had fallen from his eyes, and he saw things in their true nature—thanks to the influence of that sentiment, whose seeds, according as they fall on rank or generous soils, produce either deadly poisons or wholesome fruits!

CHAPTER VI.

One evening, when Raymond had gone to visit Julia, and his gyp was busy in his rooms getting coffee ready against his return, a grave, elderly gentleman entered, whom the servant, with that quick-wittedness peculiar to Cambridge gyps, at once conjectured to be his master's father.

"Mr Raymond, I presume, is out?" said the stranger, seating himself on the sofa; "do you know when he will be in?"

"I expect him in, sir, every—I mean, I can't exactly undertake to say when he will be in; for, when he comes out at this hour, he generally

stays out a pretty long time, for the sake of the fresh air and exercise. He fags so desperate hard during the day, that he almost always gets a sick headache, and I've heard him say as nothing revives him so much as a long walk."

"Indeed! I understood that he was rather gay in his habits; gave large dinner parties; kept a tandem; and"—

"What, master keep a tandem!" exclaimed the gyp with well-feigned astonishment. "Lord, sir, he'd just as soon think of keeping a hearse. No, so far from that, sir, I do assure

you he fags so hard, that I'm sadly afraid at times he'll lose his precious eyesight. Often and often he gets up in the middle of the night, makes his-self some strong gunpowder tea, without milk or sugar, in order to keep his-self awake, and then works away like a dray-horse till the chapel bell rings. Ah, sir, if all Cambridge men was like him! But I beg pardon, I don't think he'll be in just yet; so, if you'll please to leave your name, I'll be sure to tell him the first thing when he comes in."

"Your master, you say, has only gone out for a walk?"

"That's all, sir, I do assure you."

"Then I'll wait here till he returns."

The authoritative tone in which this was spoken, confirmed the gyp in his impression that the stranger was no other than Raymond's father; so he hurried from the room, and stationed himself at the foot of the staircase, in order to communicate the intelligence to his master, and prepare him for the interview. He had not kept watch at his post above ten minutes, when Raymond came in, and seeing his servant evidently on the look-out, exclaimed, "More duns, Tom?"

"Not exactly that, but something almost as bad, I'm afraid."

"Hab, indeed! What can that be? Another summons to the master?"

"No, sir, but the governor's up stairs, looking as black as thunder,"

"My father?"

"Yes, sir; I twigged the old gentleman at once, by the way in which he spoke, and his taking out his glasses to have a good stare at your book-shelves. I do hope, sir, for both our sakes, that all's right there; you should always keep a dog's-eared grammar, or dictionary, or such-like, lying about, sir; it looks business-like. My late master, as lost his fortune at Newmarket, always did so; and it's astonishing, I've heard him say, how useful he found it."

"So, my father has really arrived!" exclaimed Raymond, cutting short the gyp's eloquence; "now, then, all must come out."

"He has indeed arrived, sir, and werry queer he looks too; I can't tell what to make of him. However, I did all I could to put him in a pleasant humour. I told him as you was killing yourself by inches with hard study,

and had only just stepped out to walk off a sick headache, which you'd picked up in the course of the morning's reading. God help me for telling such a thumper! But it was for your good I did it, sir; so perhaps you'll stand to it, for if I'm caught out in a lie, I shall lose my character; and what's life without character?"

With this fine moral flourish, which he uttered with exceeding unction, the gyp quitted his master, who slowly and thoughtfully went up to his rooms. As he threw open the door, he saw his father busily examining his book-shelves, and hastening towards him, held out his hand, of which the other took no notice, but, re-seating himself on the sofa, beckoned Henry to a chair opposite him, and then looking him sternly in the face, addressed him as follows, in that deliberate tone of voice which indicates an inflexible resolution:—"My presence here seems to have taken you by surprise."

"If so, sir, it is an agreeable surprise."

"Not so, young man, if I may judge by the conduct of your servant, who has been trying hard to deceive me as to your real character. However, my business is not with him, but with you. In your last communication to me, wherein you allude to what you are gently pleased to call your 'follies'—yes, 'follies' is the word!—you have inclosed a schedule of your debts. Are all included in that schedule?"

"I am not aware that any are omitted."

"They do you credit, certainly, both in point of amount and character. You have been at Cambridge scarcely two years, and yet, over and above the allowance which I made you, you have contrived to incur obligations to the extent of nine hundred pounds."

"I am aware, sir, that I have acted very wrongly; but I do hope you will overlook it, for I can say with the most perfect sincerity that of late I have turned over quite a new leaf."

"Young man," replied the elder Raymond, with increased sternness of manner, "do not add falsehood to your other faults. I have just left the college tutor—you should have calculated the likelihood of this, before you talked of turning over a new leaf

—and he tells me that you have as shamefully neglected your studies, as you have squandered my money. Now, sir, what reply can you make to this?"

"My tutor," said Henry, his natural impetuosity getting the better of him, "is an old, formal, mathematical pedant, who can make no allowance for the peculiar difficulties of my position."

"Difficulties of your own raising."

"Not so, by heaven! Is it my fault that, having received an exclusively classical education, I have no head for the exact sciences, and cannot master even the rudiments of Euclid and algebra? Could I have conquered my repugnance to these pursuits, I had been as indéfatigable a student as any in the university; but finding that impossible"——

"Impossible!" exclaimed his father, hastily interrupting him, "nothing is impossible to industry and perseverance. But you preferred dissipation to study, and thought it, no doubt, a much finer thing to cut a figure among rakes and fools, than among intelligent orderly scholars. Well, you have had your way, and now I will have mine. I intended you, as you know, for the bar; but that project I abandon altogether, for with habits such as you possess, you would be a briefless barrister to the end of your days. Prepare, therefore, immediately to enter my counting-house, where, though I confess I have no great hopes of you, I shall at least have the comfort of knowing that you are under strict surveillance."

"Sir," said Henry, with considerable agitation, "think better of this scheme, pray do. I have not the slightest notion of commerce, and never shall have: my thoughts—my feelings—all the tastes and habits of my life—alike revolt from it."

"In plain English, you will agree to nothing that requires labour. Be it so; but bear this in mind—no idle profligate, who affects to be above the vulgarities of commerce, even though he be my own son, shall ever reap the harvest of my long life of toil."

The spirit of this was harsh and decided; but nothing could be calmer than the manner in which it was conveyed. While Henry was pondering on the subject, and endeavouring to devise some scheme to ward off the

evil hour, in the hope that the "chapter of accidents" would ere long come to his relief, his father's eye chanced to fall on a volume of Collins's Poems, which lay half-concealed beneath the sofa-cushion, and taking it up with an air of indifference, just glanced at the title-page, wherein he saw, written in a lady's hand, the words "Julia Wyndham."

Tossing the book from him with a look of supreme contempt, "I am now no longer at a loss," he observed, "to account for your late habits of dissipation. This woman, I suppose, is one of the respectable associates you have picked up at Cambridge; and is, doubtless, in full possession of your confidence."

"Yes," replied Raymond, bursting at once from all restraint, "she is in my confidence, and is worthy of it."

"Indeed!" said his father, drawing out the words in a tone of stinging irony, "this is candid, at any rate. Upon my word, you improve, young man!"

"Father—father!" exclaimed Henry, "do not—I beg—I implore you—do not slander a young lady of whom you can by possibility know nothing. Say of me what you please, but not a word against her. To respect her, you have only to be once in her society; will you then condescend to see her, and I will answer for your changing your opinion?"

"See her! see your mistress! are you mad?"

"My mistress! It is false—false as hell;" and, starting from his seat, Raymond paced up and down the room like a maniac.

It was curious to mark the contrast that father and son presented at this moment. Both were highly excited, but the former maintained his self-possession; while the latter, with indignant gestures and flashing eyes, continued striding up and down the apartment, muttering between his clenched teeth the word "mistress." The accents of the one were loud, impassioned, and at times almost approaching to a scream; those of the other were rigidly subdued, nearly to a whisper, as if he feared to trust himself with his emotions. The son's countenance was as crimson as red-hot steel; the father's was deadly pale; and but for the quivering lip and close-

knit eyebrow, one would have had no idea of the stormy passions that were at work within him.

At length the elder Raymond, again addressing his son, said, "Henry, listen to me, for the last time. Who this woman may be, I neither know nor care. She may be all you say she is, or my suspicions may be correct; but granting she is what you would have me believe her to be, you cannot—situated as you are—marry her; and, if she be a mere intriguer, you must be a fool and an abandoned profligate to keep up such a connexion."

"An abandoned profligate!" exclaimed Henry.

"'Tis a hard term to use; but I am not in the habit of mincing matters with a disobedient, headstrong son. In one word, then, will you go into my counting-house, or not? My discovery of your secret amour with this woman, convinces me that such a step is more necessary than ever."

"No, I won't," replied Raymond, doggedly.

"Then we see each other no more; but, mark me, by your mother's death you are entitled to three thousand pounds, which you will find entered in your name at Baldwin's, whenever you choose to apply for it. This sum, which it is fortunate you did not know of before, for it would have been dissipated by this time, is all that you will ever receive from me. Now, pay your debts or not; keep up this equivocal connexion or not; do, in short, just what you please; go where you please; my interest in you ceases from this moment. I wish you well through the world, and have still so much consideration left for you, that I trust you may never have cause to rue, in sickness and destitution, your disobedience and ingratitude to your father;" with which words, before Henry could say a word in reply, the old man quitted the apartment, preserving his stern, cold demeanour to the last.

CHAPTER VII.

True to his word, the old man saw his son no more. He quitted Cambridge by the next morning's Telegraph, and immediately on reaching London dispatched a letter to Henry, repeating all he had said in conversation. The cold, business-like air of this epistle, occasioned Raymond much grief; but it soon gave place to more pleasant feelings, when he remembered that he had now the means of honourably discharging all his debts; and had, besides, a surplus capital of upwards of two thousand pounds, with which, small as it was for a beginning, he persuaded himself he should make his way handsomely through life. Yes, and not only this, but he would marry Julia Wyndham! She loved him; for, during their last interview, he had succeeded in wringing this acknowledgment from the artless and affectionate girl; and equally evident was it, that nature had destined them for each other. Thus thinking, Raymond soon regained his wonted cheerfulness, and when his gyp came in to receive his orders for the day, he desired him to go round to his different creditors,

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a list of whom he put into his hand, and tell them that, if they would call in the course of a week, their claims should be liquidated to the last farthing.

Having given these directions, my hero, who was meditating weighty projects, and, among others, an immediate removal to London, where, full of confidence in his own mental resources, he had no doubt he should distinguish himself in literature, the only vocation for which he felt qualified, and to which his inclinations led him—Raymond, I say, who was full of these and other sage projects, posted off to the little Dutch village on the banks of the Cam, in order to acquaint Julia with his plans, and persuade her to share his fortunes. He reached the cottage just as she was going out for a walk, whereupon he joined her, and, in the course of an animated conversation, he informed her of all that had occurred since he last saw her; of his altered prospects, and consequent intention of quitting the university without delay; and concluded by imploring her, as she valued his happiness and her own, to fling all

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further hesitation to the winds, and link her fate with his. Quite as unworldly—indeed even more so than Henry—and carried away by his enthusiasm, Julia was but too ready to be prevailed upon to take the step he recommended to her; nevertheless, though she looked only to the sunny side of the picture, she would come to no decision, but referred him for an answer to her grandmother. Away, therefore, went the sanguine day-dreamer to the old lady, who being already prejudiced in his favour, and, like her grandchild, dazzled by his glowing accounts of his prospects, gave a ready consent; and it was finally determined that the marriage should take place within a month, when they should leave the cottage, and go and reside in the neighbourhood of London. Having thus far succeeded in his projects, Raymond next set out for the metropolis; drew a sufficient sum from his banker's to defray his debts and other contingent expenses; took a small, cheap, and retired cottage at West-end, near Hampstead, and then returned to Cambridge, where, at the appointed time, he became the husband of Julia Wyndham.

From this period, for nearly four

years, the young couple's domestic career was one of unclouded happiness. They dwelt in comparative retirement, with all the comforts, and some of the luxuries of life at their command; and, contented with each other's society, seldom thought of going abroad in quest of amusement. His original passion for study—especially the classics of Greece and Rome—which the dissipation of the university had in some degree weakened, came back on Raymond's mind with all the freshness and ardour of a first love, refining and elevating his character; but, alas! tending also to unfit him for active intercourse with the practical, hard-working world. Secluded during the morning in his little study, which he had stored with a choice collection of books, he devoted hours to a translation of the plays of his favourite *Æschylus*, which he had selected as his *opus magnum*—his first great literary undertaking; at noon, provided the weather permitted, he would stroll about the neighbourhood with Julia, listening delighted to her arch sallies and the merry music of her voice; and the day would be closed with conversation, a song or two at the piano, or the perusal of some light and amusing work.

CHAPTER VIII.

Four years have passed—ah, how swiftly those years pass which hurry us away from happiness!—since the circumstances alluded to in the last chapter. Julia is no longer the light-hearted girl who has never known sorrow but by report: Henry no longer hugs the flattering delusion to his breast, that he has but to make the effort to achieve fame and fortune by his pen. A cloud is on the brow of both, for experience—stern monitor!—has read them one of his harshest lessons. Towards the close of the second year of their marriage, Julia became the mother of a fine boy, an event which was shortly followed by the death of her grandmother; but as the old lady died at an advanced age, without suffering, the shock occasioned by her decease was soon allayed, and things resumed, for a while, their usual tranquil course. But a storm was now about to burst upon their heads, from which the defenceless

victims were to know no refuge but the grave.

Having completed his translation, which had been his undivided labour of love for upwards of three years, Raymond, indulging in the most sanguine anticipations of success, took the precious MS. to London, with a view to offer it for sale to some of the great publishers in the Row. Julia, with the nurse following with the child, accompanied him part of the way, equally confident as her husband; for, like all dutiful wives, she devoutly believed that his genius was of the highest order. "When we meet again at dinner, Henry," she said, as she parted from him at the foot of Hampstead Hill, "I have no doubt you will have good news to tell me; for it is impossible that the time and talent which you have expended on your work, should not ensure success." Alas! they were both cruelly in error. When Raymond returned from his

Quixotic expedition, his wife saw at once, by his dispirited manner, that he had failed in his object. He had made application to two booksellers—he told her, in reply to her anxious enquiries—and from both he had met with the same discouraging treatment. The time for classical translations, they assured him, was gone by. If he were a Parr or a Porson, then, indeed, they might be tempted to risk the speculation; but he was unknown to the literary world; besides, he was young—very young for such a herculean task as a translation of *Æschylus*; and though they had not the slightest doubt he had executed it in a way to do him immortal honour, yet, considering that the public had at present no taste that way, they had rather decline the undertaking.

Bitter was Raymond's disappointment on receiving these chilling replies; and it was not without some difficulty that, at Julia's instigation, he plucked up courage enough to apply to a third publisher. On this occasion he was a little more fortunate; for the bibliopolist, an observant man of the world, struck with the manners and conversation of the young candidate for literary distinction, requested him to leave the MS., which he would put into the hands of an experienced Greek scholar, and return him an early answer. For an entire month Henry was kept in a state of the most torturing suspense; now he felt a proud conviction that he should succeed; and now, sobered by the disappointment he had already experienced, he was prepared to anticipate the worst. And his anticipations were not ill-founded; for the translation was returned to him by the bookseller, with the remark that the versification was of too free and bold a character. Reader, those were the days of Hayley, Pratt, and the Della-Cruscans!—though the gentleman to whom he had submitted it, allowed that, as a whole, it displayed great promise.

This last blow had quite a stunning effect on Raymond. His wife did her best to keep up his fainting spirits, and when in her society, and dancing his playful little boy in his arms, he did occasionally rally; but his gloom soon returned, threatening, ere long, to deepen into despair. And ample cause he had for anxiety, for three hundred

pounds was all that he could now call his own; and, when this was expended, how was he to procure the means of subsistence? He had no trade, no profession, to fly to as a last resource; he had no methodical habits of business to recommend him to the money-making portion of the community; none of that dogged perseverance which derives fresh stimulus from difficulties, as *Antæus* renewed his strength by touching earth; but was a mere creature of impulse—the dupe of a buoyant fancy. In the wildness of his enthusiasm, he had calculated that by the time his small capital came to an end, his volume would have been bought, published, and, by introducing him to the favourable notice of scholars, have got him into repute among those best patrons of literature—the booksellers; and now he saw all these fond calculations overturned, and poverty—gaunt, threatening phantom!—usurping the seat of hope by his fireside.

One chance, however, still remained for him; and, after talking over the matter with Julia, he came to the resolution of publishing his volume at his own expense. It was a hazardous experiment, considering the state of his finances; nevertheless, there was a probability that it might answer; and, while this was the case, he felt that it was worth the trial. During the time that the printing was going forward, his spirits in a great degree revived; for the self-confidence of inexperienced youth, though it may receive a severe check, is seldom crushed by its first disappointment. At length, however, the period arrived that waste extinguish the last faint hope that lingered in Raymond's breast. His volume was duly brought before the world, and for nearly four months he buoyed himself up with the notion that it was making its way with a "generous and discerning" public; but at each successive visit he paid his bookseller, this delusion became more and more apparent; and, eventually, he was compelled to admit that—so far as immediate fame or emolument were concerned—his translation had proved a signal failure. But this was not all. He had embarrassed himself with a heavy printer's account, to say nothing of large sums disbursed for advertisements, which made such a deplorable

inroad on his capital, that he had now little more than seventy pounds remaining in his banker's hands. Such

was his situation at the close of the fourth year of his marriage. •

CHAPTER IX.

"Well, Julia," said Henry, with a forced attempt at a smile, as they sat together one morning at breakfast, "I fear that my father's prediction will be fulfilled, and that I shall shortly be reduced to as complete a state of destitution as he could desire."

"For Heaven's sake, Henry, do not speak in this sneering way of your father. Harsh he may be, because he thinks you have given him cause for displeasure; but it cannot be that he is such as you imagine. Try, then, to effect a reconciliation with him; remember, love, we are parents ourselves, and in our old age should feel acutely any neglect on the part of our child."

"Julia," replied Raymond gravely, "you know not my father. He acts rigidly according to what he calls principle; and when he has once resolved on a particular line of conduct, no consideration on earth can induce him to swerve from it."

"But, consider, it is now upwards of four years since you had your dispute with him. Surely he cannot harbour resentment for so long a period! You know how often I have entreated you to write to him; but you cannot know how much pain your disinclination to do so has caused me. Believe me—for I speak not in anger, but in sad sincerity—I scarcely feel that you deserve to succeed, so long as you voluntarily live estranged from your father. You will write to him, then; wont you, love?" and the young mother looked beseechingly in her husband's face, while a tear trembled in her eye.

Subdued by the earnestness of his wife's appeal, Raymond no longer hesitated, but that same day sent off a respectful and contrite letter to his father, wherein he implored him to send an early answer, if it were but a line, just to say that he forgave him. But no reply came, infinitely to Julia's astonishment, whose benignant nature could not conceive it possible that a parent could so long cherish angry feelings towards a son.

"I told you how it would be," observed Henry, when, having waited a fortnight, they had both given up all expectation of a reply. "I knew that, by declining to enter into his views respecting commerce, I had offended my father past forgiveness."

"It cannot be helped, Henry; but you have done your duty, and should sad days be in store for us, this will be a consolation to you, as I am sure it will be to me."

"Sad days!" replied Raymond. "Ah, Julia, we shall not have to wait long for them. I fear we must quit our cottage without delay, and take cheap apartments in some obscure quarter of town. I have delayed this communication till the last moment, knowing how much it would grieve you; but the painful truth must be told—I have now little to look to, save the pittance that I may be able, from time to time, to pick up from the booksellers. O God!" he added, "my father's prediction is already half accomplished."

"Do not take this so much to heart, Henry," said his generous, high-minded wife; "to me one place is the same as another, and I can be happy any where, so long as I retain your love. Leave me but that, dearest, and I shall feel that I am still rich in the only treasure I ever coveted."

The dreaded communication thus made, Raymond instantly prepared to act on it. He disposed of the remainder of his lease, sold his furniture at a heavy loss, and even got rid of the major portion of his favourite classics. He could not, however, make up his mind to part with his wife's piano; for he well knew how dear it was to her, as being the first present he had made her, subsequent to their marriage. With how many pleasant recollections, too, was it not associated in his own mind! How many a time had he sat delighted beside Julia, as her slender fingers passed lightly over the ivory keys! No, he could not part with the piano; but, when he acquainted his wife with this determination, she, with the disinterestedness peculiar to

her character, surrendered all her own private feelings, and even urged him to the painful sacrifice. Finally, however, it was agreed that the instrument should not be disposed of till the last necessity.

Raymond's next endeavour was to find some cheap suburban lodgings; and, after much hunting about, he fixed upon two furnished apartments in a small back street, in the neighbourhood of Islington. 'Twas a dismal contrast his new abode presented to that to which he had been so long used. An old rickety mahogany table, discoloured with ink spots, stood in the middle of his sitting-room; the cobwebbed curtains were threadbare and full of darns, the faded Kidderminster carpet looked as though it had been bought a bargain at Rag Fair, the window-frames shook and rattled in every wind, and the adjoining bedroom, which was little better than a spacious closet, had no furniture but such as was of the homeliest description. But Julia cared not for these things; for her husband was with her, and her child was thriving apace. Her simple and elegant taste soon produced a striking change in the aspect of her new lodgings. The curtains were taken down, and freed from dust and cobwebs, the carpet neatly mended, a few flowers placed in the window-stand, and a few of her own drawings hung on the wall—all which improvements she had to execute herself; for, on quitting the cottage, she had parted with her two servants, and retained only the services of her landlady's daughter, an active girl about fifteen years of age.

"It must be confessed, Henry," she said to her husband, on the first night of their removal to Islington, "that our situation is not quite so choice a one as we could have wished; but let us not be disheartened, love, for it is a long lane that has no turning."

In this way Julia strove to sustain her husband's courage, who, no longer hankering for literary renown—that radiant illusion was dispelled—but anxious only to provide for the wants of the passing day, applied to several booksellers for employment, offering to correct proofs, revise MSS., in short, do just whatever they might require. But his applications were unsuccessful, chiefly because he wanted that business-like air which indi-

cates the practised and willing drudge. One bookseller—an illiterate fellow of the Jacob Tonson school—frankly told him that he was too much of a gentleman to suit his purposes; for that what he required was a hard-working man, with "no nonsense" about him. "Cambridge be d—d!" added this enlightened bibliopole of forty years since, in reply to a hint thrown out by Raymond, that, as he had received a university education, he might, perhaps, be found not wholly inefficient—"Cambridge be d—d! and Oxford, too; I'm sick of their very names. Never yet published any thing, at my own expense, for a university man, that I warn't the loser by it. Brought out only last year a translation of *Juvenal*, by Dr Prosy of Oxford, and a *Treatise on Pneumatics*, by Dr Problem of Cambridge, and never sold more than forty copies of either of them. Devil take both universities, say I! Good day, Mr Raymond; sorry we're not likely to suit each other; hope you may be more lucky elsewhere. I wish you good morning, sir."

The cavalier manner in which these remarks were made, stung Henry to the quick: with a strong effort, however, he managed to repress his feelings, and quitted the bookseller's presence without a word. On his way home, at the corner of a street leading into Holborn, a person hurried past, whose features, he imagined, were familiar to him; and turning hastily round, he recognised his old college friend Jenkins, who, he felt convinced, had also recognised him, but was anxious to shirk his acquaintance. Nor was this impression an erroneous one. It was, indeed, his friend of earlier and happier years, the eager sharer in his schoolboy pranks at Belford, and his more reckless follies at Cambridge, who, having caught sight of his seedy habiliments, on which the word "penury" was stamped in legible characters, felt—with the false pride peculiar to weak minds—a sort of shame at being seen in the public streets speaking to so shabby a personage! Had Raymond been trimly attired, as in other days, the case had been far different; but it was not in the nature of a Jenkins—and the mass of society is made up of Jenkinses—to withstand the blighting influence of a threadbare suit of clothes!

When he reached home, Raymond threw himself into a chair, half mad with rage and vexation; first, at the heartless conduct of his friend, and then at his own weakness in taking it so much to heart; while his wife endeavoured, but in vain, by kind words and caresses, to restore him to composure.

"You have been disappointed again, Henry; I'm sure you have; but do not give way to gloom. To-morrow you may be more"—

"For God's sake, leave me to myself. My brain is—curses on the grovelling upstart! But no, he is not worth thinking about. Leave me, Julia; do, pray, leave me alone for a while."

"Certainly, love, if you wish it, I will leave you;" and so saying, the meek and uncomplaining girl withdrew into the adjoining room, sick at

heart, for these were the first testy words that had yet fallen from her husband's lips.

Alas, for the poor and destitute! Unknown to them the halcyon frame of mind, the frank, cordial nature, the bounding fancy, the winged hope, the thoughts, tones, looks, and impulses—that keep the heart fresh and loving, and gladden daily life. Care and spleen are ever the poor man's portion; and rage and sullen gloom, and a breaking-up of the best affections, distrust of himself and others, and finally, despair, madness, and the suicide's crossway grave! Poverty, if not absolutely crime, is yet its foster-parent; for, by gradually blunting the feelings, and enfeebling the sense of shame, it paves the way for all malign influences; and small, indeed, is the number of those who can pass its tremendous ordeal unscathed.

CHAPTER X.

Foiled, for the present, in his attempts to procure work from the booksellers, Raymond resolved on trying his fortune as a private tutor, and advertised in the daily papers for pupils, whom he would attend at their own houses; and also, by way of having two strings to his bow, for the situation of usher in a school, provided it were in the immediate vicinity of the metropolis. For several days he received no satisfactory answers to his applications; but at length, when he had repeated them five or six times, a reply was sent him from a schoolmaster in Pentonville, to the effect that "J. Dobbs, of Paradise House, having seen O.P.Q.'s advertisement in the *Times*, and being in want of an assistant to teach the elementary branches of classics, would be glad of a visit from said O.P.Q., when, if terms, &c., suited, the parties might do business together."

The tradesmanlike wording of this letter, together with the stiff and formal character of the handwriting, enabled Henry to estimate pretty accurately the sort of person he would have to deal with; and, with anticipations the very reverse of sanguine, he took his way to the address given in the note, pleased to find that it was so near his own residence.

"Is Mr Dobbs at home?" he enquired of a stout country wench, who

was cleaning the door-steps of Paradise House when he came up, and who looked as if, like a hackney-coach horse, no possible amount of work could wear her out.

"Yes," replied the girl, "master is at home; but you can't see him just now, because"—she added, in a most unsophisticated, matter-of-fact-spirit,—"because he's flogging Sykes Junior in the school-room, for inking his sheets this morning."

"Oh, indeed!" said Raymond, smiling, "then I'll wait till the operation's over; I suppose it won't be long?"

"Oh dear, no!" replied the servant with amusing *naïveté*; "master gets through a deal of work when once his hand's in. Perhaps you'll just step in here till he's ready to see you;" and she opened the parlour door, and, placing a chair, told Henry that she would go and inform Mr Dobbs of his arrival.

For full half an hour Raymond waited, expecting every moment that the pedagogue would make his appearance; but finding no symptoms of this he became impatient, and rang the bell for the servant, who assured him that she had told "master" that he was waiting for him in the parlour, but she supposed "master" had forgotten it; and therefore, as "missus" could not see him, "cause she was

out marketing," he had better go himself to "master;" with which words she showed him the way to the school-room, which was situated in the rear of the house, at the end of a small, gravelled playground, along which some shirts and other linen were hanging to dry.

As Henry entered this classic temple, he saw Mr Dobbs, a brisk, prig-gish little man, dressed in rusty black shorts, white cotton stockings and Hessian boots, seated, with spectacles on his cock-up nose, at a desk round which several boys were standing, one of whose innocent backs he had apparently just anointed with the cane, for the youngster was bellowing like a bull-calf, while the pedagogue kept giving vent to his anger in such terms as—"You stupid, lazy young dog, I'll teach you to remember the accusative case. Tom Holloway, what's the dative of *musa*?—Silence there, silence in the corner—what, you wont? very well; only wait 'till I come among you, that's all!"—then, seeing Raymond, who was approaching his desk, he looked at him keenly through his spectacles, and said; "Hey, who have we here? Oh, I remember! you're the new usher, O. P. Q., that I wrote about t'other day; well, Mr O. P. Q., if you'll just step with me into the parlour for a few minutes, we can talk matters over at our leisure;" and, dismissing his class, he led the way back to the room which my hero had just quitted.

Having taken his seat, and motioned Raymond to another, Mr Dobbs came at once to the point without the slightest ceremony. "So you're a Cambridge man, as the advertisement says?"

"Yes."

"Good; that's in your favour—what references can you give?"

In reply to this blunt question, Raymond observed, that he could refer him to the publisher of his translation of *Æschylus*.

"*Æschylus*, hey? What, you've translated *Æschylus*! Well, upon my life it's very creditable to you. However, to drop *Æschylus*, and come to business—for I've not a moment to spare just now—what wages do you expect?"

"Wages!" exclaimed Henry, with an involuntary expression of disgust; "I really have not considered the matter, so perhaps you'll say what you are prepared to give."

"Humph; these are hard times, and schools don't take as they used to do; but as you're a Cambridge man, I don't much mind stretching a point; so, suppose I say forty pound a-year, and find yourself. Hah, you may well stare; it's too much, upon my life it is."

"On the contrary, sir, I must say that the sum is!"

"Too little?—can't help it; I never give more. Business is business. There's my maid-servant does twice as much work every day as you'll have to do for less than one-fourth the price."

"Your servant!" rejoined Raymond, with eyes flashing with indignation, "how dare you, sir, compare me to!"

"Hoity-toity," replied the school-master, good-humouredly, "here's a to-do about a word! You don't think I really meant you to be my maid-servant, do you? Never dreamed of such a thing."

"Well, sir," said Henry, who saw by this time that it was sheer ignorance and vulgarity, and not design, that had prompted the pedagogue's offensive allusion, "though your terms are not quite what I feel that I have a right to expect, still, for the present, I accede to them."

"I thought you would," replied Mr Dobbs eagerly, for Raymond's appearance had prepossessed him in his favour; "and, let me tell you, you're a lucky fellow, for situations like this of mine don't turn up every day. They're '*rara avis in terris, nigroque similima cygno*,' as the Eton grammar observes. I suppose you can come to-morrow?"

"I know of nothing to prevent me."

"Good. And suppose you step in, and take a dish of tea with us this evening, when I'll introduce you to Mrs D. I'm sure you'll like her, for she's a woman in ten thousand. Good morning, Mr Raymond; I believe your name's Raymond, ain't it?"

"It is, sir."

"Well, *bong swor*, Mr Raymond, as the French grammar says. We shall see you at six—and, I say, don't go and run away with the notion that I wanted to make a maid-servant of you. A maid-servant, indeed! To empty the slop-pails, and scrub down the stairs, I suppose! Hah! hah! hah!

What could have put such a crotchet as that into your head?" and away hustled Mr Dobbs, laughing heartily at what he conceived to be his new usher's droll misapprehension.

"Forty pounds a-year!" repeated Raymond to himself, as he returned home to acquaint Julia with the result of his interview. "Gracious God, and are all my fine prospects come to this? Sunk to the condition of an usher at a small school kept by a vulgar ignoramus! How little did I foresee such an issue, when five short years since I figured among the gayest of the gay at Cambridge! Ah, could I but live those years over again, how different would be my conduct! Curses on that egregious self-conceit which has been my ruin! What right had I to look forward to literary renown—I, whose talents scarce suffice to earn me forty pounds a-year? But I will not complain; no, be my lot what it may, I will bear it patiently, for it is for my wife and child I labour; and what sacrifices would I not make for them! Poor, poor Julia, would to heaven we had never met! and, despite his assumed stoicism, the tears started to his eyes when he thought of the privations which his marriage had entailed on his wife.

Punctually as the church-clock in the Pentonville road struck six, Raymond returned to Paradise House, and was formally introduced to Mrs Dobbs, who was exactly what her husband had represented her to be, "a woman in ten thousand"—which being interpreted, means, that she was a desperate vixen, thin and strait as a skewer, with sharp ferret eyes, and a temper so thoroughly soured, that one might almost imagine that she had been dieted from her youth upwards on prussic-acid and crab-apples. The good lady was by no means slow or shy in developing this attractive feature in her character; for something having occurred to ruffle her temper a few minutes before Henry came in, she immediately began scolding the servant-girl, and then, by way of variety, fell foul of her husband. "Why didn't you set the tea-things, when you heard the bell ring?" she exclaimed in a shrill tone of voice; "Do you think your master and myself are to be kept waiting till it suits your pleasure to attend to us? And such handsome wages as you get, you lazy slut! Ring—ring—ring—there's nothing but

ringing in this house; if one hadn't the patience of a saint, one wouldn't put up with it a day. Mr Raymond, sir, if you knew what I have to go through, you wouldn't wonder at my—drat them boys, why don't you go out, Dobbs, and make them keep quiet, instead of sitting there grinning like a Cheshire cat?"

"Mr Raymond," said the schoolmaster, taking advantage of his wife's pausing to recover breath, "I've been to the bookseller you referred me to, and am happy to tell you that he spoke of you in the handsomest terms."

"Which sugar do you take with your tea, Mr Raymond?" enquired Mrs Dobbs; "we have both white and brown; our late usher used to take brown, however"—

"Do, pray, my dear Mrs D., allow the gentleman to take which he pleases. A few lumps of white sugar, once in a way, is neither here nor there."

"None of your nonsense, Dobbs. I know what's right as well as you can tell me. It isn't the sugar I look to, but the principle of the thing."

"Oh, ay—the principle! That's another matter. I've nothing to say against that."

"I should think not, indeed;" and thus speaking, Mrs Dobbs desired her husband to hand Raymond his tea, moderately sweetened with white sugar, (in consideration of his being on this occasion a visitor,) together with a thick slice of bread and butter, as stale as O'Connell's joke about the Repeal of the Union.

"You'll have a comfortable place of it here, Mr Raymond," observed the schoolmaster, in an affable, patronizing manner; "Your hours will only be from eight o'clock to one, and from two to five, which is a mere nothing in the way of work, especially as the classics must be as easy to you as your A, B, C; and that reminds me of the grammar as we used in the school. Don't you think that the Eton Latin grammar might be greatly altered, in point of arrangement, for the better? I've a notion of my own on this point, which I intend to astonish the world with one of these days;" and as he said this, the pedagogue laid his forefinger beside his nose, and put on an air of uncommon astuteness and sagacity.

"Stuff and nonsense, Dobbs!" said his bland helpmate; "you're always talking about the alterations you're

going to make in the grammar-books, but you never makes them. I'd rather see you do more and talk less. That's the way to get on; isn't it, Mr Thingembob?"

"With respect to the Eton grammar," resumed the schoolmaster, taking no notice of his wife's interruption, "what do you think, Mr Raymond, of my project of commencing it at once with syntax? I know that most scholars is in favour of the book as it stands; but when you come to reflect, sir, on the vast importance to youth of a thorough knowledge of syntax, I'm sure you'll agree with me that they can't be too soon drilled into it. What is it as makes Mrs Dobbs and I talk so correctly? Why, a knowledge of syntax, in course! Verbs and substantives is all well enough in their way, but begin, I say, with the great difficulty; get over that first, and all the rest follows as a matter of course. My views, you perceive, are quite original."

"They certainly are, sir, but"—

"But what, my good sir? Speak out, for I'm frank myself, and like frankness in others. Indeed, I ask you for a candid opinion; for no man hates compliments more than I do. I'm glad you think my scheme original, and I'm sure the more you consider it, the more you'll like it."

"Since you wish for a candid opinion, Mr Dobbs, I don't mind saying, that your scheme is somewhat like putting the cart before the horse."

"Humph—indeed—so you think so, do you?" replied the schoolmaster, looking very red in the face; "well, upon my life, you're candid enough, I must say that; I wish I could say you were as rational."

"I regret, Mr Dobbs, if any thing I have said has given you offence."

"Offence, Mr Thingembob—Raymond, I mean! Come, that's a good joke! Do I look as if I was offended? Do I speak as if I was offended? Is my manners such as show I am offended? Upon my life, you must have queer notions of things to suppose that I could be offended with such a rubbishing remark, as putting a cart before a horse! Hah! hah! hah! He says I'm offended, Mrs D.! A good joke, ain't it? He! he! he!"

Amused with this unconscious display of wounded vanity, and feeling the absurdity of attempting to reason the pedant out of his pet crotchet,

Raymond proceeded to practise what is called the "soothing system," and by so doing, succeeded, in some degree, in allaying Mr Dobbs' excited temper; shortly after which he took his leave, fully persuaded of the justice of the old adage, that "naked truth is exceedingly unlovely."

Arrived at his lodgings, he found his sitting-room looking as tidy and cheerful as it was possible for such an unpromising apartment to look. The curtains were close drawn, the candles lighted, and a clean white cloth laid upon the table, on which were some cold meat, a brown loaf, a salad, and a bottle of white wine. Julia received him with her wonted cheering kindness of manner; she was dressed with extreme neatness and simplicity—indeed, in her best attire, for she had made holiday on this occasion; and her beauty, if not quite so dazzling as it had once been, wore a more touching character than ever. "I guessed, Henry," she said, "from what you told me this morning of your new employer, that you would come home wearied, and perhaps dispirited, with your visit; so the instant I got Charley to bed, I sent for a bottle of wine; now, don't shake your head at my extravagance, love, but take a glass, for I'm sure you stand in need of it."

She then poured him out a full glass of sherry, and placing her chair beside him, endeavoured, during their homely meal, to draw him into a tranquil frame of mind. She spoke to him of the child, who was growing, she said, more like him every day; of the confident hope she entertained that their present embarrassments would be but temporary; and then, returning to the subject of "little Charley"—for a young and fond mother's thoughts seldom wander long from her children—expatiated with delight on the surprising precocity of his intellect; how he smiled when she talked to him, just as if he knew what she said; how he was always looking about him—a clear proof of his quick faculty of observation; and how, in short, he was the handsomest, most affectionate, and most astonishing babe on the face of the earth! Thus the sanguine wife ran on, while her husband, catching the infection of her good humour, replied to her with an animation unknown to him for weeks; and, after an hour spent in weaving plans for the future, they retired to their humble

couch, happier than they had been since they quitted their cottage at West-end. Alas, it was the last

gleam of sunshine they were destined to enjoy on this side the grave!

CHAPTER XI.

Having once fairly entered on his duties as an usher, Henry followed them up with as much zeal as he could muster. But the monotonous drudgery of his vocation—perhaps the most repulsive of any to which a poor man can be subjected—soon began to wear away what little remained of freshness and ardour in his character. Mr Dobbs, too, though a cordial and well-natured fellow in his way, when nothing occurred to disturb his self-complacency, was one of those personages with whom he found it impossible to sympathize. His very excellences were annoying, for his good temper was apt to assume a patronizing form, and his ignorance and vanity met Raymond at every turn. Occasionally, too, he would be seized with fits of sulkiness, and then nothing that his usher did could please him. Henry's temper was sorely tried by these ebullitions; nevertheless, he allowed no angry word to escape him, but strove to maintain an appearance of stoical equanimity.

So six months passed away, at the expiration of which period all that remained of Raymond's capital was twenty pounds! He made many efforts to improve his income, and frequently called on the publisher of his "*Æschylus*," in the hope of hearing some welcome intelligence respecting its sale, but the answer he got was invariably the same; and though on one occasion a letter was put into his hands, written by an eminent Oxford scholar, expressing high admiration of the style in which the translation was executed, yet this barren praise was all he obtained, with the exception of the revision of a small MS. essay on the Greek drama, for which he was paid a mere trifle.

Such repeated disappointments, combined with the daily vexations he experienced as an usher, soon produced a visible alteration both in his appearance and his manner. And Julia did no change take place in her? Yes, her voice had lost much of its former rich and joyous music; the fire of her eloquent eye was dim; wan dejection had imparted its most affecting expres-

sion to her still lovely countenance; but her nature was as exemplary as ever. Deep as were her griefs, she bore them meekly and in silence, maintaining in her husband's presence an appearance of serenity, almost of cheerfulness, and striving to infuse into him the hope which she herself had wellnigh ceased to feel.

One afternoon Raymond returned home, after his school labours were concluded, more languid and depressed than usual. He complained of headache and flying pains in his limbs, for which, attributing them to a mere cold caught in consequence of his having got wet through the previous day, he took no further remedy than just going early to rest. He had not, however, been asleep more than an hour, when he was woke by violent shivering fits, which so alarmed his wife, who was sitting at work in the room, that she instantly made a fire, and gave him some hot tea, thinking that it might warm and refresh him. But the fever, for such it was, increased momentarily on him, and by daybreak he was so seriously ill, that Julia, despite his entreaties to the contrary, called in an apothecary, who, on his arrival, pronounced Henry to be labouring under a severe attack of typhus. For upwards of a fortnight he remained in a very doubtful state; and during this period Julia was his sole nurse, though her own health was delicate, and required repose, for she was again about to become a mother. While her landlady's daughter attended Charley—but never out of his parent's sight—she kept constant vigil by her husband's bed-side, administering his medicines, moving about him with the noiseless step of a fairy, anticipating his slightest wishes, and owing to no fatigue nor debility; but whenever she saw his languid eye resting on her pale face, assuring him with a smile, and in those sweet, soft tones so delicious to a sick man's ear, that she was never better in her life. In a woman who truly loves, there is a disinterestedness that shuts out all thought of self—a power of endurance whose strength and vitality seem to

increase in proportion to the demands made on them. Man may volunteer heroic sacrifices, such as are noised abroad in the world, and repay him with interest by the renown they bring; but he is incapable of those more homely and unostentatious ones which a wife and a mother is so ready to make with no thought of praise, and no consciousness, save that she is doing her duty.

In about a month—thanks to Julia's nursing—Raymond was again enabled to go abroad; but the fever had added greatly to his irritability, and he shrunk with absolute loathing from the idea of resuming his school duties. Nevertheless, the attempt must be made; so he set out for Paradise House, where he received exactly the sort of welcome that he had calculated on. In his usual unceremonious manner, Mr Dobbs informed him that he had been under the necessity of filling up his post, "for time and tide waited for no man;" and when he called at his lodgings, he had been told by the landlady that he was in such a ticklish state that it was a "moral impossibility" to say when he would be well. He was sorry—very sorry—for his disappointment; but it could not be helped, business was business; however, if the new usher did not suit, why, then, he should have no objection to take him back again. He concluded by presenting Henry with his "wages," which amounted to nearly thirty pounds. The young man scorned to expostulate, but quitted the house with an air of utter indifference, though his heart swelled almost to bursting at the cavalier treatment he had received. In this excited state of mind he reached his own door. Julia had gone out for a short walk with her child; and when she returned, Raymond, with a splenetic burst which he fruitlessly attempted to suppress, expressed his surprise at her leaving him so long alone.

"So long, Henry? I've only been absent a few minutes, just to give Charles a little fresh air, for he stands greatly in need of it, poor child! Besides, I did not expect you back so soon."

"Well, well—no matter—there needs no excuse."

"Don't speak so hastily, love; indeed, if I had thought you would have been vexed, I would not have gone out at all; God knows, it was not for

my own pleasure;" and fearful of saying more, lest she should thereby increase his irritation, Julia quitted her husband's presence.

From this time forward such a change took place in Raymond's nature, that those who had known him in earlier years, would have had some difficulty in recognizing him again. Care, anticipating the work of years, had delved deep wrinkles in his brow, and a moody reserve succeeded to his former frank cordiality. That maudlin, ever-vigilant sensitiveness which detects reproach in the tones of a voice; sees a sneer lurking in a smile; and with perverse ingenuity finds a personal application in every stray remark—that envenomed spirit, which resents a show of cheerfulness as indifference, and of sympathy as contemptuous pity; which, doubting itself, doubts every body else; and draws even from disinterested love the materials of distrust; such was now the destitute Raymond's portion; and though Julia—how could it be otherwise?—was still as dear to him as ever, and he would gladly have laid down his life to promote her welfare, yet there were moments when his diseased fancy almost led him to believe that she lamented the destiny that had bound up their fortunes together. Often when he walked the streets alone after nightfall—for he seldom stirred out by day—and saw wealth rolling along in its carriage, and heard the sounds of music and merriment issuing from gaily-lit drawing-rooms, he would ask himself why he should be thus abandoned to hopeless grief—he, who had every disposition to labour, who had committed no crime, and whose sole fault was, that he was a gentleman bred to no profession! It seemed to him that he had little or nothing in common with his fellow-creatures; but was specially singled out for suffering—a useless, blighted slip, torn off from the great plantation of humanity. And indeed his lot, common though it is in this hard-working world, might well justify the bitterest feelings; for though occasionally the publisher of his translation of *Æschylus*, pitying his forlorn condition, would give him a MS. to revise for the press, yet this was a chance god-send, and was soon cut off altogether by the latter's bankruptcy.

Thus reduced to the last extremity, and seeing nothing but a workhouse

before them, Raymond and his wife were compelled—alas, reader, this is no idle fiction!—to make one meal serve the place of two; and often poor Julia would go without herself, in order that her husband and her child might have enough. Of course they could not be long in this state without its becoming known to their landlady; but though rough in her manner, she had a feeling heart; and notwithstanding she was their creditor for no inconsiderable amount, yet she never ventured beyond grumbling a little at times about the non-payment of her arrears, for Julia's gentleness of disposition had completely won her esteem, and she felt persuaded that she would discharge her debt the very first opportunity. So strong indeed was her regard for the young couple, that one Sunday, when Raymond was striving to divert his thoughts by reading, and his wife was nursing her child, who was rather sickly from teething, she sent up her daughter with a slice of hot baked mutton and some potatoes, carefully covered up between two plates—a portion of her own Sabbath dinner—thinking, as a matter of course, that her lodgers would jump at such an unexpected dainty.

"Who's there? come in," said Henry, as the girl knocked gently at the door.

"Please sir, it's me. Ma has sent you this nice plate of"—

"D—n! does your mother mean to insult me?" exclaimed Raymond; and snatching the plates from the girl's

hands, in a fit of uncontrollable rage, he flung up the window, and threw meat, potatoes, and all into the street.

"What! throw the vittles out of window!" said the astounded landlady, when her daughter acquainted her with the circumstance, "that nice hot slice which I cut off the primest part of the joint, and put some warm gravy over it, and picked out the brownest taters, and all because I knew as shoulders of mutton were rayther scarce on the second floor. Here's a pretty go! and the plates is all smashed, in course, and now I aint got two of the same pattern left! What can have come to him?" Then, after a pause, during which she seemed considering in what way she should take notice of the affair, a strong feeling of pity came over her, and she added, "but I see how it is; misfortin has druv him mad, for none but a madman would go for to waste good wholesome meat in that manner. Poor gentleman! I'm heartily sorry for him; for when he first come here, his shirts were of the finest linen, vich is a proof he must have been respectable, whatever he may be now; and then there's his wife, vich hasn't had a bellyful of vittles, to my knowledge, for these three days past. Well, I won't press too hardly upon 'em; for when they had it to pay, they paid, and now they haven't got it, they can't pay, tho' they'll make all square one of these days; no fear of that; at the same time, I wish he hadn't flung my best plates out of window."

CHAPTER XII.

Raymond's situation was now quite desperate. His watch, the small remainder of his books, and even his wife's piano, were disposed of, and nothing could he call his own save the clothes on his back. Still he struggled with his lot, while, unknown to him, Julia tried to earn a trifle by her needle, and would frequently, when her husband and her child were asleep, sit up toiling till long past midnight, the tears dropping fast upon her work. These labours, so unsuited to one of her delicate frame, made fearful inroads on her constitution; nevertheless, she persevered in them, while her landlady, who had originally suggested the idea, contrived to procure her a few shillings weekly, by disposing of

her work to a fancy-milliner in the neighbourhood. On his part, Raymond determined to make one last effort to retrieve himself, and with his only remaining guinea renewed his applications in the newspapers for private pupils. For a brief while, a faint gleam of sunshine illumined his prospects. He obtained a situation as tutor to two boys, sons of a rich stockbroker at Highbury, whither he was forced to trudge on foot four times a-week; but after he had given about a dozen lessons, he was dismissed by the broker's upstart wife, who treated him as a sort of upper butler, and took a rooted dislike to him, because he refused to be overwhelmed by a sense of her paramount dignity, and was

too obtuse to discover in her sons the beauty of an Antinous, combined with the precocious genius of a Crichton.

When Julia was made acquainted with the facts of this summary dismissal, she resolved on seeking an interview with Henry's father—a project which she had long secretly nourished, but had put off from time to time from a natural reluctance to be considered in the light of an interested intruder; but now she felt that further hesitation would involve a breach of duty on her part, so, taking her child in her arms, she set forth on her doubtful expedition. When she reached the elder Raymond's house, which was situated in one of the fashionable quarters of town, she enquired of an overgrown butler, who was standing at the open hall-door, nearly filling it up with his bulk, whether she could see his master; but was informed, in reply, that he had been travelling for the last year and a-half on the continent, and was expected home in about a fortnight. This, all things considered, was cheering intelligence, for it impressed her with the belief that he had not received his son's last letter; and she persuaded herself, therefore, that he might be induced, when informed of Henry's circumstances, to "kill the fatted calf," and extricate him from his present deplorable condition.

And truly Julia needed to have some sanguine hope of this sort to buoy her up; for, a few hours after her return home, a calamity befell her, far worse than any she had yet encountered. Her boy—her darling boy, the pride and joy of her heart in her darkest hours of gloom, and in whom her whole being seemed bound up—this passionately loved child was seized, early in the evening, while lying in his mother's lap, with severe convulsive fits, arising from teething. The distracted parent immediately summoned the landlady to her assistance, who advised her to put the boy into a warm bath without delay; and they were busy making the necessary preparations, when Raymond came in, having been absent all the morning; and, horrorstruck by this new visitation, darted off to the nearest chemist's, in order to procure some soothing medicine, which his landlady expressly recommended as an infallible specific in attacks of this nature.

Quick as lightning he reached the chemist's shop; but what was his dis-

may, on tendering half-a-crown in payment for the physic, to learn that it was a bad one!

Wretched man! It was his last half-crown!

"God help my dying child!" he feebly muttered; and, pressing his hand to his forehead, staggered to the door, as if to lean for support against it.

The chemist regarded him with astonishment. "Eh, what's that you say?" he exclaimed, "dying child? No, no, young gentleman, not quite so bad as that, I hope—poor fellow, he does not hear me! Come, come, sir, where do you live? We'll go together. Jenny," calling to his wife, who was in a parlour adjoining the shop, "bring me my hat—quick—and look to the shop 'till the boy returns; I'll be back shortly. Now, sir, let's be off;" and, seizing the bewildered Raymond by his arm, he hurried him into the street.

In less than ten minutes Henry was again at home; but, alas! the very first glance he cast at Julia convinced him that his worst forebodings were verified. The poor child had just breathed its last in its mother's arms; and the landlady, with the tail of her apron held up to her eyes, was administering to her such consolation as her feelings suggested on the spur of the moment. "Don't take on so, dear lady," said the compassionate dame, "pray don't. It goes to my heart to see you sitting there so sad and patient, with your poor eyes fixed on the baby, and never a tear in 'em. It was the Lord's will, and you must submit. Ah! I know well what it is to lose a child. I had a boy once, beautiful as your own, and just as he began to know me, and say 'mother,' God called him away; and now he's happy, and so is little Charley, and that ought to be a comfort to both of us. Have a good cry, Mrs Raymond, do, and you'll be all the better for it, and don't think of the little bill as is owing, I'll never press you for it;" and so saying, the kind-hearted creature gently withdrew the child from Julia's arms, and laid it on the bed in the adjoining room.

Mean time, the chemist, who had been a silent spectator of this sad scene, respecting, with true delicacy, the sacredness of parents' sorrow, made a sign to the landlady, who accompanied him down stairs, when he put several questions to her regarding her lodgers; for their bearing, so su-

perior to their situation, their poverty, which was equally manifest, and the deep, still, gnawing anguish which seemed to have been long wearing them away, had strongly excited his feelings in their behalf. "When they first come here," said the landlady, pleased with the interest that the chemist took in them, "they was as nice a couple as you'd see any where; but sickness and poverty fell on 'em, and then they got into arrears with me, vich, however, I'm nowise particular about, because their principle's good, and Mrs Raymond tells me that her husband's father is a gentleman with lots of money, who is expected back in a few days from foreign parts, when I have no doubt he'll settle matters quite pleasant and comfortable. Ah, sir! she's a sweet young lady is Mrs Raymond—so gentle and civil, never spoke a cross word since she's been in this house!"

"Do you know what trade or profession her husband is in?"

"Can't say I do; but he's a very pleasant spoken gentleman when he's in his right senses."

"What! have you reason to believe that his mind's at all affected?"

"I don't know about that; but he's werry queer at times, and is always walking up and down his room; like the tiger at Exeter 'Change. I believe he's what they call a genius, and writes books, and goes out teaching, vich accounts for his being so queer; for I've heard say as all geniuses is a little cracked—it's a part of their purfession. T'other day he flung two of my best plates out of window, because I sent him up summat nice and hot for dinner, thinking, in course, as he was hungry, he'd like to eat; instead of vich, he goes off in one of his wagaries, flings up the window, and shies both plates smack into the gutter! But he's a werry excellent lodger for all that—never asks for the key of the street door at night—never goes to sleep in his boots, as my last lodger did, arter he'd come home drunk at four o'clock in the morning—and takes as much care of the furniture (leastways his wife does, vich is all the same) as if it was his own. I'm sure I'm heartily sorry for 'em both, poor things, and will do all as lays in my power to serve 'em."

When the good lady had concluded her prolix statement, the chemist desired her not to let her lodgers want

what was necessary in their present situation, for that he would be answerable for the payment, though he had not the slightest doubt that, when the elder Raymond was made acquainted with his son's distress, he would come forward to his relief; but if not, he would himself see what could be done with the old gentleman. He then took his departure, and till the day of the funeral kept away from the afflicted parents, deeming it likely that his presence might be felt as a sort of intrusion; but when this last mournful rite was over, he frequently called on them, and by his friendly and considerate conduct impressed them with the most grateful feelings towards him, which were increased almost to reverence when they learned, through the medium of their gossiping landlady, that it was to his unobtrusive munificence they were indebted for the payment of their child's funeral expenses.

John Bull, John Bull—despite thy faults, and their name is Legion—thou art a fine fellow; a rough, knotty sample of humanity; sound at heart as one of thine own forest oaks! Reserved thou art, and crabbed; a sad grumbler, too—for grumbling is the first great law of thy nature—but even in thy sullenest mood the cry of distress never reaches thine ear in vain. At her husband's instigation, whose kindness to the bereaved couple was unremitting, the chemist's wife sought their acquaintance; and whenever she could spare an hour from her own household duties, she would spend it with Julia, whom she assisted in making preparations for her now fast-approaching confinement, and endeavoured, by cheerful conversation, to rouse into something like activity. But vain were all her efforts to assuage the childless mother's griefs. Her heart lay buried with her boy, and from the hour of his death to that of her own, she was never once seen to smile. Till now she had borne up bravely against the daily pressure of poverty and the sorrows which it brings in its train; but this last deadly blow had struck to her inmost soul. Even the fond endearments of her husband failed to lift up the crushed spirit within her. She lived like one in a trance, except when she sometimes heard the laughing voices of her landlady's children on the stairs, when she would cast a

glance towards the cradle where her only boy used to sleep, as if half-expecting to see him wake up and stretch out his little rosy arms towards her. Then would the sense of her bereavement come upon her in all its first bitterness; but, this paroxysm over, she would relapse into her former state of moody lethargy.

About three weeks after the child's death, Raymond returned one afternoon from a visit to Mr Dobbs, who had offered to take him back into the school, his last usher having just left him, when he was surprised by a request from Julia that he would accompany her in a short walk, to which he readily assented, at the same time expressing his satisfaction at her venturing abroad again, for of late she had persisted, notwithstanding all his entreaties—in remaining within doors all day. They took their way across some open fields in the neighbourhood of Lower Islington; and when they reached the head of a quiet, leafy lane, whither they had often been in the habit of repairing on summer evenings on their first quitting West-end, Julia, complaining of fatigue, seated herself on the trunk of an old elm that lay across the footpath, and placing her head on her husband's arm, and looking him affectionately in the face, thus addressed him, with an earnestness and solemnity that formed a striking contrast to her late reserved and lethargic bearing:—"I have asked you, love, to come out with me this evening, because I feel a conviction that it is the last walk we shall ever take together. Henry, I am dying! Start not dearest; this is no fanciful impression induced by low spirits, but a sad truth, for which I feel that it is my duty to prepare you."

"Julia," replied Raymond, deeply agitated by this unexpected communication, "do not, I entreat—I implore you—give way to such thoughts as these; a little while, and you will rally, I feel assured you will."

"I have tried to think so, Henry, but it is useless, for there is a silent monitor within, that warns me that my days are numbered. Listen, then, and do not let this, my last request, pass unheeded. When I am gone, seek your father, submit yourself to his wishes, and be guided implicitly by his advice; perhaps my death may pave the way to a lasting reconciliation, and if so, I shall not have died

in vain. You will not have so difficult a task as you imagine; for I have already called at his house, where I heard with pleasure that he had been absent upwards of a year, and most likely therefore had not received the letter which you sent him some months ago. However, be this as it may, make the effort, as you value your own future peace of mind, and respect my memory."

"I will—I will!" exclaimed Henry, the tears streaming fast down his cheeks, "and you shall yet live to rejoice in our reconciliation."

Julia shook her head.—"For your sake, love, I could wish that it should be so, for the absence of a familiar face to which we have been long accustomed, is a sore trial—and too well I know what you will feel when you first miss me from your side; still I cannot disguise from myself, that we shall soon be lost to each other. I will not ask you to keep me in your recollection; for affectionate and confiding 'as you have always shown yourself, Julia, I know, will long be uppermost in your thoughts; but, dearest, let me beg of you, whatever be your destiny hereafter—and God grant that it be a happy one!—to check those violent emotions which I have lately seen preying on your mind, and unfitting you for the duties of life. Reflect solemnly on what I now say, and whenever henceforth you feel any disturbing passion rising within you, think that Julia addresses you from the grave, and for her sake endeavour to practise self-control."

Raymond made no reply, for his grief impeded the power of utterance, but pressed his wife's hand close against his heart.

"Henry," continued Julia, casting on him a look of inexpressible tenderness, while her voice sank almost to a whisper, "believe me, I have not spoken thus to give you pain, but to prepare you for an event which must happen in a few weeks, perhaps a few days. When that event takes place, lay me in the same grave with Charles; and when your last hour too arrives—and far distant be the day—I should wish that you also should be laid beside us. Henry, I have prayed long and fervently that my approaching end may be tranquil, that my senses may be preserved to me to the last moment, that my dying eyes may be fixed on yours, my hand clasped

in yours, and my lips give and receive the last kiss of love and peace. And I feel assured that my prayers will be answered, and that the voice whose soothing tones I most love to hear, will whisper comfort to my parting spirit. Henceforth be as much with me as possible; for the sand in my hour-glass is fast running out, and I

shall consider every minute wasted that is not spent in your society. And now, dearest, let us return home, it is growing late, and the wind comes chillily to me across these open fields."

So saying, Julia rose from her seat, and leaning on her husband's arm for support, walked slowly and silently back to Islington.

CHAPTER XIII.

The effort Julia had made had so exhausted her strength, that on reaching home she went instantly to bed, and after a restless and feverish night, was seized at daybreak with the pangs of premature labour, and soon afterwards was delivered of a child, which survived its birth but a few hours. For the two following days the young mother went on—to use her medical attendant's phrase—"as well as could be expected," considering how dreadfully her constitution had been shattered by the long sufferings and privations she had undergone; but on the afternoon of the third day, unfavourable symptoms appeared; her strength began to decline rapidly; and when the apothecary came in to pay his usual visit, he was so struck by the sudden change, that he warned Henry to prepare himself for the worst. When he returned again at nightfall, he found all his apprehensions confirmed. Julia was sinking momentarily. She had been unable, from sheer debility, to take the remedies prescribed, and was lying with her eyes half closed, and her husband's hand pressed between her own, in the last stage of exhaustion. As the apothecary, aware that all further medical aid was unavailing, the rallying power being wholly gone, withdrew from the chamber, Raymond gently released his hand from his wife's grasp, and rose to follow him, with a view (so eagerly in moments of affliction do we catch at straws) to wring from him an acknowledgment that there was still some hope; but just as he reached the door, he turned round, fancying that he heard Julia's voice, and seeing her dim eyes sadly resting upon him, he could not resist that mute touching appeal, so resumed his station by her side, which evidently gave her pleasure, as he felt by the faint pressure of her hand. But this was almost the last symptom of conscious-

ness she evinced. Shortly after, a film came across her eyes, she sighed feebly, there was a tremulous movement of the lips, as if she would have spoken, but could not; and then all was still! The pure spirit had returned to its native heaven.

O God! the agony of that moment of bereavement! There he sat—the widowed and childless husband—rigid and motionless, shedding no tear, breaking out into no stormy passion of grief, but looking like one suddenly frozen to marble. The clock struck midnight, and still there he sat, past, apparently, the power of thought and feeling. The nurse, who had been in attendance on his wife, and then his landlady, did all they could to rouse him from this leaden stupor; but they soon gave up the task as hopeless, and left him alone with the dead. Alone with the dead! Alone with one who has been our best friend and counsellor through life, the daily gladdener of our home, the sharer alike in our joys and sorrows!—alone with this loved one, yet miss her accustomed smile, see no ray of fond intelligence lighting up her features, and receive no answer when we wildly call upon her name!—alone, in short, with that which *was*, but is no longer!—what a world of dreadful meaning is in these words!

Towards daybreak, the stunned widow began slowly to wake to a consciousness of his situation. Reflection stirred again within him; but, alas! not to soothe, but to aggravate the bitterness of his grief; for every hasty word he had spoken—every impetuous feeling he had given way to in Julia's presence—came rushing, like a hot blasting lava torrent, upon his memory. "Wake, dearest!" he distractedly exclaimed, "wake, if only for one brief moment, to say that you forgive me. No, she will wake no more!" he added, gazing at the serene still-smiling fea-

tures, on which the grey light of morning rested; "no more, she will wake no more!" At that instant, a cock crew from a neighbouring garden wall. Raymond started at the sound, recollecting with what painful feelings he had heard it but the morning before, fearing it might disturb his wife's repose. "My God, can all this be real?" he resumed, wringing his hands in agony, "or do I dream that I am left alone and desolate? Julia—alas, she hears me not!—oh my brain, my brain!" and, overpowered by the intensity of his emotions, he dropped senseless on the floor.

When he recovered his senses, he found himself reclining on a sofa-bed in the adjoining room, with the nurse standing beside him, bathing his hands and temples with vinegar, and the landlady placing the breakfast things on the table.

"Let me make you some strong tea, Mr Raymond," said the latter, struck by his haggard and bewildered looks; "there's nothing like tea for fits. I always takes it for the 'sterics and such-like, and it brings me round in a twinkling, as the saying is."

"She's late—very late at breakfast, this morning," muttered Henry, in tones scarcely audible, while he kept his eyes fixed on the bed-room door, as if expecting every moment that Julia would make her appearance.

"You'd better lie down, sir," said the nurse, shaking up the sofa-pillows, "and try and get a few winks of sleep. It will do you more good than any thing else."

"Hark, whose voice is that in the next room?" enquired Raymond, leaning forward as if to hear more distinctly.

"I hear no voice," said the landlady; and then, in a whisper to the nurse, added, "I see how it is: his head's touched a little by grief; but he'll be better presently, when he's had a good cry, poor gentleman!"

"Again! hush, don't speak—she is singing to the child while dressing it; it is her usual custom in the morning. I have known her to sing, even with the tears standing in her eyes; for Charley loves the sound of his mother's voice; and if her heart was breaking she would sing to him." Then, after a minute's pause, during which he pressed his hand against his forehead, as if struggling to recollect

himself, "O God—O God, she's dead!" he passionately exclaimed, and, starting from his seat, rushed back into the bed-room, and imprinted a thousand frenzied kisses on the cold white lips of his unawakening wife.

While the widower was thus giving vent to his griefs, a gentle knock came to the door, and the chemist made his appearance. The worthy man was much shocked at the alteration which twenty-four hours had wrought in Raymond's person; and still more at the fierce distraction of his language. Rising up from the bed on which he had flung himself, and drawing his visiter into the next room, which the women had just quitted, he said, "So, you've heard she is dead. Yes, yes, it can be no shock to you; you must have foreseen it for weeks; but I—wretch, ruffian that I am!—could not—would not see it—even though it was my own hand that struck the blow. Mr Markland, I am my wife's murderer! You start, sir; but as there is a God above us, in whose presence I speak, this is the truth!"

"My dear young friend," replied the chemist, "do not talk in this wild way, but try and compose yourself."

"Compose myself! What, with a heart dead to every feeling but remorse, and a brain all scorching ashes! O Mr Markland! you know not the tortures I daily—hourly—inflicted on her, who is now for the first time happy since our union. I made her feel what it was to embrace poverty and destitution! She was gentle—fearful—affectionate—but I cared not for these things, but even resented them as proofs of indifference. When, for my sake, she put on an air of contentment, almost of cheerfulness, I told her she had no heart—as I live, those were the words—and yet at that very moment, though she uttered no word of complaint or reproach, her heart was bleeding at every pore! Ah! you may well shed tears, sir, but I cannot—no, not even for the dead."

After some time spent in endeavouring to reason Raymond out of this painful impression, and to soften the bitterness of his self-reproaches, by assuring him that his wife had never once spoken of him but in the fondest and most grateful manner, Mr Markland took his departure; and meeting

the landlady on the staircase, recommended her, just for a few days, till he should have become more reconciled to his loss, to keep an attentive eye on her lodger—an injunction which the good dame obeyed so strictly, that Henry at once divined the motive for such well-meant but officious surveillance, and from that moment exhibited more collectedness and tranquillity of demeanour than he had shown since Julia's death.

When the chemist next saw him, he was surprised and delighted by this unexpected change. There were no more startling outbursts of remorse. Raymond was now quite cool, and apparently resigned; and not only freely entered into conversation with his friend, but even explained to him the position in which he stood towards his father, and requested him to call on the old gentleman; and say how anxiously his son desired to see him once more, and hear from his own lips that he no longer entertained an angry feeling towards him. The kind-hearted Markland readily undertook this commission; but on calling at the elder Raymond's house, he learned that he had not yet come back, but was expected every hour; whereupon he left a letter which he had brought with him, in anticipation of such an answer, in which he stated all that Henry had told him, and added, that he would take an early opportunity of seeing Mr Raymond, in order to learn his decision respecting his son.

The day appointed for the funeral had now arrived. Markland had looked forward to it with some anxiety; but he was gratified to perceive that he had no cause for uneasiness, for there was an excitement in Henry's manner and a lustre in his eye, that led the chemist—whose penetration was by no means remarkable—to believe that he was gradually and surely regaining a healthy and active frame of mind. Throughout the solemn ceremony he maintained an appearance of composure; but when the first clod of earth rung upon the coffin-lid, a violent shudder came over him, which, however, he contrived to repress, for he saw Markland's mild eyes fixed on him with a steady gaze. When the last rites had been paid to the departed, and the grave covered in, the widower and his friend returned to the former's lodgings; and as Henry quietly but firmly insisted on being left alone, the

chemist thought it would be a good opportunity to pay his promised visit to his father.

He found the elder Raymond, who had come home late the preceding night, in a state of great mental perturbation, with his son's letter, written many months before, lying open before him. A few brief words sufficed to explain every thing, when the old man, on whom age had produced—as it often does on stern natures—a mellowing effect, insisted on setting out, without a moment's delay, to his son's lodgings; and, as his own carriage was not in the way, he engaged a hackney-coach to convey him to Islington. On their road, the chemist mentioned to the anxious father the circumstances under which he had left his son, which greatly added to his disquietude; for he was well aware of Henry's sensitive temperament, how little self-control he possessed, and how apt to be the slave of impulse. As they turned into Gray's-inn Lane, they were stopped for a few minutes by two heavy coal-waggons, which so annoyed the old gentleman that he would have jumped out, and hurried the rest of the way on foot, had he not been checked by his more composed companion. "God grant I find the boy well!" he kept frequently muttering to himself.

"No doubt of it, sir," replied Markland. "I left him tranquil; but so worn out by his recent sorrows, that he said he should go and lie down, for he had had no sleep for several nights."

"I never intended to drive him to extremities," continued the repentant parent; "no, I merely meant to read him a severe lesson. Long before I quitted England, I expected to have seen, or heard from him, and his silence stung me to the quick. How slow the man drives!" he added, and putting his head out of the window, he called upon the coachman to hurry on at his utmost speed.

In a few minutes the lumbering vehicle drew up at the door of the lodging-house, which was opened by the landlady, who had recognised the chemist from the parlour-window, and formed a pretty accurate guess as to who was his companion.

"Well, how is he—Henry—my son?" exclaimed the elder Raymond.

"I think he's asleep, sir," replied the landlady, dropping a curtsey; "for I ain't heard his footstep for

nearly an hour, and when he's awake he does nothing but walk up and down the room, talking to himself. Perhaps I'd better go up and tell him as you're come, sir, for he's summut startlish at times."

"No, no; I'll be my own messenger," and, accompanied by Markland, the old man rushed up to his son's apartments.

After knocking once or twice at the door, and receiving no answer, they tried to open it, but, to their surprise, found that it was bolted.

"Do not be alarmed, sir," said Markland to the trembling parent; "doubtless your son's asleep, and does not wish to be disturbed."

"True—true; I forgot that," replied the elder Raymond, grasping his companion fervently by the hand, in gratitude for his suggestion—"nevertheless, I cannot rest till I've ascertained the fact;" with which words he knocked more loudly than before, and called on his son by name, in a tone of voice, however, which was quite broken and disguised by agitation.

"Hark!" said he, listening with intense anxiety, "I hear a sound!"

"Yes," rejoined Markland, "he is opening his bed-room door;" and, peeping through the keyhole, the chemist beheld Henry walk slowly towards the fireplace, which was right opposite the door.

Just as he reached it, he turned round, when the horrostruck Markland perceived that his throat was bared, and that he held an open razor in his hand.

"Oh, my God!" he exclaimed, starting back, "he's about to"—

"What? Speak, man, speak, or I shall lose my senses."

The chemist made no reply, but thundered at the door with all his might.

"Henry, my son—my darling boy, let me in; pray, let me in—quick! 'Tis your father calls!"

A loud frantic laugh was the only reply.

"Help, help—break open the door!" shouted the old man at the top of his voice; and joining his strength—the strength of desperation—to that of the chemist's, they at length succeeded in wrenching the crazy door off its hinges, and dashed into the room.

Alas! it was too late. The ghastly deed was done. Right in the centre of the apartment stood the maniac—a ghastly spectacle!—with the blood pouring in a full tide from his yawning throat, and his red eye kindling like a coal! The instant he caught sight of the intruders, he glared on them like a demon, tossed his arms wildly above his head, and then fell forward his full length, stone-dead, at the feet of his father!

Thirty years had passed, when one day, in the early part of the London season, a clergyman of the Church of England (who was afterwards raised to the deanery of —) discovered, while turning over some volumes on a book-stall in the Blackfriar's Road, a work, covered with dust, in boards, and with scarcely a leaf cut, entitled, "THE PLAYS OF ÆSCHYLUS, translated by HENRY RAYMOND, Esq." Being an ardent lover of classical literature, he examined the book, which was quite new to him, with considerable curiosity, and was so much struck with the spirited and poetic manner in which the translation of some of the choruses was executed, that he made an instant purchase of the work; and finding, on a careful perusal, that it fully realized all his expectations, he made it the subject of an elaborate criticism in a well-known monthly review, to which, in common with the best scholars of the day, he occasionally contributed. This criticism excited, in no ordinary degree, the attention of the learned world, and numerous, but fruitless, were the enquiries made after the translator, whose volume thus, for the first time, sanctioned by the *imprimatur* of the cognoscenti, speedily ran through a second edition, while he himself slept unnoticed in his humble grave! Yes, the fame for which he had toiled in vain when living, was awarded to him when dead—the usual lot of genius; for the Temple of Fame stands upon the grave, and death is the price that must be paid for the privilege of entrance. Gentle reader, the moral of my tale—to quote the words of that great and good man, Walter Scott—is this:—"Literature is a good staff, but a sorry crutch!"

A NIGHT EXCURSION WITH MARTIN ZURBANO.

DURING the late civil war in Spain, one of the means adopted by both parties for their mutual annoyance was the formation, or, more properly speaking, the permitting to be formed, of various "*Cuerpos Francos*" or Free Corps, the men belonging to which generally partook in pretty equal proportions of the character of brigands and of soldiers. There was, however, a difference in the composition and nature of these bands, according as they belonged to the one or to the other of the two parties who for seven years made Spain the arena of their strife, and a land of bloodshed and desolation.

The Carlist free corps were in far greater number, and much less scrupulous than those of the *Christinos*; in fact, assimilating more to the robber. They were of many kinds. The *partida* or corps of several hundred men, usually from two hundred to a thousand, and commanded in most instances by chiefs who, in addition to great boldness and recklessness of character, had pretensions to some degree of military knowledge—these parties, augmented by volunteers and deserters, and driven by the *Christinos* from the district where they carried on their depredations, were not unfrequently formed into a regular battalion and attached to a Carlist *corps d'armée*. Sometimes beaten and decimated by the troops of the queen, and by the national guards, who waged a war of extermination with them wherever they appeared, the remnants of two or three *partidas* would unite under one leader and recommence their excursions. Besides these large bodies of men their were smaller ones, chiefly of cavalry, and from fifty to two hundred horse, who would appear suddenly in villages where their coming was unexpected and their very existence unknown, and after plundering the unfortunate inhabitants, contrived by forced marches, and an intimate acquaintance with the country, to baffle for the time the pursuit of the troops sent after them. The *volantes* or flying guerilla parties are hardly to be named, as, although they were to be found in most of the provinces of Spain during the war, they were seldom of more than ten to twenty

men, usually armed peasants; and, although calling themselves *Carlists*, were frequently disowned by the latter, and shot as robbers when taken by the queen's troops or authorities. The muleteer, unapprehensive of danger, and singing gayly as he guided his well-laden team; the solitary dragoon bearing a despatch; the foot-sore straggler from an escort party; the officer attended only by his servant, and rejoining his regiment on horseback after a short leave of absence, dearly purchased by some severe wound; these were usually the prey sought after by the *volantes*. A gleaming of musket-barrels in the copse bordering the road, did not warn the lonely traveller sufficiently early to avoid the quickly following discharge, fatal to rider or horse, or both, and in an incredibly short time he was stripped of every thing worth taking, and the plunderers in full retreat to their fastnesses, or perhaps in ambush for another victim.

The *Cuerpos Francos* of the *Christinos* were better disciplined and organized, and most of the officers were allowed a rank in the queen's service one grade below that which they held as free companions. In the course of the war more than one of these corps were made regiments of the line, being equal in discipline and appearance to nearly any of the Spanish regular infantry. But not any of the free corps have more distinguished themselves or become better known throughout Spain, than that of the volunteers of La Rioja, under Martin Zurbano, called Barea. This intrepid and fortunate adventurer is a native of the district of La Rioja, from which his corps takes its name, and which comprises small portions of the province of Alava and of the kingdom of Navarre. In time of peace a *contrabandista*, or smuggler, he soon after the commencement of the war sought and obtained permission to raise a body of men to act in conjunction with the queen's troops against the *Carlists*. His standard, once displayed, was resorted to by smugglers, robbers, and outcasts of all descriptions, attracted by the prospect of plunder and adventure. These were increased by deserters from the faction, until at last he numbered five or six hundred men

under his orders. It is not intended at present to give a memoir of Zurbano, and we shall therefore not follow him through the numerous bold exploits, and daring and successful enterprises, which have raised him from chief of a handful of banditti-like guerillas, to be a general in the Spanish service at the head of several thousand fine troops. His distinguishing characteristics are a reckless personal bravery, entire devotion to the cause he has espoused, and great conduct and cunning in carrying through his enterprises, which, whilst only in command of a small force, were necessarily limited to harassing the enemy, cutting off convoys, and surprising detachments; exploits in which he was highly successful, greatly aided no doubt by his minute knowledge of the greater part of the Basque provinces, more especially of Alava and the Navarrese bank of the Ebro. It is one of these exploits that is about to be recounted; and the few observations that have preceded were necessary, in order to dispense with too great detail in the subsequent narrative.

It was a gusty evening in the autumn of 1836. The gates of the city of Vittoria had been shut about an hour, when an orderly sergeant passed under the high gloomy arch which, according to the fashion of building in most Spanish towns of a certain antiquity, forms the entrance to the narrow and dirty lane known as the Calle Nueva. From the dingy windows and half open doors of the wine-shops and less reputable places of resort, which abound in that street, issued forth sounds of boisterous merriment, united with the tinkling of cracked guitars and the rattling of castanets. An occasional deep oath and noisy scuffle betokened that the revellers were get-

ting quarrelsome over their cups, and that the *cuchillo** might chance to be brought into play. It was in these houses that were billeted the volunteers of La Rioja; and the sergeant, whose arrival we have noted, came charged with an order to march that night. His communication soon changed the occupations of the men. Glasses and bottles were deserted, guitars thrown aside, women dismissed with almost as little ceremony, and the careful examination of the musket, the changing of the damaged flint, the filling the leathern belt with cartridges, were the pressing cares of the moment. The soldiers of Zurbano were too well habituated to the sudden orders of their restless chief to be easily taken unprepared; and on this occasion Martin had purposely kept his intended sortie a secret from all until the gates were closed, lest some spy or peasant might have conveyed intelligence to the enemy.

The church clocks had chimed the eleventh hour of the night, and "sentinela alerta"† was running round the line of sentries on the well-guarded walls of Vittoria, when Martin Zurbano rode along the front of his little band, drawn up within the eastern gate of the city. Could an inhabitant of peaceful and highly-civilized countries, a London or Paris loungeur for instance, have been transported suddenly to the side of the guerilla chief, and have accompanied him in his inspection, he would hardly have been induced to believe himself in the thirty-sixth year of the nineteenth century, and within a week's travelling of either of the above-named capitals; still less would he have been inclined to accord the title of soldiers to the wild-looking troops before him, whose only point of uniformity con-

* Knife.

† On the summit of the highest church-tower in Vittoria, was established, during the war, an observatory for the purpose of noting the movements of the Carlists. It was fitted up with several telescopes, by means of which every thing that occurred within some leagues around the town was discernible by the persons employed to keep a lookout, and to communicate to the governor of the town any movements they might observe among the enemy's forces. At night a watcher was stationed in this observatory with a speaking-trumpet, through which he bellowed, at the end of every half-hour, "sentinela alerta," literally, the sentinel is alert, equivalent to our "all's well;" and this cry was immediately taken up by the whole of the sentries on the walls and fortifications, who were very numerous. The noise made by the man with the speaking-trumpet was prodigious, and sufficient to drive sleep from the pillow of any new-comer to that quarter of the town.

isted in their arms. Here were to be found the natives of every part of Spain : Basques and Navarrese, with their high, sharply-cut profiles, sinewy limbs, and spare bodies, side by side with the Andalusian and Valencian, easily distinguished by their delicate features, slight frame, and generally low stature, the beautifully-penciled eyebrow and mustache setting off their clear but almost copper-coloured skins ; the Gallego, powerful and heavily limbed, but generally of dull and inexpressive countenance ; the grave Castilian, and the passionate Aragonese, Catalonians and Manchegos, and some few Portuguese and Frenchmen. So much for the varieties of race. Nor was their dress less motley and *bizarre*. Some had the loose grey coat of a Christine infantry soldier ; some the short dark jacket, laden with metal buttons of a sugar-loaf shape, which was the uniform of the greater part of the Carlist army ; and others again wore the Zumara, or sheepskin jacket, so generally used in the Basque provinces and by the Pyrenean mountaineers. The *boina* or *beret*, *bonnets de police*, forage-caps of every description, formed the head-dress of these desperadoes, some of whom had adopted also a sort of hussar cap, with bag and tassel of red or yellow cloth hanging on one side. On the extreme right of the line, were twenty to thirty cavalry, for the most part badly mounted and equipped, but fully armed with lance and sabre, carbine and pistol. On the immediate left of these came the light company, composed of about forty of the finest men of the corps, amongst whom were some who might have served as models for the painter or statuary. This light company was well and uniformly clothed with grey frock-coats, secured round the middle by a belt, and having a short scarlet cape, which just covered the shoulders. On their heads they wore a scarlet cap, resembling the French cap of liberty, and fastened under the chin by a broad black velvet band, which completely encircled the face, and formed a sort of frame to their sun-burned and frequently picturesque countenances. With *apargatas** on their feet, and rifles in their

hands, these men appeared and were the *beau idéal* of guerillas.

After entering into these details of the men, it is necessary to say a word of the appearance of their leader. Zurbano is a trifle under the middle size, and about forty-five to fifty years of age. Square built and muscular, he possesses all the activity and strength of a man of thirty, whilst the lines on his bronzed and weather-beaten countenance appear more the result of fatigue and anxiety, than indications of the approach of old age. His face is clean-shaven, with the exception of a short whisker, which, as well as his hair, and thick, shaggy eyebrow, is of a dark-brown, or rather a tawny black. A deep-set and very quick grey eye, and thin compressed lips, give something fierce and almost cruel to his aspect ; which expression is, however, redeemed in great measure by the frankness of his broad, open brow, and by a sunny smile, rendered the more pleasing, perhaps, by the rarity with which it flits across his features. It is a countenance that would be judged differently by men of different parties. The Carlist, detesting the very name of Barea, would probably denounce his physiognomy as that of a savage and bloodthirsty assassin, and conveying the expression of every bad passion ; whilst the Liberal, full of gratitude to the man, and mindful of the manifold services he has rendered the cause, would find much to admire in the soldierlike features and determined bearing of this hardy partisan. How often is judgment swayed by feelings and predilections !

Martin rode to the head of the column, mounted on a powerful black stallion, and followed by his son, a slight boy of fifteen, whose lance, at the period we now write of, had already been dyed by the blood of more Carlists than he had years over his head. The gate was opened, and the little troop filed through and advanced upon the high-road to Salvatierra.

After proceeding about a mile on this route, they inclined to the right, and struck off across the country nearly in as straight a line as the crow flies. And now the greatest caution

* A sort of sandal of plaited hemp, much used by the lower orders of Spaniards, especially by the Basque peasantry.

was observed, in order that their advance might be unnoticed by the enemy. Not a word was spoken, nor a cigar allowed to be alight; and in the deepest silence these five hundred men advanced across fields, over hedge and over ditch, into the very heart of the Carlist country. They were greatly favoured by the night, which was pitch dark, and a high wind rattled through the branches of the trees, and caused a rustling amongst the decayed leaves, which served in some degree to drown what little noise was unavoidably occasioned by the march.

At a lonely farm-house, about ten miles from Vittoria, they halted; and five or six men bursting open the door entered, and presently returned, bringing with them two peasants half-clothed, and nearly dead with terror. These were to serve as guides, when Zurbano had drawn from them, by mingled threats and promises, whatever information they might possess as to the movements of the Carlists on the preceding day. After a few moments of interrogatory, the march was resumed. A couple of miles farther, the route led across large stubble fields, bordered on one side by a thick coppice and brushwood cover. A slight scuffle was heard, two lancers suddenly left the main body, and after galloping about a hundred yards, returned bearing a man between them. It was one of the peasant guides, who had chosen, as he thought, a favourable moment, and had endeavoured to make his escape.

"*Mi commandante*," said one of the lancers who had brought him back, addressing himself to Zurbano, "*this prisoner was escaping*."

"*Mata le!*" (kill him) was the brief reply.

A lance-flag waved in the air—"Por Dios, Señor, por la santísima virgen!"—the dull sound of the lance-thrust as it pinned the unhappy wretch to the ground—a stifled groan—and the body was left to the crows and the dogs.

After nearly five hours' march, at a pace that few but Spanish soldiers could have sustained,* the troops halted on a road which they had been for some time following. At scarcely musket-shot to the front rose the chain of mountains that forms the southern boundary of the province of Guipuscoa; and at about a quarter of that distance was situated a small *aldeia* or hamlet. Fifty men and two officers detached themselves from the main body, and spreading over the fields to the right and left, advanced stealthily, and availing themselves of the cover of hedges and trees, until they were lost in the gloom. When sufficient time had elapsed to enable them to make the circuit and station themselves in rear of the houses, Zurbano placed himself at the head of his handful of horse, and charged at full gallop into the village, followed at almost equal speed by the light company. He halted in front of a house which, although small, appeared superior to the other habitations of which the hamlet was composed. It was immediately surrounded by the riflemen so as to render escape impossible. The clatter of the horses' hoofs had alarmed the inmates; for a window was open and several heads appeared at it, apparently endeavouring to discover the nature of this noisy nocturnal visit. In reply to the summons of Zurbano,

* Whatever faults may be attributed to Spanish troops of the present day, who, it must be confessed, are little more than half disciplined when compared with most other European armies, it would be most unjust to refuse them the credit they really deserve for their powers of enduring fatigue even when accompanied by hunger and thirst. With a morsel of coarse brown, almost black, bread in their haversack, they will march cheerfully a whole day, generally singing, and occasionally beguiling the weariness of the road with the favourite cigarrito. The pace they go at is really surprising. It is not exaggeration to say that four good miles an hour is less than their average rate; and pedestrians will acknowledge that to sustain this for the whole day, and day after day, with not more than one short halt in the twelve hours, it is necessary to have first-rate muscle and bottom. The writer has seen Spanish battalions, after a forty-five mile march under a burning sun, and over uneven and often mountainous ground, arrive perfectly fresh and with scarcely a straggler, and half-an-hour afterwards the same men would be dancing with the peasant girls as gayly, and apparently as little fatigued, as if returned from a short promenade.

a man's voice enquired, *Quien esta ay? Luego sabras,** was the laconic answer of the guerilla. At the same moment the heavy oaken door gave way under the but-ends of three or four muskets; and, springing from his horse, Martin rushed up the stairs followed by half-a-dozen men. The whole had occurred in far less time than it takes to describe it, and sixty seconds had barely elapsed from the time the word gallop was given to the cavalry, to the moment when Zurbano opened the door of the room where the occupants of the house were assembled. It was a large sitting room, comfortably, almost elegantly furnished in the French style, and presenting the appearance of far more luxury and refinement than would have been inferred from the exterior of the house. An open pianoforte with music and lights placed upon it, some drawings suspended from the walls, a guitar, with a blue riband attached to it, and an embroidery frame, indicated feminine tastes and occupations. On a table in the centre of the room were a lamp, some cards, and a few books.

Grouped together in the recess of an open window, and with faces betokening alarm and anxiety, stood seven persons. An elderly man in plain clothes, but of military appearance, two very young officers in staff uniforms, three beautiful girls, and a lady who, from her mature age and a strong family resemblance, might be their mother, composed the party. These were the Carlist general Ituralde,† his wife, son, and daughters, and the lover and affianced husband of one of the girls. The two young men were quartered not far from the residence of Ituralde; and, having obtained a few hours' leave, it was to make the most of their hurried visit that the family had remained till nearly four o'clock in the morning without retiring to rest.

"Mi général," said Zurbano with

mock respect, and preserving perfect gravity of muscle, although a laugh of exultation twinkled in his deep-set restless eyes, that at this moment appeared to flash fire; "*mi général,*" said he ironically, raising his *boina* from his head, "when your excellency is at leisure I would venture to request you to accompany me below stairs, as there are persons outside waiting anxiously to see you."

"Who and what are you?" said Ituralde, "and what means this outrage and intrusion?"

"I am Martin Zurbano, called Barea," was the reply.

At this name, so dreaded by every Carlist, a shriek of horror burst from the females, who crossed themselves as if they had beheld an evil spirit. Even the three men started, and a deep shade of gloom, almost of despair, came over their countenances.

"I am ready to accompany you," said Ituralde after a moment's pause; "but I beseech you, if you have the heart of a man, protect my wife and daughters from outrage."

"I do not make war upon women," sternly answered Barea, "and these are safe—but for yourself and those two young cubs of rebellion, make your peace with God, for in five minutes you die."

It would be impossible to do justice to the heart-rending scene that followed this abrupt and cruel declaration of the Christino chieftain. The three daughters gave way to the most frantic sorrow, beating their bosoms, tearing their hair, and throwing their arms round their father, brother, and friend, as if to shield them from the clutch of the executioner. The grief of their mother, although perhaps stronger, was more subdued, and of another character. She threw herself on her knees before a crucifix that stood in a small niche of the apartment; and whilst the big tears streamed from her eyes, and an occasional deep and choking sob burst from her

* Who is there? You will soon know.

† Ituralde had been placed in non-activity, a few months previously to his capture, by way of punishment for a blunder he had committed in Navarre, where he had allowed himself to be surprised, with 1200 men under his command, by 300 lancers of the guard headed by Léon. The Carlists, consisting entirely of infantry, were reposing in the heat of the day with their arms piled, and quite unsuspecting of danger. They were taken prisoners to a man, Ituralde alone escaping with his staff and mounted orderlies.

bosom, her lips moved in supplication to Him who alone could afford her aid in that dreadful moment!

Amidst all this confusion of tears and wailings the allotted five minutes slipped by, and on an intimation from Barea, Ituralde and the two young men tore themselves from the embraces of the fainting women, and mournfully, but firmly, descended the stairs. In the open air the scene was most picturesque, and worthy the pencil of an artist. The troop of cavalry were drawn up opposite the house, and four of them held large pine torches, which shed a glaring light for a few yards around, throwing into strong relief objects in the foreground, and causing the surrounding darkness to appear still blacker. The strongly marked features and fierce mustaches of the soldiers were seen in the red light, and formed a striking contrast with the pallid and terror-stricken visages of four or five peasants who had been taken prisoners. The house was still surrounded by the riflemen, and every house in the village had in like manner had sentries placed round it, to prevent the escape of the inhabitants; for the Carlists were in considerable force at various neighbouring points, and, had the alarm been given, they might have rendered the retreat of the adventurous little band exceedingly insecure, not to say impossible. At half-a-dozen yards from a dead wall was drawn up the firing party of twelve men, leaning on their muskets, and waiting to perform their sanguinary duty. Opposite to them, and close under the wall, the three Carlist officers were made to kneel down, their hands being bound behind them—and one word—the short word “Fire,” was all that intervened between them and eternity. At the moment that word was about to be given, Madame Ituralde and her three daughters darted from the open door of the house and threw themselves between the prisoners and their executioners, sobbing forth supplica-

tions for mercy to Zurbano, who was standing on the right of the firing party with his naked sabre in his hand. He stamped with impatience at this fresh delay, and ordered some soldiers to remove the women; but the latter clung together so firmly to the victims, as to render their removal impossible without the use of great violence. Whether the stern, but not callous nature of Zurbano was touched by the grief of these helpless creatures, or whether he reflected that the noise of the firing might alarm the Carlists, or whether he had no serious intention to shoot his captives, it would be difficult to say. Perhaps, too, it occurred to him that his entry into Vittoria would be more triumphant if graced with some prisoners of mark. However this may have been, he ordered his sentries and videttes to be called in and the battalion to be drawn up; and in less than twelve minutes from the time he had entered the village, he was on his march back to Vittoria, bearing with him as prisoners Ituralde, his son, and intended son-in-law, who was a captain in the Carlist service. Madame Ituralde chose to accompany her husband; but her daughters remained behind by the will of their parents, and in spite of their urgent entreaties to be allowed to share their imprisonment and sufferings.

At ten o'clock in the forenoon Zurbano marched into the plaza at Vittoria, and delivered up his prisoners to the military authorities of the town.* In the short space of twelve hours he had effected a march of fifty miles, not on a high-road, but over a rough and broken country. With a handful of men he had penetrated into the heart of the enemy's territory, passing within a mile or two of several strong bodies of Carlists, leaving in his rear, between him and the Christino lines, towns, villages, and fortifications occupied by the enemy's troops; and finally escaping all dangers, and returning with the object of his expedition fully accomplished.

* Ituralde was sent to the depot of prisoners at Burgos, and died soon after, it was said, of a broken heart.

REMINISCENCES OF THE YEAR 1813 IN GERMANY.*

NAPOLEON, the genius of war, the incarnation of victory, the instinct of command, could be conquered in one of three ways only. Either that genius, in one of those fits of mad confidence and blind fury to which genius of every kind is peculiarly liable, would dash itself against a rock, and, in unequal combat with the immutable laws of nature, perish; or the irregular revolutionary might, of which Napoleon was the representative, would be encountered by the stronger might of robust military manhood in a people that had learned to be free without license, and bold without blustering; or the brilliant blaze of military glory and national aggrandizement, which was the great inspiration of the French armies, would be met by the strong deep glowing flame of genuine patriotism; and the superficial, as in all cases, would yield to the substantial, the theatrical to the true. None of these three powers singly conquered Napoleon, but all of them together: nature at Moscow, the indignant flame of regenerated nationality at Leipzig, the manhood of a free people at Waterloo. This was the formidable COALITION that conquered Napoleon; a combination of gods and men unprecedented in history. That he should have been invincible, except by such a union of extraordinary forces, is the strongest proof at once of the transcendent might of his genius, and of the important ends which Providence had to realize by the discharge of this terrible electricity.

Mr Carlyle, in his most picturesque History of the French Revolution, stops short at the famous slaughtering of the sections by Barras and Bonaparte in October 1795; and for the purposes of epic art, that whiff of grape-shot certainly was the only proper conclusion. But in a moral and political point of view, that last act of the bloody Parisian drama was, to

borrow the phrase of Talleyrand, only "the beginning of the end;" nay, it is not properly in France, in the Restoration, in the glorious three days, in Louis-Philippe, in the squib dynasty of the "son of the revolution," that we are to seek for the great results or moral conclusion of the French Revolution. Napoleon was a scourge of God for the chastisement of Europe, a Thor's hammer for the breaking of many crazy political cisterns that could hold no water. He came, a visible judgment upon the earth; and the effect of his coming was to beat down the empty insolent, to tear away the purple rags of every mere monarchy of show, to waken the sleeper, to gird the languid with strength, and to call neglected merit from obscurity. Any less comprehensive view of the effects of the French Revolution, or of Napoleon's mission, must always be imperfect and unsatisfactory.

As Christianity came forth from Judaism, and a wise son is often born of a foolish father, so the moral good that Providence brought about by the terrors of hell let loose in France, is not to be sought for in France and within the Revolution, but without and beyond both.

If we will learn to appreciate duly—(as, if the study of history shall in any way permanently profit us, we must do)—what the substantial good is that Providence has effected by the agency of Napoleon, we must in the first place, and in the last place, look to GERMANY. Every power, indeed, that took a serious and decided part in the great European contest profited more or less: no man ever fights a battle without feeling himself morally the stronger and the nobler for it. Italy only came out of this long series of conflicts unbenefted, because Italy only did not fight for herself. The four powers that took the greatest share in the struggle, Austria, Prussia,

* DEUTSCHE PANDORA, Gedenkbuch Zeitgenössischer Zustände und Schriftsteller. Erster Band. Stuttgart, 1840. Containing, among other papers:—

(1.) Erinnerungen aus dem Befreiungskriege in Briefen gesammelt von FAHED-RICH FÖRSTER.

(2.) Erlebtes von Jahr 1813. Von Friedrich Külle.

Russia, England, carried off, as was just, the greatest share of the gains; England materially, indeed, the least, (for a few colonies and barren islands were dearly paid for by the national debt,) but morally the greatest. We approved ourselves before the whole world not merely masters of our own element—the sea—but as the best and most manful of soldiers at Waterloo. This *prestige* of national reputation, none but a shortsighted fool will undervalue. One well-fought battle is a shield against a thousand insults, a charm to check a thousand brawls: sentimentalists, glib to discourse on the horrors of war and bloodshed, should remember this. But Russia, Prussia, and Austria, gained not materially only to a great extent, but morally in a ratio almost equal to England. Russia at a step became master of Poland, and arbiter, or at least one great arbiter, of Europe. The hand that burned Moscow showed the men of Petersburg the way to Constantinople. The Cossacks, the hard-faced barbarian wardens of the sandy Tartar marches, were now suddenly civilized—they were admitted into the council of crowned heads and coroneted plenipotentiaries at Vienna—they flattered Metternich, and exchanged many strokes of dexterous tongue-fence with Talleyrand—they signed protocols, and disposed of the fate of nations by a word. This was much. But Germany was not merely advanced and aggrandized by the wars of the Revolution; she not merely rose to a political importance in Europe beyond what Frederick or Joseph had dreamed of—but she was internally regenerated and radically remodelled. The *confusio divinitus conservata* of the Holy Roman Empire could be preserved no longer: a god rather seemed eager to destroy it. The venerable building fell; crumbling, as if eager to be dismissed, into dust at a touch. No man wept over it. There was heard only a small doleful screaming of bats, and owls, and spiders, and loathsome things that had made their abode there for centuries; but the hearts of all true Germans rejoiced at the fall. The ground was now clear. The German people could now walk at large in some respects, not cooped up, as formerly, like so many caged beasts in a menagerie: the name of the German Empire had manifestly

vanished into the limbo of things that have been; the reality of the German nation might now reasonably be expected to take its place on the living stage of things that are.

Such a change, or vista at least of a change, had been effected by the terrible passage of Lodi, and the heroic standard planted on Arcola, (sure pledges of the peace of Campo Formio and the negotiations of Rastadt;) by Marengo, Hohenlinden, Austerlitz, the peace of Presburg and the Confederation of the Rhine. But matters were yet dim and imperfect. Only the wise and thoughtful of the land could see the hand of Providence working behind all these strange and startling dramas of human ambition. Nay, the worst crisis of the great national disease was yet to come. The most fatal prostration was to precede the most glorious elevation. The battle of Jena and seven years' servitude were necessary to regenerate the Prussian people, holding up before them, as it were daily, the visible image of their own shame; while Aspern and Wagram, crowning so many disasters, at length taught Austria that the tenacity even of a rock cannot resist fire; that soul must be opposed to soul; and the national vanity of the united French be made to try its strength fairly against the national pride of the united Germans.

Here, indeed, was the great moral result of the French Revolution, (so far as Germany was concerned,) to make the Germans, in some sense, a nation; to make them recognise their ancient brotherhood, and know their common interests; to restore, in a better form, the unity of the empire under Barbarossa; and to make them feel practically the great old truth, that union is strength. When Otto, King of Mercia, the famous father of Peter's pence, was honoured with the alliance and friendship of Charlemagne, the German people were united and great, the Anglo-Saxons were divided and small. But Time, in both cases, spelled his own prophecy backwards. When Moreau advanced across the Rhine in 1796, the Suabian states left the Archduke almost before a blow was struck, and hastened to make their separate submission. *Ex uno disce omnes*. What a Germany was here! Fancy Yorkshire or Devonshire concluding a separate peace

with France—England in this case would be a mere name. Germany was nothing better till 1813. Twenty years of almost unremitted cannonading had been necessary to produce this work; and, as human nature is constituted, it is really difficult to perceive how a less violent pressure from without could have forced the organization of materials containing so many elements of mutual repulsion. It is a hard thing to ask a man, for charity and the love of Christ, to cut off his little finger; no person will deliberately cut off his own head. The immediate princes of the empire could never be expected to mediatize themselves. Instead of hundreds of petty sovereigns, the victories of Napoleon gathered together in Germany, for a season at least, one German people at Leipzig. The gain here was immense; the memory of such a gathering, when once it has taken place, lives for ages with the virtue of a continued reality. What Homer was, as a common symbol to the ancient Greeks, that the war-songs of 1813 are to the modern Germans. But this is not all. The Germans learned not only union from this strife, but also manhood. True, they had never in any part of these protracted wars displayed the feebleness and cowardice of the Italians; but that there was a looseness about them which required to be braced, a dulness which required to be sharpened, a heaviness which required to be spurred, admits of no denial. Above all things, they wanted, what the French and the English had—a *SOUL*. Austria indeed had, throughout the whole contest, displayed a tenacity of purpose and stability of position truly admirable; but stone dikes also can stand: what Austria had not was fire, enterprise, vigour, the enthusiasm, the heroism, the genius of war. We may say literally that, in the Italian campaign for instance, Austria exhibited a merely negative, France a positive manhood in soldiery. Prussia, again in the campaign of 1792 and in the peace of 1795, showed the half policy of timid old age; and in 1805 and 1806 the vacillation and nervelessness of perfect dotage. Here a new creation was called for. "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out; for it is better that one member should perish, than that thy whole body

should be cast into hell-fire." This was the manifest, audible voice of God that preached in Prussia's ear, from the Peace of Tilsit to the Congress of Vienna. Prussia followed the Divine warning: faith, as it always does, removed mountains; out of the bitter came forth sweetness; weakness was changed into strength; and one leap brought the Prussian people from the lowest depth of baseness to the proudest pinnacle of heroism. Blücher, we know, was neither a Napoleon nor a Wellington in the field; but if he was not the genius of war, he was certainly the genius of fighting; and with him every common bursch of Halle and Jena was inspired with the heroic devotion of a Lannes, and girt round with the cool intrepidity of a Massena. It was no vain phrase of "fatherlandizing" then, as Fuseli said of Klopstock's odes.

The Emperor of the French could not say of the Germans in 1813, as he did of the Italians in 1797—"How rare are MEN!"—they were as cheap as cannon balls; every vulgar jäger in a green coat was a hero; a lyre was in every heart, and a sword was in every hand. Blessed, indeed, were they who saw those things!—a public bonfire, as Carlyle in his favourite phrase would say, of all shams, and a general uprising of truth, and strength, and righteousness, in their noblest character. It were well if certain dim desponding candle-wasters, calling themselves philosophers, would, among their multitudinous speculations, inspect these things a little more minutely: let no man cast off faith in his kind. There is, by the grace of God, an instinct of good in human nature, that will finally burst the clogs and bandages of hereditary baseness, and drive the devil and all his works into perdition, as certainly as life is stronger than death, and light more positive than darkness. What has been done once may be done again. After Martin Luther and the Liberation war, he is a poor pitiful phraser who despairs of Germany.

After the peace, there necessarily was a great sinking in the hopes of some whose patriotic aspirations were more lofty than intelligible, a cooling down of much wild fervour, and a puffing away of many dreams. On the other hand, the policy of the Ger-

man governments, in some respects, was unworthily timid and suspicious. It was no cause to throw one-half of Germany's best men into prison, and frighten the other half into America, that a few frolicsome students threw a tie-wig, a pair of stays, and a corporal's cane into a bonfire. The best educated and least combustible people in Europe might have been intrusted with the liberty of speaking their own thoughts, without serious danger to a paternal government. But Prussia, however closely she might cling to the old military system, which is her characteristic, was not indifferent to German interests—so far, at least, as these were also Prussian interests; and she could not rationally be expected to scheme against herself. Of this, the famous Prussian league is a manifest proof before the whole world. However it may affect external commerce, it unquestionably opens the veins of a free circulation within the fatherland; it is one step—and a most important step, towards the realization of that national unity which was the watchword of the patriots of 1813. If Prussia manages wisely, the next general war may leave her mistress of the whole of the north of Germany; the score of small states will be swallowed up in her greatness; the north of Germany will be one. In the mean time, while these great changes are in the hands of fate, those who look forward with hope and confidence to a strong and united Germany, cannot do better than cherish kindly the memory of the noble days of 1813; for memory is the mother of hope. In this view it has given us great pleasure lately to observe the publication of several interesting works of the memoir kind in Germany, the object of which seems to be to bring before natives and foreigners, in the glowing portraiture of reality, the most memorable scenes of that imposing drama. Among these publications, we have met with none that has given us more unmingled satisfaction than the epistolary reminiscences of Frederick Förster. This gentleman was

himself an enthusiastic soldier of liberty—a spiritual brother and fellow worker, and bosom friend of Theodore Körner; with him, also, he served in the famous corps of black troopers in which (after Bülicher) the living idea of the war burned most brightly; and with him he flung stirring songs into the hearts of his countrymen, which won more battles than his sword.* Since the peace, he has distinguished himself by profound historical researches, among which his work on Wallenstein is best known in this country, and highly esteemed. He has now given to the public a series of letters from different distinguished individuals, written in the spring of the year 1813, exhibiting, in a most graphic manner, some principal scenes in the great national uprising, and unfolding the very soul and inspiration of the war, with a moral power of expression beyond what the most finished historian can command. From these letters we intend, on the present occasion, to make a few translations; want of space alone prevents us from transcribing the whole. They are arranged chronologically, and possess the continuous interest of a highly wrought romance. The scene opens with the arrival of Napoleon in Dresden, after his terrible precipitation from Moscow. The writer of the letter is Förster himself. Theodore in Vienna, we need scarcely say, is Körner.

F. to THEODORE in Vienna.

"Dresden, 14th Dec. 1812.

"Dear Friend,—Though past midnight, I take the pen in my hand to regain, by communion with you, my composure of mind. My trembling hand will show you in what excitement I write. Scarcely can I believe seriously, even now, that what I have seen is a reality. It was past one o'clock when I left your father's house, where I had been enjoying a musical entertainment with a few friends. It snowed heavily, and, driven by the blast, I was proceeding with quick steps towards the bridge. My lodging, you know, is in the Neustadt.† On a sudden I

* This literally; for, by the inert policy of Davoust, the band of black troopers who were incorporated into the army of the North, had no opportunity of snatching such immortal laurels from him, as Bülicher at Katsbach did from Marshal Macdonald.

† The new town of Dresden is separated from the main or western division of the city, by the famous bridge of sixteen arches which Davoust so recklessly blew up,

heard a great thunder of French and German curses before Doctor Segert's house, and a postilion blew his horn as if he wished to raise a fire-alarm through the town. Impelled by curiosity, I pushed on to the spot in the teeth of wind and snow; and there, to be sure, was the good doctor bodily, in nightgown and nightcap, looking out of the window, and bawling aloud, '*Ce n'est pas chez moi—moi, je suis le Docteur Segert, et vous cherchez M. Serra*;' and to this straightway he appended a rough good-night, in his own honest German way:—'*So lasst einen doch, zum Teufel, in der nacht zufrieden, und verlangt nicht von mir dass ich bei 25 grad hülte, boten laufen soll.*' 'So let one alone, in the devil's name, and expect not that I shall trip your messages through the dark night, when the thermometer is below zero!' and with that he slapped down the window and vanished. It was now my turn to be questioned by the night travellers; and, as I already knew their difficulty, I said, '*N'est ce pas? Vous cherchez l'hôtel de l'ambassadeur Français, M. de Serra: suivez moi!*' This was just what they wanted; and as Serra lodged in the Loo's palace, hard by, in the Kreutzgasse, I brought them immediately with their sledge to the place. Forthwith sprang a lackey, or other ministering spirit, from beneath the foot-coverings of the vehicle, and pulled at the bell of the entry as violently as if the house had been his own property. The porter opened; there was still light in the upper part of the house; and, in the mean time, two other furred Ruperts had unrolled themselves out of the coverings of the conveyance. The first was a strong, well-built man, but his hands and feet were so stiffly frozen, that he endeavoured in vain to give his more helpless comrade any assistance in getting out. Half in politeness, half from curiosity, I approached, and immediately the cold snow-man laid his gloved hands upon my shoulder. I felt as if a bear's paw had suddenly been laid upon me. The glove fell off; I lent him my assistance to lead him to the door. This sprang open. Two men-servants with wax-lights, and the ambassador himself with a large lustre, appeared; the full blaze of

light fell like lightning upon the face of the stranger, whose hand still held fast by mine; only the eyes and nose were visible from amid the thick muffings. I recognised at once these fiery stars which had so often shone upon me from this very place in the spring. It was the EMPEROR NAPOLEON whose hand lay in mine; and I can now say truly that, for one minute at least, the fate of Europe rested on my shoulder. Friend, what thoughts you may conceive, during this short minute, thronged through my brain! I sit even now broad awake as in a fever-dream. The newspaper, with the fate-pregnant 29th bulletin, lies on my table; the great French army is annihilated—utterly annihilated; only yesterday did we receive this news. I felt precisely as if I had drawn a dagger from beneath my cloak, and with the cry, 'Europe, I give thee peace!' plunged it into the heart of the mortal enemy of freedom and fatherland. But no, Brutus, I envy not thy deed! Cæsar, thou shalt fall, but not by the base hand of an assassin; we will fight out the matter chivalrously with you; the proper distance, and a fair position towards sun and wind, shall not be refused: a true judgment of God shall be executed."

Unhappy Saxony! that, in December 1812, her noblest sons should be writing in this patriotic strain to Körner, while the good old king, in October 1813, on the ever-memorable 18th, was still the slave of Napoleon. In stirring and eventful times the course which small prudence recommends as the safest is seldom the wisest. What the feelings of the Saxon people were then, their future defection at Leipzig shows sufficiently. How, indeed, could they feel other than the most deadly hatred of the French, seeing such scenes as the following letter describes?—

From the Same to the Same.

"Dresden, January 1813.

"How happy should I be, my dear Theodore, to waft, along with so many others, a happy new-year to you at Vienna! But, really, these mortal arrows cannot reach you in your present elevated flight. Your head is adorned with all the wreaths of fame—your heart with the truest love—your life with every joy—you

know no void that mortal aid can supply. Nay, I almost feel a sort of Greek feeling stealing over me—a superstition that there is danger in your surcharge of prosperity; but, as Polyrates was nothing the better for throwing his ring into the sea, so you may even retain your pearl. You might throw it into the Prater to-day, and find it in a *palé* to-morrow.

“That Zriny* has been received with applause I might well suppose. Of course, with every other person, I lament that the prudery of the censorship has plucked the strongest hairs out of your Grand Turk’s beard; but if the actor only is a proper man, he can easily, without the censor’s leave, allow a small riband-end of the tricolor to peep out from the turban. Write me something more particular, I beseech you, about the Archduke Charles. Happy you! You have stood face to face with the hero of Aspern. Germany, you write, was the subject of his conversation with you; and I guess well you did not allow him, on such a theme, to have all the talk to himself. You, no doubt, told him in a more plain way even than in your two noble poems,† that on him, at this present moment, more even than in 1809, the eyes of all Germany are fixed. I can imagine that, when standing in his presence, you could appropriate to yourself much of what Schiller makes the Marquis of Posen say, and with much more propriety; for you stood not before an ice-cold Philip, but before a real German hero, sharing with you every noble feeling of love and devotedness in the cause of fatherland. Treasure up every word that he said—every tone of his address—every mien of his countenance—every glance of his eye; we may have a time anon when the heroes of the present will so crowd upon you that it will be equally unworthy and unnecessary to call up the shadows of the past.

“In our dear Dresden, meanwhile,

matters look rueful enough, and yet I can look upon all this misery with a certain feeling of comfort, in the sure conviction, *hitherto shalt thou come, and no further!* I was lately eye-witness of a terrible scene. The regiment of the body guard that acquitted itself so manfully at Minsk, has in the retreat from Moscow been altogether cut up, mainly by the frost. Of the whole regiment only about seventy men remain. Single bodies arrive by degrees, but in the most pitiable plight. When they reach the Saxon border they are assisted by their compassionate countrymen, who enable them to make the rest of the road in some carriage or waggon. On Sunday forenoon last I went to the *Linke’schen Bad*, and found a crowd collected round a car in which some soldiers had just returned from Russia. No grenade or grape could have so disfigured them as I beheld them—the victims of the cold. One of them had lost the upper joints of all his ten fingers, and he showed us the black stumps; another looked as if he had been in the hands of the Turks, he wanted both ears and nose. More horrible was the look of a third, whose eyes had been frozen; the eyelids hung down rotting, the globes of the eyes were burst and protruding out of their sockets; it was awfully hideous, and yet a more hideous spectacle was to present itself. Out of the straw in the bottom of the car, I now beheld a figure creep painfully, which one could scarcely believe to be a human being, so wild and so distorted were the features: the lips were rotted away, the teeth stood exposed; he pulled the cloth from before his mouth, and grinned on us like a death-head; then he burst out into a wild laughter, began to give the word of command in broken French, with a voice more like the bark of a dog than any thing human, and we saw that the poor wretch was mad—mad from a frozen brain! Suddenly a cry was heard, ‘Henry! my Henry!’ and a young girl rushed up to the car: the poor lunatic rubbed his brow, as if

* One of Körner’s plays.

† “*Auf dem Schlachtfelde von Aspern*,” and “*Dem Sieger von Aspern*.” In the first of these poems the lines occur:—

“*Nein, Germanien! ist nicht gesunken,
Hat noch einen Tag und einen Mann.*”

No, Deutschland! yet thou art not wold to shame;
Thou hast one day, one hero still to name!

trying to recollect where he was, then stretched out his arms towards the distracted girl, and lifted himself up with his whole strength; a shuddering fever fit came over him; he fell collapsed, and lay breathless on the straw: the girl was removed forcibly from the corpse. It was her bridegroom. Her agony now found vent in the most terrible imprecations against the French and the Emperor; and her rage communicated itself to the crowd around, especially the women, who were assembled in considerable numbers: they expressed their passion in language the most fearfully frantic. I should advise no Frenchman to enter into such a mob; the name of the king himself would help him little there. Such are the dragon-teeth of woe which the Corsican Cadmus has sown. The crop rises superbly; and already I see in spirit the fields bristling with lances, the meadows with swords. You and I doubtless will find our place among the reapers."

Pity again we say, that the King of Saxony did not dare boldly to prefer the patriotic instincts of his people to the dictates of an apparently safe, and certainly selfish policy! In this case, the bloody fields of Lützen and Bautzen might have been spared, the raging lion would have been put on the defensive at once, and at some Leipzig, nearer France, the tyrant would have been crushed (*ecrasé*, to use his own favourite phrase) with a single blow. But Saxony certainly had one excuse; Prussia, by her isolated policy in 1795 and 1805, had left the west and centre of Germany undefended, and thrown Saxony into the arms of France: on Prussia therefore the main burden of the present war should lie. Nor were the sons of Frederick asleep; the good people in Berlin followed the example of D'Yorck, in his famous convention of neutrality with the Russians, and declared war on the faith of their patriotic impulses, without waiting for a formal proclamation from the throne; witness the following letter. We cannot interpret the initials Von B.—F. is Förster.

VON B. to F., in Dresden.

"Berlin, 22d Feb. 1813.

"We have had brisk doings here these last two days; and that I have been in the midst of the bustle, you,

who know me, may well guess. Cossacks had been drifting in the neighbourhood for some time; they passed the Oder at Frankfort, and General Tschernicheff, who is a young, enterprising fellow, was easily persuaded by some of our friends to pay our good city a visit. The day before yesterday, he came. Only conceive! these fearless Cossacks—not above fifty in number at first—gallop in at several gates, and, without allowing themselves to be in any wise disconcerted by the French guard, proceed straight to the Alexanders Platz. There they divide; one part rides to the Schloss Platz, and another tramps on, helter-skelter, and wanders so far out of the way as the Dönhofs Platz. Meanwhile, the French had planted the palace-bridge (Schloss-Brücke) and the sluice-bridge with cannons; the alarm sounded, and light Würtemberg cavalry followed the Russians. Had the matter not been so ramblingly gone about, the whole of the French headquarters might have been taken prisoners. Tschernicheff possibly reckoned on an insurrection of the citizens; and certainly there is no want of will. I myself was witness to a scene that may show the Gauls plainly enough what they have to expect from the good Berlin bürger, if they don't make themselves out of the dust, *quantâ maxima possunt celeritate*. As I was looking out of my window, a number of volunteers in Jäger uniform passed; I pulled on my green jacket, belted on my hunting-knife, and joined the march. The streets were swarming with men; in the distance we heard cannon and musket-shot; we went on to the Schloss Platz. There we were immediately encountered by another crowd, coming in an opposite direction; with them a number of wounded bürgerers. A shout was raised—'*Nieder mit den Hunden!* down with the dogs! they shoot at the bürger!' I looked up the Broad Street, and immediately perceived a troop of artisans debouching before us. A lusty fellow of a blacksmith headed them. He brandished a large hammer, and cried out—'Follow me! we will spike the guns for them!' and accordingly we all proceeded to the *Langenbrücke*, where two cannons were standing. Our brave Charles Martel now made short work of it. Two strokes, one to

the right and another to the left, and two French cannoniers lay on the ground—the others fled. He then took two large spike-nails from his apron, and drove them into the touch-hole of the cannon. Meanwhile, a reinforcement was observed coming up from the other end of the bridge. ‘These lads I will keep at bay till you get out of the way,’ bawled our hammerman; and, like another Cocles, planted himself to dispute the passage of the bridge. Several Frenchmen fell by his blows; he was then levelled by ten bayonets. But this success of the French was only momentary—we speedily regained our ground, and bore home the corpse of our valorous smith, in melancholy triumph, to the Reitbahn, in the Broad Street. I received a wound in the foot, whether from friend or foe I cannot say; with the assistance of two wood-splitters, I dragged myself home, and here I am to-day a prisoner. At the Sluice-bridge they were no less busy; barrels of gunpowder were precipitated into the Spree. Several Cossacks were killed. Tschernicheff himself was not within the gates. Two German patriots—a merchant, Brüsck, and a young poet, Blomberg, were the ringleaders. Blomberg was struck by a hostile ball—the first Prussian, I believe, who has died the blessed death for fatherland. Be such a death the ambition of us all! As soon as my foot allows me, I go to Breslau. There we will meet. I intend to join Lützow’s corps. If you are writing to Körner, in Vienna, conjure him, for the love of God, not to cheat Germany of his services at such a moment. His old trusty brothers, and faithful comrades, all expect to join Lützow. We have sent to rouse all the Landsmannschaften in Halle, Göttingen, and Heidelberg: Leipzig, Jena, and Tübingen, fall to your share. Already many students have passed through this from Rostock. Jahn and Arndt are both at work in organizing the Black Jäger; and it is our intention, as soon as possible, to take a race over the Elbe, and organize the popular insurrection in the Hartz and in Westphalia.”

In reading this letter, we must bear in mind that the King of Prussia had left Berlin for Breslau in the month of January; three weeks after Yorck’s

convention of the 30th December. For this remove there could be no motive but one, to keep himself out of the reach of French influence in the preparations for the war. Berlin was not finally evacuated by the French till the night of the 3d March. The following letter, from the same correspondent, to Förster, announces the important event:—

“Berlin, March 1813.

“Now at last—praise be to God!—we are rid of the French altogether. . . . Since the first visit we had from the Cossacks, however Marshal Gouvion St Cyr might speak, the French saw plainly that the hour had struck when they must quit Berlin—for ever. First came the general stir among the volunteers; then, certain persons in Berlin, calling themselves NATIONAL REPRESENTATIVES, (think of that!) placarded every street-corner with all sorts of patriotic addresses; and more formidable than that was the order of the king, that all classes should wear the national cockade. After this, it was impossible for the Frenchman to remain blind. A few Cossacks, drifting lightly about, might scarcely cost him a thought; but he was old enough to remember the days of the Revolution, and to know the magic might of the tricolor. No sooner was the king’s proclamation on this matter known, than every man straightway hastened to clap his “heart” on his breast; the next day not a single person was seen on the street without the national symbol. I know now what a symbol is better than Creuzer or Schelling could tell me. That such magic should be exercised by a thing so simple!—two stripes of riband, black and white, no gaudy colours, the resignation of self-devotion, rather than triumphal boasting, the ‘negation of seeming,’ (*negation des scheins*), as our Fichte is said to have expressed it. And yet what a significance in these two stripes! Fatherland, war, death, and life; nationality, honour, freedom, and equality in the noblest sense of the much-abused phrase! This, the French gentlemen could not be dull to remark: they have a suspicion that black and white may be as portentous signs from Germany, as blue, red, and white have been from France. Our colours, indeed, are not

flaunting ; but the white shall express the purity of our cause ; the black our mourning for fatherland, and the stern determination that it shall be avenged. We shall add red when we return triumphant from the combat ; for out of blood and death, freedom and life shall grow."

On the 17th of the same month, war was declared by the King of Prussia. "HONOURABLE PEACE OR GLORIOUS DESTRUCTION" was the watchword. Never was war more serious, more pure, more noble, more holy. It was literally a religion :

"Das HEILIGSTE schützen wir mit dem Schwerte,"

as Körner sings. Philosophers, poets, preachers, were all soldiers. That phrase of Fichte—"the negation of seeming," is admirably expressive, not only of the substantial character of German patriotism at the time, but of the solidity of German character generally, as contrasted with the vain theatricality of the French. Hear how seriously Schleiermacher handles it ! He is writing to a friend in Frankfurt, and gives him a long extract from a sermon preached at Berlin, on the text Jeremiah xviii. 7—10.* We are sorry that we can only afford room for a very short extract ; full of interest, however, because full of truth :—

"FR. SCHLEIERMACHER to S. in Frankfurt-on-the-Maine.

"Berlin, 30th March 1813.

"By how much the purer and more righteous our cause is before God, so much the more must we be concerned to maintain this purity ; once already our arrogance was our ruin, and thus it appears to me, in my capacity of a minister of the gospel, to be peculiarly my duty on the present occasion urgently to warn against vain boasting, and to take care that this great work be not commenced without public confession of our past errors and merited castigation. I give you an extract on this head from my sermon :—'In

order to have a clear idea of what is the main concern in the present change of our political condition, we must recur to a more ancient, but to most of us well-known age. After a period of deep prostration, and the fearful devastation of a thirty years' war, the continued exertion of wise and energetic rulers, a succession of fortunate wars, but principally an active spirit of self-improvement and advancement in the masses, had made us a people and a kingdom of whom the whole world could plainly see that the Lord would build it up, and plant it, and do it good. It was a sudden elevation, visible even to the vulgar eyes, that are not exercised to discern the gradual growth of great peoples. But by degrees, and while we still seemed to hold the same lofty position, we glided downwards, and then fell as suddenly as we had risen : for we began to be puffed up with a vain conceit of our importance, and to depend rather upon the fear with which we imagined our new name would strike others, than upon good works, well-pleasing to God. The charm of ancient reputation was to compensate the want of present activity. DISHONEST GAIN enlarged our territory in a manner where advantage was more apparent than real : we gained subjects, not brethren. And while other states fought in repeated wars, mainly, or at least partly, for the high good of national independence, the aim of our present struggle, we slept upon our oars, and thought, by mere quiet and inaction, to become always greater and more dreaded. Thus arrogance and vain-glory were followed by a timid and retiring prudence ; and we were still, in another sense, the man that puts his trust in man ; for whoso flatters or fears his fellow puts his trust in man. With our fame, our feeling of honour dwindled into a mere shadow ; and more, and ever more, our hearts backslided from the Lord. In an artificial state of blown-up well-being the ancient virtues were altogether lost ;

* "At what instant I shall speak concerning a nation, and concerning a kingdom, to pluck up, and to pull down, and to destroy it ; if that nation against whom I have pronounced turn from their evil, I will repent of the evil that I thought to do unto them. And at what instant I shall speak concerning a nation, and concerning a kingdom, to build and to plant it ; if it do evil in my sight, that it obey not my voice, then I will repent of the good wherewith I said I would benefit them."

a flood of vanity and extravagance desolated the works of many laborious years; and, though the voice of the Lord might be heard loudly enough exhorting unto repentance, we gave no ear, but did evil in his eyes; and therefore the Lord repented of the good that he had purposed to do unto us. And lo! at the moment when we appeared before the world to be standing forward in our ancient strength, but when the most of us were blinded and stupefied to an inconceivable pitch; suddenly the Lord spoke against us, as against a people whom he would root out, and break in pieces, and utterly destroy. Then came that heavy crushing blow. We fell as a thing struck by lightning; and the peace which followed goaded our ribs and gored our entrails more painfully than the wars."

This is admirable: the fame of the great Elector and the great Frederick, the shame of Frederick William II. by the peace of Basle, the partition of Poland, the base policy of Haugwitz in 1805, the battle of Jena, and the peace of Tilsit, are all brought to bear their array of invincible memories against the great oppressor. The Vendée might have taught Napoleon what a fearful war it is of which the declaration is issued from the pulpit. But it was not the pulpit only; the university cathedræ and the gymnasial benches suddenly became armed; even grey metaphysics clothed itself in flesh and blood; the I and the non-I, and the categorical imperative, were marching against Napoleon. The following letter from a disciple of Fichte is most characteristic:—

"SCH . . . z to F. in Dresden.

"Berlin, 20th Feb. 1813.

['I?—or non-I?—that is now the question!']

"DEAR F.—When I visited you last year in D., it was impossible that we could find a common ground of agreement. You, like myself, found the realities of life despicable; you threw yourself accordingly into the arms of nature, and held converse with the ideal of

art. I, on the other hand, would hear nothing either of nature or art: the sensuous in any shape would not satisfy me; my home was a transcendental world of idealism, where—let the whole *this* side of things perish—I knew my *I* yonder safe. But in our days science seems to have arrived at a great turning-point: the ideal longs for the real; nay, marches confidently out to conquer the real. For, however you choose to vary and deck out the phrases, fatherland—king—patriotism—volunteers—the alone commanding power in the present epoch is the *I*, which comes forth out of its self-retirement into actual existence, that it may be fully conscious of itself. What omnipotence belongs to the *I*, the French ruler has sufficiently shown. He is substantially nothing other than the INCARNATION OF THE I WILLING ITSELF, (*die incarnation des Ich welches sich selbst will.*) What have all coalitions, England and Austria, Prussia and Russia, been able to effect against him? Neither with cannons nor with bayonets—neither with English guineas nor Vienna paper—was this spirit to be exorcised. Now, however, we have found the formula: against the I WHICH WILLS ITSELF stands forth in our Fichte, the I WHICH KNOWS ITSELF; and it will be said of Napoleon as Luther said of the Pope—'*Ein wörtlein kann ihn fällen*'—a single little word can strike him dead. Since the hour that philosophy declared against Napoleon, his doom has been sealed. The all-important point in the struggle is, that we should know our adversary. Fichte has seen through this man, and brought others to see. Napoleon is now no name to startle, no glare to dazzle. He has become a living fact in the consciousness of all Germans; and the I that knows itself can wield a sword with certainty in every blow."

We shall now hear the noblest voice of inspiration in the war from Theodore Körner. His story is well known. Some passages in the following letter may be already familiar to the English reader; but no sketch of the Liberation war would be satisfactory without Körner."

* See Körner's life by Tiedge, in the *Lyre and Sword*, by W. B. Chorley. London: 1834.

"THEODORE to his Father.

"Vienna, 10th March 1813.

"DEAREST FATHER—I write you on the present occasion, to explain to you the resolution I have come to on a matter of importance. I am sure my news, on this subject, will neither surprise nor hurt you. Some time ago, I gave you a hint of the intentions which have now ripened to the perfect deed. Germany is up: the Prussian eagle awakens in all hearts the great hope of a German, at least North German freedom. My muse sighs for her fatherland—let me be her worthy disciple. Yes, dearest father, I have made up my mind to be a soldier; I am ready to cast away the gifts that fortune has showered upon me here, to win myself a fatherland, were it with my blood. Call it not wildness, recklessness, levity! Two years ago, I might have allowed you to call it so; but now, that I have really experienced what bliss can come to sojourners on this earth, now that all the stars of happiness smile upon me in united radiance, now I *know* that the feeling which animates me is a worthy and a noble feeling; now the motive which actuates me can only be the mighty conviction that no offering is too great for the freedom of a whole people. Perhaps your heart will bribe you to say—Theodore has been sent here for nobler ends; on a less dangerous field he could have effected more solid and lasting good: he owes humanity too much to throw his life away in a fit of uncalled-for heroism. But, father, my conviction is, that for a voluntary death to save country and character, none are too good; many, belike, are too bad. If God, in his goodness, has bestowed on me more than the average share of intellectual gifts, when is the moment that I shall be able to apply these gifts more beneficially than now? A great age demands great hearts; and if I feel in my breast the strength to stand forward as a rock amid this flood of popular waves, it is a hint from God that it is my duty so to stand forward. Shall I sit tamely at home, and list dastard odes to the triumphant march of my brothers? Shall I write farces to tickle the idle wits of the Viennese loungers, when on the great theatre of

life scenes are acting, in good earnest, sufficient to occupy to the full all the activity of all the manhood of Germany? I know you will suffer not a little pain on my account—my mother will weep! God help her! I cannot. They that love me, should know me—and, in this step at least, you, father, will never have cause to say that I have done any thing unworthy of you. Thy Theodore."

We subjoin another interesting letter from the young poet-soldier. He is now at Jauer in Silesia, in that very district where Blücher a few months afterwards gained the brilliant victory of the Katzbach. War has just been declared.

"THEODORE, to FRAU VON P. in Vienna."

"Jauer, 30th March 1813.

"This very minute we have received orders to hold ourselves in readiness to meet the army within eight days. The French have thrown themselves with a strong force into Dresden, and seem determined to defend it, and are said to have their advanced posts as far as Bautzen. We will advance in all haste; and I look on it as no small kindness of fortune towards me, that I shall either lend a useful hand in freeing the holy soil of my native land from the invader, or give up my life, as a German ought to do, before the walls of the city that gave me birth. As God will, I am prepared. A great, glorious hour I lived on Saturday. We marched in parade from Zobten to Rogau, a Lutheran village, where the church, with great simplicity but also with great taste, had been decorated for the convention of the volunteers. After singing a hymn of my composing, the clergyman of the parish delivered an address full of manly vigour and public enthusiasm. Not an eye was dry. After the service, he pronounced the oath before us for the cause of humanity, of fatherland, of religion; to spare neither substance nor soul; to conquer or die for the right. We swore. He then fell upon his knees, and besought God for a blessing on his champions. By the Almighty one! it was a moment, when in every breast the consecration of death

* Caroline von Pickler, the novelist, we suppose.

darted flame, when every heart beat heroism. The oath solemnly repeated by all, and sworn on the swords of the officers, and Luther's hymn, '*Eine feste burg ist unser Gott*,' made the conclusion of the solemn ceremony; and the whole was crowned by a thundering *vivat* from the congregation of champions for German freedom, while every blade leapt from the scabbard, and gleams of warlike light shone through the sanctuary. This hour of worship was so much the more impressive, that most of us went out with the conviction it was the last time we should ever meet. I know one or two faces in our train, on which I can see it quite visibly written that they will be among the first whom the angel of death shall devour. Truly, there is nothing in this life equal to the clear distinct feeling of freedom, which in the moment of danger, with a smiling confidence, takes its abode in the heart of the cool determined soldier. No death is so mild as that beneath the balls of the enemy; for that which is wont to give the keenest sting to the heart of the departing mortal—the thought of separation from all that he holds most dear upon earth—loses its bitterness in the glorious persuasion, that the holiness of his fall will act as balm to heal the wounded hearts of those that love him."

The prospect with which Körner flatters himself in this letter, that of acquiring laurels in driving the French out of Dresden, was not realized. The enemy quitted Dresden as hastily as they had done Berlin. Two bloody battles, Lützen and Bautzen, were necessary, before Napoleon could fix his headquarters there; the struggle which Körner anticipated took place, on the 26th of August, at the famous battle of Dresden, the last victory of the French in Germany; a mere flash, however, and utterly worthless, as the event proved, in the face of Katzbach, Culm, Grossbeeren, Dennewitz, and the strong body of Prussian patriotism by which these glorious victories were supported.

In the following letter, Förster describes the entry of the Prussians and Russians into Dresden, and indulges in a few severe remarks on the French policy of the King of Saxony:—

"28th March.

"*Hoch lebe Borussia!*—The Brandenburg hussars, Blücher's vanguard, have just entered. The Cosacks are honest fellows; but give me a German and a fellow-countryman to ring a glass with! The French have now evacuated the old town also; the Russians have passed at two points, at Meissen below and Schandau above, threatening to cut off their retreat. Your gallant old Blücher speaks, in faith, a different language from what our ancient *perruques* here drivel. He has put forth an address to the Saxons, which stands on the corner of every street; and the people read it with great interest, from the fiery youths to the cautious old Philistines,* who shake their wise heads and go home. Had we only a great character here, a Schill, or a Yorck, to put himself at the head of the troops! I still have hope in Thielmann: he has been made commandant of Torgau, and has, as I hear, refused, even at the king's command, to admit a single Frenchman into the fortress. Saxony at the present moment can turn the balance of Europe. We have four millions of inhabitants; let 100,000, or only 50,000 of these be put under arms; our brethren in Franconia, Hessa, Westphalia, are ready to join us; we should possess the Fichtelgebirg, the Thuringer forest, the Spessart, and the Hartz. Napoleon would find no other way open but through the Teutoburger forest, and there should the French tyranny—as erst the Roman—be annihilated. But good words, mere words, will do nothing here. Alexander should declare to the king without ceremony—'appear in Dresden within eight days, or give up all hopes of calling your land and throne *yours* any longer!' This were the time for the Ernestine line to bring forward its claims; Protestant Saxony

* This students' phrase, which has now got into general currency, means pedant, prig, finical, methodistical; every thing narrow, small, stay-laced, screwed, formal, self-important. Every person is a Philistine that is not a good, hearty, substantial, honest fellow.

would welcome the Duke of Weimar with enthusiasm."

In these words we find the germ of that policy which taught the diplomats at Vienna, in 1816, to cut Saxony in two, and give one-half to Prussia. Various opinions have been expressed with regard to the justice of this proceeding. We, for our part, think that the King of Saxony suffered only what he deserved; we think, however, also with many Germans, that the appropriation, or spoliation, having been once resolved on, it would have been better, both for Saxony and Prussia, and for the whole of Germany, that it had been done thoroughly; and it is a matter of historical fact, that Lord Castlereagh had agreed to transfer the whole of Saxony to Prussia, when the jealousy of France and the intriguing spirit of Talleyrand interfered. What evils the conduct of the King of Saxony produced, Hamburg alone is sufficient witness. Not the Allies, but the timid policy of the Saxon court, was to blame for the miseries that the good Hansestadt suffered, subjected a second time to the tender mercies of Davoust. The following letter contains a very animated picture of the entry of the Cossacks into Hamburg—all joy and brightness, like some scenes from the French Revolution—to be changed, how soon, into utter darkness!

"W. to R.

"Hamburg, 19th March 1813.

"Hamburg, the ancient, noble, free Hanse-town, has cast out the invader. The French eagles, which Napoleon planted here when he pronounced Hamburg the fifth imperial city, have yielded to the old town arms. Yesterday we had a procession into the town, of which the memory lives in me to this day like a sort of intoxication. Nevertheless, I will collect myself as much as I can, and give you a plain account of our doings. The entry of the Russians into Berlin—the universal uprising of the Prussian nation—the declaration of Sweden in favour of the good cause, and the appearance of an English fleet, were motives enough to induce the French authorities to leave the city; this they did on the 12th, and in such haste, that they left six cannons on this side of the Elbe to fall into the

hands of our Cossacks. To a deputation from the city of Hamburg, which arrived on the 16th at our headquarters, Colonel Tettenborn declared that he could enter into no negotiation except with the legitimate authorities of the city. When the deputies returned with this answer, the municipality that had been nominated by Napoleon immediately resigned their offices, and the ancient senate was restored. Yesterday, at noon, we made our public entry into the town; and I am confident that in no throng of battle shall I ever come into greater danger than I was here amid the flood of friendly salutations. *Sapperment!* The Hamburgers squeeze the hand in a fashion that I shall not forget to my dying day! Since Hamburg was a town with walls, never has such joy been; they who would understand such exultation, must have themselves felt the yoke under which they had so long groaned. A company of thirty burghers had come out on horseback to meet the Russians, and lead them triumphantly into the city. As we came nearer the city the convoy increased, and a vast crowd preceded the column with loud halloo and hurrah. We soon came to a side-road by which the Russians were to enter the city. At the junction of the two roads the Burgher guard was drawn up on horseback, and placed duly at the head of the column; a little further on the Guild of Shooters joined the troop, and led on the procession. About half a mile from the city, we were met by the whole citizens in a body, who filled all the side-roads, bypaths, fields, and gardens round about; a continuous hurrah accompanied our progress, while the Cossacks sang their merry national airs. At a short distance from the gate, a deputation delivered to the colonel the keys of the city. At the gate stood thirty maidens clothed in white, and crowned our commander with wreaths. Instantly shouts of joyful acclamation and applause bellowed from the mighty multitude; and the enthusiasm, great before, rose now to a pitch that carried every thing, as by the force of magic, along with it. *Vivat Alexander! vivat Frederic William! our deliverers! our saviours! Long live the Russians! long live the Prussians! Old England for ever! Long live Hamburg! Hurrah, and again hurrah!*

shouted thousands and thousands of voices, till the air trembled with joy. From every window handkerchiefs were waving numberless; the guilds and corporations displayed their glittering banners; hats with green branches were elevated on long poles, or on the points of swords, or were thrown into the air with shouts of joy. All the bells sounded, and from every quarter guns and muskets thundered the friendly salute; and hurrah again, and *vivat*, from a thousand and a thousand voices. From every side the people crowded around us, and dressed the horses of the officers who led the procession with green boughs, and the ladies threw flowers and wreaths from every balcony. Many I saw weeping for joy; friends and strangers embraced, and wished each other joy to have lived and seen such a day. To have lived and seen this, is indeed enough to inspire the most sceptical with faith in fatherland. What, has not all been done to annihilate our German nationality? and, alas! we must confess it—did we not advance half-way to meet the French, adopting with pure eagerness their fashions, their follies, and their flattering arts, so that their own tyrant found us half tamed to his yoke, and seemed to place his iron foot only where a footstool was already placed for him? But, God be praised! there flows yet sound blood in German veins; we recover our recollection and our self-esteem; and the German name will yet come to honour in the history of the world.*

We return to Dresden. The following letter exhibits Marshal Blücher announcing himself to the Saxons in the character of a liberator from the censorship of the press. Literally the spy-system of Napoleon was so terrible and so severely felt through all Germany, that even military Prussia could stand forward against him with something like the front of free-mouthed Britain. In the Congress of Vienna also, something was said about freedom of the press in Germany; and

there is a vague clause to the same effect in the act of confederation; but these words have not yet become deeds.

“F. to THEODORE.

“Dresden, 1st April 1813.

“Just this minute am I come from General Blücher; and I give my counsel to every one who wishes to do any thing substantial here, to apply to this old back-blade (*haudegen*;) a more noble nature was never incarnated in the shape of a Prussian hussar. I know you will laugh at the important business I transacted with the Prussian generalissimo; but I must tell my tale:—I had written about a dozen other songs in the same burschikose tone as that which I sent you;† but though Davoust was off and away, and the Cossacks held both the old and new town, the small anxiety of the censorship refused the necessary *imprimatur*. In this need, what could be more opportune for me than the proclamation of General Blücher, in which he expressly announces to the Saxons the return of the FREEDOM OF THE PRESS. Accordingly, as soon as he arrived here in person, I took the liberty to send him my MS., requesting his sanction to put it to press; and, of course, not forgetting to appeal to the terms of his own proclamation. The next morning I received my MS. with the following answer:—

“‘Among the many signs of true German feeling which I have met with since I entered Saxony, I prize none more highly than the confidence you, respected sir, have shown in me, by your yesterday’s request in the matter of the war-songs. I not only authorize, but order these compositions to be printed. The present note shall serve as a warrant to the printers.

‘BLÜCHER.’

“An orderly jäger brought me this note, and imagine my astonishment when I recognized under the military costume our old friend B——r, the

* The Hamburg episode is well sketched in “The Year of Liberation. London: Duncan, 1832.”—A graphic and vigorous work, attributed to Dr Croly.

† Some of Förster’s songs will be found in most of the common collections of patriotic melodies. They will live long after more finished compositions shall have been forgotten. With those of Arndt, Follen, Körner, and others, they form a sort of lyrical *liad* of the time.

Candidatus Theologiae with whom we had so many excursions among the hills! From him I learned enough to encourage me to proceed immediately to Blücher's quarters, and return thanks personally for his attention. I found the old gentleman at breakfast, assisting his digestion by receiving various reports. Among so many brilliant hussars and jägers I looked very blank. When I was presented to him, and had thanked him formally, he laid his hand with great friendliness on my shoulder. '*Nur immer munter, drauf los gesungen!*'—'Be always hearty, and ever have a song ready,' he said: 'it scatters fire among the people—this is a time when all sleepers must be roused, this man with a song, that man with a sword.' 'Your excellency does not imagine,' I replied, 'that I have not an arm as well as a throat. I am waiting for Lutzow's corps, which I intend to join.' 'So much the better,' cried he; 'we may hobnob it (*austossen*) immediately as full brothers.' And with that he forced me to drink good fellowship with him. A better omen to commence my campaign with I could not have desired.

"After this, I went to Arnold's printing establishment, and the songs will be out to-morrow.

"The king's address has had a wonderful effect here. He appeals to all Germany; and every where he will find the public heart reiterate to his call. Soon to meet again,

"Thine,

"F. F.

"From to-day a Royal Prussian Volunteer."

The next letter is on the march; and, as a lucky omen on such fateful expedition, Förster rejoices to encounter—GOETHE.

"F. to his Sister in A.

"Bivouac near Merseburg,
20th April 1813.

"DEAR SISTER—The 11th April, the birth-day of our dear father, was the day of my march out of Dresden. Oh, it is a noble life this soldier's life! I cannot conceive how any man can allow himself to be shut in behind the desk and behind the stove, in civil fashion! What I knew only as poetry, or as past, whose return was impossible, I now experience as real present truth; I feel myself transported into the time

of the crusades; I know that faith in fatherland also is a religion. And what an inward transformation of the whole man, has this crusade for freedom and fatherland not worked in all! You would scarcely know them again, these old reowners of Jena and Halle, who formerly knew no more glorious boast than to drink out so and so many mugs of beer, to scratch their cheeks in so and so many boyish duels, and so and so many times to have smashed the rector's windows. They stand now proper men, in rank and file, obedient to a wise command; and our whole existence has received a practical consecration, of which formerly we had no conception; with all this we are merry enough—mad if you will, at times. We sing our old Burschen songs, '*auf der goldenen Freiheit wohl!*' as before, but the *Landesvater*, and the sword laden with caps, have now a meaning altogether different from what they had beside the famous tun of Heidelberg, or at the election of a *magister bibendi* at Lichtenhain.

"What was my joy, you may guess, in meeting Theodore again!—The leave-taking from his parents, from his sister, and yet more from his beloved bride, was hard. Verily, when one has made such offerings as these, one's own bleeding heart can weigh but little in the scale.

"On the day before the march, I sat an hour with him; his sister, a fond kind-hearted girl, was painting his portrait; she is a scholar of the famous Graff, and paints excellently in oil. On a sudden, with a loud scream, she drops the brush, and falls into a convulsive fit of weeping. 'For God's sake, what's the matter?' cried the poet, and sprang towards her. She took her handkerchief, and, still weeping and trembling, pressed it to his brow. 'Here it is gushing,' she said, sobbing. 'I saw it; you are wounded; you bleed!'—and then by degrees recollecting herself, she said, 'Alas, my sick fancy, my indescribable love for thee! As I was painting, and pictured you out to my thoughts more than to my eye, I lost all perception of reality; I saw you wounded in battle; with open eyes I dreamt!' Theodore, with his ready cheerful humour, sought to turn off the evil omen. 'It is plain you are gifted with *clairvoyance*, dear sister. I deal in

the black art—get me a cup of coffee as black as you can make it, and paint on while I am sipping.' Emma went and brought the beverage; and Theodore was inexhaustible in all sorts of playful prophecies.

"Concerning my first march, I must give you a few incidents. I am one of a company which a venerable professor from Berlin, by name Markwort, commands, not as captain, but as corporal; we are to choose our officers afterwards ourselves, when we have seen who is the man of most fire and firmness for the occasion. We marched, fifty men strong, as the avant-guard. Early in the morning, and as soon as we were clear of the city, we formed ourselves in a circle; the old corporal in the centre pronounced a short prayer; and after that we sang the old church hymn—'*Verzage nicht du häuflein klein.*' A beautiful and impressive hymn, most appropriate for us, and remarkable no less for its historical than for its moral significance; for Gustavus Adolphus himself composed it, and his brave Swedes sang it on the morning before the battle of Lützen. Then, on the road, we sang all sorts of merry jäger-songs—the most popular is Rouque's.

*'Frisch auf zum fröhlichen Jagen,
Es ist schon an der Zeit.'*

"That Theodore is not behind-hand in supplying us with first-rate songs, you may well suppose. Some of mine also are received into the noble fellowship: Our first night's quarters were at Meissen. A good shake-down of straw was prepared; for, from this day forward, we are all bound to sleep no more on down. The sooner a soldier learns to 'endure hardness' the better. With the dawn of day, the jäger-horns woke us; and presently we stood all again in rank and file. Some, however, made very sour faces; and W. said to me, in all seriousness, 'That sounds very pretty, with God, king, and fatherland; but, without coffee, I don't think we can make much way.' Some of those who had had the good fortune to enjoy their comfortable cup before starting, hailed this remark with a hearty laugh; for my part I rejoice on the present occasion, that I am a slave neither of coffee-cups nor of cherry-stick. My father surely foresaw that I should early be rejoiced to act the soldier.

"We had just finished our morn-

ing hymn before the Gasthof, where our corporal was quartered, when I saw a man mounting into an extra post, whose features appeared familiar to me. Scarcely could I believe my eyes when I saw—GOETHE. As the friend of his son, and as a favourite beau of his dance-loving wife at balls, I had been often in his house; but how he, who of all men loves peace, should have got himself into the middle of our war hurly-burly, I know not how to explain. I thought I must be mistaken; the more that he had drawn the military cap far over his face, and had wrapped himself up in a Russian general's cloak, with red collar: but when I saw his little secretary, friend John, mount the curricule after him, I was assured there could be no blunder; so I made the important discovery straightway to my comrades. I then, assuming the air of an orderly officer, approached the carriage, and said—'I intimate to your Excellency that a division of the Royal Prussian Volunteers of the Black Jäger, on their march to Leipzig, is drawn up before your quarters, and wishes to pay the honours to your Excellency.' The corporal gave the word of command—present arms!—and I called 'LONG LIVE GOETHE, THE POET OF POETS!' The whole company then joined with hurrah and horn. He touched his cap with the air of a general, and nodded kindly. A second time I approached him, and said,—'Your incognito has proved no defence to your Excellency. The Black Jäger have sharp eyes; and to encounter Goethe at the outset of our march, was too good an omen to be neglected. We crave your blessing on our arms.' 'Right heartily,' he replied. I gave him my rifle and hunting-knife: he laid his hand on it, and said—'March with God, and all good attend your stout German courage!' With that we gave him another *vivat*; he waved his hand and was gone. Where was he going?"

Where was Goethe going?—to Carlsbad, of course, to drink dramsly waters, and study stones and stratification. He had seen cannon-balls enough at Valmy in 1792. Our next letter is from the famous Arndt, the most popular among the popular singers of that stirring age. We have been induced to insert it, both as a characteristic of the writer, who still lives and writes, and as containing, in

a few lines, a very graphic sketch of the immortal Stein. This man, like Arndt himself and Blücher, was a genuine son of the time, strong, vigorous, decided, and glowing with impatient fire.

"ERNEST MAURICE ARNDT to his Brother, FREDERICK ARNDT, Burgomaster at Bergen, in Rügen.

"Dresden, 24th April 1813.

"DEAR BROTHER,—Here am I now for two weeks. My last from Königsberg you will have received. We are now on the Elbe, in dear old Deutschland, in the full burly-burly and quick march of the things that are, and shall be. You know by what a concurrence of circumstances I became connected with the minister Von Stein. I now belong to his diplomatico-military headquarters, so to speak, and we are billeted with the most worthy man in the town, the superior appeal councillor, Körner, who has given us something much better than good lodgings—a gallant singer and soldier, in the person of his only son Theodore, fit for business when God begins to move powerfully in the great world. And where God moves, God's *diaconus* also (the devil, as you used to say) begins his by-play. Your worthy brother is besieged by a whole flood of madness and folly in all shapes, rattling in upon us like very hail. What do they not expect from one of us?—as if a sensible man had nothing to do in the world but execute nonsense as fast as idle brains can scheme it! And then my master—a singular old gentleman, not easily to be dealt with, I warrant you. Have I ever painted him for your edification? He is a real spurting fire-head, a sort of esquire Luther, (*ritter Luther*;) no unworthy twin-brother of the monk Luther; violent, abrupt, looking straight through things—a mighty heart, and a yet more mighty conscience for God and fatherland—one that will never take a prudent roundabout, much less a sneaking backroad to a place; and for all the treasures of the world, will not budge one inch from the straight line of what is right; and yet it is but seldom that one can march straight up to a point. Now you may imagine, in these days, what a host of very zealous people we have got, who think they have a peculiar—each the most peculiar—vocation from Heaven, to forge the unlubricated limbs of the age

into propriety. A fiery man, like Stein, must be goaded into madness, one should think, by the multitudinosity of absurdities with which even the best men will besiege him. But it is amazing how he has trained himself to patience. He says quite coolly—'*Die kanonen und trompeten werden das schon zurecht blasen*;' 'The cannons and trumpets will blow all that right soon;' and I think he is right. But I am not so easily acquitted of my duties. All the dust and dirt and stench must first come through my hands, (no smell of powder can be half so bad.) Page upon page of written monstrosity I must wade through, and give a report of to him. The greater part of these supererogations he then, after scanning them for a few minutes with his eyes, falls upon like an enraged lion, tears them into the smallest pieces, and scatters them about his chair.

"And I, great and important personage!—what am I here? An individual tone in the world-trumpet concert—a single stone sticking by the ribs of the great mountain of the age. Ludicrous enough, that some fine gentlemen conceit themselves I have diplomatic talent. Scarcely might I say that my master has it. . . .

"Adieu!

"E. M. A.

"P. S.—The Lutzowers pass through every day—gallant youths;—some, too, from our quarter; among others Ludwig Mühlentfels, our neighbour's son.

"At this very moment, there is a loud trumpeting. I and the Körners rush to the window. Milaradowitch is riding through with ten thousand dragoons and cuirassiers. I keep busy at my old trade, sending out fiery dragons to the Rhine and to the Danube; the south and west of Germany are still immovable—the fire must burn their nails a little more closely before they budge."

We are now on the eve of great actions. Neither party was willing to delay—a first decisive blow was of infinite importance to each; to Napoleon, every thing; to the Allies, much. The battle of Lützen was fought on the 2d May. It is not our design, on the present occasion, to attempt a sketch of the campaign, or philosophize, as a civilian may, on the tactics and results of the great and decisive series of combats that it con-

tains. Our aim has been, to show the spirit out of which the war arose; and the reader will doubtless agree with us in thinking, that it was a spirit which a few reverses in the field could never subdue. Not an army or armies stood now up against Napoleon, but a whole PEOPLE. Hence the determined and unflinching resistance which every where met him: he gained two battles, Lützen and Bautzen, but he did not beat the enemy. At Lützen, in the face of superior numbers, and fresh troops, the Allies kept their ground firmly, and maintained the field of battle all night, as Wellington would doubtless have done had Blücher not arrived, at Waterloo; at Bautzen, they were forced to yield the ground; but retreated in the best order, and with unbroken spirit. Both parties required rest after such bloody encounters; but Napoleon required the armistice more than the Allies.

Our letters do not carry us farther than this first act, or two acts let us rather say, of the drama. Hostilities were remitted on the 4th June; but after that date, the French most shamefully attacked the troop of Black Jägers, as they were returning to Silesia, at Kitzig, near Zeitz, in Saxony; and in this encounter, Körner was severely wounded. Our collection closes with a letter from Förster to the poet's father, written on the day after the affair:—

"F. to THEODORE'S Father.

"19th June 1813.

"Keep yourself easy: Theodore is safe. I owe my own safety to a Saxon officer, who has undertaken to bring these lines surely and speedily to you.

"A more shameful piece of treachery than Napoleon has perpetrated against us, is not to be found in his whole history. The *landwirth* Hofer, the Duke d'Enghien, the bookseller Palm, the officers who accompanied Schill,—all these were, at least, condemned according to the forms of justice before they were delivered over to his hangmen. Against us he has let out the long leash of his bloodhounds, after his generals had given Major Lutzow their word of honour that no hostile movement should be made against us; and, when we were lying quite defenceless, he sent five thousand against five hundred, and began to butcher us systematically.

"Never has the right of nations been more shamefully violated. Theodore was dispatched to parley with General Fournier. The general received him with the cry,—*L'armistice pour tout le monde excepté pour vous!* and before Theodore could draw his sword, he had received a heavy blow on the head. We struck in with repeated blows, and cut out him and the major from the thickest ranks of the enemy. The major was lying, having been torn from his horse, on the ground; a trusty uhlan gave him his horse, and we hastened on to save Theodore. It was already dark; our little band was scattered; but we had the advantage of a near wood to cover us. We bore Theodore off, bound for the moment, as we best could. Two woodcutters supplied us with some suits of boors' clothes. Under this disguise we brought Theodore into the village of Gross Zschocher, in the possession of the French. From this place I sent information to Dr Wendler, in Leipzig: and, dangerous as the business was for this true German, he at once received the sufferer into his house: and there he is safe. Every preparation has been made to bring him to Carlsbad. With the assistance of the Saxon lieutenant, Von C——z, I am to enter the French camp to-morrow with a contribution of straw, disguised as a country lad; and as soon as I shall have reached the banks of the Elbe, I will swim over to our friends.

"Armistice, therefore, be it; but no peace! For this shameful deed we must first have our revenge.

"Thine, F."

And their revenge came. The fate of Napoleon, we agree with the Marquis of Londonderry, was "decided entirely and irrevocably" at Leipzig. — Should the German Pandora, among its many gifts, furnish us with any sketches of the progress and conclusion of the war, in any way equal in interest to these pictures of its grand rising, we shall not fail to do our duty in making the English reader aware of their existence. Were it only for the sake of variety, we imagine the veriest devotees of fashionable fiction in three volumes will be ready to receive, with hearty welcome, such glowing pages from the great book of reality.

A FEW HOURS AT HAMPTON COURT.

How many, and those too who profess to be lovers of art, speak of the cartoons, who have never seen them; and yet they may be enjoyed at less trouble and cost than the greater part of the fooleries and buffooneries that are crowded with visitors! The Southampton railroad and an omnibus will set you down at Hampton Court in a very short time. The difficulty is not to get there, but to return. There is so much to enjoy, that it must be left with reluctance. It is a noble thing to have Hampton Court open to the public—the palace—the gardens—and even the park—the pictures—to say nothing of the associations connected with it: its retirement from the noise and stir of the great hive—the “*fumum, et opes, strepitumque*”—render it a scene of enchantment. It is like a palace from the romance of Ariosto, where all was to be had at a wish. If poor, you are made rich in a moment; for all is your own. You walk through richest galleries and rooms furnished with the greatest treasures of the world, and are not asked a question. You feel the luxury of a proprietor, without the burdens of the property. You are a prince, inasmuch as the detail of keeping up the establishment is kept out of your sight: you enjoy, without repining either at the cost or trouble. You know not how the walks are kept in order—but there they are. All you see are your invited and well-behaved company; you know that they are gratified; you have no responsibility; and, if the heart can be at ease from extraneous cares, you are sensible that none will meet you here. You are really “monarch of all you survey,” and “your right there is none to dispute.” Hampton Court has thus its return of sunshine. Retributive justice makes recompense for all the wrongs that have been done. The beneficent and magnificent spirit of Wolsey now triumphs. The architecture is indeed mutilated; but what remains is happy in containing treasures infinitely greater than those removed. If there were nothing here but the cartoons, Hampton Court might be considered one of the richest palaces in the world. Poor Wolsey! The sour and the spiteful to any outward honour

of Church, State, and the liberal arts, still rave at the name of the “proud and pampered churchman,” and his ambition—fellows that have not the smallest conception of the ambition of such a mind as the cardinal’s. It would be worth dissecting: for it is a history of itself, of greater depth than most men can fathom. If it were a personal ambition, it enlarged his personality, drew within its compass a large society, with which it was identified in every enjoyment, and for the loss of whose happiness it felt keenly, as in reality a part of its own. We give things names—and ill names too—and choose to call pride, that all may scoff at it, what in fact is in its nature too complicated to have a name. In Wolsey it was a compound of various noble and excellent feelings, crowned with ability and power, and enlarged to a beneficence far out of sight of self, and ever alive to grand and immortal purposes. Wolsey had self-love—and who has not? True; but he loved himself, and prided himself, and honoured himself, not out of low gratification, but as an idea of his own creation, quite set apart from the low and grovelling lust of praise, as an image of history even created by himself, and to be maintained and supported throughout with the propriety, in all parts and movements, that a great dramatist would attach to his ideal character, the coinage of a genius that seeks something above the common world. Who will dare to say that Wolsey’s grandeur had but himself for its object? His great mind would have been weary in a week of such a poor aim. He used magnificence as a means—and because he was of a magnificent nature, and all the materials of his mind were magnificent—and he used them, ready ever to bring out magnificent conceptions. And the true greatness of his character was in this—that the kindest affections still found their natural play in his heart; a heart that, had it been of common capacity only, must have been too full with the pride heaped upon it, to the suffocation of the better feelings. And what had he not to contend with? “Some are born to greatness, and some have it thrust upon them:” but,

when it is so thrust, can all bear the burden? If it be answered, nor did Wolsey—we deny it. He bore it well; and to his historical character greatness ever did, does, and will attach itself, as an essential quality, and spread, moreover, some of its superabundant brightness over England's, and even the world's honour, begotten and cherished by him while he lived; and, now that he is dead, the greater through him. But Wolsey raised himself. He could not but rise: his abilities were rare. And how hard is it to cast off the weeds of early habits, of low station and poverty, and to assume of one's own will, and wear well too, and as if born to it, the splendour of the highest dignity! To fit the mind to every situation, and as remote as possible from that in which it originally grew, is the acquirement of a master spirit—and this had Wolsey. Shakspeare, in a few well chosen words, paints the man:—

*“ Chamb. This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure
you.*

*Lovel. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds
us;
His dews fall every where.”*

King Henry VIII.

The Great Master of Nature, though compelled to make the character of Wolsey subservient to the purpose of his play, and has put all the evil that could be said against the cardinal into the mouths of his adversaries, has, after all, given a true and high name to that great man, and has judiciously published its admission from the suffering queen:—

*“ Griffith. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour. From
his cradle
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading;
Lofty and sour to them that loved him
not;
But to those men that sought him, sweet
as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
(Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,*

*He was most princely: Ever witness for
him
Those twins of learning, that he raised in
you,
Ipswich and Oxford!—one of which fell
with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it:
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his
virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon
him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing
God.*

*Kath.—Whom I most hated living,
thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour: Peace be with
him!”*

This gives, perhaps, the truest portrait of Wolsey; yet are the dignified virtues of his character not magnified. Nor can we be surprised at this, if we consider the nearness of the time when this was written; and if it be true that the first play acted in the great hall was this very play of Henry VIII., before that very king's daughter, and that Shakspeare was one of the actors, it must be owned that the author was in a strait of no little difficulty.

The death of Buckingham, with the exception of the general sin of his ambition, set and jeweled as it were in bright virtues, seems alone to press with strong suspicion upon Wolsey's fame; and here we can scarcely condemn, not being certain of the facts either for or against that event. There may be, too, a clue to his pride and ostentation in the character of the king he had to please, and to entice to better and greater acts than was quite consistent with the royal nature. We know not how much Wolsey might have assumed, as a charm to accomplish a wisely-conceived end. That he coveted the papal throne there can be no doubt. His ambition there may have been honourable, and emanating from a conscious power and fitness to govern; and there can be no doubt of his desires to have employed his power for the real advancement of learning and civilization; and

he it observed, that with Wolsey fell the whole character of the king. What wretches he had about him, and what a brute did he become, when the salutary, the preserving influence of the greater mind was removed! All Henry's atrocities were after Wolsey's fall. And this great man had not to deal with mankind as they are now; but in times which it now even requires labour and study to understand, and are therefore not at all felt by many, and but inadequately for the purpose of forming a right judgment by any; that is, we cannot easily convey our acquired knowledge into our feeling, so as to carry it with us through the history of those times. There is something extremely pathetic, and of great and beautiful simplicity, in the speech of Wolsey to his retinue, in his disgrace. In his episcopal habit, he called all together, gentlemen, yeomen, and chaplains, and addressed them from a great window at the upper end of his chamber. Thus says Cavendish:—"Beholding his goodly number of servants, he could not speak unto them, until the tears ran down his cheeks; which being perceived by his servants, caused fountains of tears to gush out of their sorrowful eyes, in such sort as would cause any heart to relent. At last my lord spake to them to this effect and purpose:—'Most faithful gentlemen and true-hearted yeomen! I much lament that, in my prosperity, I did not so much forgive as I might have done. Still I consider that, if, in my prosperity, I had preferred you to the king, then should I have incurred the king's servants' displeasure, who would not spare to report behind my back that there could no office about the court escape the cardinal and his servants; and by that means I should have run into open slander of all the world; but now is it come to pass that it hath pleased the king to take all that I have into his hands, so that I have now nothing to give you; for I have nothing left me but the bare clothes on my back.'"

Here is a noble subject for a historical picture—Wolsey's taste and knowledge of architecture must have been great. Who can see the tower of Magdalen college and doubt it? And Christ Church, and Hampton Court, though mutilated, bear sufficient testimony to his knowledge and love of

that excellent art of architecture, which none but superior minds should venture to meddle with; for if it makes greatness and wisdom conspicuous to the world, it makes folly so too, and therefore the more contemptible. Architecture is the natural constructive instinct of a great mind, the throwing off into palpable form of high thoughts. It is a part of that noble constructiveness which would build up institutions; the practical language of a governing mind. It is an empire in itself, in which genius loves to reign and be supreme. It was highly characteristic of Wolsey. We believe all really great men love architecture. A man who builds to himself a notable palace, or house, and by his arrangements adequately shows forth and appropriates a fine estate, makes to himself at least a centre of the world, to which all things come, or seem to come, and from which all thoughts radiate by enclosing apparently so much of the world's wilderness as he wants: all within his eye's reach is his real, and all without his imaginary domain. He creates the happiest delusion of space, regulates it by his own ideas, making it what he would have it, and ornaments it to charm him. It was a beautiful idea, and expressive of its perfectness that named the temple of the god the *αμφικυβητος*. In a fair and noble mansion, a man must, in some degree, feel himself a king, for his will has sway, and room to move in. It has a tendency to elevate, to give him character, decision, and that dignity which ever arises from repose within one's self; that need not be shovelled and hustled from meditation and reflection by the too near proximity of ill-assorted things and persons. We look upon the taste for architecture as a national good. It is the means of raising families to a visible responsibility, giving them something to keep up, and to hand down to others, greater than the littlenesses of uncultivated, unadorned republican man. The other arts require it; and all arts thus assisting each other, build up and constitute all that is beautiful in the world, visible and moral. How hard is it to give up any thing we make and call our own! Now, in nothing was Wolsey's superior greatness more shown than in the readiness of so large a sacrifice as Hampton Court. Had he

pride, he had enthroned it here; but his pride was a part of him. Driven out forcibly from one palace, it had a sure refuge in himself. Nothing, no outward act of malice or tyranny could rob the world's history of Wolsey. He knew it, and even in his fall was greatest. This noble fabric of Hampton Court was, however, readily resigned by Wolsey into the king's hands, who afterwards seized, too, his palace afterwards called Whitehall. It is a curious fact, and one that marks a visible retribution upon things, names, and persons, whereby a sort of moral history of the world is written by a Divine hand, and carried on in continuance by striking incidents—it is a curious fact that these two palaces of Wolsey, as they are monuments of the rapine of royalty, so are they of the humiliation of royalty. We see the crime, the penance, and the punishment; and we must regard rather the official than the personal characters of the agents and sufferers. The facts and places must have, and suffer the consequences. It is the tale of Naboth's vineyard. These two palaces, plundered by the royal hand, were, in their due time, one the prison, the other the place of execution of royalty. Wretched, unfortunate Charles! who can visit Hampton Court and not think of him, and detest his brutal persecutors? Yet there is intermediate interesting matter for reflection that may not be entirely passed over. The amiable, excellent Edward, VI. resided here, and yet, as if the guilty punishment of the house began early, not without fear of having his person seized, the short-lived successor of the rapacious Henry. Then follows the inauspicious honey-moon of Queen Mary and Philip of Spain which was passed in this palace; then indeed the evil and prophetic spirit of the house might have uttered their epithalamium in the words of Cassandra the doomed.

Ὁὖν δέμου πόντος αἰματότατος.

Unhappy nuptials! from which, in the place of other offspring, was begotten the furious bigotry that deluged the land with blood—the blood of saints and martyrs. But for this retribution on the Papal bigots was at hand. Protestantism triumphed in the succeeding reign; and here Elizabeth held her festivities. A respite is

given to the house to perform this act of justice, to make it indeed complete; for the bigotry, here engendered, was here put down under James I. For at this very palace was the conference held, the blessed effects of which were found in the improved translation of the Holy Scriptures, at which conference James uttered the grave aphorism, "No bishop, no king." Hampton Court now becomes interesting to us, having witnessed Charles I.'s happiness and his misfortunes. It was the scene of his happiest days, for here he, too, passed his honey-moon; and of his worst, for it was his prison. Poor King Charles! It was to his taste and love for the arts that Hampton Court owes its present glory—the Cartoons of Raffaele. They alone make up to us for all the architectural diminution this fine palace has suffered. These cartoons were purchased at the recommendation of Rubens. They had been cut into alips, for the purpose of making tapestry from them; and we must not omit our gratitude to William III., who had them carefully attended to, put them on frames, and built the gallery for their reception. Hampton Court owes its present appearance to William III. The alterations by Sir Christopher Wren are easily distinguished from the original buildings of Wolsey. The public are now indebted to him more for the Dutch style of the gardens than for some of the ornaments of the palace. It was the residence of Queen Anne—the scene of Pope's *Rape of the Lock*. Courts were occasionally held here by George I. and George II.; and Frederick, Prince of Wales, afterwards occupied it. Since then it has been appropriated, in apartments, to various persons. But the mind naturally reverts to the misfortunes of Charles. Here was he a prisoner of Parliament, in the very scene of his former happiness, that he had adorned with pictures worthy the taste of a king; and what became of the majority of them?—Sold by the tasteless republicans, and dispersed throughout the courts of Europe, and many destroyed—even the most sacred subjects torn down, or defaced, in sour relentless bigotry, which then, as a general disease, infected men's minds; and, however mitigated, the disease has never been eradicated, and occasionally breaks forth, even now,

with more or less strength. The king-killing, picture-destroying, taste-despising, virulent faction is still in existence; and had they full play, the results would be the same. King James's aphorism is for all ages, "No bishop, no king." There were multitudes rife for the full mischief, when, under the Reform mania, they would have murdered the bishop at Bristol; did mutilate and burn the Bible; set fire to the bishop's palace and the cathedral, and were ready to march to London to dethrone the king. No man, with the slightest pretensions to taste, or indeed to any true feeling, can pardon the atrocious acts of the Puritans, which have retarded to this day the cultivation of the arts introduced into this country and fostered by the first Charles. Go where we will, we see still their mutilations, their barbarities, monuments of their hypocrisy and infamy: and we see worse monuments in the characters of their descendants. The historical events that offer themselves so readily to the mind, upon a visit to Hampton Court, are of themselves sufficient for many a day's speculation; and the extremely valuable and curious portraits give an identity to such speculations that can scarcely be obtained elsewhere. We could not help smiling, however, at the whimsical notice with regard to the Portrait Gallery, which we found in our amusing and useful guide-book, to this effect,—"*There are several interesting and curious portraits in this room, that are unknown.*" Our object in visiting Hampton Court was not to make historical speculations, but to see the pictures; and we hope we have not wandered too far from our purpose. In fact, we consider some such preface is necessary; that something of the history of the place, its founder, and its inhabitants, must be known and felt before any person can fully enjoy the works of art at Hampton Court. For ourselves, had we confined our views to the mere pictures, we should not have written at all; for we do not presume, in a few hours, to have been able to have formed a correct judgment, where there is so much to see, and much so arranged as not to be very visible. We write, therefore, mostly with the hope that these remarks, through *Maga*, may direct the public attention, or the attention of those whose business it is,

and who really, as we believe they do, wish to cater for the taste of the public, to the state, and condition, and hanging of the pictures at Hampton Court. There is unquestionably a great deal of trash, mere rubbish, and no little of this cast that occupies a large space. But we could not help thinking that there are, or might be, some really fine things so placed as to be lost. Perhaps this is more the case with the portraits than with other subjects. We do not despise ornamental painting when it affects nothing beyond ornament. It is generally disgusting when it assumes subject, and conspicuous folly when it plays vagaries in allegory. Allegory, in fact, has been an incubus upon art and poetry. However Spencer and Rubens may have given it an eclat by their genius, we cannot but perceive that it was a clog upon their powers—but in bad hands what does it become? An insipid, senseless display of pictorial or poetical riddles not worth solving. It is the handiwork, at best, of a smart intelligence without feeling. That presuming allegory should show its barefaced audacity in a palace sanctified by the cartoons, is to be lamented—but more glaringly absurd allegories than those large performances on the staircases and ceilings at Hampton Court, were never perpetrated. But we admire, how it could ever enter into the brain of mortal man to twist the grave buffooneries of the heathen gods and goddesses into a courtly flattery of modern princes. On entering a gallery of allegory, the visitor should be forewarned that he is expected to lay aside his common sense. Never was there such confusion of allegorical personages as figure on the walls of "*The King's Grand Staircase*"—painted by Verrio. It is quite after the fashion of the description in the *Groves of Blarney*—

"Julius Cæsar,
And Nebuchadnezzar, &c.,
All standing naked in the open air."

Verrio was an ass, as a wholesale manufacturer of fulsome allegories must needs be. He was the man that introduced himself and Sir Godfrey Kneller, in long periwigs, as spectators of our Saviour Healing the Sick. What hole of mythology has he left unransacked for ornamenting this staircase? It is "*Allegory at Home*,"

or a fancy-ball given by Folly and Flattery jointly to Heathenism. Here are Apollo, the Muses, and Pan and Ceres, and Thames and Isis, and Flora and Ganymede, Juno and her Peacock, the Fatal Sisters and Jupiter. The Signs of the Zodiac, the Zephyrs and Destiny, and Venus with her legs upon a Swan, and Venus and Mars her lover. Pluto, Proserpine, Cælus and Terra, Neptune and Amphitrite, Bacchus, Silenus, Diana, and Romulus and his Wolf. Hercules Peace, Æneas, and the Twelve Cæsars, and the Genius of Rome; and (we must suppose, not in compliment to the Christian religion) Julian the Apostate writing at a Table, with Mercury the God of Eloquence attending upon him. But if the king's grand staircase is shocking, there is a very proper matrimonial agreement between that and the queen's; for that blockhead Kent was allowed to daub the ceiling, and Vick to perpetrate the great picture upon the wall representing the Duke of Buckingham as Science, in the habit of Mercury, introducing the Arts and Sciences (that is, duplicates of himself) to Charles II. and his queen. Was there in those days no lunatic asylum to have provided a "*Custos virorum mercurialium*?" But we must confess, that of all these vile perpetrations, Verrio's are the best—we trouble not ourselves about the designs of any of them—but Verrio's keep up the ornamental intention best. They are light and gay in colour, and are at once both rich enough and weak enough to set off the more solid furniture. Some are dingy and heavy; and to have allegories ready to drop *en masse* as a dead weight, and overwhelm the spectator and his ideas, and bury him under Titans of brown umber, is a sad check upon a lively imagination. The "*First Presence Chamber*," too, presents us with a big allegory, 18 feet by 15—William III. on horseback, in armour, and with a helmet that Mercury and Peace think it necessary to support, decorated with laurel—and Neptune with his attendants by the side of a rock acting master of the ceremonies villanously—while Plenty and Flora present flowers; for all which King William would have done well, had such a happy invention been then in existence, to have sent Sir Godfrey Kneller to the treadmill, and Flora

with him. Would we wish to see these allegories destroyed? It is a puzzle. They contain, some of them at least, portraits—and are, therefore, curiosities. It is to be lamented, then, that they are so large—the staircase walls, we protest, would look better whitewashed than as they are. But we fear, were we called upon to decide, it would be that they remain—for the precedent of destruction is a bad one; and there are who may take a fancy to have their fling at the cartoons. It is, perhaps, fortunate that those noble efforts of the mature genius of Raffaele were not set up in their present state, when by an ordinance of parliament, "Sir Robert Harlow, 1645, gave order for the putting down and demolishing of the Popish and superstitious pictures in Hampton Court, where this day the altar was taken down, and the table brought into the body of the church; the rails pulled down, and the steps levelled; and the Popish pictures and superstitious images that were in the glass windows were also demolished; and order given for the new glazing them with plain glass; and, among the rest, there was pulled down the picture of Christ nailed to the Cross, which was placed right over the altar; and the pictures of Mary Magdalen and others weeping by the foot of the cross; and some other such idolatrous pictures were pulled down and demolished." We extract this from Jesse's little, useful, and amusing volume, "*Hampton Court*," which, as a guide, judiciously contains much information which a visitor would wish to refresh his memory with, and to which we stand indebted for this and other matters. He took the above passage from a weekly paper of that date, 1645. The Parliamentary Commissioners, to the disgrace of the country, sold the treasures of art collected by the first Charles, and among them the nine pictures in distemper "*the Triumphs of Julius Cæsar*," by Andrea Mantegna. They at that time sold for a thousand pounds, and were repurchased, at the Restoration, by Charles II., and are now in Hampton Court. We do not pretend to offer any detailed account of these admirable designs: they require much time to study them. We should be glad to learn if they have ever been engraved. Andrea Mantegna was a great master of design: his

engravings are very scarce, and very valuable, some being subjects from Raffaele. He has been thought to have been the inventor of engraving. Nor shall we attempt to say much of the cartoons, which, though they have been so often described, may yet be critically examined, both with regard to their effect on the general spectator, and with regard to the rules and principles of art employed in, and to be discoverable from them. This, as well as a particular account of the pictures throughout the palace, we hope to make the work of some future day. But we earnestly recommend Mr Burnett, who is now bringing out the cartoons in a new and most effective manner, (and, we are happy to add, at a very low price), to write a small treatise upon them to accompany his plates. His great knowledge of all the details of art, and his judgment and feeling for the great master, particularly qualify him for the work. We had intended, when we began this paper, to have extracted from our note-book our remarks upon the pictures in Hampton Court; but, upon reflection, think it better, on some future occasion, to examine them more closely; and we do hope that the good will be, by a discreet hand, separated from the rubbish. Many, too many, by far the greater number, are worthless—injure those those that are good, as evil company is apt to do; and surely nothing little or contemptible should be suffered in a palace originally erected by Wolsey, and rich in associations of what is great, and what is important in history. So should all the unauthenticated portraits be removed. Where there are so many undoubtedly genuine, it is a pity that a doubt should arise. There should be a delightful confidence in such a portrait gallery; that the vision, the waking dream of olden times, should pass before the mind, or linger where desired, with the most complete power and true enchantment. The faithfulness of Holbein should have nothing that is false near it. We are sure of the truth in Holbein's Queen Elizabeth, when young, probably thirteen or fourteen years of age. It is the only portrait of the great maiden queen that is pleasing. The countenance is very interesting, even pretty; the figure graceful; and with the countenance expressive of a sweet simplicity of

manner—a *gentilesza*. Self-will had not yet overcome the submission of her mind. Power had not enthroned the "glorious Gloriana." But, from this maiden age, there is not a portrait of Queen Elizabeth that is not hideous. The most unaccountably whimsical is that of Queen Elizabeth, in a fantastic dress, by F. Zuccherro. It is as inexplicable in its hieroglyphic as it is ugly in dress, and strange in every accompaniment. It is said that the Queen would not allow her face to have any shadow, whether from ignorance of art, or from a conceit partly belonging to herself, and partly the fault of that age of fulsome flattery, so that here all the shadow is in the back ground. She is supposed to be in a forest, a stag behind her, and a tree on which are inscribed mottoes, the meaning of which is past conjecture; her dress would disgrace a Kamschatkan milliner. On a scroll are some verses, by some supposed to be her own, and by some to have been from the pen of Spencer; we should acquit the latter of unintelligibility. The picture of the Queen, allegorically treated by Lucas de Heere, is extremely curious; but, for some specimens of this kind, we could scarcely credit the fulsome allegory of those days—allegory that wellnigh quenched the fire of genius, not that we mean to speak of the genius of De Heere. Allegory was then the court etiquette; in language and in art it was the veil between majesty unapproachable and her people. In language, it had its ameliorating and courtly use, when modified by genius and a love of truth; and perhaps even the wonderful power and fascination of the language of Shakspeare may be not a little indebted to this faulty source. But this only *obiter*, we fear getting out of our depth, and so return to this picture of Lucas de Heere. It represents the sudden appearance of Queen Elizabeth before Juno, Pallas, and Venus. Queenly is the step of the terrestrial majesty. Juno is in the act of retreating; Pallas is in utter astonishment, and Venus blushes at being overcome in beauty. The goddesses forget their own discord, each conscious that Queen Elizabeth alone would have been worthy the golden apple. Now the wonder is that Elizabeth herself did not start aghast at the ugliness of the picture, and particularly of the representation

of herself; and yet her two attendants have grace; but the ingenuity of the painter in this is admirable; for, as he could not preserve the queen's likeness, and give beauty at the same time, he makes *her* the standard of beauty, by representing Venus as much like her as possible, preserving, nevertheless, a very manifest inferiority on the part of the goddess.

The following Latin lines beneath describe the picture:—

*“Juno potens sceptris, et mentis acumine
Pallas,*

*Et roseo Veneris fulget in ore decus.
Adfuit Elizabeth, Juno perculsa refugit,
Obstupuit Pallas erubuitque Venus.”*

It is scarcely fair to poor De Heere to place this his picture directly under Holbein's Queen Elizabeth when young. It has been asserted, that there is no undoubted portrait of Mary Queen of Scots. What is, then, to be said of this by Janette. It is exquisitely beautiful, and, in style of art, surpassed only by Raffaele. It is like both Raffaele's and Holbein's portraits. It bears a “royal presence” and sweetness: as a picture, it has wonderful grace, and truth, and power. There are several others by this master, and all of them strikingly good. The historical portraits of this period are most interesting; few before that time can be relied upon; but here we find the satisfactory attestation of Holbein and Janette. After that, art dwindled, and nearly sunk under senseless allegory, and has little to attract till we come to the beauties of Charles II.'s reign. These are so well known, and all that can be said about them has been so well said by

Mrs Jameson, that we can only refer to her book. We believe that, besides portraits, there are some very excellent pictures at Hampton Court; but, placed as they are, they do not tell their own story. They are in a wretched state. We could have wished, for the sake of art, that would not be conspicuous in her defects, that Mr West had been a miniature painter. He occupies far too much space, considering that he has not dignified what he has occupied; and his works are a satire upon the taste and patronage of good old George III. There has been an attempt made, and is not yet altogether relinquished, to have the cartoons removed to the National Gallery, or to some National Gallery within the city smoke. If there is danger of injury thereby, as some say there is, who would wish the removal? and why rob Hampton Court of its greatest treasure; and surely now it is accessible enough? We fear they must suffer deterioration where they are, their surfaces being exposed to the atmosphere. We should think no cost too great to put glass before them, if, at the same time, they could be so placed as to be well seen. The first thing to consider is their preservation. It is said, too, others of the set are extant; if it be the case, surely they should be secured to the nation.

This is a slight notice of Hampton Court; but if it be allowed to be a precursor to more detailed observations, and may attract the attention of those concerned in these matters to a careful scrutiny of the pictures, we may have our pleasure, not without some public profit.

THE CONTRABANDIST.

ONE of the most favourite occupations of the Spanish mountaineer, is the irregular trade which is carried on along the whole frontier, from Biscay to Catalonia, and, in general, round the whole circuit of Spain. The almost total want of manufactures in the country, and the vexatious and barbarian nature of the prohibitory laws, engender the appetite for foreign luxuries. The smugglers have thus for ages constituted a very numerous, active, and even prosperous body in Spain; and, in fact, are the depositaries not only of a large portion of the national wealth, but of such virtues as have survived the national degeneracy. They are brave, industrious, and patriotic; and in the French war formed some of the most gallant defenders of their country. Their superior general intelligence, their knowledge of French, their practice in the use of arms, and their habits of combination, made them singularly dangerous to the enemy; and some of the most extraordinary achievements of the Guerillas were said to be due to the roving but vigorous spirit of the “Contrabandista.”

The following lines are set to a highly characteristic and popular native air :—

"Yo soy Contrabandista,
Y campo por mis respetos."
"De todos los hombres me desafío,
De ningún tengo miedo."
&c. &c. &c.

I.

I'm a bold smuggler ;
I don't care who knows
That I'm always the slave
Of the ladies.
For the customhouse rogues
I have bullets and blows ;
But the service of beauty
My trade is.
Come, my sweet Spanish roses !
Come buy, come buy ;
I have goods for all fancies,
Come try, come try.
Here are earrings and bracelets,
Like woman's bright glance,
Here are sandals so light,
Of themselves they might dance.
All the beauties are longing
To come to my stall ;
I have rings for the wedding
And wreaths for the ball.
See these gossamer veils !
Mechlin has no such laces,
Though I own 'twere a pity
To hide your sweet faces.
At Loretto, these beads
Round "Our Lady" were hung.
See these mirrors ! they'd make
Your grandmothers look young.
In short, such a cargo
In Spain was ne'er seen ;
'Tis in friendship I show it,
'Twas made for the Queen.

II.

I'm a bold smuggler ;
I don't care who knows ;
I'm a fav'rite from
Bilboa to Cadiz.
I'd take the Grand Turk
Any day by the nose ;
For your smuggler
A true Spanish blade is.
Come, bold Caballeros !
Come buy, come buy ;
The sun's going down,
I must fly, I must fly.
Come, my heroes of Spain !
What's the use of these pearls
But to hang round the necks
Of those diamond-eyed girls ?

Hark ! the Ronda* are riding—
I'll swear 'twas a shot !
Would you have me stand here
To be kill'd on the spot ?
Here are meerschaums from Turkey,
And cameos from Greece—
I'm ruin'd by their sale :
They're for nothing a-piece.
See this ring—the Mogul
Never wore such a stone.
I'm mounting my mule :
You'll repent when I'm gone.
In short, such a cargo
In Spain was ne'er seen ;
'Tis high treason to sell it,
'Twas made for the Queen.

III.

I'm a bold smuggler ;
I don't care who knows ;
I can take down a bull
With my lance, sir.
I have powder and shot
For Frenchmen and crows,
And have oft led
Napoleon a dance, sir.
What cares the Guerilla
For sunshine or snow ?
His heart's in his hand
When he follows the foe.
We laugh at their columns,
We laugh at their lines,
When we sharpen our knives
And unsling our carbines.
The Frenchman is coming.
Hillo ! hillo !
The true Spanish style
Is no word—but a blow.
He may plunge in our valleys—
We'll wait for him there,
He shall find the Guerilla
A wolf in his lair.
He may climb up our hills,
The Guerilla is nigh,
To make his last bed
With his face to the sky.
His bones shall be dust,
And his blood shall be rain,
Before he shall trample
The heroes of Spain.

Eng.

* The customhouse patrols.

THE MONARCH OF BATH.

THIS is the age of Watering-Places. The pleasures of mankind are certainly increasing. We are not now speaking of the pleasures of the table; those our forefathers, perhaps, enjoyed as much as we, and studied them more. They had as much beef and fish, had more game, and had claret for condescending to drink its thin, tartareous vintage. Nor are we speaking of the pleasures of gaming, such as they are; for they are rapidly disappearing from all that names itself rational society, and are fast descending into the professional hands of those who in other days would have been highwaymen. Nor do we insist on the pleasures of wealth, which is rather the key to them, than enjoyment itself, and which is equally felt in every age of mankind. Our position is, that the age has acquired new sources of gratification, easy in their attainment, simple in their indulgence, and salutary in their effect on the spirits and the frame. For the relief of disease, for the relaxation of the mind, and for the enjoyment of the senses, the three things most essential are, change of climate, change of scene, and change of society. The modern system of watering-places secures them all. The system began in England, and even here is scarcely above a century old. In Germany it was about half a century later, and is now, after completing the circle of the Rhenish towns, slowly advancing through the interior of Germany. In France it is still scarcely known, and with the most delicious shores, and some of the most romantic country of the south of Europe, the French have scarcely yet discovered that they have on one side the waters of the Mediterranean, and on the other the surges of the Channel; that the severity of winter may be softened by the zephyrs of the south, and the languors of summer refreshed by the breezes of the Atlantic.

Of course it is admitted, that neither bathing nor the use of mineral waters are novelties; they are both at least as old in this country as the Roman conquest. The supreme deity of the Romans was good sense. Wherever they marched, they carried

the customs of their country along with them. Wherever a Roman legion was stationed, its first care was to establish three public works—a bath, a temple, and a theatre. They were well acquainted with the virtues of mineral waters, and seem to have discovered, or have named, the chief springs in France and Germany. It will be equally admitted, that for centuries those springs have been used by invalids; and that the baths of the Pyrenees, of the Rhine country, and even of England, have been prescribed by physicians, in every age, since the days of Charlemagne. But it was to England that was due the first idea of the “Watering-Place,” in the more perfect, because the more pleasant, sense of the word; as an abode where not merely the invalid found health, but where all found enjoyment; others adding the charms of scenery to the animation of society, a holyday retreat, which gave a temporary relaxation to minds and bodies wearied by the practical anxieties of cities, and filled every day with amusement without fatigue, and gayety without dissipation.

It is remarkable, that almost every invention of our day has a tendency to increase the enjoyments of the *multitude*. The inventions of the seventeenth century were chiefly scientific, and intended for the philosopher; the inventions of the century before were chiefly in the art and instruments of war, and intended for the soldier; the inventions of the fifteenth century (of all eras the most vivid and original,) were of the great arts which distinguish the modern world from the ancient, and were evidently intended to civilize the half-savage state of European nations. But the inventions of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, have been all for the comforts of the people. The uses of steam—that new principle of power put into the hands of man for a new mastery over nature—have been exclusively turned to the general increase of those means of enjoyment which especially concern the multitude;—to the production of better clothing, the drainage of mines, the relief of labour in the more toilsome and unhealthy occupations, and in later years the more easy, rapid, and

regular intercourse of remote portions of countries. The remaining imperfections of the machinery exhibit only the imperfections of human skill; but the power is there, and it is exhaustless and irresistible. We are probably still only in the infancy of means which may be destined, in times when the minds of men and the treasures of nations shall be turned to the true purposes of society, to change the face of the world—to raise the valley and level the mountain—to cover the soil with the treasures of its depths, and realize the visions of the primeval age. It is singular, that all attempts to convert steam to the direct purposes of war, have been totally abortive. Steam guns, and similar projects for employing steam in the field, have failed; and this most powerful and yet obedient element of which man has knowledge, hitherto refuses to exert its giant strength in the service most prized by his passions, and highest in the scale of his ambition.

Intercourse is, in all instances, the chief civilizer of nations, and on this claim we should rest the greatest values of the two greatest inventions of the age—the steam-boat and the railroad. Their achievements were equally unexpected; the virtual conquest of wind and tide, was as far beyond the hope of man, as the virtual conquest of time and space. The steam-ship rushes out in the tempest, forces its way through the surge, and crosses the ocean in less time than it would have once taken to coast from one harbour in the Channel to another. The railroad, by a still more marvellous achievement, reduces that transit, which was once a waste of days, to a work of hours—brings the ends of the kingdom together—places every portion of it within the reach of every man—and, uniting the most extraordinary powers of speed and strength, formerly so opposite, gives us the flight of a bird, and a force to which the sinews of the elephant are straws. These are great promises for the coming time. Such powers cannot have been given merely to terminate in cheapening calico, or carrying passengers from Liverpool to London in less time than the stage. They are meant to operate in the great scale of nations. They are in statistics what the great machinery at the mint is to striking the dies by hand. They must,

it is true, be supplied with the material by the national vigour; the machine must have gold before it can stamp the coinage; but it is a noble and powerful invention to meet, by a new circulation, the new necessities of a more populous, and busy, and energetic generation of mankind.

"Mais, revenons à nos moutons." Until the latter part of the 17th century London was to England what Paris is now to France, every thing. It was the seat of politics, pleasure, commerce, and of that whole conflux of idlers who grow out of the prosperity of an opulent nation. It has been the custom of late writers to denounce London as absorbing all the interests of England, and yet its present power is nothing to its ancient. In the days of our fathers no other city had any influence whatever. What now are cities were then towns; towns were villages; and villages were nests of cottages. The country gentlemen remained obscurely in their homes; and when they left them, instantly turned their horses' heads to London, as the seat of amusement, dissipation, society; and though last not least, place-hunting. The whole interior of the country was agricultural, and exhibited only various kinds of rusticity. The traders lived located in the little ports, involved in the intricacies of local trade, and never looking into any thing but a ledger or the Gazette. London, the seat of the government, of the great merchants, of the nobles, and of the legislature, was the head and the heart, too, of the nation. This has all changed since. The spirit of life has been spread over the land. Manufactures have sprung up in the great agricultural districts, and filled them with a new activity and unexpected wealth, and a singularly excitable population. Powerful local interests have thus been formed, which almost wholly supersede the interests of London. There is now no province of England where the philosopher, the man of literature, the man of taste, or the man of pleasure, might not find all the means to accomplish all his objects, and society to stimulate and enjoy them. To the politician, London, as the seat of Parliament, is of course still paramount; but even he finds that his most delicate game must still be played in his county; that the root of his power must be among the

country population; and that if he is to be strong, it must be by cultivating the public spirit in his own vicinity. The centralization which it is now the aim of Cabinets to achieve; is the work of a different principle—it is a vicious effort to counteract the course of nature for the sake of party. Its purpose is, to gather within the grasp of government all the power which was once spread among the local authorities; to concentrate all patronage within the hands of the ministry for the time being, and thus to strengthen the government by enfeebling the nation. It would be as wise to cut away every root of a tree except the tap root; the result would be the same in both; the perfection of the system would expose both the government and the tree to be overthrown by the first storm.

The progress of Bath was a curious instance of change of manners produced by the change of circumstances. At the close of the seventeenth century London was still the great theatre of public amusement. It is remarkable, that the chief public amusement was gaming. This had been the unfortunate legacy of Charles II. to his people. Gaming was a profession; gamesters formed a large, recognised, and almost a privileged class. Their movements were as periodical as those of the lawyers, with the exception, that they roved not only through England, but had their rendezvous in the chief cities of Europe. London was their headquarters during the winter. As the season advanced, they set off for the principal places where strangers resorted on the Continent; established themselves at Aix-la-Chapelle, Bagneres, the German cities, and the Hague, then the seat of important negotiations. In the autumn they returned to England, taking their course through the places where the collection of invalids and idlers gave some opportunity for the pursuit of their vocation, and in winter they were at their post in the coffeehouses of London again.

Bath, in those days, was a pretty village. Its grand place of association seems to have been a bowling-green, its chief promenade was a double row of sycamores, and its principal employments yawning, and drinking those waters which nothing but the most extraordinary fear of death, or the

most singular insensibility to foulness in taste and smell, could ever have reconciled any human being to touching, after the first drop.

The feeble state of Queen Anne's health, in 1703, induced her physicians to recommend the Bath waters. The royal presence gave some publicity to Bath, but added little to its popularity. Even then her character had begun to be appreciated. Anne was a dull woman, an unprofitable queen: always clinging to some favourite; and mistaking flattery for friendship, and selfishness for public zeal, she finally suffered herself to sink into the burlesque of her people, and the prey of domestic intrigue, until all national attachment was extinguished by seeing the government entrusted to the hands of Harley and Bolingbroke, two traitors who ought to have been delivered up to public justice, and whose actual correspondence, since discovered, proves that they were in league with the Pretender. The guilty love of place in those men had evidently superseded all sense of public duty; and nothing but the national manliness, which boldly refused to be governed by the family of James himself, the miserable tool of Jesuitry and France, could have saved England from Popery in her churches, and tyranny on her throne.

The history of manners in England would form a curious chapter. The rude yet romantic chivalry of the Elizabethan age had been totally extinguished by the sour and savage liberty of the Commonwealth; yet, even for this liberty, the manners introduced by Charles the Second were a contemptible and corrupting substitute. Half French half English, the king had all the vices of the French court, without its elegance, taste, or dignity; and all the love of prerogative, which ruined his unfortunate father, without his sense of public duty. The manners of the court rapidly spreading through the nation, contaminated every class of society. The drama remains a melancholy evidence of the disgrace of national literature. The conversational language, even of the higher circles, exhibits the stamp of the national impurity. Authorship, where it did not pander to popular vice, was disgraced by the most prostrate servility to the great; and poll-

tical life, capable as it is of inspiring the noblest passions by offering the noblest rewards, was conspicuous only for the prostitution of great abilities to the most personal purposes, until every man who sought distinction sought it only in the more avowed treason to the state; the very atmosphere of senates seemed fatal to public virtue, and the constitution was on the point of falling a prey to rival factions, reconcilable only by common conspiracy against their country.

It is by no means an over-refinement to attribute a portion of the reviving grace of public manners to the influence of Bath. It had long shared the general rusticity of the time, for the court was vicious without being elegant; and the country, in contempt of its foreign manners, took a pride in the national roughness. Smoking was every where indulged in. The squire walked into the public room with his pipe in his mouth, and danced in his boots: the time for breaking up the public balls depended wholly on the whim of the dancers; if it was their will, they broke off at midnight, or danced till dawn. Those who regarded themselves as the superior order of birth or fortune, came to the dance with swords, and the evening sometimes ended in a *mêlée*. Ruffians soon learned to assume the dress and swords of the aristocracy; and Bath was on the point of being deserted by all gentlemen. But this catastrophe was averted by a singular circumstance, and a singular individual.

A physician of some repute, conceiving himself insulted by the inhabitants, commenced a series of attacks upon the efficacy of the waters, and finally exhibited his wrath in a pamphlet, of which he boasted "that it would cast a toad into the spring." It happened that at this period a wandering gamester from London, one of those "gentlemen upon the town" who make so stirring a figure in the plays of the last century, had come to Bath for the first time. The popular alarm caught his ear. It struck him that it offered an opening exactly calculated for a genius like his own: he laughed at the doctor's pamphlet, told every body that, if the direction of the public amusements was placed in his hands, he would "expel the toad," as the Italians cured the poison of the tarantula, by music, and that he

wanted only a few more fiddles to conquer. The conqueror was the eccentric, extravagant, and nearly undone adventurer, to whom all the world has long since given the name of Beau Nash.

The new sovereign of the *menus plaisirs* signalized the commencement of his office like other monarchs, by demanding universal allegiance, and establishing a code. A sufficiently expressive character of what the previous manners were, may be traced in the digest issued by the new king. It was entitled—

" Rules to be observed at Bath.

" 1. That a visit of ceremony at first coming, and another at going away, are all that can be expected or desired by ladies of quality and fashion, *except impertinents*.

" 2. That ladies coming to the ball appoint a time for their footmen coming to wait on them home, to prevent disturbance and inconveniences to themselves and others.

" 3. That gentlemen of fashion never appearing in a morning before the ladies, in *gowns and caps*, show breeding and respect.

" 4. That no person take it ill that any one goes to another's play, or breakfast, and not theirs, *except capacious by nature*.

" 5. That no gentleman give his ticket for the balls to any but gentlewomen, *unless he has none of his acquaintance*.

" 6. That gentlemen crowding before the ladies at the ball, show ill manners, and that none do so for the future, *except those who respect nobody but themselves*.

" 7. That no gentleman or lady take it ill that another dances before them, *except such as have no pretence to dance at all*.

" 8. That the elder ladies and children be content with a second bench at the ball, as being past, or not come to perfection.

" 9. That the younger ladies take notice how many eyes observe them. This does not extend to the *Have-at-alls*!

" 10. That all whisperers of lies and scandal be taken for their *authors*.

" 11. That all repeaters of such lies and scandal be shunned by all com-

pany, *except such as have been guilty of the same crime.*

"N.B.—Several men of no character, old women, and young ones of questioned reputation, are great authors of lies in these places, being of the sect of *Levellers*."

Whether our ancestors were wiser or weaker than ourselves, this code shows that they must have required a strong discipline to make them well-bred. All the old gentlemen of the past age seem to have rested their claims to refinement on the embroidery of their coats, and the curls of their perukes. Beau Nash's code is fit only for an academy of Hottentots; and we may fairly triumph over the generation of stiff skirts and snuff-boxes, if their manners required as law what would now be repelled as libel.

Even in their boasted etiquette of dress, they sometimes exhibited a singular rusticity. One of the most difficult reforms of the new master of the ceremonies, was the prohibition of *white aprons* in the ball-room. This appendage, which made a duchess look like a dairymaid, was one of his first objects of hostility. One night, on seeing the Duchess of Queensberry enter the room in one of those obnoxious aprons, Nash went up to her, remonstrated on its unsuitableness, and threw it among the ladies' maids sitting on the back benches, saying that "none but waiting-women appeared in white aprons." The Duchess had the good sense to take the reproof with a smile, and acknowledge that she bowed to his "Majesty's" authority.

Another and more serious offence soon exhibited the value of his rule. The habit of wearing swords—one of the grossest absurdities of the time—often produced fatal rencontres. The ball-room, the theatre, and the streets, were the frequent scenes of duels for the most trifling causes. The modern advocates for duelling, who contend that it has the merit of keeping society in order, should explain how it was, that when every gentleman wore a sword, every day, nay almost every hour, produced its quarrel. A chance look, a peevish word, an accidental touch, and the sword was instantly out; and men who had never seen each other before, found themselves engaged in deadly combat. Nash

applied himself, with characteristic spirit, to abolish the nuisance, by prohibiting swords in all places of public entertainment. This, he humorously said, was "only to hinder people from doing what they had no mind to;" the duellists being generally spurred on to the conflict only by finding that the public gaze was upon them. However, one desperate encounter of this kind so strongly excited public reprobation, that he was enabled to obtain his object. Two gentlemen, of the name of Taylor and Clarke, both professional gamblers, having quarrelled at play, went out to fight on the spot. It was night, and they fought by torchlight in the public promenade. Taylor was desperately wounded, but lived for seven years after, when he died of the wound; some accident having caused it to break out afresh, he bled to death. Clarke, from that period, pretended to grow religious, and even turned Quaker, dying eighteen years after in poverty and contrition. Still it was thought necessary to put the new regulation on the footing of gallantry; and gentlemen were forbidden to wear swords, because "they often tore the ladies' clothes, and also frightened them, by being drawn in their presence." Nash was supreme; and wherever he heard of a challenge, instantly had both parties arrested.

Emboldened by this success, he commenced his campaign against another nuisance. To induce the country gentlemen to wear shoes and stockings at the rooms, was looked upon as not much less difficult than to persuade a Highlander to invest his nether man in breeches, or an Esquimaux to part with his skin. Nash, strong in the cause of virtue, determined to make the experiment. The squires resisted long and stoutly. They clung to their boots with hereditary zeal until Nash tried ridicule. He tasked his muse for a song, which he entitled—

"FRONTINELLA'S INVITATION TO THE
ASSEMBLY.

"Come, one and all, to Hoyden hall,
For there we meet to-night;
Let prudes and fools
Mind fashion's rules,
We Hoydens all decency slight.

"Come, trollops and slatterns,
Cock'd hats and white aprons,
We beat up for folly's recruits;
For why should not we
In dress be as free,
As Hog's-Norton squires in boots!"

This was certainly no very pointed shaft from Apollo's quiver, and yet it appears to have stung the squires deeply. Set to a lively tune, it was sung every where; and the nobility having declared that it did honour to the poetry of the age, it made the wearing of boots, in ball-rooms, a formidable experiment for the future.

But he was not content with a partial victory. Like the true general, nothing could satisfy him that did not drive the foe from the field. To complete the overthrow of the boots, he called in the aid of that universal favourite, Punch. He exhibited a puppet-show, in which Punch made his appearance booted and spurred, in the full costume of the country squire. On paying his devoirs to a blooming beauty, the lady acknowledged a mutual passion, but objected to his boots; "He must get rid of them, or submit to be rejected." Punch was all astonishment at such a request. "I am," said he, "a country squire. Has any person living ever heard of any of us taking off his boots? Why, madam, they are a part of ourselves; you might as well pull off our legs; we walk in them—we ride in them; we eat and drink in them; we sleep and we wake in them; we feast in them, and we *will* dance in them. I assure you they are quite the thing in Bath. We are always seen in them at our country balls, too; and, in fact, without their boots country gentlemen are nothing." But the blooming beauty was not to be convinced; and finding argument useless, and remonstrance thrown away, kicked Punch out of her presence, boots and all.

The moral of this piece of humour was found in the laughter of the populace, and Punch had the honour of effecting a reform. At length Nash found himself so strong on the subject, that whenever any one entered the rooms in boots, he walked up, and, bowing with assumed gravity, would express his regret "that the gentleman had forgotten his *horse*."

But he had other reforms to make. The chairmen of Bath had begun to

grow numerous, and, in consequence, insolent. The chief part of them had flocked over from Ireland, and the spirit of riot had not received any diminution from the circumstance. The chairmen having a monopoly of the public conveyance, were like other monopolists; and gentlemen or ladies who presumed to walk home at night, instead of using the sedans, were liable to be insulted by those fellows. Nash applied force to amend this evil, and shortly reduced the refractory to discipline.

The lodgings for visitors were in a deplorable condition, and alike dirty and dear. The dining-rooms and chambers were without carpets, the floors being coloured brown with small-beer and soot, to hide their dirt. The furniture corresponded to the general state of the house, and consisted of a few oak-chairs, a table, and a small looking-glass, with a fender and tongs. Of course, there were occasional exceptions. A tariff for lodgings was subsequently adopted.

Nash seemed formed by nature and habit expressly for his office. His intercourse with the fashion of London had given him manners—his knowledge of the gamester's life had made him familiar with all the interior of a curious and intricate system, which then involved nearly every idler, whether of fashion or below it. His natural sagacity taught him to apply his experience to the advantage of his new dominion; and his wit, pleasantry, and habitual politeness, made his authority light to Bath and to every body.

The fame of the new regulations soon brought strangers to Bath; and the effect exhibited itself in the improvement of the streets and the erection of buildings. But the Assembly Room was still scarcely better than a booth. Nash now commenced his operations to remedy this want. One Harrison raised a handsome building, for the use of which and the lighting he was to have three guineas a-week. The band of music, which it had been his first care to form, and for which he provided by a subscription, was increased, and paid two guineas each by the week. Gardens were added to the rooms, and they became the fashionable promenade.

The balls were the grand amusement, and Nash regulated them with

the strictest etiquette. He ordered that they should begin at six precisely, and as precisely end at eleven. This was done to allow of the attendance of the invalids, by rendering the hours consistent with their health. Minuets—a fashion imported from France, as France had imported them from Spain—opened each ball; the lady and gentleman of the highest rank present dancing the first. When the minuet was concluded, the lady was led to her seat, and the master of the ceremonies led up a new lady, each gentleman being expected to dance two minuets; this portion of the dancing generally lasting two hours. When the minuets were ended, which to us would appear intolerably tedious—though old ladies and gentlemen still declare that grace of movement and elegance of manners were never seen since their decay, and scarcely scruple to insinuate that to this fatal neglect we owe no slight share of the French Revolution—at eight, country dances were permitted, women of title, according to their rank, taking the highest places. At nine, the gentlemen led the ladies to tea. On returning, they resumed the dance till eleven. At that moment the master of the ceremonies advanced into the room, and, holding up his finger, ordered the band to desist. The ball closed instantly, and the ladies were handed to their sedan chairs. So strict was this etiquette, that no authority was suffered to interfere. It is on record, as an instance of Nash's inflexible virtue on this point, that one night the Princess Amelia, sister of George III., desiring him to order "one dance more," after he had given the signal for closing the ball, he declared to her Royal Highness that his laws were, like the laws of Lycurgus, irreversible by any power, however royal or however fair.

It is said, that one of the pupils of Titian replying to some suggestion for improving his picture, "that it was but a trifle;" the great master observed, that perfection is made "up of trifles, but perfection is no trifle." Nash's regulations, trifling as they are in detail, yet had no trifling consequence. They were actually the means of raising a small town into a great one, refining the manners of an important portion of English society; reconciling the care of health with the rational pursuit of pleasure, and teach-

ing the nation, how to be at once "merry and wise."

"Order" was Nash's first law; and every transaction, every hour and amusement, was regulated by a settled and known rule. The arrival of every person of rank, or other distinction, in Bath, was welcomed by a peal of the abbey bells, and subsequently by the city band, or "waits;" for this a fee was established, from half-a-crown to half-a-guinea. It was objected that the peal might disturb the sick; but Nash, with his usual knowledge of human nature, observed, "that people must be very sick indeed, when they had lost all curiosity; that the sound of the bells, announcing a new arrival, made every one anxious to know whose it was, and that no city was the worse for being kept alive." Some of the regulations remain to this day, some have fallen into disuse by the change of circumstances; but they all exhibit the talent for sagacious arrangement which characterized this singular and certainly dexterous personage.

It was "expected" that the head of every family should subscribe to all the public places immediately on his arrival. Two guineas to the balls and the pump-room; from half-a-crown to a guinea for walking in the gardens of the assembly rooms; half-a-guinea subscription to the circulating library, and another subscription to the coffee-house for the pens, ink, and paper with which he wrote his letters there; the coffee-house being, in those days, the chief place of correspondence. Thus health, exercise, and books, were provided together.

But the great object was to provide employment, or amusement, for every one at every hour of the day. Notoriously, nothing is so difficult as to amuse idlers, or to make those employ themselves who have no other pursuit than pleasure. Every thing in this world is more easily killed than time. Nash's ingenuity contrived to turn the duty into a pastime, and the pastime into a duty. The bath was the first object. The hours were appointed between six and nine in the morning. The lady was brought in a close chair, dressed in her bathing clothes, to the bath. On her descending the steps into the water, she was presented with a little floating basin, in which were placed her handkerchief, a snuff-box, and a nosegay. If a novice, she had

an attendant to guide her through the watery way. If accustomed to this curious immersion, she followed her own fancies, and played the *Naiad* until she was satisfactorily boiled. After the bath hours the pump-room was opened, where the company assembled to chat and drink the waters. During the drinking of this nauseous draught an orchestra continued to play, probably on the principle of the music at the sacrifices of Moloch, to drown the cries of the roasting children. The company then returned to their own homes to breakfast, or joined public breakfasts in the assembly rooms. By this time the newspapers were to be found in the coffee-houses; and, as the ladies had a separate coffee-house, they enjoyed the opportunity of turning politicians for the day.

The morning was now handsomely got rid of. On the Sundays and holidays the majority went to church. On other days the company spread themselves through the environs of the town, or found health and exercise in the promenades. The more adventurous rode and drove to the hills which diversify this fine country; the fashionable promenaded the streets; the philosophers turned over the shelves of the libraries; the poets, the sentimentalists, and the lovers, wandered along the banks of the soft flowing "*Avon*." Every one was occupied, every one found provision for his peculiar taste. There never was a republic so free, a despotism so unresisted, or a monarchy so happy. Then came dinner. Instead of our modern unnatural hour of seven or eight, it was at four; for every one who went to the ball-room must be there before six. Early rising had strengthened the frame, pleasant society had enlivened the spirits, and a day of exercise had given an appetite for the simple meal which then constituted dinner. After dinner the pump-room was again opened: every Tuesday and Friday there was a public ball: the theatre was open every evening; and with those were intermingled private parties, balls, and suppers. It may be presumed that the author of this flourishing state of things enjoyed his triumph. Never man enjoyed it more. "*Kings may be great, but Nash was glorious.*" It is true that the Brunswick family were on the throne of England, but Nash was autocrat of Bath. The moment the Lon-

doner entered the City of the Fountains, he felt himself under another sovereign. The politics and parties of the kingdom were unheard of within the new realm. Pleasure was the public principle. The magistrates of the city finding the advantages of Nash's administration, bowed down to him on all occasions. The populace knew no other master: the visitors submitted, without a murmur, to his control; and even the highest nobles, to whom Bath was becoming a delightful resource against the monotony of the court circle, would have sooner thought of overthrowing the Hanover succession, and, perhaps, accomplished it more easily, than shaking the master of the ceremonies on his throne.

Nash now rapidly exhibited a sense of his dignity. As monarchs have the crown jewels reset for their coronation, and Cæsar covered his baldness with laurels, Nash put on an immense white hat. Like Cæsar, he was still tender on the score of ambition, and said, that his reason for adopting this phenomenon, was "to prevent his hats being stolen;" but those who knew him and human nature better, justly said, that it was his "sign of supremacy." To this he soon added other evidences of his taste for distinction. He set up an equipage, of a description which, even in our age of extravagance, would appear extravagant—a chariot with six greys, laced lacqueys, French horns, and outriders. His dress was covered with embroidery, his periwig was of dimensions unseen before, his lace was the choicest Mechlin—from top to toe, he was "every inch a king."

We must now give a glance at the rise as well as at the progress of this monarch. Richard Nash was born in Swansea in 1674, the son of a gentleman, who, however, had a partnership in trade—a pursuit which, however since honoured, was then disregarded by the hot blood of the gentry. His mother was niece to the gallant Colonel Payer, who was killed in defending Pembroke Castle against Cromwell and his rebels. Young Nash, whose early vivacity had given his family strong hopes of his success in life, after receiving the best education which their finances would allow, was sent to Jesus College, Oxford, as preparatory to being called to the bar. But the

university is often a perilous experiment to a young and unsettled temper; and Nash exhibited his first independence, by falling in love before he was seventeen, and making an offer of marriage. But his tutor, discovering the design, interposed, and broke off this premature attempt to ruin himself and the unlucky person who was about to share his undoing. This affair sent him home; and to college he declared his determination to return no more. He then entered the army as an ensign. But soldiery, even in peace, was found too severe a restraint for his volatility, and, after incurring some debts, he reverted to his original intention of following the law. Of all pursuits this might seem the least consistent with the tastes of a habitual rambler. But the barrister of a hundred years ago was made of a very different material from the laborious and secluded student of later jurisprudence. Lord Eldon, when once asked the best way to live by the bar, said—"That he knew of but one: to live like a hermit and work like a horse." But the Templar of the past age was the wit, the man of pleasure, the haunter of theatres, the licensed critic on the drama, the privileged conversationist, the established authority in all matters of taste, pleasantry, and eccentricity. He lived too near the city to be altogether the man of fashion, and too far from the commercial world to be the man of business. But he hovered between both, and prided himself on combining the elegance of the one with the activity of the other. Of course, there were striking exceptions, and the great science of English law had its philosophers; but the characteristics of the Templar in society were an embroidered suit and a sword; a fluent tongue upon every topic of the day, a constant attendance at the pit of the playhouse, an invincible assurance, and the invaluable art of contriving to live without money. Nash found this kind of life the one exactly formed for him. Adroit, of easy manners, and a quick sense of his own interest, he was every where, and displayed a model of the Templar. His first maxim was, always to be well dressed. The pomp of our ancestors in the outer man was enormous; and fortunes were expended in the laced ruffles, the velvet

coat, and the diamond brooch and buckles of a beau. Nash had a natural taste for dress, and took good care that his should be conspicuous; the payment of his unlucky tailors was, of course, postponed to a long futurity. But his appearance led him into high society, and his coat and waistcoat made him friends, where his virtues, if he had them, would probably have left him—"to eat his nut-ton cold." Even among Templars he was so much distinguished, that in the pageant which the Middle Temple exhibited to William the Third on his accession, according to the custom of the time, he was chosen to superintend the performance, and conducted it with such skill as to attract the notice of even the phlegmatic and solid-minded sovereign, who offered to knight him. On this occasion, however, Nash made perhaps the only false step which he ever made in courtiership. He rashly refused the offer, saying, "If your majesty is pleased to make me a knight, I wish it may be one of your poor knights of Windsor, and then I shall have a fortune at least able to support my title;" the "poor knights," (since called by a more becoming name, the "military knights,") having a pension from the crown, which then was considerable in those cheaper days. But the king took no notice of the request. Kings are not fond of refusals when they propose civilities, and Nash, by giddily rejecting the title, lost the pension which probably would have followed.

But in all his dissipation, there was an under current of good nature. On his leaving the Temple in debt, when his accounts were brought before the masters, they were struck with one item. "To making one man happy, £10." On asking its meaning, Nash replied, "that one day happening to hear a poor man say to his wife and large family that £10 would make him happy, he could not restrain himself from making the trial." He further said, that if the masters did not think proper to allow the charge, he would refund the money. The masters, however, were so much pleased, that they thanked him for his benevolence, and desired that double the sum might be given in their name.

The age was one of frolic, sometimes extravagant, sometimes danger-

ous, but which in none of its shapes would now be endured. Nash, gaming at York, once lost every shilling he was worth. He was offered fifty guineas to try his fortune again, on condition of standing naked in a blanket at the great door of the Minster as the congregation were coming out. He adopted the condition at once; and at the appointed time appeared in his blanket. The Dean recognized him. "What!" he exclaimed, "Mr Nash in masquerade?" "Only a Yorkshire penance, Mr Dean, for keeping bad company," said Nash, pointing to his companions.

He once won a wager, by riding naked through a village on a cow. This Tom of Coventry exhibition, which was then looked on as a proof of spirit, would now consign the hero to the hands of the police; but the man who deals in affairs of this order, may often incur rougher treatment. He was invited by some naval officers to a dinner on board their ship; he being left in ignorance that the vessel was under sailing orders for the Mediterranean, he allowed himself to indulge in wine until he was carried to his bed. When he awoke, he found himself at sea. He had now no resource but to make the voyage; during which the ship fought an engagement, and Nash saw one of his friends killed by his side, himself receiving a bullet, as he averred, in the leg. He was rather vain of this share in war, and it became the custom to banter him on the subject. A woman of fashion, one day, doubting it, he rather impudently told her, that "his leg was at her service, and she might feel the ball, *if her ladyship pleased*."

But Nash had now become a wiser if not a graver man; and his success at Bath seemed to promise him a secure fortune. The histories of popular favourites would often be valuable, if it were merely for their experience. Nash had one vice, which ultimately obscured all his prospects. The spirit of gaming which had led him into his early embarrassments, and which his poverty had partially checked, returned in his prosperity with new force. Still, without desiring to excuse this fatal propensity in a man of generous but irresolute mind, all the excuse may be offered in his instance, which is to be found in high example and universal custom. Dan-

gerous as gaming continues, it was then utterly destructive. Every man of fashion and fortune habitually played; and thousands, who had neither, adopted play as a regular pursuit. The laws, which its enormity from time to time had stimulated a reluctant legislature to enact, were either dead by disuse, or openly defied. Nash, whose finances had been rapidly exhausted by his new style of living, reinforced them by the gaming tables, and, in the beginning, won large sums. But his characters as a guardian of public decorum and as a gamester, naturally came into strange collision. There were frequent instances when his better part predominated, and he interfered to save the thoughtless from utter ruin. One was well known:—

A fellow of Oxford, a young man, had been so smitten with a love of gaming, that he threw up his fellowship and came to Bath, determined to make his fortune at once or be ruined. He had the unusual fate of soon winning a sum sufficient to give him a provision for life; but he persevered, and with the still more unusual fate of continuing his luck, until, before the winter, he had added four thousand pounds to his former capital. Nash, who had lost some money to him, one night invited him to supper. As they sat together over their wine, he said, "Perhaps, sir, you may imagine that I have invited you in order to take my revenge; but I had no such intent. I have asked you here in order to give you some advice, of which, pardon me for saying, I think you are likely to stand in need. You are now drawn away by a torrent of success; but a time *will* come when you will regret having left the quiet of a college life for the uncertain profession of a gamester. Runs of ill-luck will come, as sure as day and night succeed each other. Take my advice—be content with what you have got; for I can tell you, that had you the Bank of England it would finally slip through your fingers. I have not the honour of being acquainted with you; but, to convince you that I wish you well, I shall now give you sixty guineas, to receive twenty every time you lose two hundred at one sitting." The young gentleman thanked him, but refused the offer. The prophecy was true; he was finally undone.

Shortly after, a circumstance occurred, equally characteristic, though more productive to Nash's finances. A noble duke who played high, once, under the immediate remorse of having lost a very considerable sum, begged of Nash to tie him up for the future by a penalty. Nash accordingly gave him a hundred guineas, to receive ten thousand whenever the noble Lord lost ten thousand pounds at one sitting. But the Duke's passion was inveterate. Soon after, having lost at hazard eight thousand guineas, and being on the point of throwing for three thousand more, Nash, who was present at this dissipated scene, seized the dice-box, and generously entreated him to think of what he was doing, and remember the penalty. The remonstrance had the effect for the time; and on that night the duke played no more. But when was a gamester ever reclaimed? The madness of play was so strong upon him, that he soon after lost an immense sum at Newmarket, and paid the penalty.

An incident subsequently occurred, which was more like a scene in a drama than a thing of real life. A young member of the peerage, madly fond of play, had come to gratify his passion in Bath, when he began to lose rapidly. Nash, pitying his insanity, determined to give him a practical lesson. Knowing his own superior skill, he engaged the young peer to play against himself for a large sum. His lordship lost; he staked again a still larger sum; this, too, he lost, and losing his temper with it, he plunged headlong into ruin. Determined to throw every thing away, he lost his estate, and sending for some of the writings, he deposited them in Nash's hands. He had now nothing that he could lose but his carriage and horses. These, too, he lost. He now sat in the despair of one who felt himself helpless and utterly undone. After Nash had suffered him to undergo this salutary torment for a while, he said to him, "You have now ruined yourself. I am master of every guinea you are worth in the world. A single night has done this. Now, listen to my proposal. It was not my intention to ruin you. But if I did not, I well know that there are others who would. There, take your title-deeds again. I forgive you your whole debt to me; requiring only that you shall look

upon yourself as owing me five thousand pounds, whenever I may call for such a sum." The peer, surprised at this sudden and generous restoration, gladly accepted the condition. But the penalty was never demanded during his lifetime. Subsequently to his decease, Nash, falling into embarrassments, applied for the money to his heir. The debt was acknowledged, and was honourably paid without hesitation.

But the mischief of gaming at length began to attract the notice of Parliament. The law awoke from its long slumber; and by the 12th of George II., severe penalties were enacted against all "games of chance." Pharo, basset, and hazard were chiefly marked. The act declared all such "games and lotteries to be illegal, laying a fine of £200 on all setters up of the banks," &c. Every player also was to forfeit £50.

The contest now lay between the sagacity of the law and the dexterity of the sharper. Other games were quickly invented, beyond the limits of the statute; and a new game, called Passages, exhibited its popularity in the ruin of thousands. The law attempted to meet this evasion, by declaring every game played with one die, or more, or other means of the same nature, having numbers on it, as well as the players, should come within the penalty. Other evasions tried the skill of the legislature again. A succession of games, with barbarous and absurd names, were invented, "roly-poly," "Marlborough's battles," &c. But the popular favourite now was E.O., a game which must have pleased the banks, as their profits were two and a half per cent on all that was lost and won. As the E.O. tables were not yet illegal, they were soon to be found everywhere; and a new influx of gamesters hurried to Bath, where Nash had, unfortunately for his reputation, made himself a partner in one of those firms. Fidelity among such connexions is impossible, and Nash said that, within three years, he found that he had been cheated to the amount of £20,000.

The law was at length forced to strike at the root; and, by the Act of 1745, it was declared that none should open a house or room for play, under pain of forfeiture; and, by an amendment of the Act of Anne for recover-

ing money lost at play, it was declared that no person should be incompetent to be a witness—that all present at a gaming-table might be summoned by the magistrate before whom the affair was brought; and all players who lost ten pounds at a time were made indictable within six months, and, on conviction, were fineable five times the amount of their losses or winnings. Still, gaming was incorrigible. Laws may punish offenders, but seldom amend them. Higher motives than fear, and more steady principles than penalty, must heal the wounds of morals. The legislature only threw gaming into more desperate hands; and while the ruin continued still more extensively, the sense of character, which had restrained the darker atrocities of the gaming-table gradually died away.

But another singular and ridiculous distinction existed between the ages of our ancestors and the present. Love was a *business*. Every man above the lower orders was a declared adorer of the sex. But the style of the passion had its changes. The lover of the latter part of the seventeenth century affected the gravity of the Spaniard—knelt at the lady's feet, made costly presents, wooed her with sonnets, declared her a goddess, and longed only to die for her smile. The lover of the beginning of the eighteenth century was the French lover. He wrote epigrams, wore embroidered clothes, relied for captivation on the newest fashion from Paris, a ten-guinea clouded cane, and a fifty-guinea snuff-box. The lover of the reign of George II. had altered all this proceeding; and, though professing the most determined devotion to the fair, acted on the extraordinary system of winning their hearts by a contempt for their persons. *Nonchalance* was the principle in those days, as apathy is in ours. The beau of a hundred years ago, and the exquisite of 1840, differed in nothing, except that the former professed to love the ladies, and the latter professes to love nothing but himself. But the beau was the reverse of insensible to either beauty, elegance, or wit. The exquisite is essential vapidty. The beau had his animation, his anecdote, and the perpetual diamond snuff-box glittering in his hand, to fill up the pauses of the dialogue. The exquisite is a melancholy object, sliding through life

with no more purpose than an automaton—living on the smallest conceivable expenditure of human understanding, and carried in and out of society, with no more volition of his own than the plaster figures on the heads of the Italian hawkers, and with not a much more substantial resemblance of humanity.

Fortune-hunting at length became one of the established professions of Bath, and Nash, in his character of general guardian, found himself obliged to keep a vigilant eye on the more romantic of his subjects. He generally had good information, and astonished the parties by *coups de theatre*.

One evening at the rooms, he sternly walked up to an old lady and her daughter, and abruptly told her that "it would be wiser for her to be at home." The lady, a woman of fortune, was at first inclined to be indignant at this style of address. But as Nash was uncontrolled monarch there, she could only turn away with evident signs of surprise and vexation. But on his following her, and repeating the words, she began to think that there was some meaning in them beyond gratuitous offence. She accordingly retired, and went home. There, to her astonishment, she found her eldest daughter, who had stayed away from the ball on some excuse, ready dressed for an elopement, and a notorious sharper in waiting, with a post-chaise, to carry her off at the moment. Nash's information had acquainted him with the plot, and he had mystified the company by taking this dramatic mode of showing his knowledge of all the machine of Bath society.

Another of those incidents was more romantic still. After the peace of Utrecht, a number of the military flocked to Bath to enjoy the amusements, which had now become celebrated throughout Europe. Among the rest was a young lieutenant-colonel, a handsome and lively personage, but with nothing beyond his commission. The gay colonel was an universal favourite; but the gaming-table, and the expensive style of his living, soon compelled him to sell an annuity, the wreck of his fortune, and he was on the point of ruin. In this extremity, however, whether from taste or speculation, he fell desperately in love with a young lady, an only daughter,

and the probable heiress of very large property. The colonel's graces were irresistible, and the lady gave him her heart without delay. They would have eloped; and in the wrath of the lady's father would have probably been left without a shilling, had not Nash fortunately interfered. He informed the father of the circumstance; the lady was instantly hurried home; and the old gentleman, thanking Nash for this important service, offered him a considerable present, which, however, was honourably declined.

The colonel, furious at the double disappointment, now attacked Nash, who, not making any secret of what he had done as a matter of duty, was challenged to fight with swords. But this folly the master of the ceremonies felt that it was also his duty to decline, as a guardian of public order; and the wearing of swords being then strictly prohibited in Bath, the officer was forced to postpone his revenge until they should meet in London.

But, in the mean time, his debts would admit of no delay, and his creditors were on the point of seizing him, when he suddenly escaped from Bath, and, having no other resource, went to the continent, and joined the Dutch army in Flanders as a volunteer. There the unlucky spendthrift felt all the sufferings which the fatigues of a common soldier's life could inflict, without the comforts even of his pay; he was wholly lost sight of, and the general opinion of him was, that he had fallen in an engagement. The lady's father, within the next two years, died, and she became possessed of his property. An idea of a curiously chivalric nature now suggested itself to Nash. As he had never seen any evidence of the colonel's death, he applied himself to ascertain his fate, and with so much diligence, that he at length discovered this son of adventure "fretting his hour upon the stage" in a company of strollers at Peterborough.

Before the lady's acquaintance with the colonel, she had been solicited in marriage by a nobleman, whom she had rejected for her more agreeable admirer; but who, on his ruin, had returned, renewed his addresses, and was, apparently, on the point of succeeding. Nash, thinking that as he had deprived the unlucky colonel of one opportunity, it was only justice to

give him another, proposed to the lady (to whom the nobleman was now a constant attendant) that they should all go "to see the players at Peterborough;" taking them in his own equipage, which was one of the most showy in England.

The play happened to be *The Conscious Lovers*, a sufficiently sentimental one for the occasion; but the colonel's part was humiliated into "Tom." The lady was seated in the stage-box, with the peer on one side, and Nash, impatient to see the effect of recognition, on the other. At length Tom appeared; the lady, astonished and overwhelmed with the unexpected spectacle, felt all her passion revive, and fainted. The colonel, who had recognised her instantly, and was at first shocked at the idea of thus appearing before the woman whom he loved, now rushed off the stage, sprang into the box, and caught her in his arms!

As may be presumed, the nobleman, furnished with such unequivocal proof of the lady's feelings, withdrew his suit immediately; and the lovers were married.

"Colonel," said Nash, in explaining his conduct, "you once thought me your enemy, because I endeavoured to prevent you from ruining each other. You were then wrong; but you have long since had my forgiveness. If you love each other well enough now for matrimony, you fairly have my consent; and confound him, say I, who attempts to part you."

The marriage turned out as happy as it was opulent; and Nash afterwards spent many agreeable days in their society.

Goldsmith, in that most humorous and touching work of his age, the "Vicar of Wakefield," has exactly described this stage scene, where the Vicar's son George is recognised by the woman of his heart among the strollers. The idea was probably suggested by the colonel's adventure.

Another event, of a more unhappy nature, produced a deep impression at Bath. A young lady, of good family, of large fortune, and of remarkable beauty, visited the city, and naturally attracted remarkable attention. Several proposals of marriage were soon made to her; but she loved only the privileges of "single blessedness," refused all her offers, and determined to

enjoy the delights of the accomplished and elegant society of the place in their highest indulgence. If this was an error, it may be forgiven to a beautiful, witty, and elegant creature in the very bloom of life, for she was but nineteen!

However, she was not to escape the natural result of living in a perpetual blaze of admiration; and she at length fell in love. Nothing could be more unfortunate than her choice, for her lover was a man of dissipation, utterly ruined, unable to restrain himself in any pursuit of pleasure, a gamester and a rake; and though a man of original taste and talent, high-bred and accomplished, yet, from his habits of excess in every folly of fashionable life, inevitably destined to die in a jail.

It was supposed that in his distresses he had been relieved by this beautiful creature. But his creditors at length losing patience, he was thrown into prison in London. She then took the fatal resolution of discharging his debts, which amounted to nearly her whole fortune.

Nash, on becoming acquainted with her intention, immediately employed every argument in his power to save her from this step to being undone. He represented the fatal uselessness of taking a habitual spendthrift out of prison, the hopelessness of reclaiming the vices of a whole life, and, in addition, the hazard of reputation which must be incurred by this extraordinary interference on the part of any female. But love is madness while it lasts, and remorse when it is gone. The debts were discharged, the lover was let loose to the gaming table, and the lady was left with no other course than to return to Bath and live on the fragment of her income.

She soon found a difference in the reception given to the opulent and to the reduced; but to live in public was now second nature to her; and to enable her to live in public, she was induced to enter into some obscure arrangement with a dexterous but vulgar woman, who kept a house for play. But the general slights which followed sank into her soul. Her character was wholly untouched, even by the voice of scandal; but she grew melancholy, and finally leaving this painful connexion, began to think of suicide. She now became a governess in a gen-

tleman's family, where, though well treated, she sank into still deeper dejection. At length, on the day fixed for the return of the family from London to Bath, where she had been left, she resolved to put an end to all her anxieties, by the most irrevocable of all crimes.

On this day, having set the house in peculiar order, she wrote, on a pane of the dining-room window, the well-known lines, beginning with—

“Oh, death, thou pleasing end of human woe!”

When the children had been put to bed, and the house was quiet, she dressed herself all in white like a bride, and with a strange affectation of her former finery, even in those melancholy hours, prepared a scarf of pink silk, lengthened by one of gold thread, as the instrument of self-destruction. She then, apparently, sat down to read, for she left a volume of Ariosto open at the page where Olympia, stung by the ingratitude of her bosom friend, is thrown into despair. She then tied the fatal knot; but her weight broke it, and she fell to the ground. The noise of her fall was heard by some of the servants; but they, imagining it to be merely some passing sound, made no enquiry at the time. She had still the unhappy firmness to renew the attempt, and next day was found suspended, and cold! The long-continued dejection of her mind in some degree authorized the verdict of the coroner's inquest, who brought it in lunacy. Her death produced a remarkable sensation in Bath; great regret was expressed that the nature of her distresses had not been known before; and every little trinket which belonged to her was purchased at a large price, as a memorial of so lovely and so unhappy a child of the world.

Another feature of the age was the ridiculous habit of boasting of gallantry. The “*homme aux bonnes fortunes*,” the pretender to universal conquest over the fair, was originally French, and, like every other French foolery, had been introduced by the courtiers of Charles II. That wretched and thoroughly contemptible king left a long legacy of disgrace to English manners. Men of fashion copying his scandalous example, were proud of publishing their shame, and the

shame of the unfortunate objects of their intrigues; and even when the actual guilt gradually ceased to be reckoned an essential to high life, the coxcombry of the day made its presumed influence with the ladies a constant theme; of course, ninety-nine boastings out of a hundred were absolute falsehoods, and the boasters were often taken to task with equal justice and severity. But the incident which we are about to mention, was of a lighter kind. Nash and a friend, walking on the "pantiles" at Tonbridge, met a young fop of fortune, who joined them. On asking him how long he had been at the wells, and what company was there, the fop replied, that though he had been in the town a month, he had seen no better company than he might have found at a Tyburn ball.

When his auditors had been thus sufficiently convinced of his fashion, his next specimen was of his gallantry. "Look there," said he, pointing to a lady, passing at a distance, "see that goddess of midnight—I might have run away with her round the world at any time this last fortnight; and see that other one," pointing to another advancing towards the group, "showy as she is, it is not a week since she offered me herself and her fortune." Nash's friend, who had exhibited much impatience during the dialogue, now burst forth into rage—"Sir," he exclaimed, "I know these two ladies intimately. As to the former she may have offered to run away with you, for any thing that I can prove to the contrary; but I shall ask her; for *she is my sister*." The boaster now began to make apologies, and said that he meant the other lady. "No, sir," was the indignant exclamation, "there I know you are a lying rascal, for that lady came into Tonbridge only last night, and *she is my wife*." The gentleman was proceeding to cane the puppy, when Nash interposed and saved his shoulders; but it was on the condition that he took his departure from the town without delay.

Nash's nature was remarkably generous, and he gave away large sums from the impulse of the moment; even gaming had not the power to render him selfish. One day, as he was playing at piquet for a stake of L.200, he heard a voice behind him,

in a whispering conversation, saying, "Heavens! how happy would that money make me." Nash turned round, recognised the whisperer as a gentleman of broken fortune; and winning the money, put the whole sum into his hand, adding, "Go home now, and be happy!"

His public influence enabling him to take a leading part in all matters of public benefaction, he had the merit (in conjunction with Dr Oliver) of establishing the first hospital on a large scale in Bath. As the only fund was voluntary subscription, his skill in human nature was constantly employed in appealing to the purses of his visitors. Once as he was walking round the rooms, with his hat in his hand, soliciting subscriptions, a duchess entered, more memorable for any thing than her charity. Finding that he put himself expressly in her way, and being unable to pass him unobserved, she gave him a pat with her fan, saying, "You must put down a trifle for me, Mr Nash, for I have no money in my purse." "With pleasure, madam," was his reply, "if your Grace will tell me when to stop." And taking a handful of guineas out of his pocket, he began to count them into his hat—"One, two, three, four, five"—"Hold, hold, sir," cried the duchess, "consider what you are about"—"Consider your rank and fortune, madam," said Nash, and continued dropping in the guineas—"six seven, eight, nine, ten." The duchess now grew angry, and called again to him to stop—"Pray, compose yourself, madam," said Nash respectfully, "and don't interrupt the work of charity—eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen"—Here her Grace actually seized his hand. "Be calm, madam," said Nash, going on with his performance, "your name will be written in letters of *gold*, and on the front of the building, madam,—sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty." "I sha'n't pay a farthing more," exclaimed the Duchess—"Charity hides a multitude of sins," replied Nash—"twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five." The lady now seemed to be exhausted with vexation, and about to faint, exclaiming,—"Nash, I protest you frighten me out of my wits, I shall die!" "Madam," said the im-

perturbable Nash, "you will never die with doing good. And if you do, you will be the better for it." He was about to proceed, when, perceiving her real perturbation, he stopped, and compromised for thirty guineas.

It is due to the liberality of the lady to state, that having sat down to cards, and won some money, she called Nash over to her, and saying, that to show "she made friends with him, though he was such a fool, she gave him ten guineas more for his charity," insisting, however, that neither her name nor her donation should be mentioned.

Bath was now in its glory; princes came to its waters, and Nash acknowledged the compliment with regal liberality. On the convalescence of the Prince of Orange, after trying the wonder-working spring, Nash signalized the event by an obelisk thirty feet high. In 1738, four years after, the Prince of Wales' visit was signalized by a similar memorial, but of double the height perhaps, in proof of double reverence; and to make the monument complete, Nash applied to Pope for an inscription. The poet's letter is sufficiently discontented.

"Sir,—I have received yours, and thank your partiality in my favour. You say words cannot express the gratitude you feel for the favour of his Royal Highness, and yet you would have me express what you feel, and in a few words. I own myself unequal to the task; for, even granting it possible to express an inexpressible idea, I am the worst person you could have pitched upon for this purpose, who have received so few favours from the great myself, that I am utterly unacquainted with what kind of thanks they like best. Whether the P—— most loves poetry or prose, I protest I do not know; but this I dare venture to affirm, that you can give him as much satisfaction in either as I can.—I am, sir, your most affectionate servant,

A. POPE."

However, on a second application, he was prevailed on to make the experiment; but the inscription was in prose, and sufficiently commonplace:—

In memory of honours bestowed,
And in gratitude for benefits conferred, on
this city,

By his Royal Highness
FREDERICK, Prince of Wales,
And his Royal Consort,
In the year 1738,
This Obelisk is erected by
RICHARD NASH, ESQ.

Every thing in Nash's career was either trifling or odd, and sometimes both. At this time he became suddenly rich in snuff-boxes. The Prince of Orange, in return for his attentions, had given him a snuff-box set with jewels. The Prince of Wales gave him a large gold enamelled snuff-box. Some of the higher nobility followed the example of the princes. The fashion was followed, until it became the general mode of returning his civilities. He was said at one time to have had snuff-boxes enough to supply a small warehouse.

But his honours had not yet reached their height. His picture was painted at full length, by order of the corporation, and placed in the ball-room, with the bust of Newton on one side and Pope on the other. This instance of corporate zeal, however, was too open to ridicule to escape; and the witty Lord Chesterfield expressed the feeling of the public with equal pleasantry and pungency:—

"Immortal Newton never spoke
More truth than here you'll find;
Nor Pope himself e'er penn'd a joke
Severer on mankind.

"The picture placed these busts between
Gives satire all its strength;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly at full length."

Yet these sarcasms did not prevent the painting of another portrait for another ball-room, and even the erection of his statue in the pump-room. But Nash was one of the last who could deserve the name of fool. His business might be folly; but he pursued it with a sagacity which placed him at the head of his profession, unrivalled and alone. It would, of course, be absurd to speak of such qualities as entitling any man to fame; but their results were unquestionably important, in giving employment to the inhabitants of a rising city; in making the pleasures of a large population consistent with general order; in contributing to polish the native virtues of the English character, by

the graces, without the grosser corruptions, of continental life; and in attaching Englishmen to their own country, by harmlessly providing at home those social indulgences which so many of them were in the habit of seeking abroad, with equal injury to their fortunes, their morals, and their patriotism. We are strongly inclined to think, that if another Nash could now be found, he would be as valuable a discovery as any that the age is likely to make; and that whoever shall, like him, invent a new means of giving the public a taste for pleasure at once rational and general; of teaching them the importance of discipline even in their relaxations; of making even pleasure conducive to health; and, by providing us in our own country with all that the Continent can offer, giving the English gentleman a new reason for honouring his own country as it deserves, would much more deserve to be honoured than laughed at, and to be regarded as a benefactor than a mere manager of ball-rooms. Public amusements have declined in England, and the consequence is, that our nobility fly to Paris, the German Spas, and Naples. The expenditure of these absentees is probably not less than ten millions of pounds sterling a-year. The little French towns are filled with the humbler ranks of our countrymen, some for cheapness of living, some for the easier means of education, but many for mere want of ingenious amusement at home. Boulogne is an English colony, Dieppe is living on English money, and half the villages accessible by a steam-boat, are growing from groups of huts into towns. All this tide of wealth might be turned into the bosom of our own country, by the adoption of the same principles in which Bath rose from the village which Nash found it, into the beautiful city which it is at this day.

There must, of course, be some modifications of their practice, suitable to the change of time; but there can be no charm in the dirt, the discomfort, and the meanness of foreign life—no gratification in the insolence, the frauds, and the perpetual antipathy of foreigners to our name—and no gain to either parents or children in the examples of heartless dissipation, open impurity, and ostentatious irreligion, altogether sufficient to make the Eng-

lishman and his family fly from France, if they could obtain their objects with equal advantage in England.

Slight as all subjects connected with amusement may seem, the topic becomes a serious one when the results are the demoralization of public morals, and the waste of millions of national money. The question is, can the former orderly arrangements be revived. It is altogether our opinion *that they could*. They are now decaying in every quarter; in our watering-places they have sunk into almost total neglect; a miserable circulating library, chiefly frequented as a morning lounge for the readers of the newspapers, is generally the entire provision for the public. In some of those places a theatre exists; but its attendance is meagre, and, by consequence, its performances are periodical and miserable. An occasional concert by some struggling and straggling troop of musicians, feebly varies the monotony; and in general, even the ball-rooms scarcely pay the expenses of the lights and orchestra. Yet the public have the same tastes, for rational indulgence at least, which they had a hundred years ago, and the complaint is universal of the intolerable dullness of every thing where they came expressly to enjoy their hours of leisure.

The reasons of this decay are twofold—want of management, and want of money in the hands of the manager.

One of Nash's first regulations was, that every head of a family, and, in general, every person coming to Bath for the season, should regard it as a matter of obligation to *subscribe* to all the amusements which he had established. It was distinctly understood that those who were not prepared to pay their contribution had no business to be there. They might look for pleasure any where else, but to Bath they had no right to come, while they chose to shrink from giving their share of the only means by which Bath could be made the resort of the fashionable and pleasant world. All this was perfectly fair: and all this was so perfectly understood, that the whole round of the public amusements was amply sustained by the public subscription. No fashionable beggar, no crafty bargainer for amusement at the expense of others, no pitiful pretender to good society, was suffered to have the ad-

vantages of this animated and delightful place, by paying a few shillings for his personal admission to the concert, or the ball, and then making his beggarly escape. The season must not be left to depend upon these shabbinesses; and those who attempted to practise them were instantly shamed.

But this could not be effected without authority, and here was shown the value of effective management. Nash was a dictator, from whose power no appeal was suffered. His character and personal influence gave him a power of decision, which none, whether inhabitant or visitor, could venture to resist. "Master of the ceremonies," in fact, conveys an imperfect conception of his real uses and powers. He was general manager of establishments on which depended the prosperity of a rising city, the legitimate pleasures of the whole nobility and gentry of England, and no small part of the grace and civilization of the empire. The modern error lies in forgetting the true nature of his office, and choosing some individual, merely of obliging manners and respectable conduct, some half-pay officer, or private gentleman, who makes an interest among the subscribers for the season. The consequence is, that he has virtually no authority at all, and that his actual employment degenerates into leaving his card at the door of every new arrival, and handing up partners to young ladies at balls; his personal income being derived from ball tickets, like a dancing-master, or from a subscription book at the libraries, like "a widow with twenty children," or a pauper on her way to her parish.

The master of the ceremonies ought to be, on the contrary, the gentleman of the highest rank and fortune in the town or its neighbourhood. Of course, not condescending either to go through the mere routine of ball-rooms, which might be perfectly well intrusted to his subordinates, nor stooping to the uncomfortable emoluments to be derived from the pockets of the visitors; but by his acknowledged authority enforcing regulations which in the hands of inferiors must be laughed at and evaded, and demanding general obedience, as evidently having no other object in view than the general gratification of the community. We have no doubt that, on such conditions,

there are few even of the highest nobility who would decline the office of thus directing, protecting, and refining the public pleasures. We see them coming forward in the most troublesome and responsible situations of country life; magistrates, grand jurors, lieutenants, parliamentary representatives, presidents of county meetings; and they have only to see their way in this new, and we will say important occupation, to adopt it with the same activity and the same effect. Let the experiment but be fairly made in any one watering-place, and we have no doubt that the change would be found beneficial. We by no means desire to see an earl or a duke performing the punctilios of a quadrille party, or doing any other thing which can have the appearance of trifling. He can easily appoint those who are fit for such purposes. But let him be the general authority to be appealed to; the director, though he may not be present at either ball or concert, and we shall soon see the watering-place relieved from its monotony. Every one should be informed that they should subscribe to the established amusements—private parties should be prohibited, as injurious to the purposes of the place. Women of rank should be made directors of the various concerts and balls, &c., and the magistrates and principal inhabitants, as in Bath of old time, feeling their natural interest in the prosperity of the town, should be consulted to give their aid in sustaining the regulations. From those arrangements, still more interesting advantages might naturally grow. Schools of the highest order, and on the most extensive scale, might be formed under the superintendence of the nobility themselves, giving a more complete, more moral, and more accomplished education, than they can ever obtain in foreign countries. The personal inspection of the heads of families would give a security for their conduct and a stimulus to their progress; and from this obvious and easy scheme might arise a vast and most valuable improvement in the rising generation.

Nash's career at length drew to its close. In enumerating his merits, we have observed how fatally they were counteracted by gaming; a vice which, though adopted originally as a matter of revenue in his days of poverty, and afterwards retained as an evidence of

fashion, produced its natural effect on him, as on all others, in humiliating his character, and finally overthrowing his prosperity. He gradually grew peevish, and exercised his petulance until he became unpopular. Contemptuous expressions were used to him, which he was obliged to bear.

He was one day complaining to the celebrated Lord Chesterfield of his ill luck. "Would you think it, my Lord," said he, "that b—ch fortune last night tricked me out of £500?" "Why, Nash," said his Lordship, with less amenity than was his custom, "I don't wonder at your losing money: but all the world is surprised *where you get it to lose.*"

Dr Clarke, the metaphysician, was one day conversing with Locke and some other friends in the pump-room, and laughing on some subject of the day. Nash's chariot happened to draw up to the door. "Boys, boys," cried the philosopher, "let us now be grave, for here is a fool coming." The sarcasm, of course, speedily reached his ear as it ran the round of Bath; but it was endured in silence—no doubt a painful silence.

We feel a natural reluctance in mentioning the vexations which began to cloud his old age. Attempts were made to drive him from his office. Anonymous letters were written to the nobility by mean pretenders to the mastership of the ceremonies.

The sectarian enthusiasm, which then began to rave round England, could not pass by a subject for invective, at once so prominent and so helpless; and these are some specimens of the language in which it administered advice to a man of eighty-six years:—

"You are as odious to God as a corrupt carcass that lies putrifying in the churchyard.

"You are as far from endeavouring after salvation, or restoring yourself to the divine favour, as a heap of dry bones nailed up in a coffin.

"Think upon this, if you have any inclination to escape the fire that will never be quenched. Would you be rescued from the fury and fierce anger of God? Would you be delivered from weeping, and wailing, and incessant gnashing of teeth?

"If you do not remedy in some degree the evils that you have sent abroad, wretched will you be, above all men, to eternity. God's jealousy,

like a consuming flame, will smoke against you, as you yourself will see, in that day when the mountains shall quake, and the hills shall melt, and the earth be burnt up at his presence."

It was in this tender language that the new religionists of the time, abandoning at once the name and the spirit of the Church of England, attempted to effect what they foolishly called a revival of Christianity in the land. Such language might excite revenge, though it could never give birth to repentance. It was folly entering on a crusade against folly; ignorance of scripture pretending to enlighten ignorance of the world; the passion of proselytism, with equal vanity and equal presumption, assailing the passion for pleasure. Can we wonder that it failed of conviction; that where its terrors influenced one mind, its extravagance shook the belief of thousands; and that, after making some mad, and many infidel, the blaze of enthusiasm sank down like a fire fed only by thorns, and is now traceable on the surface of the soil by little more than its ashes? At length the final hour came to Nash, as it comes to all, and after a year of increasing debility, he died at his house in St John's Court, Bath, on the 12th of February 1761, aged 87 years.

The corporation of Bath exhibited their feeling of his public services by a funeral at their expense. His remains were conveyed to the Abbey church with all solemnity, the charity children leading the way, followed by the city music—clergymen preceding the coffin, and the pall supported by the senior aldermen—the masters of the assembly rooms and beaules of the Bath hospital following—the procession being closed by the still more expressive train of the multitudes of patients who had from time to time received the benefits of that noble institution. He left nothing behind him but a small library, and some trinkets and some snuff-boxes which had been given him by distinguished persons. His fortune was all gone; the necessities of his latter years had swallowed up his income, and among his chief resources was an allowance of ten guineas a month made to him by the corporation.

A great variety of "character" and "recollections" of him appeared in the public papers immediately upon

his decease ; some splenetic, but the majority marking the true lines of his conduct, and giving him credit for his actual services. A long epitaph by his old friend Dr Oliver of Bath, detailed his merits with force, and yet admitted his errors with fidelity. A fragment of it says—

His dominion was not
Over the servility of the vulgar,
But over the pride of the opulent !
By the force of genius
He erected the City of Bath
Into a Province of Pleasure,
And became, by universal consent,
Its Legislator and Ruler.
He planned, improved, and regulated
All the amusements of the place.
His fundamental law was Good Breeding.
"HOLD SACRED DECENCY AND DECORUM !"
Was his constant maxim.
None, however exalted by beauty,
Blood, titles, or riches,
Could be guilty of a breach of it unpunished.

He kept the gentlemen in order
By prohibiting the wearing of swords
He kept the ladies in good humour
By ordaining scandal to be the mark
Of a foolish head and a malicious heart.
Thus establishing his government
On pillars of honour and politeness,
He maintained it for half a century
With reputation, honour, and undisputed
authority.

An epitaph by Dr King, in eloquent Latinity, thus closed his panegyric.

Talem virum, tantumque, ademptum
Lugeant Musæ, Charitesque :
Lugeant Veneres, Cupidinesque :
Lugeant omnes juvenum et nympharum
Chori !

Tu vero, O BATHONIA !
Ne cæses tuum lugere
Principem, præceptorem, amicum :
Patronum,
Heu, nunquam posthac
Habitura parem !

WHIG AND TORY.

A METRICAL MEDITATION.

THE Tories once ruled with resistless command,
By their enemies envied in vain ;
We were powerful and peaceful by sea and by land,
And the Law held the reins with a resolute hand,
The headstrong and hot to restrain.

But a neighbour display'd her three vain-glorious days,
And we borrow'd a leaf from her book :
She discarded a King his old rival to raise,
While we, who proceed by less violent ways,
Were content with displacing a Duke.

'Twas echo'd on hustings, in hall, and in bower,
" Too long we've been slaves to the Crown : "
The PEOPLE, the source of legitimate power,
In bumpers was pledged, though the wine might be sour,
As the toast that alone would go down.

The Whigs—for such mischief was ever their forte—
With the loudest thus clamour'd and cried :
We have seen them since then find a refuge at Court,
And in petticoat patronage seek the support
Which their idol, the PEOPLE, denied.

Even loyalty once was a standing Whig jest ;
Peter Pindar and Moore were admired :
The monarch—for so was the maxim express'd—
Was merely a magistrate over the rest,
Though a little more richly attired.

The doctrines that then they exulted to own,
 Now quietly sleep on their shelves;
 The chivalrous Whigs close encircle the throne,
 And of loyalty's name so enamour'd are grown,
 They'll allow it to none but themselves.

"Opinion is fetter'd," so ran the Whig tale,
 "And discussion cut short by the sword:"
 But the same school of logic seems still to prevail,
 If the Newport affray, and the Chartists in jail,
 Any proof on the point can afford.

"These Tory corruptionists, when will they cease
 Their assaults on the popular purse?"
 Ten years of Whig power, in the middle of peace,
 Show our revenues dwindle, our burdens increase;
 Pray, what could a Tory do worse?

Of Tory ambition, though much has been said,
 There are those who can match it at least:
 Hear the Board of Control, with some wine in its head!
 You would think it was Bacchus, by liquor misled,
 To commence a new march on the East.

If a Tory would hazard the horrors of war
 In his zeal for the balance of power,
 Here too, it appears, things are much on a par;
 We're as busily leagued with our old friend the Czar,
 As if Castlereagh lived at this hour.

Go on, my good friends. If this line you pursue,
 And no accident blows up your train,
 We may read, some day soon, in the Yellow and Blue,
 The eulogiums bestowed on a Whig Waterloo,
 Which the Tory one failed to obtain.

The delusion is ended, and homage is done
 To the precepts we loved to embrace:
 The Whigs, when their round of vagaries is run,
 Come back to the course which their betters begun—
 Such a proselyte-maker is place!

ONE QUARTER MORE.

A NEW SONG,

To be Sung with great applause at an approaching Cabinet Entertainment.

AIR,—*"One Bottle More."*

1.

Assist me, ye lads, who our festival grace,
 To sing of the shifts that have kept us in place;
 Where public delusion first open'd the door,
 And luck more than merit gives one quarter more.
 One quarter more, one quarter more,
 The devil's own luck gives us one quarter more.

2.

The Tories full often look knowing, and say,
 "All's up with them now; they can't live out the day."
 But although not so firm on our pins as before,
 We always revive to have one quarter more.
 One quarter more, one quarter more,
 We always revive to have one quarter more.

3.

When William dismiss'd us, in manner so gruff,
 I fairly confess things were gloomy enough;
 But our Irish alliance laid Peel on the floor,
 And the whack from Shillelah brought six quarters more.
 Six quarters more, six quarters more,
 The whack from Shillelah brought six quarters more.

4.

Again it was thought we must soon cut our stick,
 When our worthy old master just died in the nick,
 The gracious Victoria the sceptre then bore,
 And her name of itself was worth five quarters more.
 Five quarters more, five quarters more,
 The Queen's name alone was worth five quarters more.

5.

But finding the public disgust now complete,
 We wisely determined to sham a retreat;
 We retired from the stage, but the Queen cried encore,
 And we could not resist her for one quarter more.
 One quarter more, one quarter more,
 We could not resist her for one quarter more.

6.

Since then we've met danger in many a shape,
 But fortune still furnish'd some means of escape;
 The Marriage came timely our hopes to restore,
 And the birth of a boy may give some quarters more.
 Some quarters more, some quarters more,
 The birth of a boy will give some quarters more.

7.

Out of proper respect to so princely a youth,
 They can scarce turn us out till he cuts his first tooth;
 We may even hold on till he's breech'd about four—
 "Which will give us," quoth Baring, "sixteen quarters more."
 Sixteen quarters more, sixteen quarters more,
 Which will give us, quoth Baring, sixteen quarters more.

8.

If a girl shall come first, they must still let us stay,
 Till a boy be produced on some more distant day:
 Let us hope there are plenty of princes in store,
 And that each royal infant gives one quarter more.
 One quarter more, one quarter more,
 That each royal infant gives one quarter more.

9.

Thus deaths, births, and marriages help us along,
 Which brings me at last to the end of my song.
 May our Cabinet live till it reaches three-score,
 And its last dying accents be—"one quarter more."
 One quarter more, one quarter more,
 Its last dying words shall be "One quarter more."

THE BEAUTY DRAUGHT.

CHAPTER I.

JAQUELINE TRIQUET was the daughter of a *propriétaire*, or owner, of a very small farm, near a village in the Bourbonnois, the real name of which it might be dangerous to state, for reasons that will be apparent to such of our fair readers as may condescend patiently to toil through what is to follow. Let it therefore be called, after the patron saint of France, St Denis.

Jaqueline, our heroine, was about the middle height of her sex, but had the appearance of being somewhat shorter, in consequence of the rather masculine breadth of her frame and vigorous "développement" of muscle. These were, however, great advantages to one compelled to live a life of labour, and to associate with persons of a class not particularly celebrated for delicacy of manners or feeling; and of these advantages Jaqueline evinced that she was perfectly aware, by frequently asserting that she was "not afraid of any man."

Her other personal qualifications were a compact, round, good-humoured-looking countenance, with two very bright black useful eyes, which had an odd way of trying to look at each other—a propensity that, if not over violent, has been pronounced exceedingly attractive by many connoisseurs of beauty. But, alas! Jaqueline was no beauty, whatever she might have been in early youth; for that dreadful enemy of fair faces, the small-pox, had attacked her in his angry mood, and sadly disfigured every charm save that over which even he hath no power, the all-pleasing expression of good-humour. So that remained for Jaqueline; and not that alone. Not merely was the cheerful outward sign upon her homely sunburnt countenance, but the blessed reality was within; and there was not a merrier, more industrious, nor lighter-hearted lass in the whole *commune*. Artless, simple, and kind to all, she was a general favourite; and with general favour she remained apparently quite content, till certain of her younger companions got married, and then she felt occasionally dull—she knew not why.

"It is not that I envy them, I am sure," said she to herself in one of her musing fits; "no—I rejoice in their happiness. If Franchette had not married Jean Clément, I am sure I never should, even if he had asked me, which he never did. And then Jaques Roget, and Pierre Dupin, and Philippe Chamel—bless them all, and their wives too, I say! I wish them happy; I'm sure I do. I don't envy them; I'm sure I don't. And yet—yet—I can't think what's the matter with me!"

Poor Jaqueline's was no very uncommon case. She was not in love with any particular person. Her heart was her own, and a good warm heart it was, and she felt conscious that it was well worth somebody's winning; therefore it is no marvel, that at last she breathed a secret wish that somebody would set about the task in earnest.

Such was the state of her feelings when her father, who was a widower, resolved to entrust her with the management of certain affairs in the way of business at Moulins, which he had hitherto always attended to personally.

"The change will do you good, my child," said he; "and Madame Margot will be delighted to see you, if it were only for your poor dear mother's sake, rest her soul! She always asks after you, and has invited me to bring you with me a thousand times. So you may be sure of a welcome from her. And Nicolas is a good lad too, and has managed the business admirably since his father's death, though he is such a lively fellow that one could hardly expect it. He'll *chaperon* you, and do the *aimable*, no doubt. So, *vale!* never fear. And if you find yourself happy with them, and Madame presses you to stay—why, it's only August now, and I sha'n't want you home till the vintage—so, do as you like, my good child; I can trust you."

The journey to Moulins was little more than ten leagues; but travelling in the cross-roads of the Bourbonnois is a very rough and tedious affair. To

Jaqueline it appeared the most important event in her life; and as she rode, in the cool of a Monday morning, upon her father's nag, to a neighbouring farmer's, about two leagues on her way, she felt half inclined to turn back, and request to be left at home in quiet, rather than go on to be mingled in scenes of gayety, wherein something whispered to her that she was not likely to be very happy. But the congratulations of the said farmer's daughters, who all declared how much they envied her, and how delighted they should be to be in her place, to which, perhaps, may be added the invigorating effects of a most unromantic, substantial breakfast, caused a marvellous change in her feelings, inasmuch that she appeared the merriest of the party, as they walked afterward to the summit of a rising ground, from which her further progress on foot into the high-road might be clearly indicated. There, after receiving minute instructions, by attending to which she was assured that it was impossible she could mistake her way, she took leave of her friends, with the feeling that she was about to be launched into a new sort of world.

The sun shone brightly, the birds sang merrily, and ever and anon a passing breeze rustled cheerfully the foliage above and all around, as Jaqueline stepped lightly on, scarcely encumbered by her not very elegant nor ponderous bundle, containing much less than the fair sex usually require when going on a visit. But this lightness of wardrobe caused the not least agreeable of her anticipations, as her father had given her a *carte blanche* to supply its defects from the *magasins* of Moulins, stipulating only that, in her headgear, there should be no deviation from the established costume of their ancestresses, who, from generation to generation, had worn, or rather carried, perched forward upon their caps, the small, boat-like, diminutive-crowned hat called *La Fougère*.

Now, whether she had been thinking too much about how her new *fougère* should be trimmed, or that the plain directions of her friends were too perplexingly minute to be borne clearly in memory, cannot be ascertained; but at a spot where a single footpath became double, she hesitated and looked round, and endeavoured

to recollect. There was no one near to bias her choice; so she decided for herself, and took the left path, uttering the self-comforting ejaculation—"I am sure that this is the right." Therefore she walked briskly on, till visited by unpleasant misgivings that her steps had deviated too far to the left; and then followed doubt upon doubt, fast walking, stopping, hesitation, and looking about, as usual in such cases, till it became too evident that she had contrived to do that which her kind friends pronounced to be impossible. She had lost her way.

Now, losing one's way is far from agreeable, even to common, everyday people; but when such a misfortune occurs to heroines, it is a much more serious piece of business, inasmuch as their blundering always exercises an evil influence over the weather. No matter how fine and cloudless the day may have previously been, no sooner is a heroine bewildered, and, amid unknown tracks, compelled to "give it up" as a too-puzzling riddle, than all the elements combine to increase her perplexity. The thunders incontinently commence growling over her head, the vivid lightning flashes all around, the winds blow a hurricane, and down comes the rain like a cataract. The moral intended to be drawn from such often-repeated disasters probably is, that young ladies should be careful of their footsteps; for certainly the elements of society are not less pitiless to an erring female, than are those of nature toward a lost heroine.

Jaqueline's predicament was no exception to the general rule, which is not surprising, as the sudden and violent summer storms of the Bourbonnois are proverbial. However, before she was quite "wet through," she had the heroine's usual good luck of finding shelter in the ruins of an old castle, to which she was guided by the welcome sight of a small wreath of smoke, ascending from a corner of the dilapidated building. After peeping cautiously from behind the open folding-shutter of an unglazed window, and ascertaining the sex of the lonely tenant, she ventured to enter, and was most kindly welcomed by an aged woman, whose bodily infirmities had, in no degree, affected the organs of speech. So Jaqueline soon had the consolation of learning how and where

she had missed her way, and also of hearing many particulars of her hostess's life, which need not be repeated here. The best of the affair, however, was, that the old body had both the means and the inclination to make her guest comfortable. There was plenty of dry wood piled up in the corner of the room, and it was not spared. The fire crackled and blazed cheerfully; and then she placed certain culinary earthen vessels upon and around it, and at the end of a string in the front suspended a fowl, over the roasting of which she sate down to watch and talk.

The rain still continued, and Jaqueline felt grateful; therefore, after some little necessary attention to her dress, she thought she could not do better than, as the phrase is, "to make herself generally useful." So she bustled about, and evinced a knowledge of the *menage* and the *cuisine* that raised her greatly in the estimation of her entertainer.

The wing of a fowl, and *une petite goutte* of wine, in a tumbler of water, is the usual allowance for French heroines. How far Jaqueline surpassed them need not be told; but, by the time their dinner was ended, she and the ancient dame seemed quite upon the footing of old acquaintance.

"Ah!" continued the old woman, (for she had talked continuously,) "Ah! I like you, my good girl. I've taken a fancy to you; and, when I take a fancy to any body, I can do something—hem!"

"You have been very kind to me," said Jaqueline, "very kind; and you may depend upon it I shall not be ungrateful. You must come and pay me a visit in October, at the vintage, and then"—

"You'll be very glad to see me," continued the old woman. "That's what you mean to say, I know. Well, well, there's time enough for that; but—now, now—tell me! Isn't there any thing that I can do for you now? Haven't you some wish?"

"Only that you would be so good as to show me the way to the Cock and Bottle, in the high-road," replied Jaqueline, to the apparent great amusement of the old crone, who cackled immoderately till a fit of coughing compelled her to take a few more sips of wine, of which Jaqueline began to suspect she had already taken quite enough.

"Excuse my laughing, my child," said she at length—"but really your mistake was so diverting. I meant to talk of more serious things—of your prospects in life—of your wishes particularly. Young people always have wishes. Ay! I see by that smile that you have. There—that's understood—and now tell me what it is."

Here followed a long confabulation, in which Jaqueline revealed all the particulars of her birth, parentage, and education; and eventually the old body wormed out of her the secret that she did really wish the other sex would pay her somewhat more marked attention.

"But can't you name any particular one whom you should prefer?" was the next question; "if you can, don't be afraid to tell me. No one else shall know it, and I'm sure I could manage it. What's his name?"

Jaqueline replied that she felt no decided preference for any one, and added merrily, "Let them come and offer themselves—that's all I wish. No matter how many of them. It will be time enough then for me to make my choice."

"Perhaps you might find that difficult if they were very numerous," observed her hostess. "I remember, when I was about your age, there was—heigho! never mind! That's all gone by, and so it's of no use talking about it. Come, let us go out and look at the weather. Something tells me that you will not be able to go further to-night. There's another storm brewing, or I am much mistaken." Jaqueline's arm on the left, and a crutch-headed stick on the right, supported the old lady as they walked round and about the ruins of the castle, every part of which she explained the former uses of, with an accuracy that might have satisfied the most curious enquirer, but which quite bewildered our heroine. What people could have wanted with so many different *salons*, galleries, and apartments, was to her quite a mystery, and she gazed upon the massive thickness of the walls with feelings approaching to reverence. Consequently, when they were driven in by the promised storm, she was precisely in the right state of mind to be strongly impressed by the awful long stories that her hostess had to relate, of and concerning the former owners of the place. She told how the castle had been ransacked, and set on

fire at the Revolution, and how Monsieur le Comte de Montjeu and his family made their escape into foreign parts, and were not heard of till after the Restoration, when the young Comte Henri, whom she had nursed when an infant, suddenly made his appearance. Of him she spake in raptures. He had purchased the site of the ruins, and some land adjacent, and would doubtless some day restore all to its former splendour, as he held some very lucrative appointment at Paris. Moreover, she described him as a very handsome young man, though she feared that he was somewhat too much addicted to gallantry and gayety. But then, she added, that was a family failing, and put her in mind of some passage in the life of his grandfather, which she immediately proceeded to relate; and so on, and on, and on continuously, as though reading from a book, went the old lady with her long tales; and Jaqueline listened, first with curiosity, then from complaisance, (as it was evident that the narrator took pleasure in her own performance,) and at length with a rather dim apprehension of what she heard. This may be accounted for, either by her not being able to sleep on the previous night, for thinking of her intended journey, or from the fatigue and exposure to sunshine and storm during the day, or by her hostess's

hospitable entertainment at dinner and supper, (the latter meal forming an interlude between two of the long stories,) or by the whole combined. But, be the cause what it may, she nodded, as most folks would under similar circumstances, and then was suddenly aroused by missing the monotonous tones of her entertainer, to whom she apologised, and shook herself into an attentive attitude. The apology was graciously received, and Jaqueline's drowsiness dispelled for a while by a legend about a spring, just at the bottom of the hill, the water of which was reported to have the power of causing young maidens, who drank thereof, to become wonderfully fascinating, and to attract lovers of every degree.

"You shall take a draught of it in the morning, *ma bonne*," she said. "Don't be afraid; you will have your wish before you come back from Moulins, I'm pretty sure. If not, however, call upon me on your way back. However, take the water in the morning. Perhaps it mayn't operate immediately, but perhaps it may; for I remember hearing of two young ladies who"—and off went the old lady into another long story about romantic lovers of high degree; and the result of all was, that Jaqueline went late to bed, with her head full of strange and multitudinous fancies.

CHAPTER II.

"What a lovely morning it is!" thought Jaqueline. "How pure and delicious the water of this spring looks! As to what the old lady says about its wonderful qualities, I can't believe that; but, however, I will taste it. There! oh, how cool and refreshing!"

Suddenly, there was heard the sound of a horn at a short distance, and a moment after a hunting party came galloping toward the fountain. Jaqueline would have hid herself, but it was too late; and ere she had decided in what direction to make her escape, a young, handsome, elegantly dressed cavalier, who led the party, threw himself from his horse, and respectfully approaching her, begged that she would not be alarmed.

"Thank ye!" said Jaqueline; "no, I an't frightened; only I stopped just to see which way you was a galloping, because I don't want to be run over."

"Charming creature!" exclaimed

the cavalier, "do you suppose it possible that any human being would hurt a hair of your head?"

"I don't know about that," replied Jaqueline. "All as I can say is, that I don't know any reason why they should; for I never did no harm to nobody, as I know of."

"Never, I am sure," said the young man. "No; innocence and benevolence are too plainly expressed in every feature of that lovely countenance. May I crave to know by what happy chance you have been led to this sequestered spot?"

"I can't see exactly as that's any business of yours," replied Jaqueline; "howsomever, if you must know, I'm going to the Cock and Bottle, in the high-road, where I hope to find a *patacheto* to take me to Moulins; so, as the good old dame is asleep, and I don't like to wake her, if you or some of your people will direct me, I shall feel obliged to you: but I'll thank you no

to give me no more of your fine speeches, that's all."

"A miracle! She despises flattery!" exclaimed the enraptured youth, clasping his hands together; and then, without farther ceremony, he threw himself upon his knees, made a regular fervent offer of himself and fortune, declared himself to be the Comte Henri de Montjeu, and, seizing the hard hand of his innamorata, pressed it to his lips.

"Drat the man! He's mad!" cried Jaqueline, attempting to extricate her hand; but, the moment after, finding that he did not bite it, she allowed it to remain where it was, and, heaving a sigh of compassion, said to herself, "What a pity! He is so very handsome!"

"Hal!" exclaimed the Comte, "You sigh! You pity me, and pity is—Well, well. What more can I expect at present? I have been rash. I have alarmed you, I fear; but henceforth I will be calm," and he got up and gave himself a violent slap on the forehead to prove his intention.

"Ah!" thought Jaqueline, "You may knock, but there's nobody at home, I guess. Bless my heart! what a pity, so handsome as you are!"

"I will believe that by time and opportunity, and the most devoted attentions, I may at length hope to excite an interest in your heart?" said the Comte enquiringly, and again taking her hand.

"The best way is to humour him, I suppose," thought Jaqueline, as she replied, "Very likely you may, for I can't say but I'm sorry for you. However, you must mind and behave yourself."

This encouragement exhilarated the Comte so powerfully, that, after uttering sundry brief rhapsodies, his lips approached so near her sunburnt cheeks, that he seemed on the point of forgetting her injunctions concerning his behaviour, when she called him to order by the ejaculation of "Paws off!" on hearing which he bowed low, and retired to give certain instructions to his followers. These were executed with wonderful rapidity; for Jaqueline had barely time to tuck up and adjust her clothes for running, or, as she called it, "making a bolt," when she found herself surrounded by the horsemen, one of whom, the ugliest of the lot, was mounted before a pillion,

upon which the Comte begged he might have the honour of placing her. To this, after some demur, she submitted, because escape on foot now seemed impossible; but no sooner had she taken her seat, than she whispered in the ear of the man before her, "Your master's mad, that's clear. So contrive, if you can, to let us get away from him; and, if you take me safe to the Cock and Bottle, I'll not stand upon trifles, but make it worth your while. What d'ye say?"

"What do I say?" replied the man in the same low tone, and looking round with a most hideous leer. "I say that I wouldn't mind going all over the world for you, without fee or reward, except, perhaps"—(and he smacked his thick wide lips too significantly)—"for I'm blessed if you a'n't just about the nicest girl I ever clapped my eyes on." And again he leered so frightfully, that Jaqueline would have jumped down, had she not been strapped to the pillion.

"The holy Virgin protect me!" she murmured; "what sort of folks have I got among?" and she looked round timidly, but could discern no cause for alarm, unless it were that the eyes of all the party seemed fixed upon her, and every countenance was expressive of deep admiration. This was certainly a sort of homage to which she had been unused, and probably, on that account, acted more strongly on her feelings; for she immediately decided that such handsome, agreeable faces, could belong only to men utterly devoid of evil intentions. Having thus made up her mind, she rather enjoyed the first part of her ride, as they bounded along merrily across the country, and the Comte rode by her side, ever and anon making observations and complimentary speeches, to which she usually replied by hoping that they were in the right road to the Cock and Bottle.

"*Soyez tranquille!*" was his inviolable answer to that question; and so they held on their way, till they arrived at a large house, into the courtyard of which he led the cavalcade, and then, dismounting from his horse, he informed her that she was at her journey's end, and assisted her to alight at the principal entrance, which seemed to her more fit for a palace than an inn.

"You will please to take every care of this young lady, for my sake, my

good Madame Rigaud," said the Comte to an elderly female, who stood, with several livery servants, in the hall.

"This way, Mademoiselle," said the said housekeeper, with a curtsy, and she led Jaqueline through divers passages and elegant apartments, at which she marvelled exceedingly, although she had heard strange stories of the magnificence of certain large hotels in Paris and elsewhere. But the splendour of the chamber into which she was at last ushered, was quite overpowering, and she stood gazing at the profusion of rich velvet and silk surrounding her, till roused by Madame Rigaud's request to be favoured with her commands.

"Bless your heart, my good madame!" exclaimed Jaqueline, "this is no place for me! I'm only a small farmer's daughter. So, just have the goodness to show me the way into the kitchen, and let me have a basin of soup and bouilli, if there happens to be any, till the next *patache* comes by for me to make a bargain to go to Moulins."

Madame Rigaud replied, that no vehicles of that description ever passed the place; and an explanation followed, from which it appeared that Jaqueline was in the new chateau of the Comte, and some leagues farther from the Cock and Bottle than when she commenced her ride.

"How could he think of serving me such a trick?" she gasped, sinking into one of the velvet chairs, and all but sobbing. "He's mad, isn't he?"

"I should almost think he is," said Madame Rigaud. "To be sure, there is no accounting for the tricks of young men, I know that pretty well; nor their fancies neither; but *this* is so very extraordinary!" and, looking down upon her charge, she elevated her hands and then her eyes, and shrugged her shoulders expressively.

"I'll not stay here. I'm determined upon that!" exclaimed Jaqueline.

"That's right, my dear," said Madame Rigaud; and forthwith they concocted a plan of escape, which was to be carried into effect by the aid of Madame Rigaud's son Philippe, who was in the Comte's service; and in the meanwhile they retired to her private room to avoid observation; and there the said Philippe, a smart, active young man, presently made his appearance.

"It's a burning shame," he cried,

when he had heard the story; "but I'll see Ma'mselle safe to the Cock and Bottle, and to Moulins too, if she will allow me. So, mother, you must go directly to the stables, and tell Pierre to put the side-saddle on the strawberry mare, and let me have Volante. Nobody will suspect you; and, by the time you come back, the Comte's breakfast will be served, and the footman will be engaged in waiting, and then Ma'mselle and I can slip off unnoticed. Courage! and he laughed, and slapped his thigh right jovially. But the moment his mother had disappeared and closed the door, his demeanour was totally changed, and making a serious face, and putting his hand on his heart, he bent his body forward most obsequiously, and then went upon his knees before Jaqueline, and vowed, after a very solemn fashion, that not only would he conduct her to Moulins, but that it would give him the greatest of all possible satisfaction to accompany her throughout the whole journey of life.

"Do you suppose I'm going to ride on horseback all my days?" enquired the bewildered maid; "no, no. All I want is to get safe to the Cock and Bottle. But you'd better get up, and not make such a fool of yourself; for don't you see that the floor has been fresh ruddled, and you'll stain your best?"

Here her speech was cut short, and the scene abruptly changed, by the sudden opening of the door, and the appearance of a remarkably fat, red-faced, profusely powdered, well-dressed man of "a certain age," who, the moment he caught sight of Jaqueline, seemed fixed to the spot where he stood, with his eyes riveted upon her countenance. Whether he had observed Philippe's position was doubtful, as that sprightly youth had jumped upon his feet at the first movement of the door, and stood sheepishly against the wall, twirling his thumbs; a task from which he was speedily relieved by the advance of the new-comer, who dismissed him from the room by a silent, authoritative wave of the hand.

"This must be the old Comte," thought Jaqueline, rising and bobbing her best curtsy. "No wonder he is surprised to see the like of me here; but I'll tell him all about it, and I daresay he'll be glad enough to send me off to the Cock and Bottle, if it's only to get rid of me."

"Oh! I beg, I entreat, Mademoiselle," gasped the unwieldy stranger; and, as he spoke, he continued a series of short bows, ducking his red face as forward as he dare, without danger of destroying the equilibrium of his body. "Oh, Mademoiselle! Pray do not disturb yourself. It is a mistake, quite. Ah! Monsieur le Comte requests—oh, oh! Pray, be seated! Ugh! ugh! What can I say? What shall I do? I never was so perplexed in my life before. Oh! You will never forgive!"

"Yes, but I will, though," said Jaqueline; "I'll forgive all that's past, if you will but get me out of the way of your son."

"My son!" exclaimed the fat man; "Eh? How came Mademoiselle to know that I had a son? And he, the young rascal! has he dared to aspire so high? I could not have supposed him capable of such audacity?"

"Couldn't you?" observed Jaqueline; "well, then, you ought to look after him better, and not let him go playing such precious tricks as he has with me this morning, deceiving me first by talking all sorts of nonsense, and then bumping me about the country on horseback, till I declare I'm quite uncomfortable."

The eyes of the huge red face before her, here became dilated to an extraordinary degree; but the mental perception of their owner appeared to be eclipsed, as he stood with puffed-out cheek discharging his breath violently through his pursed-up mouth, as though playing upon a trumpet.

"It's no use being in a passion about it now," continued Jaqueline; "what's done can't be helped; and if you'll only see me safe to the Coek and Bottle"—

"What, I!" exclaimed the stout gentleman; "may I venture to hope that you will condescend to accept of my humble services?"

"To be sure I will," replied Jaqueline, "and thank you too. Why not?"

"Oh! this is too much happiness!" sighed the panting elderly beau, and forthwith, by the help of a chair, he lowered himself down upon his knees, and then attempted to seize the maiden's hand; but she somewhat too nimbly moved her chair and self backward, and thereby caused him to fall forward on all-fours, in which position he was when Madame Rigaud sud-

denly re-entered, and exclaimed—"Ah! Monsieur Robert! what can be the matter?"

"I'm afraid the poor gentleman is taken suddenly ill," replied Jaqueline.

"What presence of mind! what angelic—humph!" muttered the patient, looking up, and winking in a very odd way at the maiden.

Madame Rigaud declared that it was of no kind of use for them to try to lift him up, so she lifted up her voice, and presently the room was crowded; for Monsieur Robert was no less a personage than the house-steward, or *maitre-d'hôtel*, who had been sent by the Comte to desire Madame Rigaud to inform the young lady that breakfast was served, and her presence to grace that meal was most respectfully requested, and anxiously desired.

Of this invitation Jaqueline was not made aware until the apoplectic invalid had been placed upon a sofa, and contrived to catch hold of one of her hands, and pinch it sadly. "Ah! I'm quite well now!" he exclaimed, "it was only a momentary—ah! I don't know what;" and, rising briskly, he ordered all present to leave the room, as he had something particular to say to the young lady. The domestics instantly withdrew; but Madame Rigaud remained, and whispered to Jaqueline that the horses would be ready in ten minutes, and then, in a louder tone, proposed that they should take breakfast together immediately.

At this proposition Monsieur Robert appeared much shocked, and spake incoherently about proper respect, and the Comte's particular desire, and his own most perfect devotion to the service of Mademoiselle; to which she replied—"You may as well save your breath to cool your broth, old gentleman. I've had quite enough of the Comte's tricks already this morning; and, as for your services, they're of no use to me."

"Oh, cruel!" groaned Monsieur Robert. "Did you not just now accept them, and even condescend to request me to see you safe to some place?"

"Well, well, I don't want you now," said Jaqueline; "I've got an active young man, who will do a great deal better."

"Oh! how cruelly capricious!" he sighed, and the great red face was turned upward as he clasped his hand

imploringly, and he was striving, no doubt, to concoct something very pathetic, when the young Comte burst in upon them, and began, in no measured terms, to upbraid Madame Rigaud for her misconduct in allowing his distinguished visitor to occupy any other than the best apartments. He then apologized to Jaqueline, and taking her hand, and bowing respectfully, led her out of the room toward the *salle à manger*, from whence issued certain savoury odours, which operated more powerfully upon the hungry maiden than could all the fine speeches he continued to utter. So, determined to make a good breakfast, to strengthen her for her flight with Philippe, she allowed herself to be conducted into the elegant apartment, where she was received by the company with as much deference as though she had been a princess. The party consisted of half-a-dozen persons; and, as there were no other ladies present, she was the great object of attention. The Comte gallantly pressed her to partake of certain delicacies at table; and, when she laconically expressed her approbation thereof, seemed quite in ecstasy. One gentleman complimented her upon patronizing the dress of the country, and thereby evincing a purity of taste far superior to that of ladies who fancy nothing becoming unless brought from Paris. "Ah!" sighed another, "with such personal attractions, Mademoiselle has little need to trouble herself about fashions."—"No," said Jaqueline; "that's the mantua-makers' and milliners' business, not mine; I never trouble my head about such things, not I."—"What elevation of mind!" exclaimed the Comte.—"How infinitely above vulgar prejudices!" ejaculated one of his companions; and the rest expressed their admiration by the epithets "charming," "admirable," &c. &c. In short, every thing she uttered was declared to be "replete with wit or sentiment; and the result was, that by the time she had finished a very hearty *déjeuné à la fourchette*, she began to question whether she really might not possess certain endowments for which she had never previously given herself credit, and had not quite decided, when the Comte contrived to draw her attention toward a window, and so have her to himself. He then, without loss of time, made her a regular offer of himself, his chateau, and

his fortune; and Jaqueline replied with a sigh, "I don't think I shall do for you, nor you for me; but, however, I can't say nothing more about it without asking my father."

"I'll ask him!" exclaimed the enraptured Comte; "I'll ride over to him directly. I'll bring him back to dinner. We have a priest in the chateau," and he knelt and pressed her hand to his lips.

"Well, upon my word!" said Jaqueline, "some people fancy they've only to ask and have. Just as if my father would give me away like a bunch of grapes."

"What an admirable smile!" exclaimed the Comte. "Yes, a bunch of grapes, sound, ripe, beautiful to the eye, exquisite in flavour, blooming, delicate to the touch!"

"Better not try," muttered Jaqueline, for, as he spake, he rose up and approached rather too near. "Paws off! as I told you before, or you'll catch it presently," and she pushed him away with a vigour seldom displayed by ladies of his own rank.

"This is too much!" exclaimed one of the party, rushing forward. "Monsieur le Comte, you forget yourself strangely. No man can stand tamely by, and see such innocence and beauty annoyed. You must perceive that your attentions are unwelcome, and I insist upon it that you proceed no farther. Don't be alarmed mademoiselle, I will protect you."

"You insist!" cried the Comte, scowling fiercely. "It is you who forget yourself, Monsieur le Capitaine, when you dare to address such language to me."

"Dare!" shouted the captain; "for this lady's sake I would dare a thousand such miseries."

"I think a walk into the open air may be of service to you," observed the Comte, pointing significantly to the door.

"Good!" replied the captain, and after bowing respectfully to Jaqueline, he withdrew, and was almost immediately followed by the Comte and two more of the party, leaving only a dapper thin little gentleman dressed in black, who immediately strutted up to our heroine, and, laying his hand upon his left breast, began to hem and cough, and looked exceedingly perplexed and miserable. "What's the matter with you?" thought Jaqueline; "you look as if you had eaten

something that had disagreed with you."

"That benevolent glance has revived me!" exclaimed the small gentleman. "Ah, mademoiselle! I have struggled hard. The Comte is my patron. I would not be ungrateful; but—but—I am convinced that a lady of your delicate perceptions, of your incomparable—Oh! what shall I say? I am a notary, and seldom want words—but on this occasion they seem to fail me. I mean to say that I am firmly convinced that neither my friend the Comte nor his boisterous comrades are fit or capable of—ahem! In short, a quiet life, with one who would do his utmost to secure your affections, to merit your esteem, and to promote your happiness, is"—

"Just the very thing I should like," said Jaqueline; "but the question is, where to find him."

"Behold him here!" exclaimed the notary, dropping on his knees. "Never before did this heart surrender to beauty. Hitherto my whole soul has been given to making money, without being very particular how, I must own; but now, all is changed! There is about you an irresistible charm"—

"Ah!" shrieked Jaqueline, "So there is! I see it all now! It's all along of that water I drank this morning. Get out of the way, do!" and, rushing past him, she ran off to the room of Madame Rigaud, whom she earnestly entreated to introduce her to the priest of the family without loss of time. "I shall place myself under his protection," said she.

"The resolution does you great credit," observed Madame Rigaud. "He will attend you here immediately, I am sure; for he is an excellent man, and always delighted to do good."

About five minutes after, as Jaqueline was standing alone before a mirror, endeavouring vainly to discover what change in her appearance had caused such a marvellous change in the manners of the men toward her, the door slowly opened, and a venerable grey-haired ecclesiastic stood gazing upon her in respectful silence.

"Ah! Father Dunstan!" she exclaimed joyously, "is that you? Oh! I am so rejoiced to see you! Don't you know me?"

"Really, mademoiselle," said the holy man, nervously, "there must be some mistake. If I had ever had the

honour of being introduced to you, I am sure I could not have forgotten!"—

"No, I can't be mistaken," observed Jaqueline, "only I'm grown a good deal since you left St Denis. Many a time you've dandled me on your knee; but I suppose I'm too heavy for that now; so come, sit down, and I'll take a chair beside you, or perhaps I ought to go upon my knees, for it is a sort of confession that I've got to make, though really I didn't think there could be any great harm in just drinking a little water: however, you'll tell me what to do, I know; for you were always very kind and indulgent, though you used to thump me on the back, and laugh at me for romping, and say that I was too strong for a girl, and ought to have been a boy."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the bewildered priest.

"Perfectly true, *mon bon père*," said our heroine. "Look at me again. There, I am your old playfellow, Jaqueline Triquet."

"Is it possible!" repeated the good man, elevating his hands and eyes in especial wonder.

Jaqueline then told her tale, and in conclusion, said, "And now, my good father, I place myself under your protection, and hope you will take me away from this place, and all the strange people about it. I'll go any where with you; but had rather go to the Cock and Bottle, because there I shall be sure to find a *patache* to take me to Moulins."

"My dear child," said the priest fervently, "I will go with thee; I will protect thee; but, while I am preparing for our departure, thou must leave this room, where thou art liable to intrusions, and I will place thee in the charge of good Madame Rigaud."

Jaqueline was accordingly removed to a more private apartment, where she awaited the priest's summons in great uneasiness, as Madame Rigaud, who was not particularly taciturn, visited her from time to time with strange accounts of what had passed, and was then going on among the household, all in consequence of her untoward presence therein.

It seemed that the Comte had wounded his friend the Captain, and that, while he was so laudably engaged, a footman, anxious to gaze upon the charms of the bewitching fair one, had peeped through the opening of the half-closed door of the *salon*, and

witnessed the scene between her and the amorous notary, the particulars of which he whispered to his master on his triumphant return. The Comte thereupon rushed furiously forward, and, discovering the luckless limb of the law still upon his knees, and apparently paralyzed by Jaqueline's abrupt retreat, without any ceremony bestowed upon him sundry hard names and one particularly ugly kick, by the latter of which the little gentleman was so thrown off his guard as to abandon the chance of a lucrative legal process, and to demand satisfaction instantane. It was given, and the Comte was wounded; and then the notary, feeling that his suit was in no degree advanced by this display of his prowess, and yet smarting under the mortification consequent upon our heroine's style of receiving his addresses, most unadvisedly spake of her after the fashion of the fox in the fable, when he found that the grapes were above his reach. This produced certain sarcastic observations from another of the party, which led to a fresh encounter, that terminated by the legal functionary's being disarmed with a violent sprain in his right wrist.

Then, in the lower department, much altercation had taken place. Monsieur Robert thought proper to call Philippe Rigaud a young puppy; and Philippe, instead of acknowledging his puppyism, as in duty bound, to his superior, vehemently apostrophized him as an old fool. The female domestics were all scandalized beyond measure at the blindness and stupidity of their sweethearts in particular, and the men-servants generally, in admiring an awkward country-girl, as some called our heroine; but all agreed in pronouncing her to be "no great things."

At length Jaqueline and Father Dunstan took their departure through a private road from the back of the chateau, and rode in silence, side by side, for nearly a league, when Jaqueline expressed her sorrow for the disasters and quarrels that have just been related.

"It was no fault of thine, my child," observed the priest; "it is ever thus when women are so exceedingly beautiful. Men don't know what to do with themselves. Heigho!"

"La, Father Dunstan!" exclaimed Jaqueline, "what can that have to do with the present case? I'm no beauty,

that's certain, or some of our young fellows would have found it out long ago. You used to say yourself that I was more fit for a boy; and latterly I've been thinking the same, and had a great mind, since nobody would come a-courting to me, to dress myself up like a man, and try my luck that way."

"Most exceedingly dull and stupid must the young men about St Denis be in the present generation!" said Father Dunstan. "But you'll find it very different at Moulins. Heigho!" and they rode on in silence for a considerable distance, and then Jaqueline exclaimed, "Why, this is the same way that I was brought this morning! Yes. And there I declare is part of the old castle, peeping above the trees. We sha'n't get to the Cock and Bottle to-night at this rate! But, bless us, *mon bon père*, what's the matter with you? Ar'n't you well?"

"Not exactly, my dear," replied the priest; "I feel a very peculiar sensation in my pericardium, and a dizziness about the head."

"Can I do any thing for you?" enquired Jaqueline.

"I think," said Father Dunstan, "nay, I am sure that it would do me good to hear you talk a little, my dear mademoiselle."

"Very well," replied Jaqueline, "I don't mind talking a great deal, if that will be of any service: but what must it be about?"

"Any thing. Only speak kindly."

"Speak kindly! why, how can I speak in any other way to such a nice, good, old man as you are?"

"No, no, not very old. Don't talk so," said the priest reproachfully.

"Well, then, I won't," continued Jaqueline—"for I'll please you if I can; and, now I look at you again, really I shouldn't have thought you'd been so old as you are, if I didn't remember that, when I was a child, you looked much the same as you do now; and I've heard my father say"—

"Never mind what, my dear. Don't mention it."

"Very well, father, then I've done, though I can't see how it signifies about your age, when you are so hearty and strong as you are."

"Do you really think so?" enquired the delighted priest.

"Why, of course. One has only to look at you, and see that plain enough," said Jaqueline; and then, per-

ceiving the sort of talk that was most likely to be agreeable to her companion, she continued to compliment him upon his good looks till they arrived at the ruins.

The old lady was absent; but Father Dunstan said he knew her well, and that she would be very angry if he did not make himself quite at home. So he prevailed upon Jaqueline to consider herself as his guest till their hostess's return; and bestirring himself with the alacrity of a youth, he had put up the horses, spread the table-cloth, lighted the fire, and was beating up an omelet, before Jaqueline had finished her simple toilet. When she expressed her wish to take the culinary department, he gently, but firmly and respectfully, requested her to take a seat, and let him have his own way, which she accordingly did, marvelling exceedingly at his dexterity and accurate knowledge of the contents of the old lady's larder, and the spot in which every thing was kept.

In due time, they sat down to dine, and his attention to her during the meal was excessive, and therefore tiresome to one unused to form and ceremony. So, when it was finished, she reminded him of his old habit of taking a nap in the afternoon, and recommended him to do so on the present occasion, hinting, at the same time, her hope that, when he had so refreshed himself, he would be ready to escort her to the Cock and Bottle. But at this last suggestion he shook his head, and said something about the horses being tired, and then yawned and took a glass of wine, and then yawned again, and so on till he fell asleep.

"I think I'll go and lie down, and do the same," thought Jaqueline, "for I'm dreadfully fatigued with all this riding"—and she betook herself to the little dormitory in which she had been installed by the old lady on the preceding night; and, after gapping once or twice, and wondering when she should get to the Cock and Bottle, she lost sight of her cares—and the next question she had occasion to ask herself was, "How long have I been asleep?"

It is a question which, after fatigue, we have all occasionally found it very difficult to answer. Jaqueline rubbed her eyes, and repeated it aloud, and greatly was she astonished to receive a reply in the well-known tones of

Father Dunstan, who was seated by her bedside. "You have slept soundly, my dear. It is now morning. I have kept watch over you, as I hope always to be permitted to do hereafter. Heigho!"

"La! Father Dunstan!" exclaimed Jaqueline, shrinking under the coverlet—"surely this is very improper conduct, although you are such a very old man."

"No, no," cried the priest, "I am not an old man. I feel that I am not. You will be very happy with me, and without you I cannot live. I have not slept a wink all night for thinking of you, and have made up my mind. It is of no use for you to refuse, as I've got you here in the middle of the forest. So agree at once to go with me to England, where priests are allowed to marry, and you will never repent it. Beautiful, beautiful creature as you are, I shall never cease to adore you!"

"You horrid, wicked, old wretch!" shrieked Jaqueline, "get along out of the room immediately, or, if you don't, mind I have not taken off my clothes, I'll get up and give your old bones such a shaking—I will. Eh! What! You'd hold me down, would you? Let go the clothes, will you! If I do but get my hands loose, I'll scratch your eyes out, I will, you ugly old—old—old monster! What! You'd smother me, would you? Help, help, murder!" and making a violent effort as she shrieked, she felt herself suddenly released from the incumbent pressure.

"Oh, he's gone, is he!" she exclaimed, breathing hard after the struggle, and, looking round the room, "better for him, or else I'd have—but bless me! I am undressed, after all! How very strange that I don't recollect!"

Here she was agreeably surprised by the appearance of her kind hostess, who came running into the room in great apparent alarm, to enquire what was the matter. The explanation that followed, consisted of the adventures which have been related; and when the old lady had heard them to the end, she remarked, with an odd sort of smile—"Well, never mind, my dear, you are safe out of their clutches now; so dress yourself, and come down to breakfast, for it is very near eight o'clock; but I did not call you before, as you seemed so sound asleep; and now I know what's happened, I don't wonder."

CHAPTER III.

"No, no, you may depend upon it I shall not tell any body about it, for my own sake; for if it got talked of it might come to the ears of the Comte and the rest of them, and they'd be after me again; but I've had quite enough of your gentry, and lots of lovers, and if ever I should get another, I hope he'll be a plain sort of body like myself."

Thus said Jaqueline to her kind hostess of the castle, on their way to the Cock and Bottle, where they arrived after a pleasant walk, and parted without further adventures.

On the evening of that day our heroine was safely conveyed in the *patache* to the door of Madame Margot, who was a restauratrice in the Cours Public, a pleasant open space planted with trees in the town of Moulins. Her reception was most cordial; but Nicolas Margot, who officiated as *premier garçon* in the establishment, evinced no symptoms of that intense admiration which she had so recently excited. In a few days, however, they became excellent friends, as she cheerfully assisted him in his vocation during the morning, and he was consequently earlier at liberty to chaperon her about the town and environs, and all went on smoothly till the last day of the first week, which Jaqueline declared was Sunday.

How any Christian could so err, appeared wonderful—but she was positive, and would not be convinced, until the day had past by, and the next came and was kept as Sabbath; are wont to be observed in France, by unusual gayety all day, something more showy than common at the theatre in the evening, and fireworks "superbe et magnifique" at night. Then she was puzzled, and came to the conclusion that townsfolk and country people kept the calendar in two ways.

"They will never persuade me to the contrary," she repeated to herself; "for I never can forget how I spent last Tuesday. But the old lady was right. It won't do to tell Madame Margot or Nicolas about that, or I don't know what they might not fancy, although I am sure it was no fault of mine that I got among such a pack of 'ools.'"

So she kept that secret; and as time

passed merrily along, it somehow happened that she and Nicolas glided unawares into such a degree of confidence, that it was the only secret she withheld from him.

The influence of the moon upon disordered brains may probably account for much of the nonsensical talk that passes between young persons of different sexes, when walking in pairs on "a shiny night;" and that or something else, ere a month had elapsed, caused a great alteration in the tone and subjects of familiar chat between Jaqueline and Nicolas.

This was observed by Madame Margot, who thereupon also changed her manner, by kissing her guest more fervently at night ere she retired to rest, while Nicolas looked very much as though he should like to do the same.

"She is a charming, good girl," said the mother to her son, when they were left together on one of these occasions, after Jaqueline's departure.

"That she is!" exclaimed Nicolas, stretching out his legs, twirling his thumbs, and looking down into the fire.

"And so good-tempered!" added Madame Margot, "and so willing and clever about a house! Why, since she has been here, she has been as good as a waiter to us."

"Worth more than all we ever had put together in a lump," said Nicolas.

"She would make an excellent wife," observed the mother, looking archly at her son; but he would not look at her, being apparently watching some change going on among the ashes. "And she will bring her husband some money too," she added, after a pause.

"The devil take the money!" exclaimed Nicolas, jumping up and striding hastily across the room.

"Oho! Is it so?" thought the restauratrice; "then the omelet's ready for the pan;" and, in the spirit of that conviction, she led her son into a conversation, the result of which was, that in the course of a few days she contrived to make an arrangement with a neighbouring *traiteur*, whereby he engaged to take charge of her establishment for the space of one month, leaving her and her son at liberty to take a journey into the country on business.

What passed during those few days between Jaqueline and Nicolas need not be told, except that he now and then said things which reminded her of certain of the speeches of the "pack of fools," whom she had encountered on the memorable missing Tuesday.

It was a fine day in September, when Madame Margot, Jaqueline, and Nicolas, took their seats in a *putuche*, and were safely conveyed to the Cock and Bottle, where, to our heroine's great surprise, they were welcomed by her father and the little old lady of the ruins.

The cause of this surprise may as well be told here. The said old lady was an eccentric good body, and, having taken a fancy to Jaqueline, resolved to be her friend. So, after her departure from the castle, she went over to St Denis to make enquiries, as (like all benevolent persons) she had often been deceived. All that she heard of her young *protégé* was to her heart's content, and, by means of the *curé*, with whom she was acquainted, she found no difficulty in gaining the friendship of papa Triquet, to whom she related the particulars of her interview with, and intentions toward his daughter. She then, with his consent, wrote a letter to Madame Margot, authorizing her, in case of enquiry touching such matters at Moulins, to state that Jaqueline Triquet would, on her wedding-day, receive from her a given quantity of that dross which Nicolas thought fit afterwards to proffer to his infernal majesty. This circumstance was not made known to the lovers till after the marriage, when the promise was strictly fulfilled.

And now, to the reader's imagination may be left all the particulars of the journey homeward—how papa Triquet flirted with the fat widow and the little laughing old lady—how Jaqueline was more envied by her friends, on her return from than on her departure for Moulins—how Nicolas and she, having once began each to fancy that there was something very capital in the other, proceeded onward in the delusion till each seemed perfect in the other's eyes, though, to the world in general, there really appeared nothing very particular in either of them.

The wedding-day passed, with ac-

customed gayety, at St Denis; and, towards the close thereof, when the bride was allowed a short respite from dancing, the good little old lady took her aside, and gave her certain reasons whereby to account for the missing Tuesday, concluding by observing—"I would not tell you before, because I thought it might be a lesson to you not to wish for beauty, or think of acquiring attractions by the use of charms and such nonsense. The most powerful charm and attraction is a good temper and kind conduct. Ha, ha! Why, you don't look above half convinced yet: but, remember, you were very much fatigued that night, and it was very sultry after the storm, and you were very thirsty I daresay, and so it is no great wonder that water was running in your head." But, probably, she forgot the long tales which she herself told that night, about the olden times of splendour and gayety, with elaborate descriptions of furniture, liveries, &c. &c., which were not a little likely to have some influence in the affair.

As Jaqueline resolved to have no secrets unknown to her husband, she related the whole matter to him on the following day, and then said, "It seemed to me as if I saw all those people as plain as I see you now; and, if all that then happened was a dream, how do I know but I am in a dream now?"

"It really seems to me as if I was, my dear Jaqueline," said her spouse. "But it is a very happy one, and I am in no hurry to wake."

Our intended limits are already exceeded. We shall, therefore, only put on record, for the benefit of future tourists, that in the Cours Public at Moulins, they may still find excellent accommodation for large and small parties at the house of a restaurateur, whose buxom, bustling wife, Madame Jaqueline, manages matters after a fashion that induced a gourmand to observe latterly—"With such cooking a monkey might eat his own father." Her attentions are unremitting—and the only piece of unasked advice that she is in the habit of offering to her guests is, never to drink cold water, particularly in hot weather, without tempering it properly with good wine or *Eau de Vie*.

ON POPULATION.

MR MALTHUS was one of those writers to whom the world stands indebted for calling its attention to a great and neglected truth; and, like all writers who perform this essential service to mankind, he presented the truth he had taken under his especial charge in a position of greater prominence than it was found deserving to retain. This is excusable, for it is almost unavoidable; the task of re-instating any one verity in its due position, was perhaps never yet performed, without advancing it for a time into exaggerated relief and a disproportionate importance. The modest, cautious, limited statement, must follow afterwards, as the result of a bold uncompromising advocacy.

The statement, however, which Mr Malthus himself put forth, is not, by any means, so far from moderation, or that subdued tone of enquiry which succeeds to the excitement of novelty, as those would judge who have taken their impression of the "Essay on Population," not from perusal of the work itself, but from opinions and loose expressions afloat upon the surface of society, or from that panic on the subject of population which it certainly spread, at one time, amongst no small portion of our fellow-countrymen. Amongst those a vague idea prevailed, that this over-population was some new evil with which the world, in these later days, was threatened; and that, to avert it, certain strange, unheard-of, and intolerable restraints were to be laid on the future generations of mankind. The world was coming to an end by reason of its own too great fecundity—stifling itself in its own crowded and prolific progeny; and society was to be disorganized, and resolved into a corrupted mass, by the starving and endless swarms of a too-teeming race.

This alarm, which has certainly no foundation in the "Essay on Population," was combated and allayed by an argument which has quite a little bearing on the line of reasoning adopted in that work. The quantity

of waste land in every part of the globe was measured, or guessed at; the further capabilities of the soil, as yet imperfectly cultivated, was ingeniously calculated; and thus a result so comforting was obtained, and the evil day was postponed to such a remote, and almost incalculable period, that men held themselves justified in laying aside all alarm whatsoever. And justified they certainly were in thus recovering from their own panic; meanwhile, Mr Malthus had neither been read nor answered.

It is no new law—it is no remote result, which the "Essay on Population" expounds and anticipates; but a law operating incessantly on human society, and which as incessantly is felt in beneficial or disastrous results, according to the circumstances in which any social community is placed. Casting out of our calculation every thing except the two items of food and population, and looking at men simply as cultivators of the soil multiplying their numbers at a given rate of increase, it is impossible to deny that population has a tendency to outstrip the means of subsistence. A race of beings, amongst whom the births more than supply the room of those whom old age and disease carry off, must increase in a geometrical ratio; at every succeeding generation it starts with greater numbers, and with the same fecundity. The amount of food, on the contrary, attainable from a given territory, can increase only in an arithmetical ratio; the land itself cannot be doubled, nor does each successive application of the capital, or the industry of the farmer, yield a greater return than the preceding one. This, as an abstract proposition, is undeniable; and the law here indicated is, and always has been, in perpetual operation. Along the whole line of human progress, there is a *tendency* in the population of every nation or community to increase beyond the means of subsistence which its own territory can supply.

This law Mr Malthus pointed out

as highly deserving, which it unquestionably is, of the consideration of all who take an interest in examining the constitution, or speculating on the progress of human society. But now the question occurs, how far is this law, or this tendency, counteracted and reduced to a safe and beneficial action by other laws and other tendencies of the human being? Looking back through the annals of history, what proportion of the evils which mankind have suffered has been produced by the operation of this law of increase? Looking round on our own actual position, how far does this law of our nature call upon us for any change in our dealings with the poor, and in that legislative relief we bestow upon their wants, or for any modification in our moral opinions upon the subject of early and imprudent marriages? Looking forward to the future, does the recognition of this ineradicable tendency operate to dash and perplex our hopeful reasoning on the progressive amelioration of society?

In answering these questions, Mr Malthus, as might be anticipated in one who wrote with something of the zeal and passion of a discoverer, has assigned a too great prominence, and a too absolute and unrestricted operation to his law of population. This, we think, he has done both in his historical survey, and in the application of his doctrine to our own times, and to matters of practical importance.

When, for instance, Mr Malthus ascribes the great irruption of the northern barbarians to a deficiency of supply, he is giving an economic character to events which are directly traceable to warlike passions. These Germans who, because we have accounts given us of their frequent and systematic emigrations, he describes as having been driven from their native land by want of food, had a law amongst themselves which forbade the same soil to be cultivated two successive years by the same person, for fear the people should grow less warlike. Such is the reason of this law which we learn from Cæsar; Mr Malthus wishes to engraft this further reason—that they might thereby be better prepared to submit to that periodical emigration rendered necessary by the pressure of their numbers upon their agricultural produce. The

conjecture is not happy. The inhabitants are first supposed to emigrate because of the scarcity of provisions, and then, in order to facilitate an emigration thus called for, to enact a law most palpably adverse to every improvement in agriculture—a law which could not possibly have been devised amongst a free people who had any regard for agriculture. For it can need no science of political economy to demonstrate, that to take away from a man his improved soil at the end of the year, must deprive him of all inducement to labour at improvement; neither would a free people who had ever laboured to improve their soil submit to so great a violence to all the natural feelings of property. No doubt these Germans were often, in fact, straitened for food; but as they preferred to obtain it by ravaging other lands rather than cultivating their own, such distress can have no place whatever in an argument relating to the proportion between produce and population. We may find described in the Essay itself the sort of rude uncultured home which these hunger-driven barbarians left behind them. “Julian had conquered as soon as he had penetrated into Germany; and, in the midst of that mighty hive which had sent out such swarms of people as to keep the Roman world in perpetual dread, the principal obstacle to his progress were almost impassable roads, and vast unpeopled forests.”—P. 71, *Qu. Ed.*

There is indeed a fallacy, or rather an irrelevancy, to be detected in many of the historical illustrations which Mr Malthus has supplied. If these illustrations are regarded merely as proofs that men have, in sundry times and places, been afflicted by hunger, and that their numbers have been kept down by various correctives, more or less painful, they are somewhat redundant, and scarce necessary; they become valuable only for the collateral information they may occasionally afford; for such a general proposition as this, admits not, unhappily, of a moment's doubt. But the law which Mr Malthus undertakes to establish is, that there is a *different ratio* in the increase of food and the multiplication of the human race, whereby such hunger is occasioned; and if his historical examples are intended to illustrate the operation of this law, they

are, many of them, quite inapplicable. He has insisted, with good right, that, in order to show the agency of this law, it is not incumbent on him to point to an instance where the whole territory has been industriously cultivated—it is not necessary for a people to have attained the utmost limit of agricultural prosperity, before they are made aware that their numbers are increasing at a faster rate than agricultural prosperity can possibly advance; but it is equally clear that, if the different ratio of progress be the subject of illustration, agriculture ought to be shown, in the instances brought forward, to be making *some* progress. If a rude people are quite stationary in the degree of skill and industry with which they cultivate the soil, it is true that their numbers may bear, with most painful pressure, upon the means of subsistence; but they cannot be pointed out as a proof of the different ratio between the increase of food and population. Such a people has not even advanced so far as to put itself under the disadvantage of these different ratios. In the position they occupy, their indolence and ignorance are the operating causes which entail on them a scarcity of supply. Had these ratios been both of the same description, both geometrical, or both arithmetical, the same distress must have occurred. If every addition of the farmer's skill and industry—if every successive dose of capital, to use an expression of our political economists, which was applied to the land, met with a greater and greater remuneration; yet if men made no addition to their industry, and had not a single dose of capital to apply, and continued to increase, no matter how slowly, the same scarcity of provisions must ultimately be felt. This stationary condition of agriculture is observable in most of the illustrations taken from savage life. The arithmetical ratio in the produce of the soil cannot be detected, and therefore cannot be compared with the geometrical ratio in the multiplication of the species. To show the conjoint operation of the two, examples should be taken where there was progress, as well in the agricultural industry, skill, and capital of a nation, as in its numbers. Confined to such legitimate examples, we should probably find that, in a community industrious, and therefore

prosperous, there were invariably so many counteracting influences to a diseased increase of the population, that the abstract proposition which forms the basis of Mr Malthus' essay, and which, at first, appears as alarming as it is incontrovertible, may be admitted, without any concern for the stability of society, or the happiness of mankind.

"If the proportion," says this writer, arguing at the time against the notion that the redundancy of numbers is merely an evil of some remote indefinite period—"if the proportion between the natural increase of population and food, which was stated in the beginning of this essay, and which has received considerable confirmation from the poverty that has been found to prevail in every stage and department of human society, be in any degree near the truth, it will appear, on the contrary, that the period when the number of men surpass their means of subsistence has long since arrived, and that this necessary oscillation, this constantly subsisting cause of periodical misery, has existed ever since we have had any histories of mankind—does exist at present, and will for ever continue to exist, unless some decided change take place in the physical constitution of our nature."—P. 357. Now, the antagonist proposition to this statement we conceive to be this, that if, along the whole line of human progress, there is a tendency or power in the population to exceed the means of subsistence; there is also, along the same line, and running ever before it, a perpetual and generally *sufficient* counteracting influence in the wants, habits, and institutions of civilized life.

But the practical application which Mr Malthus made of his theory, to determine the measures which should be adopted for the relief of the poor, and the amelioration of life amongst the lowest rank of society, will generally be thought of far more importance than the accurate elucidation of the theory itself. Here we think he was grievously and perilously wrong. He proceeded upon these two grounds, both clearly erroneous:—1. That the distress of the poor must necessarily arise from the want of food for the whole community, and therefore a legal provision for their wants must act as a bounty on over-population;

whereas that distress may, and in our manufacturing country does, more frequently arise from the periodical inability of the poor to obtain that employment which is to entitle them to a share in the *distribution* of the products of the soil. To such extent, therefore, as the necessities of the poor arise from this latter source, to such degree also must a poor-law be regarded, not as a bounty on population, but as a redress of evils occasioned by other bounties on population; as a relief to destitution occasioned by the changeful caprices of fashion, or the fluctuating prosperity of commerce. But the second ill-chosen ground is even still less tenable; for he proceeded on the principle—2. That to withhold relief from the destitute poor would check the growth of population amongst that portion of mankind, while a systematic charity would as inevitably promote it. This view of the subject is contradicted by experience, and opposed by juster and more profound reflection upon human nature. It is wretchedness that is so prolific—it is despondency that breeds so fast amongst us. Relinquish all national charity—resign all steady effort to uphold that class which is most exposed to adversity, and least wise to guard against it—let them sink, and you will open the door to a redundancy of the most frightful description—to a population, the result of mere sensuality and despair—to the offspring of men having all the recklessness of savages or wild beasts, and who yet live and multiply within the fold of civilization.

We have taken this rapid survey of the celebrated "Essay on Population," chiefly as a fitting introduction to our notice of an admirable work which has lately recalled us to this subject—the work of Mr Alison on the "Principles of Population." We have thus obtained for ourselves a station from which to observe the course taken by the later writer, and put ourselves in such a position, that, in passing our own strictures, or, what will more frequently be the case, in expressing our own assent and admiration, we shall run the less risk of being misunderstood. The work of Mr Alison contains many bold views, put forth in free and eloquent language; it is full of well selected information, rich in historical example—a work which all will read who are interested in the

topic it discusses; and which no one, let his reading elsewhere be what it may, will peruse without obtaining from it some valuable material for the completion of his own views. It is not a book, however, which can be trusted to, or adopted, as the sole expositor of its subject. Perhaps there is no such work in existence on this or any other speculative theme; it is something more, however, than the absence of an unattainable perfection that we point at. Mr Alison is not always logical, not always consistent with himself: he needs watching; and the reader must sometimes stay himself upon principles he has obtained elsewhere, if he would avoid being carried off by the impetuous stream of this author's eloquence.

Mr Alison commences his investigation by pointing out "the relation established by nature between the produce of human labour and the wants of the human species, in the essential article of subsistence." The labour of one man's hands produces *much more* than is necessary to maintain himself. On this fundamental relation the prosperity of the social body depends; for it is this excess which gives support to all those classes of society who are engaged in arts, and commerce, and intellectual pursuits. In newly peopled countries, where an unappropriated soil extends around the infant community, this fertility of the earth is manifestly superior to any demands that an increasing population can make upon it. But when limits have been drawn round an occupied territory, then it matters not what the proportion may be between the number of agriculturists and of other classes of men: the question to be resolved is, how will the produce of the whole soil answer the demands of the growing population? There is no controversy between Mr Alison and Mr Malthus, or between any two rational men, that the time *might* come, when, under such circumstances, the land might be cultivated to its utmost, and yet the community continue to increase. "But if it is meant," says Mr Alison, (and such undoubtedly is the meaning of Mr Malthus,) "that long before this ultimate limit has been attained, population has a tendency to increase faster than subsistence can be provided for it, then a little reflection must be sufficient to

show that it is not only erroneous, but diametrically the reverse of the truth."

To this absolute contradiction of the abstract principle laid down in Mr Malthus's work, we cannot subscribe—we can hardly understand it; and the arguments by which it is supported seem to us irrelevant. It is in vain that Mr Alison gives us an instance, and a very striking and encouraging one, from statistical tables, of an increase of population in Great Britain almost equal to its increase in lately colonized countries, accompanied by a corresponding increase of food.* It would be manifestly absurd, as a general proposition, to say that the pressure of population does not intervene till agriculture has reached its perfection, and become stationary. To indicate the exact point when that pressure intervenes which legitimately arises from the prolific vigour of the race, is impracticable; but as this inconvenience is, from its nature, one of *gradual* approach, it must make itself felt long before the last grain, or the

last potato, has been extorted from the soil. There may exist a large quantity of waste land within a nation's territory, and yet the pressure be felt. This cannot always be brought into cultivation without much dressing or manure, the supply of which is not unlimited. The reclaiming of waste lands may be an expensive process; and then, if the starving poor man cannot undertake it, and if his wealthier neighbour has no inducement to lay out his capital in the enterprize, the land itself, so far as the immediate provision of that country is concerned, might as well not be in existence. Neither would it be logical to say that this tendency does not exist, and does not manifest itself, because it *might* or *ought* to have been counteracted by the institutions of civilized life. It is one thing to say we are safe, because, in general, a certain tendency has a sufficient counterpoise, and another thing to deny the existence, or operation, of that tendency.

Mr Alison proceeds to support this direct denial of the Malthusian tenet,

* "The population of Great Britain, including the army and navy, in 1801, was 10,942,000 souls, and in 1831 it was 16,539,000, and it is at present (1840) nearly 20,000,000. This is probably the greatest authentic instance of the increase of an old state on record in the world. It is almost as great as the celebrated augmentation of the American states, if the addition of the settlers from Europe, and that of the black slaves, be deducted from the increase of the latter state; for the total free population of America was—

In 1820	:	:	9,637,000
1828	:	:	11,348,000

1,711,000 or 17 four-tenths per cent.

The increase therefore in eight years was, of free people 1,711,000, or 17 four-tenths per cent. This rate would give an increase yearly of 177,000, or in ten years about 22 per cent. In thirty years it would be about 66 per cent, an increase not greater than 52 per cent in great Britain, if the immense annual emigration of Europeans to America be taken into consideration.

"Here then is an instance which has practically occurred, of the increase of an old and opulent state, with a circumscribed territory, by no means very fertile even in the very best places, and extremely barren in others. And what has been its condition in regard to subsistence during the latter period, and especially for the last five-and-twenty years, during which stringent corn-laws, except in years of scarcity, have prevented the importation of foreign grain? During that time almost the whole of its subsistence has been derived from its own soil, of only moderate fertility; and so far has the fact been from any deficiency having been experienced in the means of subsistence, that the greatest distress has existed, especially during the latter period of the progress, from the redundancy and low price of agricultural produce. Further, the consumption of food during that period has enormously increased in proportion to the number of the people: luxurious habits, and costly living, have descended to an unparalleled degree in the ranks of society: a vast proportion of the land of the state has been directed to the raising of butcher-meat, the feeding of horses, and the use of breweries and distilleries; and yet, so far from there having been any difficulty in feeding the people with what remained, the only distress amongst the cultivators has arisen from the general redundancy of their supply in the market."—P. 43.

on the ground (p. 57) that nations, as they advance, raise a greater *surplus produce*, in proportion to their numbers, than they do in their early stages. But this is beside the question. As a nation advances in its career, it is found that, owing to improved modes of culture, and the excited industry of man, there are fewer agricultural labourers employed in proportion to the number fed by the agricultural produce. Thus we learn, that "in Poland twenty agriculturists are required to produce a surplus for one manufacturer, and in America twelve are required for the same purpose; in France, only two cultivators are needed to support one manufacturer, while in Great Britain one agriculturist is able to maintain, in ordinary years, above *three* manufacturers," p. 61. But this sort of *surplus produce* is not the species of abundance we are at present concerned with. The question is—no matter how large or how small the proportion of agricultural labourers—whether amongst the whole population to be fed by the whole produce, there is not felt an increasing difficulty in obtaining a subsistence? Such an increasing difficulty will perhaps be thought to be indicated by the very circumstance that the agricultural labourer is tasked to so much greater exertion, in order to obtain his share in the harvest he is raising. In every species of simple labour, how much more *work* is required from the Englishman than from the native of less populous countries?

Nor is Mr Alison more successful in another argument which is levelled against this *tendency*, although, like the preceding, it is stated with such an air of confidence as almost to surprise the reader into involuntary acquiescence. As capital in populous states continues to increase, and as capital is the creature of this surplus produce of the economist, he gathers, (p. 62,) that population cannot have pressed upon the means of subsistence. Between this conclusion and his premises, there appears but slender connexion. The industry of man, generation after generation, accumulates wealth, or capital, in the shape of houses or furniture, machinery, or the valuable metals; but if one class of society enjoy this accumulation, does it follow that another class, that which

exerts this very industry, may not be straining every nerve in a cheerless competition for a miserable pittance—may not be growing more impoverished as they work the harder, till employment itself seems on the point of forsaking them? Is the enjoyment of the capitalist any test of what passes in the hovel of the artisan?

But although there exists this tendency in the population to press upon the means of subsistence, there exist also, we believe, in every industrious and prosperous community, such moral restraints, arising out of the habits of civilized life, as are sufficient, if aided by general education and good government, to control this tendency, and keep the expansive force of population, energetic as it may be, to its true office and character—that of the necessary mainspring of all the activity and enterprise of life. As these moral restraints act with more certainty, with greater power and uniformity, in the advanced stages of society, the evil of over-population may be regarded as one belonging to a less perfect state of civilization, not as one which increases in magnitude, and grows more terrible as a civilized nation proceeds upon its career. If we may not hope altogether to leave it behind us, it, at all events, no longer stands in our path as the great impediment to our future progress. This view of the question, Mr Alison has most ably and triumphantly displayed. The explication of these moral restraints—their illustration in historical and contemporary examples; and, above all, the argument drawn from their nature to uphold our national charities for the relief of the poor—constitute the great and distinguishing excellence of his work. It is not to be supposed that Mr Malthus lost sight entirely of this important view of his subject—it forms one distinct section of his book. The difference between him and Mr Alison lies in the different degree of prominence and efficacy accorded to these moral restraints, and the very different measures suggested for increasing their efficacy amongst the poor. The following quotation, in which he develops this argument, is long; but it will be read with untiring interest. We have abridged it as much as possible, by omitting whole paragraphs; but as the continuity of the sense was

preserved, we have not thought it necessary always to indicate these omissions.

"It has already been shown that in the first ages of the world, and in an infant state of society at any period, the want which is most severely felt, is that of man to carry on the numerous undertakings which are every where required—to clear forests, drain marshes, cultivate plains, construct roads, and build cities. The difficulty which becomes most pressing in its advanced periods, is *employment* to engage, and subsistence to feed, the multitudes who are continually brought into the world. The disproportion between the number of mankind and the extent of nature, seems prodigious in the infancy of the world; but as their numbers increase, the relation changes. Human labour appears, and is found by experience to be commensurate to the greatest undertakings; the species seems capable of an unlimited increase, until at length the proportion turns the other way; the apprehensions of men take a different direction, and the earth, notwithstanding its extent, is thought to be inadequate to the possible multiplication of the species.

"Nothing can be more obvious, therefore, than that the interest of mankind requires that the principles of population, unrestrained in the first stages of the world, to secure the existence and extension of the species, should be gradually limited as civilization and wealth advance, and subjected to the control of principles dependent on the circumstances in which society is placed in its later stages.

"Such a check is provided in the *artificial wants* and *habits of foresight*, which the progress of society develops. Strong as the principle of population is, experience proves that these restraining principles, when they are suffered to develop themselves, are still stronger. Their influence over the human mind in ages of civilization and refinement, becomes unbounded. They increase with the extension of wealth and the diffusion of useful knowledge; they derive their best support from the precepts and practice of Christianity; they expand with the growth of civil liberty; they flourish in the midst of public felicity. The nearer a state approaches to the termination assigned by nature to its increase—the more that a restraint upon the multiplication of its inhabitants is required—the more powerful do these causes of retardation become. Long before society arrives at the limit where an increase of its numbers is impossible, the progress of population is

checked in the order of nature, by the habits which that very state engenders, without privation or suffering having been imposed on any of its members. The moving power in this mighty change is the efforts of individuals for their own welfare: the agents by which it acts, are the desires and wishes which spring up in the breasts of all classes by the progressive objects which, as society advances, are brought to bear on their minds; the foundation on which they rest is public happiness.

"The *development and cultivation of reason* is the first cause of the voluntary restraints which men impose upon the increase of their numbers. The habit of early marriages, indispensable to the progress of the race in the first ages of the world, gradually becomes unnecessary, and at last burdensome. Where civilization has taken a lasting root, the individual finds himself protected by the society in which he is placed. The necessity for an early marriage to form a little circle round himself, is less strongly felt. The burden of an offspring increases with the increase in the wants and desires of civilized life, and with the multiplication of those who are seeking a livelihood around him. Imprudent marriages are every where seen to be the sources of much suffering, and frequently to involve the parents in irretrievable ruin.

"It is in this view that the instruction of mankind becomes so important an element in the formation of public happiness. Education unfolds the rational faculties of the mind, and fits men to contend with their active propensities; it enables them to survey the world in which they are placed, and to regulate their own conduct by the examples of happiness or misery which they see around them. These are precisely the habits and the views which are destined by nature to regulate the operation of the principle of increase; their development, therefore, is materially aided by the acquisition of that character which general information is fitted to bestow.

"It is important, however, that the real effects of education upon the lower orders should be understood, and that visionary consequences should not be anticipated from the adoption of a system which is so ardently pursued by the humane and philanthropic in this country. Great as its effects are, they reach only a *limited number* of the working classes, and cannot be compared with the influence of artificial wants upon the great body of mankind. Few, comparatively speaking, of the poor can ever be brought to appreciate the en-

joyments of knowledge; but there are hardly any who do not feel the advantages of comfort if it is once placed within their reach: many will neglect the discoveries of Newton, but hardly any are insensible to the advantages of substantial clothing, or the enjoyment of a plentiful repast. It must always be recollected that the minds of the lower orders are originally the same as the higher: we must not expect a system to operate *universally* upon them which is only *partial* in its effects upon their superiors. How many of the higher orders are permanently influenced by the enjoyments of literature, or would be found willing to make any sacrifices in the vigour of life for its acquisition? How many, even in the learned professions, where a certain degree of knowledge is indispensable, make study a habit, or prove by their conduct that it is one of their greatest sources of happiness? If any man has found a fifth of his acquaintances, in any rank or condition of life, to whom these enjoyments were habitual, he may consider himself singularly fortunate."—Vol. I. pp. 87–96.

He then proceeds to enumerate and describe other elements in this moral restraint on population, as the artificial wants of civilized life, the passion to accumulate wealth, the desire to rise to higher *ranks* in society; all which, in the advanced stages of the world, operate extensively to postpone the period of marriage, or to deter from it altogether. Of these, the extension of artificial wants amongst the people is by far the most important, and he thus dilates upon this antagonist to the principle of population:—

"The acquisition of one comfort, or the indulgence of one gratification, not only renders its enjoyment necessary, but excites the desire for another. No sooner is this additional comfort attained and become habitual, than a new object of desire

begins to be felt. To the succession of such objects there is no end. From the time that mankind first pass the boundary of actual necessity, and begin to feel the force of acquired wants, they have entered on a field to which imagination itself can affix no limits. The highest objects of luxury in one age become comforts to the one which succeeds it, and are considered as absolute necessities in the lapse of a few generations. The houses that are now inhabited by the lowest of the populace, were the abodes of rank and opulence three centuries ago; the floors strewn with rushes, which were the mark of dignity under the Plantagenet princes, would now be rejected even by the inmates of workhouses; and the vegetables which were known only to the court of Queen Elizabeth, are now to be seen in the garden of every English labourer."

"This great and important change which ensues in the progress of society, in the habits and desires of all its members, is the principal counterpoise which nature has provided to the principle of population. The indulgence of artificial wants is incompatible with a rapid increase of the human species. If the labourer finds himself burdened early in life with a wife and children, he must forego many enjoyments which would otherwise be within his reach. When habit has rendered these enjoyments essential to his comfort, the want of them is felt as an excessive deprivation. The actual pangs of indigence are not so severely felt in savage life, as the want of artificial enjoyments by those who have been accustomed to the luxuries of civilized society. To descend to the habits of the lower orders, after having been accustomed to those of a superior class, is considered the greatest misfortune which can befall an individual. It is the great object of life, in all ranks, to avoid this calamity: to rise to the enjoyments of a higher sphere, not sink to the difficulties of an inferior. The slightest observation of human affairs is sufficient to demonstrate, even to the most unthinking,

* Amongst the wants and habits of civilized life, there are some which bear a peculiar relation to the article of food, as their gratification usually absorbs a large portion of agricultural produce. The number of horses kept for pleasure or ostentation, the quantity of grain consumed in breweries and distilleries, seem at first to operate disadvantageously by diminishing the amount of human food. But that share of the produce which, in ordinary years, is appropriated to these purposes, forms a sort of reserved fund which, in seasons of scarcity, can be made available for the sustenance of man. The pressure is partially thrown from the human being to the animals he is accustomed to feed. And this reserved fund is one of no small magnitude. "The number of horses is now at least 1,500,000; which, taking the food of each horse at that of eight men, which is the usual computation, would make the food raised for these animals, annually in Great Britain, as much as would be required for twelve millions of men."—P. 45.

that an imprudent marriage is the most effectual method of incurring the evils, and preventing the acquisition of these advantages. Strong as the principle of population is, experience proves that prudential considerations, when suffered to develop themselves, are still stronger, and are perfectly sufficient to restrain the rate of human increase, according to the circumstances in which the human race is placed.

"To be convinced of the truth of this observation, it is only necessary to consider the situation of the higher classes of society, and the principles which determine the increase of their numbers. That they are placed above the level of actual want, and that no imprudence in contracting early marriages could reduce them to a situation where they might want the necessities of life, is in general sufficiently evident. Yet population advances with exceedingly slow steps among these classes; and so far from sending forth multitudes to compete with the inferior orders in their departments, they are unable to maintain their own numbers, and require continual accessions from the middling classes of society. The common observation, that the nobility of every country are on the decline, and would speedily become extinct if not recruited by new creations from the sovereign, shows how universally the truth of this observation has been experienced. Marriages in that rank are contracted with extreme circumspection, and seldom before one of the parties at least has attained the middle of life. The universal complaint of the excessive difficulty of getting young women established in life in the higher ranks of society, proves how generally the preventive check prevails in those elevated spheres. In no class of society is the rate of increase so slow as in that which is furthest removed from actual want. Whatever may be the rapidity with which population is advancing in some parts of the British empire, in the class which composes the Houses of Peers and Commons, it is stationary, if not declining.

"The same principle influences the rate of increase in the middling ranks of society. The desire of rising in the world, and extending the sphere of their enjoyments, is equally felt in that station of life. So strongly, in consequence, does the principle of moral restraint operate, that their numbers, as well as those of their superiors, increase very slowly, or remain stationary; and it is from a continual influx of persons from an inferior class in society, that the growth of that important body is secured.

"It is a most important and luminous fact on the subject of population, that in every

well-regulated society, the rate of increase is slowest in the most opulent classes; rarely perceptible in the middling ranks; and rapid only in those situations where comfort and the influence of artificial wants are unknown. By a singular anomaly, the rapidity of increase is in the inverse ratio of the means which are afforded of maintaining a family in comfort and independence; it is greatest when these means are least, and least when they are greatest.

"It is impossible to give a whole people the habits of prudence and the artificial wants of the higher ranks; but it is possible to make them descend so far as to influence the conduct of the majority of their members, and decidedly to regulate the progress of population. The slightest observation of mankind in different parts of the world, is sufficient to demonstrate this. Holland and Flanders have long been remarkable for the density of their population, which exceeds that of any other part of Europe; yet nowhere does more comfort or opulence prevail amongst the people. The small cantons of Switzerland, and the Pays de Vaud, are more thickly peopled than any part of the known world; yet nowhere is the condition of the peasantry so comfortable, or moral restraint so universally diffused through the lower orders."—Pp. 103—113.

Thus it is that the law of property may be said to counterbalance the law of population, and here, as elsewhere, the different principles with which humanity abounds are observed to produce, conflicting as they may seem, an harmonious result. Those who would throw one of these two great laws out of the world, pronouncing property to be usurpation, may find some difficulty in dealing with the other. Such world-architects will, as they proceed, make many difficulties of the same description, and they must meet them how they can. How Mr Owen would keep his parallelograms, from overflowing, or any other gentleman would accommodate his Utopian population so that they should not crowd and jostle each other, or strive together for the vulgar necessity of aliment, is more than we can divine. It is their task, not ours. Contented with the old world we live in, we are happy to recognize in the principles here developed, another and very striking instance how all the energies of nature, mental and physical, co-operate, not indeed for the best—for optimism is a mere vain

presumption—but “work together for good.” We are happy in believing that the future prospects of mankind are not overclouded by many new or magnified disasters ; but that the cloud that hangs over ourselves will probably disperse as the fulness of the day advances. We said that to measure out the tracts of unoccupied territory, or to estimate the unelicited capabilities of half-cultivated soils, was not an answer to Mr Malthus ; but having found an answer to the anxious doubts he had raised, and being persuaded that the increase of population may be controlled and accompanied by the unceasing industry and ambition, and the growing skill and opulence of society, it becomes a calculation of some interest, how far and to what amount population has still room to extend itself. It is reckoned, that if the soil were thoroughly cultivated, Great Britain and Ireland, on the most moderate calculation, would be capable of maintaining in ease and affluence 120 millions of inhabitants, (p. 50.) France, it is calculated, might support no less than 360 millions. Such being the capabilities in reserve, even in the cultivated soils of most populous nations, we have only to carry this calculation with us as we glance over the map of the world, to feel convinced that man hitherto has hardly taken possession of his dwelling-place, and that the injunction “to increase, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it,” still bears upon him, and is but half fulfilled.

When Mr Malthus took a single principle out of the many which constitute the great scheme of human society, and brought it not unnecessarily before the attention of mankind, he dwelt upon it with the eagerness and haste of novelty ; and in doing so, exaggerated, perhaps in the minds of others even more than in his own, the power and operation of his principle. Succeeding speculators have redressed the balance, and the result has been, that the problem and its solution are now presented with beautiful distinctness to the mind. Nor perhaps has the *Essay on Population* been without some species of practical benefit. The chief application made of its doctrine, we have observed, and shall have again occasion to observe, was most unwise, and might have been most disastrous ; but it

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was well perhaps that men should be told, and told in a very striking manner, that there was a moral duty, as well as a prudential consideration, forbidding them to enter upon reckless improvident marriages. Whatever prospect may lie in wide expanse before the community, a man, when he marries, must not think of peopling the world, but must look near and around him for some probable provision for his offspring. It may be true, that though duty be the more solemn word, it is prudence which will be the more effective restraint ; yet the auxiliary of a moral opinion is not to be slighted.

On this topic much light wit is often expended ; and this is in the usual order of things. We are all grave and gay by turns, and all subjects, at least with one exception, that are worth a serious thought, are sources also of merriment and humour—and the gayety of one moment is no hinderance to the saddest reflexion in the next. The jest is nothing ; it brings its laugh, and passes. But that this portion of the speculations of Malthus should have been regarded with a grave disapprobation, and as unfriendly to the cause of virtue, has indeed surprised us. His teaching may be inefficacious—it may be least likely to make impression where the impression is most wanted—prudence may be thought to do all that can, or will be done in this matter—the subject may be one on which no distinct rule whatever can be laid down ; for what is reasonable hope to one man, is blank dependency to another ; and, without doubt, the calculations of genuine hope are to be here esteemed as valid provision for the future family ; for what would life be in all its stages, and especially in this, if expectation were not somewhat in advance of probability ? All these reasons may lead us to see, that the subject can only partially and imperfectly be reduced under ethical discipline ; but yet, most assuredly, if a man rushes, with his eyes open, into a palpably improvident marriage, bringing human beings into the world for whom he can provide no sufficient sustenance—to whom he can give no wealth, no measure of education—the act is something more than imprudence ; it is a moral delinquency. This follows on no peculiar theory of population, nor does the man sin only

against society at large: he offends against that circle of friends or relations on whom he will endeavour to throw his burden; but he offends most grievously against that progeny towards whom he has placed himself in the relation of a father without the ability to nourish, protect, and educate them.

There seems to be in some minds an unaccountable repugnance to admit the operation of a moral principle in restraining from improvident marriages. They readily allow—they look upon it as a providential arrangement—that the desire of a comfortable, or even a luxurious mode of life should postpone the period of marriage, or altogether deter parties from entering into that union; but they shrink from the proposition that man should do that from a moral motive, which, nevertheless, they applaud as the happy effect of vanity or prudence. Will the moral motive be so much more stringent than those social and selfish influences, that the “holy and comfortable estate of matrimony” will incur a risk of being deserted? Or can it ever be an holy and comfortable estate when extreme poverty, and the vice which extreme poverty generates, are suffered to enter? Should we even suppose that some perverted minds might find in the perusal of Malthus an argument against marriage, but no confirmation of the practice of chastity, for this they themselves would be solely and entirely responsible. If one man teach abstinence from ardent spirits, and another abstain, but take to opium instead, this last evil habit is worse than the first, but the teacher is not responsible for its adoption.

As the application of his principles to the subject of the poor-laws was, in our apprehension, the gravest mistake of Mr Malthus, so do we esteem the application of these views of Mr Alison to the same subject, to be the most important portion of his work, the most felicitous, and the most convincing. It is no exaggeration to say, that in stepping forward, and demonstrating in so masterly a manner a momentous practical truth, he has laid his country under an obligation. We, in England, seemed at one time on the verge of surrendering our poor-law, of resigning our poverty-stricken multitudes to unrelieved, unprotected destitution. How lamentable—how fatal

a step we should have taken, may be gathered from the following exposition of Mr Alison:—

“The most important effect of the poor-laws, however, is to be found in their influence upon the *principle of population*, and their tendency, by relieving extreme distress, to prevent the growth of those habits from which a redundant population takes its rise. As this is the most important consequence of their establishment, so it is the one concerning which the greatest mistakes have been generally received. If it were true that by providing an asylum for the poor in sickness, distress, or old age, an uncalled for impulse is given to the principle of population, it would unquestionably follow, that such establishments are productive of more misery than they relieve. It deserves the most serious consideration, therefore, whether these consequences really flow from them; and whether it is the duty of the legislator to remain deaf to the calls of humanity, lest, from mistaken lenity, he defeats the object which he has in view.

“It will be found on examination, that these consequences are deduced from an erroneous view of the causes which restrain the increase of the lower orders; that they are not only incorrect, but diametrically the reverse of the truth; and that there are no measures so effectual in checking the growth of a redundant population, as those which relieve the present distress of the poor.

“Among the labouring classes generally, and the destitute portion of them in particular, inability to rear a family may check the growth of mankind, *but it never will alone prevent the contracting of marriage*. To all who are practically acquainted with the condition of the poor, this truth must be matter of observation; to all who are familiar with the varied appearances of the species, it is matter of history. Nor is it difficult to assign the reason for this peculiarity. The passions of our nature are universal and inherent; the controlling principles partial and acquired; the former act most powerfully where the latter are unknown. The limitations to population acquire, in the progress of society, an entire ascendancy over the physical propensities; but these limitations are slow of growth, and uniformly prevail most strongly in those classes whose condition is the farthest removed from real suffering. They are to be found in the highest degree among the aristocracy of England, to whom indigence is unknown; they will be looked for in vain among the peasantry of Ireland, who are continually in danger of wanting the necessaries of life.

"It results from these considerations, that nothing encourages a redundant and miserable population so powerfully, as the existence of *unrelieved suffering*: because it spreads those *habits* among the poor, from which a diseased action of the principle of population takes its rise.

"On the other hand, nothing tends to *check* an undue increase of mankind so effectually, as those institutions which, by relieving distress, dry up the sources from which an indigent population invariably springs. This is the great and important effect of such establishments. Every individual who is withdrawn from a state of extreme indigence, is prevented from contributing his share to the diffusion of the habits from which a redundant increase of mankind arises. Suffering among the poor, like contagious fevers, never remains stationary: if it is not checked, it spreads its ravages; if the rich will not relieve its distresses, they will speedily be made to feel its bitterness.

"There is no such error as to imagine that by providing an asylum for the poor, we give an impulse to population which otherwise would not have existed. Such an opinion results from supposing, that the destitute portion of mankind are governed by the same views in contracting marriages as the opulent; a supposition contradicted by every thing we know of human nature. The supporters of this opinion forget, that animal passion precedes, both in the individual and the species, the desire of gain; that its influence is greatest where the other enjoyments of life are the least; and that to leave the poor in unaided misery, is to consign them to circumstances where experience proves that no restraints upon the principle of increase are to be found. It is by relieving suffering wherever it exists; by preventing the poor from sinking to that extreme depression where hope is extinguished; by diminishing the frequency of perfect destitution, and thereby *augmenting the dread of incurring it*; that the most effectual barrier against an undue increase of mankind is to be provided; because it is in that way that the habits are arrested which precipitate the poor into sensual indulgence, and level their multiplication to that of the lower animals."

"Without leaving the British islands, the strongest proof of these principles may be discovered. For above two centuries and a-half, a system of legal relief has been established, and acted upon throughout the whole of England; and in the last half century it has gradually extended through all the great cities of Scotland. Are the poor of Great Britain in consequence redundant in numbers, reckless in

habits, improvident in conduct? So far from this being the case, the comfort and opulence of the middling and lower orders, at least in England, exceed that of any country in the world. The principle of population is more limited in proportion to the demand for labour, than in any other state where an equally complicated condition of society exists; and fewer mendicants are to be seen than in any nation of Europe. The parliamentary committee, after the fullest investigation into the state of the poor, even during a period of extraordinary commercial distress, have reported, that the *native* poor of the island have no tendency to increase beyond the means of their comfortable subsistence.

"And whence is it that the crowds of unemployed poor have been generated, who now overwhelm the British empire? Is it in the workhouses of England, or among the numbers whom her vast parochial assessments have called into being, when the state of society did not require their production? It is, on the contrary, among the morasses of Ireland, among those whom want and misery have driven from their homes, and who now seek, from the wealth and the charity of Britain, that succour which is denied them by the institutions of their native land. It is amidst the indigence and misery of her *unrelieved poor*, that the principle of population has displayed its terrible powers; and from the squalid habits of her reckless inhabitants that the multitudes have issued, who now fill every part of the empire with distress. A more extraordinary, a more memorable example of the consequence of neglecting the poor, never has been exhibited in the civilized world. The system of repressing the numbers of the poor by depriving them of relief, has there been tried to its *fullest extent*; for centuries misery and want have stalked through the land; and the redundancy of the people, as well as the density of the population, are in consequence now greater than in any country of the world."—Vol. ii. p. 203-213.

A most important contribution to the advocacy of a legal provision for the poor may be found in an excellent pamphlet by Dr Alison, brother to the historian, "On the Management of the Poor in Scotland." Dr Alison makes the observation, refined as it is true, "that the existence of a legal provision for the poor—fixing at a proper standard the ideas of the higher orders as to what ought to be their condition and comforts—strengthens rather than weak-

ens the feeling of benevolence and sympathy with which they are regarded by their superiors." It might be also added that it not only keeps up our charity to a certain pitch; but by imposing a contribution upon all, strengthens that public opinion which calls for industry, and censures sloth.

We hope soon to give a full account of Dr Alison's views; but meanwhile request attention to the following extract: it contains an anecdote not a little amusing, while it will be found to carry on the train of remark in which we are embarked.

"The simple fact of the habitual cleanliness of the English poor, as compared either with the Scotch or Irish, is sufficient evidence on this point, (namely, their superiority in diet and comfort.) That there are differences in nations as in individuals, in this last respect, independently of their difference in other comforts, is admitted; but that the lower ranks of a whole people should be habitually cleanly, and yet much impoverished, or should be habitually destitute, and preserve any habits of cleanliness, may be fairly asserted to be moral impossibilities. The Chief Secretary of Ireland, in describing to Parliament the great epidemic fever of Ireland in 1819, expressed a hope 'that the lower Irish would be better prepared in future to guard against such a calamity; that they would be more cleanly in their persons and domestic habits, fumigate their houses, and change their bedding and clothes.' This really recalls the remark of the French princess, who expressed her astonishment that any of her father's subjects should not have lived on bread and cheese, rather than have died of famine. A medical observer of the disease more practically acquainted with the poor Irish, observes, with perfect justice, 'It may be asked, How can those wretched beings, scarcely able to procure a meal's meat, be expected to be more cleanly in their domestic habits; or how can they, who have scarcely a rag to cover them, and who are obliged, for want of bed-clothes, to sleep under the raiment they wear by day, change their bedding and clothes?' Before we can be justified in using such language towards the poor of Ireland, we must remove the causes of their poverty, and then allow half a century to eradicate the bad habits of ages."—*On the Management of the Poor in Scotland*, p. 18.

In a note further on, Dr Alison says—

"It is well observed by Mr M'Culloch, that persons belonging to the higher ranks continually deceive themselves, if they at-

tempt to conjecture, from their own feelings, how those in the lowest rank will conduct themselves in any particular circumstances; and therefore we can trust only to experience and observation in any speculations involving anticipations of that conduct. The simple illustration of this is in the regard paid to cleanliness among the lowest of the poor. As pure water costs nothing, we do not see why even extreme poverty should necessarily indispose mankind to the use of an article so essential to the comfort of the higher ranks; but experience shows that it *uniformly* does so. Again, in the higher ranks, on a sudden change of fortune, and near prospect of destitution, we know that suicide is not uncommon; but in the lowest ranks I believe, from that cause it is almost absolutely unknown. At least, although I have seen as much as most men of the distress and anguish of mind resulting from extreme destitution among the poor, I have met only with a single case in which this remedy for the evils of life was even talked of; and in that case, the proposal excited a strong expression of horror in those who heard it."

In the comparison that is drawn, both here and in Mr Alison's work, between the poor of Ireland and England, we beg to be understood as by no means assenting to the proposition (if, indeed, this is distinctly made by either of these writers) that *all* the difference between them results from the presence of a poor-law in the one country, and its absence in the other.

It is not only, however, by a legal provision for the destitute that we ought to attempt the amelioration of the condition of the poor. Something should be done, if only *possible*, for the reform of the Factory System, of which Mr Alison has added another painful description to the many that were already upon record. To facilitate to the poor the investment of their small capitals in the purchase of a portion of the soil, would be a wise and salutary measure. The law expenses on every transfer of land are enormous, and are felt the more in proportion to the smallness of the purchase. We know well that these expenses cannot be materially diminished, unless some reforms are first carried out in our systems of jurisprudence; but we are also thoroughly persuaded that such alterations as would simplify the laws of real property, would not only be received as a boon by the whole public, but would be energetically called for, on this and a thousand other reasons, if the study

of jurisprudence was more generally cultivated. Mr Alison thus explains and illustrates the advantages resulting to the poor from the possession of some share of the soil :—

“ There is, in fact, so great an aversion to labour in uncivilized man, and so great an affection for a listless, indolent habit of life, that nothing but some strong and predominant feeling is able to overcome it : something which can create new desires in the human breast, and give a permanent direction to that energy which is then only occasionally developed. The impressions of the present moment also are so strong, and the habit of attending to the future so utterly unknown to unenlightened man, that nothing but the formation of new habits, and the acquisition of a durable object in life, is adequate to correct the strong propensity, and enable him to sacrifice the gratification of existence at the instant from a view to his ultimate advantage.

“ This change in the human character, by far the most important which occurs in the history of his species, the *division and appropriation of land* is mainly instrumental in producing. It is this, and this only, which can overcome the habitual indolence which characterises the savage and pastoral state ; which can induce men to submit to the fatigue and the restraint inseparable from agricultural labour ; which is able to check the wandering disposition which has been nursed amid the freedom of their steppes and forests ; and which can confine their views and their wishes to one spot, and the steady prosecution of one employment. It is this, in another view, which by accustoming them to continued labour, and a certain return for it, induces them to look into the future ; which shows them the effect which their exertions must of necessity have upon their happiness ; which induces habits of privation and self-control, from a view to ultimate enjoyment ; and develops the faculties of prudence, foresight, and frugality, which had hitherto lain dormant in the human breast. It is this, in short, which unfolds new desires and propensities in the mind of man, capable of overcoming those to which he is originally subjected ; which engenders those habits and views which lay the foundation of the progress of society ; and converts the indolent inhabitant of the forest or the desert into the laborious assistant of cultivated nature. Rousseau has said, that he who first enclosed a field, and called it his own, has to answer for all the misery which has ensued in society. He would have been nearer the truth, had he

said, that he had laid the foundation of the greatest improvement and happiness which man is capable of receiving.

“ As the appropriation of land was destined to produce such important changes in the state of society, and in the habits and manners of mankind in general, a provision was made for it in some of the most powerful feelings of which our nature is susceptible. The desire of acquiring property in the soil, the attachment to a home, and the love of the place of their nativity, are among the strongest feelings of the human breast, and which, in the progress of society, are the first to be developed. In every part of the world, where agricultural labour has been commenced, these dispositions are found to exist. Mr Young tells us that in France the attachment to landed property is so strong among the lower orders, that the inheritance of their fathers is religiously preserved, and made the object of unceasing affection, though it sometimes consists only of a single tree. ‘ The universal object of ambition in the French peasantry,’ says the Baron de Stael, ‘ is to become proprietor of a little piece of ground, or to add to that which they have received from their parents. This desire is of very ancient date, and the only effect of the Revolution was to confirm this tendency, by furnishing them with more extensive means of gratifying it. They generally purchase inconsiderately in this respect, that they give more than the land is worth ; counting their labour for nothing, as it forms the universal condition of their existence. Land in Ceylon is so much subdivided, and tenaciously held, that an inheritance sometimes consists only of the 154th of a single tree. The same principle is mentioned by Mr Park, as influencing in the strongest manner the African negroes. ‘ This desire is felt,’ says he, ‘ in its full force by the poor African. To him no water is sweet but that which is drawn from his own well ; and no shade refreshing but the tabbe tree of his native dwelling. When he is carried into captivity by a neighbouring tribe, he never ceases to languish during his exile, seizes the first moment to escape, rebuilds with haste his fallen walls, and exults to see the smoke ascend from his native village.’ Nor are the Hindoos less strongly influenced by the same attachment. Considering, as they invariably do, their little possession as their own property, which it clearly is, according to the general custom of the east, they cannot, by any amount of misfortune, be torn away from the village of their nativity. ‘ Their villages are, indeed, frequently burned and destroyed by hostile

forces, the little community dispersed, and its land returned to a state of nature; but when better times return, and the means of peaceable occupation are again restored, the remnant reassemble with their children in the paternal inheritance. A generation may pass away, but the succeeding generation returns; the sons take the place of their fathers; the same trades and occupations are filled by the descendants of the same individuals; the same division of land takes place; the very houses are rebuilt on the site of those which had been destroyed; and, emerging from the storm, the community revives, another and the same.

"As the division of land is thus the great step in the progress of improvement, so its distribution among the lower orders, in civilized society, is essential to maintain that elevation of mind which the separation of employments has a tendency to depress. It is too frequently the melancholy effect of the division of labour, which takes place in the progress of opulence, to degrade the individual character among the poor; to reduce men to mere machines; and prevent the development of their powers and faculties, which, in earlier times, are called forth by the difficulties and dangers with which men are then compelled to struggle. It is hence that the wise and the good have so often been led to deplore the degrading effect of national civilisation; that the vast fabric of society has been regarded as concealing only the weakness and debasement of the great body by whom it has been erected; and that the eye of the philanthropist turns from the view of national grandeur and private degradation, to scenes where a nobler spirit is nursed, amid the freedom of the desert, or the solitude of the forest. To correct this great evil, nature has provided various remedies, arising naturally from the situation of man in civilized society; and one of the most important of these, is the distribution of landed property among the labouring poor. It is this which gives elevation to the individual character; which gives a feeling of independence to the industrious labourer, and permits the growth of those steady views and permanent affections; which both strengthens and improves the human mind."

—Vol II. pp. 3—9.

"It is to be observed, however," our author continues, "that it is only where the possession of property takes place under a government which permits the development of the limitations intended for the modification of the principle of population, that these beneficial effects result from its establishment. Under an oppo-

site system, the consequences which flow from it are very different. Where a subdivision of landed property exists among a people who are oppressed and degraded, who have no rank in society to support, and no prospect of bettering their condition to look forward to; who are not suffered to enjoy the fruits of their toil, and acquire the artificial wants and habits of prudence which spring from their possession, it may often lead to the production of a great and redundant population. By affording the means of subsistence, at the same time that the propensities destined for the limitation of the principle of increase are prevented from being unfolded, it affords greater facilities to the operation of that principle than any other state of society which can be imagined. These habits are transmitted from generation to generation, and multiply with the subdivision of the property, which thus comes to be only regarded as subservient to their indulgence: till at length the population becomes greater than the means of subsistence can adequately support, and poverty in its various shapes affords that check which the iniquity of government, or the wickedness of the people, prevented from being imposed at an earlier period, by the intelligence and prudence of the people themselves."—P. 20.

To this it should be added, and always borne in mind, that there is all the difference in the world between proprietorship of a portion of the soil and a mere tenancy. "Give a man," says Arthur Young, "the secure possession of a bleak rock, and he will turn it into a garden: give him a nine years' lease of a garden, and he will convert it into a desert."

As the leading view here taken of the subject of population consists in upholding the moral restraints as sufficient, whenever found in healthy action, to preserve society from the dreaded evil of over-population, it follows that every institution, custom, or opinion, which bears upon these restraints, becomes a part of the author's subject. Thus the topics of good government, equal laws, education, secular and religious, pass in review before him. The freedom requisite to give to proprietorship its full enjoyment, is indispensable to that legitimate conflict and co-operation of the laws of property and population on which so much has been shown to depend. An average share of education also, as well of what the school-

master as the clergyman supplies, is necessary before society can be said to be put upon its *fair trial*. Into these collateral though pertinent topics we cannot enter; and, therefore, we feel it impossible to convey to the reader a just impression of the varied interest of Mr Alison's book. We cannot run over such a work as this, extracting here and there, without comment or connexion, passages which may have struck upon our fancy, or aroused our own reflection. Yet one such specimen we will venture to give; it shall be on a topic of equal interest to every subject of the British empire. Mr Alison is not disposed to exempt from the law of decay and mutability the great cities and great nations which are now flourishing on the earth; he sees their fate written in the decline and fall of their predecessors; nor does he promise to Great Britain any peculiar immunity from this common lot of nations. He provides for it, however, such a euthanasia as is almost covetable. The improvement which the agriculture of a country receives from its commercial wealth, is not always lost with the loss of commercial greatness. The population driven into the fields sustain these in their advanced state of culture, and even keep up their own numbers. Quoting from Chateaufieux, he says,—“Notwithstanding the great diminution of the population of the Italian *towns*, there is reason to believe, not only that the inhabitants of Italy, upon the *whole*, have gone on progressively increasing during all this period, but that they are at this moment more numerous than they were at any former period of its history, not excepting the most flourishing days of the Roman empire.”—Vol. I. p. 178. Now, if a similar fate should attend England, and she should draw a large portion of her population out of her factories and her great towns, and spread them over her well cultivated fields, there would, perhaps, be little to regret, supposing always she retained her national independence. Mr Alison, in a very eloquent passage, prefigures such a destiny.

“It is impossible to expect, however, that this state of extraordinary prosperity, arising from colonial advancement, is to continue permanent; or that England, by having planted her seed in so many distant parts of the world, is to avert the weak-

ness of age, and escape the common lot of mortality. The parent of so mighty a progeny will herself descend to the grave; her full-grown offspring will break off from the empire; they may even themselves stab their progenitor to the heart. Already the British empire seems to stand on a dizzy pinnacle, and a false step in any direction might speedily precipitate it into ruin. Whether the present state of the empire be suited to withstand the shocks of adverse fortune, and whether the government which its vast and mercantile community has established, is endowed with the strength and foresight requisite to maintain inviolate so colossal a power in the midst of innumerable dangers, it is not the object of the present work to enquire. But this much may be considered as certain, that, sooner or later, by the violent strokes of fate, or by the insensible decay of time, the industry and population of the British islands will become stationary or decline. Whether her naval supremacy is at once to be destroyed, and her colonial empire severed from her grasp, by a single or a few dreadful shocks, as was the case with Athens at Algosopotamos, with Carthage at Zama, or with Pisa at La Meloria, or with Genoa at Malmocco; or whether the gradual influence of the decay of time and retarding causes, in the later stages of society, is destined to weaken her resources, and she is to descend from her present pinnacle of greatness by as slow a decline as the Byzantine empire in ancient, or the Italian republics and Flemish commercial cities in modern times, at present lies buried in the womb of fate. But in either case, the loss of our colonial empire and maritime superiority must undoubtedly ensue in process of time; the kind of decay and period of dissolution are alone doubtful. It is neither possible nor desirable for the interests of humanity, even in this country, that such a perpetual tenure of greatness should be assigned to any single state. And it is therefore a matter of the very highest importance to every friend of mankind and of his country, to consider what would be the probable fate of the people of the British islands, in the event of such a catastrophe either gradually or suddenly occurring.

“Involved in uncertainty, as all such speculations in regard to the future necessarily must be, there is yet reason to hope, from the experience of former ages, that this transition would not be attended either with the convulsions or sufferings which are generally anticipated. Other commercial states have undergone similar vicissitudes, and it is in them that we may see the mirror, if national sins have not called for some extraordinary national punishment, of the

stationary condition, or declining years of the British Empire. The wealth of the world has fled from the Italian cities; but the cultivation of the plain of Lombardy at this moment never was surpassed: all the pendants of Europe are no longer to be seen on the banks of the Scheldt—but the fields of Flanders still flourish in undiminished fertility: the merchants of Florence no longer number all the kings of Europe among their debtors—but cultivation has spread to an unparalleled extent through the terraces of the Arno, and rural contentment exists in its most enchanting forms on the vine-clad hills of Tuscany. It is in these examples that we may see and hope for the prototypes of the euthanasia of British greatness. It is in the transference of mercantile wealth to agricultural industry, and the rapid absorption even of the greatest manufacturing population in the labour of the fields, that the real security, in an advanced stage of civilization, against the

destruction of commercial prosperity, is to be found. Vast and overgrown as is the present manufacturing population of Great Britain, the experience of former states which have undergone similar vicissitudes, warrants the hope that it could be absorbed in a very short time, and permanently and comfortably maintained in the labour of the fields. The single alteration of substituting the kitchen-garden husbandry of Flanders in our plains, and the terraced culture of Tuscany in our hills, for the present system of agricultural management, would at once double the produce of the British islands, and procure ample subsistence for twice the number of its present inhabitants. And humanity has no cause to dread a change which, reducing to a third of their present numbers the inmates of the British factories, or the operations in the British towns, should double the number of its country labourers, and overspread the land with rural felicity."—Vol. I. p. 215.

CHARLES-EDWARD AFTER CULLODEN.

BY B. SIMMONS.

"He took a vast delight, when it was a good day, to sit upon a stone that was before the door of the house, with his face turned towards the sun; and when he was entreated to remove from thence, fearing to get a headache, he ordered them to pack about their business—that he knew himself what was good for him better than they could describe—that the sun did him all the good in the world."—*MS. Journal communicated to New Monthly Magazine.*

Away!—so faithful and so few—

Ye battle-wasted weary band!

Nor, sorrowing thus, within His view

With scrutinizing glances stand.

All that ye lost, some foreign land,

Some luckier future day, may give;

Of his despair what can ye know?

To lose upon one desperate throw

An empire's chance—and live!

Away!—what right has aught but God,

Or God's archangel lone—the Sun—

To watch upon that barren sod

The black wild waters, one by one,

Of vast Dismay, beat in upon

His frenzied soul, that would defy

The bright exulting Face which seems,

As through yon boundless realm it beams,

To mock him from the sky.

To mock him from the sky with pomp,

Lavish as that it once bestow'd,

When to the sound of kingly tromp,

Through streets with gladness overflow'd,

To solemn Holyrood he rode,

Where Faith and Love his pillow spread,

Who now, 'mid desert wanderings,

The famish'd heir of thousand kings

Lacks where to lay his head!

Again his wrathful brow has faded
 To that calm aspect, sad, sedate,
 That mark'd his race, for ever shaded
 By the pursuing wing of Fate ;—
 What though the morn of him—thy mate,
 Thou regal sun—like thine arose
 'Mid rack and tempest, he will think
 His splendid evening yet may sink
 Victorious to repose.

Fast as thou climb'st the firmament,
 He drinks, O Sun! thy warmth and light,
 Till through each slack pulse, anguish-spent,
 Hope's golden nectar dances bright—
 Till each far sail that glideth white
 He deems is nearing—nearing yet—
 Freight'd with friendly hosts for *him*,
 Fond Dreamer—on whose every limb
 The shambles' price is set ! *

Poor wanderer!—long thy blistering feet
 May tread far Stornay's iron shore—
 Long may the Arctic's wintry sleet
 'Mid Badenoch's flinty fastness pour
 Its horrors on thy form, before
 The terrors of thy hapless tale
 Voluptuous Louis shall disturb—
 Fretting the indolence superb
 Of roseate Versailles.

Too hard that thou should'st reap in tears,
 And glean the ghastly harvest in,
 Sown by thy godless sires through years
 Of profligacy, blood, and sin ;
 Yet had it been thy lot to win
 The game by thee so bravely play'd,
 Would'st *thou*, no learn'd suspicious fool—
 No Martyr to tyrannic rule—
 No sceptred Monk, have made ?

Bootless the query :—Human heart
 Endured no heavier doom than thine :
 Say, ye pert Aspirants of Art,
 Who painted him, in life's decline,
 The sot—the stupefied with wine—
 How many a year of madd'ning mood
 It took to blunt that soul—whose fire
 Could once fierce Cameron's ardour tire—
 Down to decrepitude ? †

Yet had he ne'er been wretched, ho
 Had miss'd the glorious light that clings
 Around his mournful memory,
 Dimming the fame of vulgar kings.
 While humour warms and pathos wrings,
 And Scott the subject heart shall sway—
 Crownless Ambition's outcast child,
 Thy venturous story's beauty wild
 Shall never know decay !

* " It gave him a great deal of pleasure to look to the ships that passed in the Channel every day, which he flattered himself to be French, though they were really some of the English fleet sent hither to guard the coast."—*MS. Journal*.

† " Neither old age, nor royal birth, nor misfortune itself, could protect him from the impertinence of some travellers, who, catching him in his fallen state, unfairly described the prince when he had ceased to be a man."—*FORSTER*.

VANITIES IN VERSE.

BY P. SIMMONS.

I.

TO A LADY

Reading "The Prisoner of Chillon" in preference to "Childe Harold."

1.

By calm Reflection's cold, undazzled eye,
How clear the Power, all-beautiful, is seen
Which prompts thee o'er that page instinctively,
As leans the lily to the light, to lean!

2.

'Tis fill'd with breathings of all-deep affections—
Love strong as death—Hope's fervour kindling free—
And the sweet bond of household recollections;
And are not these—all these—Bright One, for thee?

3.

No marvel that the Pilgrim's moody strain
Made but dull music to thy dancing years—
Rear'd with the Rose!—thy fresh heart's heaviest rain
Is transient as thy fragrant sister's tears.

4.

What should'st *thou* with the taleworn Passion traced—
With the green earth around, and morning o'er thee?
Joy at thy feet—along that flowery waste
Waiting to strike his cymbals on before thee.

5.

No, lady—leave lost HAROLD's page to those
Whose Hopes have died to rise in Memories—
Who, like him, drain'd Life's lavish cup of woes,
And pour'd their molten feelings forth to freeze.

6.

To such, it is a manual set apart—
The scriptures of the sear'd and wounded-soul—
Teaching the mournful Hermits of the Heart
A lore beyond vain Science's control.

7.

There the long-loving, but unloved, may learn
To make their Pride a friend, and smile at pain;
What if they fly from all for which they yearn,
They shun one shaft—to be deceived again!

8.

Theirs is the torpor of existence—still
It is, at least, repose; o'er which can shine
No wakening ray, save when, with feeblest skill,
They fling song's garlands round such steps as thine.

II.

BALLAD.

Ay—light and careless be thy look—
Let thy cold eyes on me
Ne'er gleam but like the winter's brook
In freezing brilliancy.
Let even my passing shadow be
The eclipse of thy soul;
Fly where thou wilt, revertedly
To me thy thoughts must roll.

Morn shall but rise from ocean dim,
 To count how oft I've sung ;
 Thy brow was like its breaking beam
 The raven clouds among.
 The summer Noon, with glowing tongue
 Shall tell of him who vow'd
 Thy form shamed hers, while round thee clung
 The roses in a crowd.

And passionate Darkness too shall hint,
 With its far-watching eyes,
 How I have deem'd thy beauty lent
 The night diviner dyes ;
 Away ! in vain thy falsehood flies
 Beyond the ocean's bound ;
 For twined with nature's memories,
 My spirit wraps thee round.

III.

TO CHARLOTTE S——. Six years old.

(*In an Album—St Patrick's Day. 1839.*)

Thou fairy child from Innisfail,
 With eyes so dark and forehead pale,
 Laughing and glancing in thy play,
 Like a stray sunbeam sent to mind us,
 Far from our Western Land away,
 Of hearts and hills long left behind us !
 Oh, ever thus be life to thee,
 As now, a path of dancing glee !
 Still may the laughter at thy heart
 From those glad eyes in gushes start ;
 And when Spring woo's the bud to blow—
 When ripening years shall round thee throw
 A power to feel the strain that here
 I pour unheeded on thine ear—
 Then, as thou bendest o'er this book
 With girlhood's bright but serious look,
 Take with a mountain-minstrel's blessing
 The wish, where'er thy life may roam—
 Whether caress'd—or uncaressing,
 That thou'lt be true to early home.
 Though from thy land thou'rt far apart,
 Still wear her shamrock in thy heart—
 Thy thoughts as stainless as its dew—
 Thy faith unchanging, like its hue—
 And ever as this day comes round,
 With all its hallow'd memories crown'd—
 Remember still the scene where we
 Now keep our Saint's solemnity.
 And should'st thou hope to walk in youth—
 —Free from deceit—with God and truth—
 With no ambition but to be
 An Irish maiden blithe and free,
 With that best beauty on thy cheek,
 That springs from feelings pure and meek,
 Tread in the steps of HAZ, for whom
 To-night at least we've banish'd gloom.
 Be not a thought of her forgot—
 Practise the precepts she has taught—
 Prefer, like her, green Erin's song—
 Keep Erin's accents on thy tongue,
 And later bards shall wake for thee
 The strain now faintly closed by me.

IV.

SKETCH IN THE OLD BAILEY.

(FROM LIFE.)

COURT.—“ Girl, have you any witnesses to call in your defence ? ”

PRISONER.—“ No, your Lordship, I haven't a friend upon the face of the earth.”

1.

MEET epitaph for such as thou,
 With wasted frame and drooping brow !
 On whom this instant every eye
 Rains scorn's condensed artillery—
 The clown's coarse laugh—the ribald's leer—
 The juror's state-affecting sneer—
 Th' official's shrug—the counsel's smile
 (Nibbling his idle pen the while)—
 The judge's aly but solemn pun—
 Have all not gall'd thee, guilty One ?
 Thou common mark for shafted mirth—
 Thou wretch, without a friend on earth !

2.

What's writ is writ—thou'st heard thy doom—
 Depart, and give fresh felons room ;
 Hence ! thy allotted time to dwell
 With those who made their bed in hell,
 Beneath thy fierce taskmaster grim,
 To toil with trembling weary limb—
 The long laborious day to curse,
 Yet dread night's sleepless fever worse—
 To chafe and fret till thou attain
 Thy haunts of gin and guilt again ;
 Leper ! from every human hearth
 Cast out, without a friend on earth !

3.

Thou'rt gone ;—but yonder greedy gate,
 Again shall lend thee to thy fate—
 Amid thy co-mates' ruffian din
 Once more to shiver and to sin ;
 Through London's midnight streets again
 To plash in winter's killing rain ;
 Stifling that dread sepulchral cough
 That soon or late must cut thee off—
 Must give thee, huddled to thy shell
 From some foul garret's fetid cell,
 A home within the grave-yard's girth
 At last, thou friendless on the earth !

4.

No Stoic I :—of crime and care
 I've had my birthright's ample share ;
 Yet sooner than possess his heart
 Who, with the fiend's consummate art,
 First lured thee from thy father's cot
 (Perchance in some green shelter'd spot,)
 And led and left thee, till Despair
 Produced thee bound, a felon, there—
 Sooner—though bribed by jewelled Power—
 Than risk his deathbed's damning hour,
 I'd toil for bread—in misery's dearth—
 Through life, without a friend on earth !

POST-MORTEM MUSINGS.

"You will find me a grave man."

Romeo and Juliet.

"A poor mean burial-ground—a dismal place raised a few feet above the level of the street, and parted from it by a low parapet wall and an iron railing—a rank, unwholesome, rotten spot, where the very grass and weeds seemed in their frowzy growth to tell that they had sprung from paupers' bodies, and struck their roots in the graves of men sodden in steaming courts and drunken hungry dens. And here, in truth, they lay parted from the living by a little earth and a board or two—lay thick and close—corrupting in body as they had been in mind; a dense and squalid crowd. Here they lay, cheek by jowl with life; no deeper down than the feet of the throng that passed there every day, and piled high as their throats." Whether or no Mr Dickens had any particular churchyard in his thoughts when he penned the above, is a question which of course I cannot answer; but I passed by one, two or three days since, in that most hateful of streets, Drury-Lane, (there is another not quite so bad in Portugal Street,) which might well have sat for the portrait. Churchyard indeed it is not, for it has no church within or even near it; and, wanting that, consecrated ground though it be, it wants to my mind by far the greater part of its holiness. The resting-place of the dead in any case demands and deserves respect; but the reverence with which I enter a quiet country churchyard, where, around the holy pile beneath whose roof in life they congregated to worship,

"Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,"

is very, very different from the feeling, half akin to loathing, with which I enter one of these churchless metropolitan dead-pits.

One of these places is an admirable specimen of the art of packing, on a large scale—of compressing the greatest possible quantity into the smallest possible space. Your sexton is as a traveller preparing himself for a long journey, in whose well-filled portmanteau may be seen snowy ranks of neatly folded shirts, and white lines of stockings in orderly array, affording

glimpses of a strong force of coats and inexpressibles unruffled by a crease. To make sure that he has left nothing behind, he once more opens drawer after drawer—and lo! he sees in one his whole army of waistcoats, wherewith he is to astonish the weak minds of his country cousins, overlooked and omitted! What could he have been thinking off? Well, with much care and delicate pressure, he contrives to find them a place, though his creaking portmanteau is compelled to "stretch its leathern coat almost to bursting" by the operation; it is as much as ever he can do to close the lid upon the contents, but he *does* manage it at last; and, thanking his stars that the job is over, turns himself round, and—horror upon horror!—turns only to encounter a formidable black band of boots and shoes, beginning much to marvel in what portion of the camp *their* quarters are to be allotted. There is no help for it. He has but that one "leathern convenience" in the world, and, somehow or other, in they *must* go. As the case stands, the thing is impossible. He must unpack and pack again, *ab initio*—and there is, moreover, no time to be lost. Out they come, shirts, stockings, neck-cloths, waistcoats, cambrics—"all his pretty ones," rumpled and crumpled, and creased and smutched—in they go again, still with some slight attempt at arrangement, and still those most stubborn and unflinching of all Wellingtons defy his efforts! Out come all the contents once again, and once again in they go, Wellingtons and all, but alas! now in "most admired disorder;" and the miserable wretch is finally discovered by his housemaid, who rushes up to announce that the coach is at the door, jumping and stamping upon the unyielding mass, with all the weight and desperation of thirteen stone and a half.

The illustration savours of the absurd, but it is not unapt nevertheless. Here is one of these grounds, in the very heart of London, crowded and crammed to within a few inches of the surface with the ghastly contributions of years; and day after day, and hour after hour, keep bringing in their never-

ceasing supplies to the already overcharged storehouse—their gifts which may not be rejected—the fast-departing children of misery and toil, who found perhaps in their extremity a melancholy shadow of consolation, from the thought that their dead bones would at last find in the grave that peace and quietness which were denied on earth to the living spirit. But the “long home,” the “last long rest,” of a London burial-ground! What a solemn mockery, when the same grave may change its owners as quickly and as often as Iago’s purse! Why, the very worm has scarcely crawled from his exhausted banquet, before the last tenant is “knaved out of his grave,” to make room for a new occupant, himself ere long to suffer the same indignity! Well indeed might old Sir Thomas Brown lift up his voice for a “burning burial,” to escape from such “tragical abominations” as these!

I am not supposing that it will matter to me, when I am among the things that were, beneath what earth I lie, “or who,” as Hamlet says, “plays at loggats” with my bones. I know well enough that no “knocking about the mazzard with a sexton’s spade” will touch me then; but, despite the knowledge, there is something so revolting in the idea of being howked up like a dead flower-root to make room for a fresh one, that my bones, setting at nought my philosophy, “ache to think on’t.” And it is by no means the lightest part of the anticipation, that all this may come to pass at no very distant period—ay, so soon that many an eye, which wept over the coffin as the earth closed in upon its lid, may again be wet with a more indignant grief, when the coffinless bones lie scattered on the brink of the very grave erewhile dug for themselves, now yawning once more to receive a new possessor. It was but a few days since that I happened to see, in one of the morning newspapers, an advertisement* by the authorities of some parish, whose name I forget, containing a list of monumental inscriptions, several of them

less than forty years old, and notifying that, unless the friends or relatives of the parties whom they commemorated took some measures with regard to them before a certain day, therein named, the stones would be removed, and, as a matter of course, the graves appropriated to the next claimant. This *may* be necessary, but it is disgusting, and therefore *ought* not to be necessary. Under this state of things, a son may return from a foreign land, after years of absence, and, on his first pious visit to the spot where he laid his parent, be horror-stricken at finding not a trace of the tomb which he reared to his honoured memory; or, worse still, detect some rascal sexton, who has “no feeling of his business,” in the very act of tossing up his father’s bones, to be moralized upon by a group of gaping charity boys, or snapped in twain by some unthinking idler, to see how strong they still are, and wonder how much longer they would yet hold out against their final destiny of “dust to dust.”

We may become too familiar with the charnel-house and its contents; and too much familiarity, says the proverb, breeds contempt.† A want of respect for the dead is apt to induce a want of reverence for death; and the grim King of Terrors himself, when men’s feet are kicking about his trophies, stands in danger of becoming a mere subject for idle gossip, or coarse and ribald jesting. This is not as it should be: yet this, as it seems to me, the confined and crammed burial grounds, which one sees in many parts of London, must inevitably, in some degree, tend to produce.

I strolled the other morning, having nothing better to do, to the new General Cemetery at Kensall Green; I believe the first of the dozen or more, which, after its example, have started into existence in the suburban districts. These cemeteries stand in much the same relation to the London churchyards and burial-grounds, as the Canadas, or New Zealand, to the mother country. They are the points of emigration for the dead; and, as

* There was one in the *Times* of November 17th, but not the one to which I allude. The dates in this latter were a few years farther back.

† I question whether the Egyptians, who had their skeletons *always* at their feasts, did not, by so doing, rather weaken than strengthen the effect intended to be produced. I doubt, too, whether the slave, whose matutinal duty it was to remind the Eastern tyrant of his mortality, produced any greater impression upon the imperial mind by his reiterated admonitions, than a full conviction that he was the greatest bone in his master’s dominions.

such, they contribute in some degree towards correcting the evil of which I have been complaining. They do something: but they cannot, nor indeed do I clearly see what can, do all. The very poor, who swarm and cluster together so densely in many quarters of the metropolis, can neither carry out their dead so far, nor pay the fees demanded for admission to these more undisturbed resting-places. They must still go on in the old way, and lie huddled together in death as closely as they have been wont to do in life. But to return to Kensall Green.

It is a wholesome thing to pay a visit to such a place as this. We are too apt to pass mere ordinary churchyards, poor portions and fragments of the spoils of Death, without being awakened to a due sense of his power, and experiencing only a sort of mournful secure pity, as though the few who slumber beneath its surface form the exception and not the rule. But here, where the eye cannot at one glance take in the whole extent of his territories, we recognise at once the full sweep of his tremendous arm: here we are compelled to acknowledge that beneath that arm we ourselves must bow: and "peep about" us, as it were involuntarily, for some unoccupied nook, in whose shade, when the hour has actually arrived, we may moulder to our primal dust.

It is a fine, large, open space, this cemetery, with its smooth shaven turf, its broad gravelled walks sloping gently upwards to the west, and, on the brow of the ascent, its small simple chapel, silent to all the services of our church save one—the most solemn and the most beautiful—most sorrowful and yet most cheering. As a whole, however, the place at present lacks solemnity. It wants more of those trees which universal and immemorial usage has appropriated to such melancholy localities—the fir, and the yew, and the "sad cypress;" and those which it already possesses require yet a few years to bring them to maturity. The long lines of white tombstones, on either side of the boundary path, stand sadly in need of relief.

Among the multitude of monuments which have already been erected here,

there are, of course, designs of all sorts, good, bad, and indifferent—the latter forming a considerable majority. Turning into the right hand path as you enter the consecrated portion of the ground, there stands a neat obelisk to the memory of Scipio Clit, inscribed simply with a cross, the name, and a date. I think it is Byron who somewhere, in one of his letters or journals, says that a name and a date are all that are required above one's grave.* Whoever it was, I fully agree with him. A bad or a mediocre epitaph is sufficient to mar the effect of the noblest tomb. One seldom meets with a decent inscription, even in prose; and as for the attempts of the kind in metre, they are enough to drive all Parnassus crazy. Our very jest-books are full of ridiculous effusions of this nature. A traveller, condemned, by some "accident of flood or field," to tarry for an afternoon in a remote country village, strolls into the churchyard to read the epitaphs, with the same confident anticipation of amusement that he would feel in opening an album of H. B.'s caricatures, or the third series of *Sam Slick*, did the humble parlour table of the hostelry present such an unlooked-for resource. But there is a large class of well-meaning people, who seem to think a gravestone without an epitaph a mere wilful waste of so much good stone; and that *with one*, or rather *by one*, the claims of the departed to the consideration of the public are mightily strengthened—that a plain tombstone is considerably more respectable than a simple raised turf—but that a tombstone, with an epitaph to boot, is positively and indisputably genteel. Therefore it is that, as observes the cosmopolite Lieu Chi Altangi, "when the person is buried, the next care is to make his epitaph." Somewhere or other one must be discovered, and the surviving poets of the family set to work with all their might to supply the desideratum, much to their own satisfaction, and still more to the public amusement. The very stonemason's journeyman, as he chisels the doggerel, must laugh at its absurdity. There are two or three fine specimens of the

* It is he, at any rate, who, in one of his earlier poems, says for himself,

"My epitaph shall be my name alone."

But the feelings under which he penned this line, and the above remark were far from being the same.

would-be pathetic upon infants hereabouts.

"Dear prattling babe, to both our hearts still dear,

Long shall we bathe thy memory with a tear!

Farewell! too promising on earth to dwell!
Sweetest of fondlings! best of babes! farewell."

How people manage to bathe memories, I do not well understand; and as for the third line, it reminds me so irresistibly of Mrs Kenwigs, and her "too beautiful, much too beautiful" offspring, that if I am, by such reminiscence, blinded to any real beauty in the composition, the shoulders of Boz must be content to bear at least a moiety of the blame. This is just the sort of composition which is bad enough to provoke criticism, without being, at the same time, sufficiently unassuming to disarm it. The pithy couplet—

"Here lie I and my two daughters.

The devil take the Cheltenham waters!"
or the still more concise and laconic distich—

"Here I lays,
Kill'd by a chaise,"

are infinitely better in this respect. Here is another of them—

"Affectionate baby once was I,
Pride of my parents' hearts,
Who sooth'd my sorrows when I cried,
And press'd me to their breast."

Now, in this there is certainly no rhyme, and for it there is as certainly no reason. Somewhere hereabouts too, four lines, from one of the noblest passages that ever flowed from the pen of Walter Scott, have been pressed into the service, without, as far as I can discover, any very material improvement.

"Genius, and taste, and talent gone,
For ever tomb'd beneath the stone,
Where, taming thought to parents' pride,
Our lovely babes sleep side by side"—

the younger of the said "babes" having died at the age of *eleven*, and the elder at *sixteen*!

But a truce for a few moments with the bards of the gravestone, while I stop to read who owns this massive mausoleum, which towers unapproached in hugeness above the surrounding tombs of ordinary mortals. "The Family Grave of James Morison the Hygeist." What! and were pills in vain? "Throw physic to the dogs! I'll none of it!" Well, peace be with

him! He had in life many brethren, and even here in death he is not without the company of one congenial corpse. In the central plot of the cemetery, among the more aristocratical dead, on a large tomb, surmounted by a figure standing beneath a dome supported by pillars, is engraved a longish and not ill-written inscription, concluding thus—

"Stranger, as you respect the receptacle for the dead,

(As one of the many that will rest here,) [quære there?]

Read the name of
John St John Long
Without comment."

Perhaps I am over-fastidious—but many of the tombs here are too *pretty* to please my taste. I like to see a grave kept with neatness and simplicity; the turf cannot be too green, the weeds cannot be too carefully removed; but, were I constituted censor of such matters, I am inclined to think I should publish an edict against any thing beyond. There are several graves here which are positive garden-plots, with the mould carefully raked and watered, and little painted wooden or iron trellis-work running round the edges, paling in roses, and violets, and hearts-ease, and fifty other small flowers, which have in them no touch of sadness. One would fancy that the surviving relatives really did come there, as somebody has in a most Juvenal-like line expressed it, to "botanize upon their mother's grave." This is adopting the affectation, as well as the utility, of the foreign cemeterial system. Were it not for the sake of the burial-service, these floricultural mourners might as well have buried their dead in their own summer-bowers, or in the borders beneath their own parlour windows. But these are not the only specimens of amateur grave-making, if I may so call it, to be found here. There is one *thing*—for monument it is not—composed of literally nothing but wire trellis-work, and in shape and structure for all the world like a huge and extremely elaborate bird-cage; or still more, perhaps, like one of those magnificent barley-sugar pavilions, which stand in pastrycooks' shop windows to make the eyes and mouths of little boys and girls of all descriptions stare, and gape, and water, for wonderment. The good, honest, solid gravestones round about ought to rise *en masse*, and vent

their indignation at such a pitiful piece of mimicry-piminyism, by throwing themselves flat upon it, and crushing it to atoms. Happily for the reputation of the inventor, it bears no name or syllable of any kind by which he may be even guessed at.

Pause we here for a moment, to read "the lay graved on the stone to our left"—

"The loss of an aunt I mourn;

A dear and affectionate friend:

To me she will never return,

To her I hope to ascend.

Her love that of aunts surpass'd!!!"

&c. &c. &c.

to the end of three stanzas! But to quote all the absurd unmeaning inscriptions that occur in this place, would exhaust far too much pen, ink, paper, and patience. Mrs Malaprop herself could not fail to be delighted with the "nice derangement of epitaphs" to be met with. I must, however, find room for two more—

"Though rolling sun and moon smile on this stone,

Which marks the spot of one whose virtues shone,

Let wafting breezes forth this tribute send,
He was the Brother, Husband, Father,
Friend."

Taking it for granted that the sun *does* roll, at any rate in poetry; yet why he should entertain the slightest objection to the breezes sending forth any tribute they please, or what was the train of ideas which connected the second couplet with the first, is a problem which I am utterly unable to solve. The chain of thought is perhaps something like that which existed in the mind of a certain commercial traveller (of most unfortunate anonymousness), who, after passing a not very comfortable night in a Buckinghamshire market-town, saluted his obsequious host in the morning, with, "Well! Mr Landlord! you may *well* call this place Stony Stratford, for I never *was* so bitten by fleas in all my life"—

"May no wolf howl, no screech-owl stir
A wing about thy sepulchre;

No boisterous winds or storms come hither,
To starve or wither

Thy soft sweet earth (?) but, like a spring,
Love keep it ever flourishing!

Why, the very whisper of such a thing as a wolf, in this our nineteenth century, running about at midnight,

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and "howling," as Rosalind says, "against the moon" at Kensal Green, in the county of Middlesex, is enough to scare away in an opposite direction every funeral within twenty miles of the spot. The good people of the cemetery must have been either dozing, or standing aghast at some railway massacre close by, when they suffered to be erected an inscription so insidiously inimical to their speculation.

To be serious:—it is not a pleasant thing to visit the grave of a friend or a kinsman, and find a stranger laughing over his tombstone; still less pleasant is it to be one's-self the laugher under such circumstances; but it is a rencontre which can hardly fail sometimes to take place, when such absurdities, in the way of epitaphs, are daily and hourly perpetrated; and it is one at which the mourner, pained though he may be, has at any rate but small reason to wonder.

There are five or six strains "in a higher mood" scattered about the grounds, but scarcely enough elevated to deserve quotation. The concluding line (whether original or borrowed, I know not) of one on a young girl, carried off by a lingering consump-
tion—

"In smiles she sunk her grief, to lessen
ours"—

struck me as being happily expressed.

The "west end" of this Necropolis is, as an Irishman would say, in the middle, where the tombs stand more dispersedly among the evergreens than in the other parts of the ground, and present, therefore, a far more picturesque appearance to the eye. Among these are two or three handsome coroneted monuments, besides several covering the remains of officers of rank, and various well-known public characters. I believe many of the aristocracy lie in the catacombs below, but I did not descend into these.

Vis-a-vis to the monument of St John Long, before noticed, stands the family tomb of no less a personage than Andrew Ducrow, of amphitheatrical notoriety—to my thinking a structure in very vile taste; but, while I was contemplating it, there came up a couple of rather dingy individuals, presenting the appearance of journey-men tailors out for a holiday, the one of whom remarked to the other, as he passed, "Well! I'm blessed if this

ain't the best tomb here, after all ;" and, as his companion replied by an acquiescent grunt, my opinion on the matter must not be implicitly relied on. It is a square massive piece of workmanship, garnished with a begging dog, in bronze, on either side the entrance, with Egyptian columns, sphinges, urns, and flowerpots, all of the same hue; and some angels with wreaths, and some horses with wings in relief; the last-mentioned animals being (the wings always excepted) the only ornament for which I could perceive any reason. The only present occupant of the interior is the late Mrs Ducrow, whose worth is commemorated in an ungrammatical and particularly ill-written inscription. For the "horse-taming Andrew" himself, long may it be ere the ring at Astley's knows him no more; for most assuredly, till the end of time,

"Within that circle none shall ride as he."

There is a tomb, not far removed from this, which few will pass without a sigh. It bears no laboured eulogy; but, to the great majority of those whose sorrows and sympathies are worth the waking, it tells an ample tale. Its simple inscription is—

ANNE SCOTT,
Daughter of Sir Walter Scott,
of Abbotsford, Baronet,
Died June the 25th, 1833,
In her 31st year.

Somewhere here, too, stands, above the grave of one untimely cut off, a handsome broken column, (of which, by the way, there are several in the cemetery,) but it wastes its poetry sadly. I heard a respectable-looking man and woman gravely deploring its maimed condition, and innocently speculating whether the misfortune arose from mischief or high winds.

I noticed but one tomb in the place of which one would say, at a glance,

"That grave must be a Frenchman's." It is that of poor Pelissié the comedian. It is, of course, much decorated, and overgrown with flowers and shrubs, and has, moreover, two or three wreaths of those common, small, dried, yellow flowers, whose name I forget, in a little glass case, such as is usually dedicated to a stuffed canary-bird, affixed to the headstone. The first part of the inscription is neat:—"He was among the first who endeavoured to naturalize Molière in the country of Shakspeare." The last sentence sounds, in English ears, somewhat strangely:—"This stone would be soon worn away (*usée*), if every one whom he has delighted were to visit this spot, to kneel on it (*s'agenouiller*), and to pray for him."

It is by no means the least striking feature of this cemetery, that it is closely neighboured on either side by one of those gigantic achievements of modern science—a railway. Singular enough it is, to stand on the terrace of the little chapel, and contrast an approaching funeral procession—"the steps of the mourners heavy and slow"—the laboured progress of the plumed hearse, with the momentary meteor-like glimpse of a passing train; the oppressive stillness and silence of death, with the noise, and the hurry, and the whirl of life; and to think that the most impatient traveller of all those who shot by not a moment ago, must erelong be content to journey at the snail-like pace of the melancholy pageant before us. If the Kensall Green cemetery sends us home pondering well on these things, it will have preached a homily on mortality beyond the pulpit—a homily, moreover, of which we happily cannot lose the spirit, by setting ourselves to work after the most approved modern fashion to criticise the language.

THE NON-INTRUSION QUESTION.

THE Church Question in Scotland has never yet been put upon its right footing before the people of England. It has been enveloped in a cloud of local details, or foreign law; and our Southern readers, horrified at the sight of presbyteries, synods, non-intrusion meetings, Acts of the General Assembly and its Commission, decisions of the Court of Session, Acts of the Scottish Parliament, and judgments of the House of Peers, have almost universally turned away in despair from all attempts on the part of their Scottish brethren to enlighten them as to what was going on on the other side of the Tweed. We are not surprised at this indifference, any more than we are at the intense interest in which it is regarded by all classes of the Scottish people. The English disregard it, because they cannot perceive the bearings of the question at issue through the mist of technicalities, localities, and foreign interests in which it is enveloped. The Scotch watch it with anxiety, because they are well aware, that beneath this uninviting crust the fires of the revolutionary volcano are burning. We propose, in the present article, shortly, and in intelligible language, to explain the bearings of this important question to our Southern readers; to show with what perilous consequences, alike to Church and State, and the ultimate interests of the neglected poor, it is in reality fraught; and what serious consequences will, in all likelihood, ensue, both to the civil and ecclesiastical establishments of all parts of the empire, if the good sense and weight of England does not come to assist the intelligence and property of Scotland in the contest with revolutionary violence and religious fanaticism in which they are now engaged.

The contest between the fanatical or Non-intrusion party of the Scottish Church, as they style themselves, is the same at bottom with that in which Henry II. was so long engaged with the Church of Rome, and for which Thomas à-Becket was slain on the steps of the high altar of Canterbury cathedral. It is an effort on the part of this section of the Church, and their impassioned adherents among

the people, to wrest the right of patronage from all the patrons in the kingdom who at present enjoy it. The Church revolutionists are at variance as to the parties in whom the right of nomination should be vested when the present patrons are dispossessed. The more moderate among them, of whom Mr Colquhoun of Killermont may be reckoned as the leader, are inclined to vest the nomination in the heritors and kirk-sessions; that is, as the English would say, in the landed proprietors and churchwardens of the parish. Others are inclined to go a step further, and propose to vest it in all those communicating with the Kirk; that is to say, in all the parishioners who are in the habit of attending the sacrament. Others, again, who go the whole hog, are clear that nothing will do but vesting it at once in the universal suffrage of the whole males in the parish above twenty-one years of age. Thus, though the revolutionary band are by no means at one as to their ulterior proceedings, and the evident seeds of future discord are sown among them, yet they are perfectly agreed on one point; viz. spoliation of the patrons. They are split into many divisions about the division of the spoil, but perfectly at one as to the act of robbery.

We are well aware that these are hard words; more especially when applied to a body of men who embrace among their ranks many worthy of the highest admiration for their piety, their virtue, and their achievements in the cause of humanity. But when we come to political questions, and to the conduct of men in public life, we must judge of them by their actions, and by the tendency which the measures they advocate, have upon the rights and interests of the social body. Judging by this standard, we can see no difference whatever between the measures advocated by the Scotch Non-intrusionists, and those which were supported by the French Jacobins, and which are now contended for by the Chartists of England.

Our reasons for this strong opinion are twofold; first, that the church Non-intrusionists propose to spoliates the patrons of their property without any indemnification; and secondly,

that they propose to effect this, not by act of parliament, but by a general and obstinate resistance to the law.

During the troubled and agitated times which succeeded to the restoration of Charles II., when the government was indefatigable in its efforts to re-establish episcopacy in the northern end of the island, and they were resisted by the firm spirit and patriotic self-denial of the Scottish Covenanters, the attention of all parties in the kingdom was forcibly drawn to the extreme inconvenience of maintaining, in opposition to the wishes of the people throughout a considerable portion of the kingdom; the rights of the patrons to present the clergy, as then by law established. On the other hand, it forcibly struck even the patriot leaders of those days, that it would be altogether unjust to deprive the patrons of the rights which they had in great part purchased for full value, and on the strength of which debt had been contracted, and marriages and other onerous contracts formed, without some adequate compensation. These opposite and conflicting considerations led, after the Revolution in 1688, to the act of the Scottish Parliament of 1690, chap. 23, which provided a remedy for all the parishes that chose to avail themselves of it, while, at the same time, it secured adequate compensation to the patrons who were to be dispossessed. We here, for the sake of brevity, transcribe the abstract of this act, from the Scotch acts, and recommend the study of the passage to our readers, as drawing the distinction between the ancient Whigs of the Revolution, and the modern revolutionary Whigs.

"Our sovereign lord and lady, the King and Queen's Majesties, considering that the power of presenting ministers to vacant churches, of late exercised by patrons, hath been greatly abused, and is inconvenient to be continued in this realm; do, therefore, with the advice and consent of the estates of Parliament, hereby discharge, cass, annul, and make void, the foresaid power heretofore exercised by any patron of presenting ministers to any kirk now vacant, or that shall hereafter happen to be vaick within this kingdom, with all exercise of the said power." By the act it is declared, "in lieu and recompense of

the said right of presentation hereby taken away, their Majesties, with advice and consent foresaid, hereby statute and ordain the heretors and liferenters of each paroch, and the town-councils for the burgh, to pay to the said patrons betwixt and Martinmas next, the sum of six hundred merks, proportionally, effeiring to their valued rents in the said paroch; viz. two parts by the heretors, and a third part by the liferenters, deducting always the patron's own part, effeiring to his proportion as an heritor: and that upon the said patron, his granting a sufficient and formal renunciation of the said right of presentation in favour of the said heritors, town-councils for the burghs, and kirk-session. And it is hereby declared, that as to the paroches to which their Majesties have right to present, upon payment of the six hundred merks to the clerks of the thesaurary, their Majesties shall be fully denuded of their right of presentation to that paroch." It is further declared, "That the right of the teinds of the said paroches which are not heretably disposed, shall, by virtue of this present act, belong to the said patrons, with the burden always of the ministers' stipends, tack, and prorogations already granted of the said teinds, and of such augmentations of stipend, future prorogations and erections of new kirks as shall be found just and expedient, providing the saids patrons getting right to the teinds by virtue of this present act, and who had no right thereto before shall be, likewise they are hereby obliged to sell to each heritor, the teinds of his own lands, at the rate of six years' purchase, as the same shall be valued by a commission for valuation of teinds."

It is only necessary to add, that the right of patronage was re-established by the 10th of Queen Anne, chap. 11., and we have done with the whole technicalities of the Scotch law.

Now, observe the difference between the Whigs of the Revolution and the revolutionary Whigs. The former, in consequence of the then disagreement between the patrons and the people, took away from the patrons their right of patronage; but then they gave them in return, at the expense of the heritors of the parish taking the benefit of the Act, an indemnification, which, although now inconsiderable from the change in the value of mo-

ney, was then a tolerably fair equivalent for the property taken away. But now that the Non-intrusion party insist that the Act of Queen Anne should be repealed, and the rights of the patrons abolished, what do they do? Do they propose to provide a fund by voluntary subscription or assessment, under an act of Parliament, to indemnify the dispossessed patron according to the present value of money, in the same proportion as the Act of 1690 did in the merits of the old Scottish realm? Is every parish prepared to assess itself, at the rate of three or four thousand pounds, for the indemnification of the patron? Are they even prepared to make good the indemnity provided by the old act of 1690? They are not. We hear nothing of indemnity, subscription, or assessment from the Non-intrusion gentlemen. Their method of solving the difficulty is much easier, much more summary, and, above all, much cheaper. It savours of the true revolutionary character. Its authors have taken a leaf out of the chapter of the Jacobins in 1793. It is this:—

The patrons had been in possession of the right of patronage, with the exception of four parishes, where the people had bought up the right under the act 1690. Under this system, although the people in many places, especially in the western counties, where the old principles of the covenant were not yet extinguished, still hankered after the appointment of their own pastors, the Scottish Kirk continued to be administered for a hundred and thirty years with exemplary fidelity and usefulness. The proof of this is to be found in the character of the Scottish peasantry, which, for above an hundred years, and until the fatal inroad of manufacturing industry changed their character in the manufacturing districts, and opened without restriction the floodgates of sin—continued to be amongst the most moral and educated in Europe. Of this, no more decisive proof can be required than is to be found in the fact, that the whole criminals convicted by juries in 1806, amounted only to eighty-nine out of a population of, at that time, nearly 2,000,000 of souls; and that in 1804, the Lord Advocate (Hope) stated, with perfect truth, in the House of Commons, that more criminals were convicted in one single quarter sessions by the justices of peace at Man-

chester, than by the whole criminal courts of Scotland put together in a year. Now, however, the case is totally changed; and, between the Reform transports of the one party, and the non-intrusion bellowings of the other, the number of criminals for serious offences has risen to 3,600, exhibiting a rapidity in the progress of crime—having multiplied forty-fold in thirty-four years—a ratio unparalleled, it is believed, in any other country in Europe.

In 1833, however, during the paroxysms of the Reform mania, the Whigs raised the clamour in England, that the rights of patrons must be abridged, and the Edinburgh Whigs got the famous Veto Act passed by the General Assembly in 1834, which vested, for the first time, a power of putting a veto upon the presentee of the patron, in the majority of the heads of families in communion with the church of the parish. It is the exercise of this assumed power, which is wholly illegal, and in direct violation of the legal rights of the patron, as established by the act of Queen Anne, and declared by the Court of Session and the House of Peers in the Auchterarder case, that has given rise to the present painful dissensions in the church and community of Scotland.

Now, however, the church revolutionists throw the Veto Act overboard altogether. Dr Chalmers declared, in the last General Assembly, that it was not worth the having; that it did more harm than good; and that the only way to settle the question was to emancipate the church from the shackles of the civil power altogether. Upon this point all the sections of the Non-intrusion party are now agreed. Total abolition of patronage is the universal cry; and the ulterior question of, who are to be the parties that are to nominate to the vacant living, is carefully kept out of view, lest it should sow dissension among the ranks of those who are unanimously agreed upon the abolition of patronage.

Now observe the difference, again, between the old Whigs of the Revolution, and the modern revolutionary Whigs. The object of both is identical; viz., the abolition of patronage, and the vesting it in some classes of the people. But how did the Whigs of 1690 proceed in this great work of ecclesiastical regeneration? Why,

they provided indemnification, and what was then ample indemnification, at the hands of the heritors and parishioners, who were to obtain the right of patronage in lieu of the patron. This indemnity, however, cooled the ardour of the Scottish covenant. Only four parishes took advantage of the power of purchasing up the patronage thus conferred upon them. But what do the revolutionary Whigs now propose? Why, they propose to spoliage the patrons, not even by act of Parliament, but simply by an universal *passive and obstinate resistance to the law*. The way that they effect this, is by getting the General Assembly, or its Commission, when not sitting, which wields its powers in this particular, to refuse to induct any clergyman presented to the living by the patron, against whom a veto has been passed by a majority of the communicants in the parish. Thus they propose to effect their revolutionary object of spoliating the patrons of their property by an illegal resistance to the induction of the presentee of the patron, and by calling upon the people to exercise an illegal and pretended right, which the church courts, without authority, have conferred upon them, of interposing a veto where they have no legal title whatever to interfere. In what respect does this differ from the Chartists, who break out in rebellion, and refuse to pay taxes until their charter is granted; or the French revolutionists, who confiscated the property of the church on the false pretence that the nation would provide adequately for the ministers of religion?

The abler and more respectable leaders of the Non-intrusionists, are aware that they are violating the law, in the conflict which they are at present so obstinately maintaining with the supreme civil courts, who support the rights of the patrons; and they justify it by the example of the House of Commons in the last session of Parliament. Mr Colquhoun said, in his speech at Kilmarnock, that he was driven by necessity to violate either the law or the constitution; that he held the constitution to be defined by the act 1690, which vested the nomination of ministers in the heritors and kirk-session; and that the Non-intrusionists were justified in resisting the law, in support of what *they* deemed the constitution, in the same way as Parliament was in resisting the law

as declared by the Court of Queen's Bench, in sending the Sheriff of Middlesex to prison, in defence of what the House of Commons deemed the Constitution, in regard to the privileges of Parliament.

But, setting aside the obvious consideration, that there is some small difference between the House of Commons—a branch of the supreme legislature—and a body of two or three hundred thousand Scotch non-intrusionists, who have no political capacity in the State whatever, is it not astonishing that so acute and well-informed a gentleman as the learned member for Kilmarnock should not have seen to what perilous, indeed awful consequences, his doctrine naturally leads. Mr Colquhoun says:—“I am entitled to resist the law, because I hold that it is contrary to the Constitution; and I hold the Constitution to be what is to be found in the statute-book, *minus* the Act of Queen Anne, which established the right of patronage.” On the same principle, the Chartist says:—“I resist the law, because I hold it to be contrary to the constitution; and I hold the constitution to be the Reform Bill, *minus* all the clauses limiting the franchise to a particular class of electors; in other words, universal suffrage.” The Socialist says:—“I resist the law, because I hold it to be contrary to the constitution; and I hold the constitution to be the laws of the country, *minus* that monstrous grievance they call Christianity.” In this way the rebels of Newport, and the infidels of Birmingham, will find themselves supported, in all their illegal and irreligious excesses, by the example of the House of Commons, and the authority of the learned Member for Kilmarnock. Can there be a stronger proof of the impolicy of the course on which the majority of the House of Commons unhappily adventured last session, than the fact that it is thus made a precedent for resistance to the law, by whole sections of the community? And can we be surprised that rebellion should break out among the Chartists in England, and law be almost powerless among the Papists in Ireland, when men of such ability, weight, and eloquence as the Member for Kilmarnock openly advocate spoliation of private property, by resistance to the law, and ground their resistance upon the allegation that

acts of Parliament, which have been for nearly a century and a-half in operation, are, in *their opinion*, "contrary to the constitution?"

The Non-intrusionists say, that in their opinion the act of Queen Anne, re-establishing the right of patrons, is contrary to the constitution, and that the only way to remedy the existing evil is, to deprive the patrons of their usurped rights, and to vest the right of patronage either in the whole parishioners, or some considerable section of them. Be it so. Let it be conceded, for argument's sake, that their views in this respect are wholly well-founded, and that they possess a case in this particular so strong, that the legislature must, in the end, concede their demands. What is the proper course which all orderly subjects should adopt in such a case? Ought they not to address themselves to the understanding of the public, and convince their reason by argument, and thus strive, in the usual way, to effect an influence on the legislature? If reason fails, or argument is found unequal to the conflict with power, let them even agitate in support of the change for which they contend, and endeavour to extort, by popular outcry, from an unwilling legislature, the objects which they have at heart.

These are all the methods of working constitutional changes, which a constitutional monarchy allows; and although the third is an *ultimum remedium*, to which wise men will have recourse as seldom as possible, yet experience proves that it is sometimes indispensable, in order to effect legislative improvement in opposition to interested power. But the Non-intrusionists do none of these things. Discarding all constitutional weapons, they at once unfurl the red flag of rebellion. They resist the execution of the law by means of an arbitrary stretch, which they get the Church courts to make, without any legal authority. And when this illegality is declared by the highest judicatory in the kingdom, they still continue the conflict, and distract the minds of the people, and shake the foundations of government, by supporting with the weight of rank, talent, learning, and piety, an undisguised resistance to the law.

Dr Chalmers says, that the Church of Scotland acknowledges no head

but Jesus Christ; that no civil courts can interfere in the appointment to spiritual functions; that he disclaims, in the name of his party, all intention of interfering with the jurisdiction of the civil courts touching temporal emoluments; but that the co-equal and independent jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical judicatories in spiritual matters must also be maintained, and that there he nails his colours to the mast. Concede, for argument's sake, the principle, and let us see whether that argument, when carried to its legitimate conclusions, is consistent with the active resistance which he is maintaining to the law. He says that the civil and ecclesiastical courts are independent and equally supreme, and that neither must interfere with, nor trench upon, the prerogatives of the other. Granted. According to this principle, the presentee of the patron supported by the civil courts, is not entitled to interfere with the spiritual duties of the parish, and the presentee of the Non-intrusionists, supported by the ecclesiastical courts, is not entitled to interfere with the civil emoluments of his temporal rival. So far all is clear and consistent, and both courts are maintained in their respective supreme temporal and spiritual spheres.

To carry out the principle to its proper consequences, and preserve this mutual independence quite entire, the obvious course plainly is, for the temporal presentee to be inducted, and draw the temporal fruits, and immediately to be interdicted by the spiritual court from discharging any of the sacred functions; and for the spiritual nominee of the people to be immediately interdicted by the civil court from drawing any of the temporal emoluments. In this way, the co-ordinate supremacy of each court would be maintained inviolate in its respective spheres. The civil presentee would draw all the emoluments and *do nothing*, and the spiritual presentee would discharge all the duty and *draw nothing*. Such a state of things would be the direct consequences of the doctrines of the non-intrusionists, pushed to their legitimate results; and however much it might be regretted by all friends to religion and to the poor, as tending to divorce the connexion between Church and State, destroy the efficiency of the Establishment, and blast the religious instruction of the poor, it could

not be objected to on the score of *consistency*.

But this is not what the Non-intrusionists do. They do not allow the civil presentee to be inducted, and then interdict him from discharging the spiritual functions. They *refuse to induct him at all*, and thereby preclude him *even from drawing the civil emoluments*; induction being, by law, an indispensable preliminary to the patron's presentee acquiring right to the manse or glebe. They threaten with deprivation, and are now actually proceeding to deprive of their livings, the clergy of the presbyteries who induct contrary to the injunctions of the spiritual courts. By so doing, by interposing their negative at this *early stage* of the proceedings, they not only are acting in opposition to the civil law, but in *direct violation of the very distinction* between the jurisdictions of the church and civil courts for which they themselves so strenuously contend. While they disclaim all intention of interfering with the temporal emoluments, they contrive to interpose their negative at such a time and in such a way as effectually deprives the civil presentee of all the temporal emoluments of the living. While continually roaring out about spiritual independence, they are in truth sweeping off from their opponents the whole civil emoluments connected with the living. And while professing to contend only for having Christ as the head of the Church, they are in effect keeping a sharp eye upon the temporalities of the benefices.

To test the matter, suppose the case reversed. Suppose the presentee of the people, supported by the spiritual courts, to be inducted by the Presbytery, and that immediately upon doing so the Court of Session were to proceed to interdict him, not for drawing the stipend, living in the manse, or making use of the church, all which are the temporalities of benefices, and within the proper jurisdiction of the civil courts, but also from *preaching*, or discharging any *spiritual* function in any part of the parish, would not the Non-intrusion party immediately exclaim that this was a flagrant violation of the independence of the church courts; that the civil judicatories had overstepped the frontier, and trenched deep on the spiritual territory, and that no decree of the civil courts could interfere with the ecclesiastical esta-

blishment in spiritual matters? There can be no doubt that this argument would be well-founded, at least it would be in perfect consistency with the separate sphere of civil and ecclesiastical judicatories for which they contend. But in what respect does such a case differ on principle from that which has now occurred, when the church courts, by preventing induction, debar the civil presentee from drawing the civil emoluments? It is evident that the latter is just as much an overstepping of the line of demarcation between the two jurisdictions as the former could have been, and that the Non-intrusion party are not now contending for an immunity of spiritual from civil power, but for an encroachment, by the spiritual courts, over the civil rights and patrimonial interests of the clergy of the kingdom.

And what sort of establishment would it be, that for which Dr Chalmers and the Non-intrusionists thus vociferously clamour, and to gain which they thus thrust forward the church courts into an invasion of the civil judicatory, and distract the country by the frightful spectacle of a large portion of the Church and a considerable body of the people being openly and avowedly arrayed in rebellion against the law? Is it not a church establishment on the most absurd and impracticable of all foundations—that of the landed proprietors paying for the clergyman, and the people by universal suffrage, or some committee of their number, electing the clergyman? Was such a system ever heard of upon earth? Is it possible it could exist for five years? Would it not necessarily end in persons of property leaving a church, and shaking themselves loose of an establishment in which they had no longer any influence in the appointment of the clergy, and betaking themselves either to the Voluntary system, or to a general resistance to the payment of tithes? With what countenance could the Non-intrusion clergy intrude themselves into the manse or the stipends? How could they call in the aid of the law to enforce their civil rights, or recover their tithes—they who had openly set the law at defiance, and who had intruded themselves into their respective parishes by trampling on its provisions? Do the clergy not see that the passive resistance to the law is a two-edged wea-

pon, and that the heritors, at present burdened with tithes, may resist any further payment of them, by saying, "We are entitled to resist the law, because we think it is contrary to the constitution, and we hold the constitution to be the law of the land, *minus* the payment of tithes?"

And let not the people, or the clergy of the people of England, imagine that these topics are foreign to *their* interests, or that revolutionary and rebellious doctrines, such as these now promulgated and acted upon by the Non-intrusion party in the Church of Scotland, can be permitted to run riot in one part of the empire without endangering the whole. The example of the rapid way in which the anarchical doctrines of the Scottish covenant spread to and convulsed England, until they terminated in the Fifth-monarchy men of Cromwell, should be sufficient to convince them that such principles are not to be dallied with with impunity either in Church or State. It is always agreeable to the people to be vested with power; it is a very captivating doctrine with the masses to be told that they alone are competent to judge who are fit to be their spiritual instructors. It is still more captivating for the multitude to find themselves invested with the agreeable privilege of appointing the minister, while the persons of property are saddled with the painful operation of paying him.

No mortal will suppose that the movement will stop short as the Member for Kilmarnock wishes; he may propose to stop at Hounslow, but the movement will undoubtedly go on to Windsor. Down to the masses, the stone will roll when it is once loosened from its resting-place on the summit of the hill. Such principles are well calculated to rouse the revolutionists, to the south as well as to the north of the Tweed. They, too, can see the expedience of dividing the Church, by throwing the torch of dissension among its members; they, as well as the Scotch Whigs, can make a pretence of supporting the Non-intrusionists in the Church, in order to keep out the decided Tory intrusionists in the Cabinet. The flame of church revolution, if it succeeds in consuming the Scotch church establishment, will infallibly spread to and destroy that of England, and thus the leaders of the violent ecclesiastical party in Scotland

will have the satisfaction of thinking that they have destroyed the Protestant establishment in both ends of the island, and levelled the last bulwarks in the empire against general revolution.

And for what end is this fearful danger to be brought upon both parts of the empire? Is it to improve the Church—to elevate the character of its doctrine—to extend the blessings of its instruction? Is it not, on the contrary, to establish, without any exception, the most deplorable and unworkable establishment that ever existed? Who ever heard of the clergy of a national establishment being appointed by the universal suffrage of the members of the respective congregations? Does not such a system necessarily let into the establishment the whole evils, the well-known evils of the Voluntary system, and which Dr Chalmers, in particular, has with so much truth and eloquence illustrated? Must it not necessarily induce the intriguing to procure elections, the dependence of clergy on their flocks, the timidity at denouncing the vices or withstanding the corrupt tendency of the tyrant majorities in their respective parishes, so well known to the reflecting in Europe, so woefully experienced by the irreflecting in America? Is it possible to imagine, for human wit to devise, a worse mode of election to any office of importance than that of vesting it in some hundreds or a thousand of the multitude, for the most part in the humblest and most unenlightened walks of life? Would such a mode of election be deemed safe for the appointment of a parish clerk, a road surveyor, or police officer, or any of the humblest offices in society which require the meanest capacity? Does not the universal practice of mankind, when assembled in large bodies, in naming a small committee, to whom the executive department is entrusted, prove the impossibility of getting business properly conducted, or proper appointments effected, by such numerous, changeable, and uninformed bodies? Is such a mode of election, as experience has every where discarded from the ordinary occupations of common life, to be selected as the fit mode of appointing those who are to watch over our spiritual instruction and eternal interests; and are we not absolutely insane if, when we would not

entrust an irresponsible tyrant majority with the decision of a pecuniary question of twenty shillings, we nevertheless entrust to it the appointment of those to whom we surrender the direction of our immortal souls?

Patronage of churches, when vested in a single individual, may be often abused; but the real question is, not whether such abuse exists, but whether it is not *more likely to be increased* than diminished by vesting the nomination of the clergy in the whole, or any considerable number of the parishioners. Patronage, as present constituted by law, has one immense advantage in the estimation of all who are acquainted with the workings of human nature;—it vests the power of nomination in one responsible person. No doubt he may often make an improper appointment; sometimes do so from selfish, or improper motives; but if he does this, every one knows that the appointment rests with him, and he will never hear the last of it as long as he lives. But, if any improper appointment is made by an irresponsible promiscuous body, of some hundred or thousand parishioners, every body will throw the blame upon his neighbour; the majority who chose him will be lost in the obscurity of the whole electors; and no individual will be found upon whom the responsibility of the wrong appointment can be thrown. It is proverbially known, that large bodies of men are much more prone to error, and much more liable to be deceived, than when acting singly, or in two or three together; and it is for that reason that in all ages it has been found necessary to vest the government of nations, armies, and provinces in single individuals, instead of irresponsible masses. If, therefore, the Non-intrusionists shall prove successful in spoliating the patrons, and establishing universal suffrage in church matters, by preaching up resistance to the law, we shall have voluntarily taken the important trust of appointing our spiritual guides out of the hands of those who are known, and are responsible, and whom the experience of all ages has found to be the only safe deposi-

taries of important power, and vested it in numerous bodies, who are ill-informed and irresponsible, and whom the experience of all ages, and of ordinary life in every department, has proved or found to be incapable of managing even the most common concerns of human affairs. That is to say, we shall have voluntarily favoured injustice, and forwarded revolution, in order to *diminish the chances* of the people obtaining the best class of spiritual teachers.

And if the cause of universal suffrage is triumphant in the church, how, it may be asked, is it to be resisted in the State? If the Non-intrusion party succeed by dint of clamour, resistance to the law, and misrepresentation, in at last obtaining the worst mode of appointing spiritual teachers that human wit has ever yet devised, namely, the nomination of the masses in one part of the kingdom, how is it to be resisted in another? With what countenance can it be maintained, that the rights of patrons are to be spoliated and set at nought to the north of the Tweed, and defended and maintained inviolate to the south of that river—that the clergy are to be elected by universal suffrage in Scotland, and by the crown, the bishops, or the patrons in the English counties? Such an imaginary line was never between revolution and Conservatism in the same empire. If the great cause of patron spoliation, and non-intrusion resistance to the laws, be successful in the northern end of the island, it will unquestionably be not slow of spreading also to the southern. *Obsta principiis*, is the only safe principle upon which Conservatives or holders of property can act in such cases. The anomaly of a popularly elected church and a hereditary monarchy cannot co-exist in the same country. The English may now not understand, or despise, the quarrels of the Scottish church, but let them beware. In former days, it was the Scottish covenant which overturned the English crown, and another solemn league and covenant has been formed, and signed, and is now acted upon by the Non-intrusion party to the north of the Tweed.

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